FRANK LESLIE'S

POPULAR MONTHLY

VOL. I

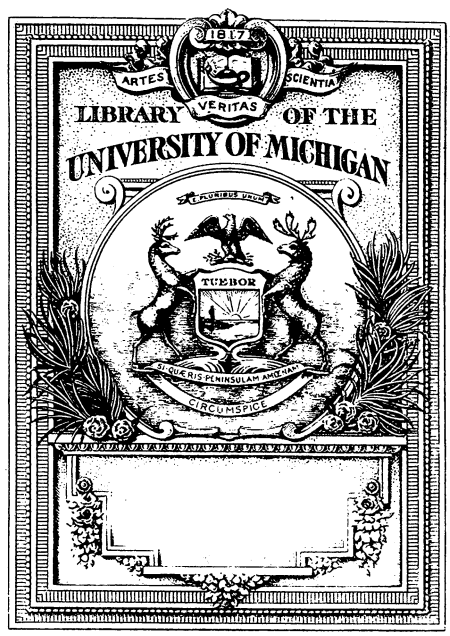
1876.

AP
2
.A597

FRANK LESLIE'S

POPULAR MONTHLY.

1876


1817
ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
CIRCUMSPICE

AP
2
.A597

In Dire Distress.

American Magazine
Compl Sets.
Wallidins
12-17-80
52714
12 v.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR
MONTHLY.

16123

VOL. I.—No. 1. JANUARY, 1876. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

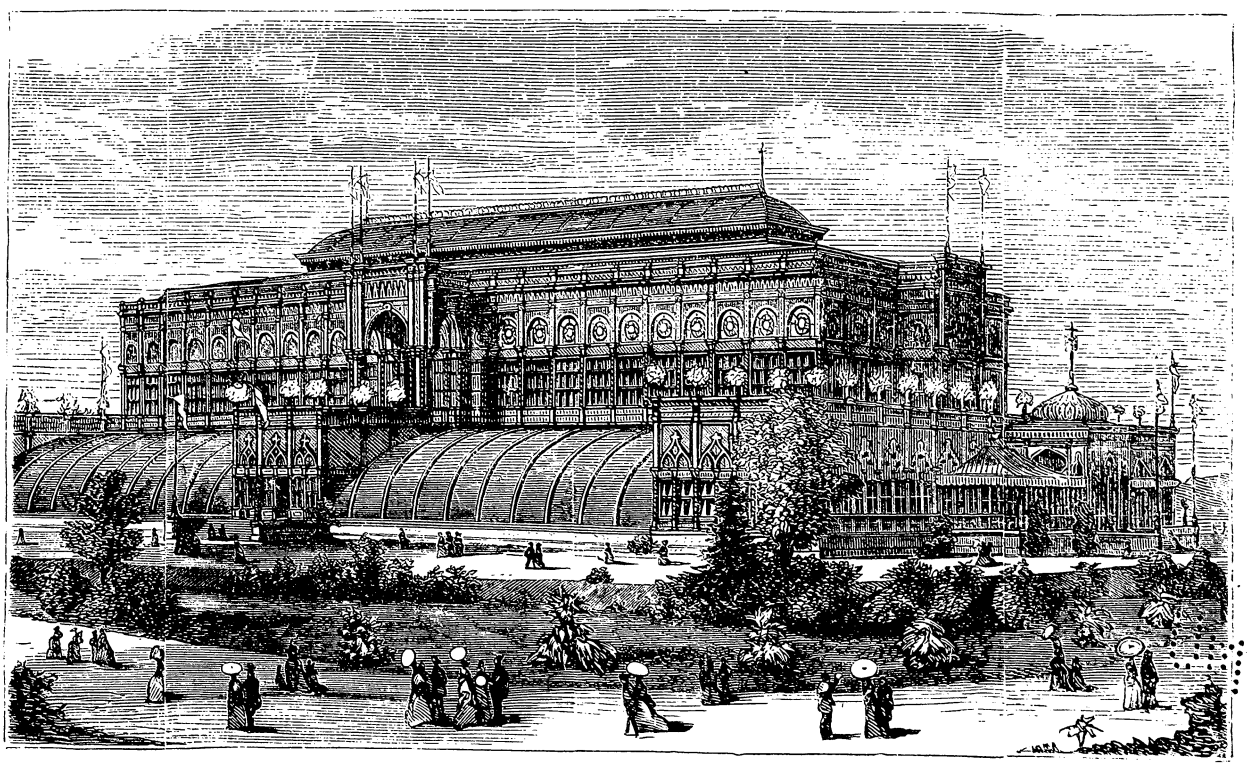
1883

THE CENTENNIAL OF 1876.

TO THE credit of having first conceived and suggested the idea of a grand Centennial celebration of the birth day of the United States, many individuals, and not a few public journals, have laid claim. This was the fact also with regard to the birth-place of Homer, several cities, it is said, having asserted their right to the honor. But, in the case of the Centennial, as is frequent in astronomical discovery, it is probable that the same idea occurred to many minds at or about the same period of time, and, as commonly happens, floated into the newspapers, where it became manipulated into shape through the exigencies of journalism and thence impressed itself upon certain individuals possessing influence, political or social, from which point it is easy to trace its course.

In the beginning the idea of an International Exposition was ridiculed, as a suggestion whose carrying out could not add any weight to our Centennial display. It was argued that to attempt to compete with foreign nations in a representative exhibition would be to expose ourselves to the danger of being laughed at for our pains.

The next objection which was raised contemplated the refusal on the part of foreign governments to combine with



THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—HORTICULTURAL HALL.

us in the proposed undertaking. And then it was alleged that every International Exhibition thus far attempted had proven a financial failure, and it was argued that we were not in any condition to risk such a result in our own case.

Finally, the entire force of the objectors was thrown into condemnation of the judgment which had chosen Philadelphia as the *locale* of our grand birth-day celebration, and that unhappy city discovered all at once how many hitherto unknown enemies she had to contend with—when local interests all over the country were aroused against her.

Well, five years have nearly passed since the inception of the Centennial, and, by a course which commands the admiration of the world, the managers of the undertaking have silenced, one by one, every objection.

And, as unfortunately, in a great degree, these objections took tangible shape in the matter of tacit refusal to aid the undertaking financially—this at least in a measure much larger than should reasonably have been expected—it has followed that to Philadelphia and Pennsylvania we are now indebted solely that the Exposition has reached its present state of advancement.

Beginning by drawing enormously on the resources of Pennsylvania, without regard to what might or might not come through the liberality or parsimoniousness of others, the members of the Centennial Commission proceeded in the carrying out of their plans with a degree of wise judgment and forethought which has become in its representative value an honor to the entire country.

The necessary grounds were obtained, locating the exhibition on one of the most eligible and picturesque spots in the United States, with the great city behind it, and the beautiful Schuylkill river skirting its shores, and where the vast artery of the Pennsylvania railroad stands ready to tap the entire country, and bring its contributions to the doors of the great structures which are to contain them.

With a spirit of determination which cannot be too highly commended, the Centennial Commission proceeded, at a period early in its existence, to place itself *en rapport* with the people of the United States of America.

Sending out emissaries in all directions, scattering all over the land innumerable printed documents explaining and setting forth the real meaning of the new idea and its promise, finally engaging the powerful arm of the press in its favor—by these means, quietly, but very impressively, the Centennial Commission succeeded in establishing their bantling in the public favor, and, finally, in overcoming every jealous doubt and capricious cavil with regard to it. Meanwhile, the details of this grand enterprise were being forwarded through their incipient stages with the same observant care, and under the same judicious controlling influence, which have marked every step of its progress from the beginning.

Innumerable plans for the mammoth buildings which were to comprise the exhibition in Fairmount Park were received and considered; the acceptance of those finally adopted having commended itself to the good sense and taste of all who have considered the subject.

The financial management of the enormous sums which now began to pour into the Centennial treasury, and the wise economy which was manifestly necessary in the disbursement of these, have been incidents in the direction of the undertaking which may be set forth as worthy examples for the world to admire and follow.

Again, the wisdom which has directed the intercourse of the Commission with foreign nations has been sound and well-balanced, and has resulted in the reception of the Centennial idea abroad in a manner which is highly gratifying to our national pride, and chiefly because it has not involved any lowering of our national dignity.

It has been unnecessary to plead for recognition and co-operation. In the few cases where a temporary coldness seemed to cast a shadow upon our project, this state has been replaced by a warmth of sympathy, which is the more satisfactory by contrast.

Last of all, but last only on account of local and not diplomatic reasons, as was at first surmised, Russia, our ancient and tried friend, has entered into the spirit of our national festival with a degree of warmth and good feeling which will necessarily bring her into the foreground of the great association of nations which will presently assemble at Fairmount.

And as regards the impulse which has been aroused and sustained in our own country and among our own people, in favor of the Centennial, it is only necessary to refer—and we do so with pride—to the unanimity which has finally marked the popular interest in its welfare.

And this interest will be so displayed, in the presentment of our products and our industries before the world in 1876, that no captious critic shall be in a position to censure either our intention or our action.

Already the space allotted to the different States—as is the case also with that offered to foreign competitors—has been fully absorbed, while the daily recurring applications for "more room" show how wide-spread, earnest, and thorough is the determination to make this Exposition no unworthy or failing rival of those which have preceded it.

In fact, under the impetus of this sentiment of national pride, the work of the Centennial Commission has progressed with a degree of rapidity which was not anticipated. And this, too, under circumstances which are peculiarly flattering to the management of affairs. For while the enormous sum of seven and one-half millions of dollars ($7,500,000) has been expended in organization, construction and adaptation, there have been absolutely neither waste nor stealage—an incident almost unheard of in the recent management of large pecuniary interests of a similar character in this country.

Furthermore, the Centennial is at present absolutely out of debt, and the funds which have yet to be collected—amounting to about $1,500,000—will be devoted to pushing forward the work of completion, without embarrassing circumstances of arrears to interfere with the prosecution of this object.

The personal construction of the United States Centennial Commission — the Commissioners having been designated, according to Act of Congress, by the President of the United States—is as follows:

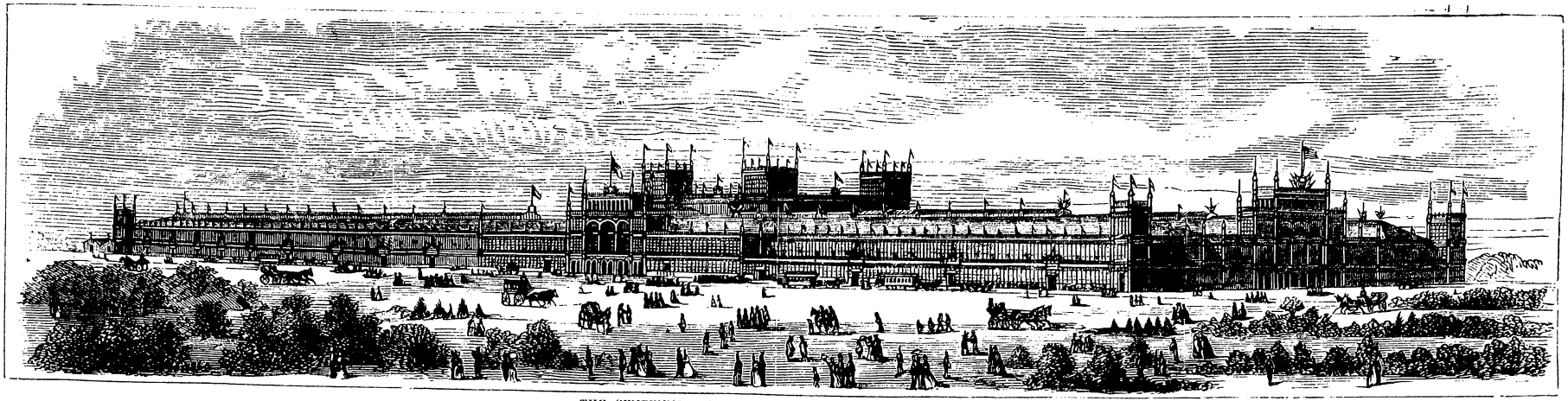
OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES CENTENNIAL COMMISSION.

President: Joseph R. Hawley; *Vice-Presidents:* Alfred T. Osborn, Orestes Cleveland, John D. Creigh, Robert Lowry, Robert Mallory; *Director-General:* Alfred T. Goshorn; *Secretary:* John L. Campbell; *Counsellor and Solicitor:* John L. Shoemaker, Esq.

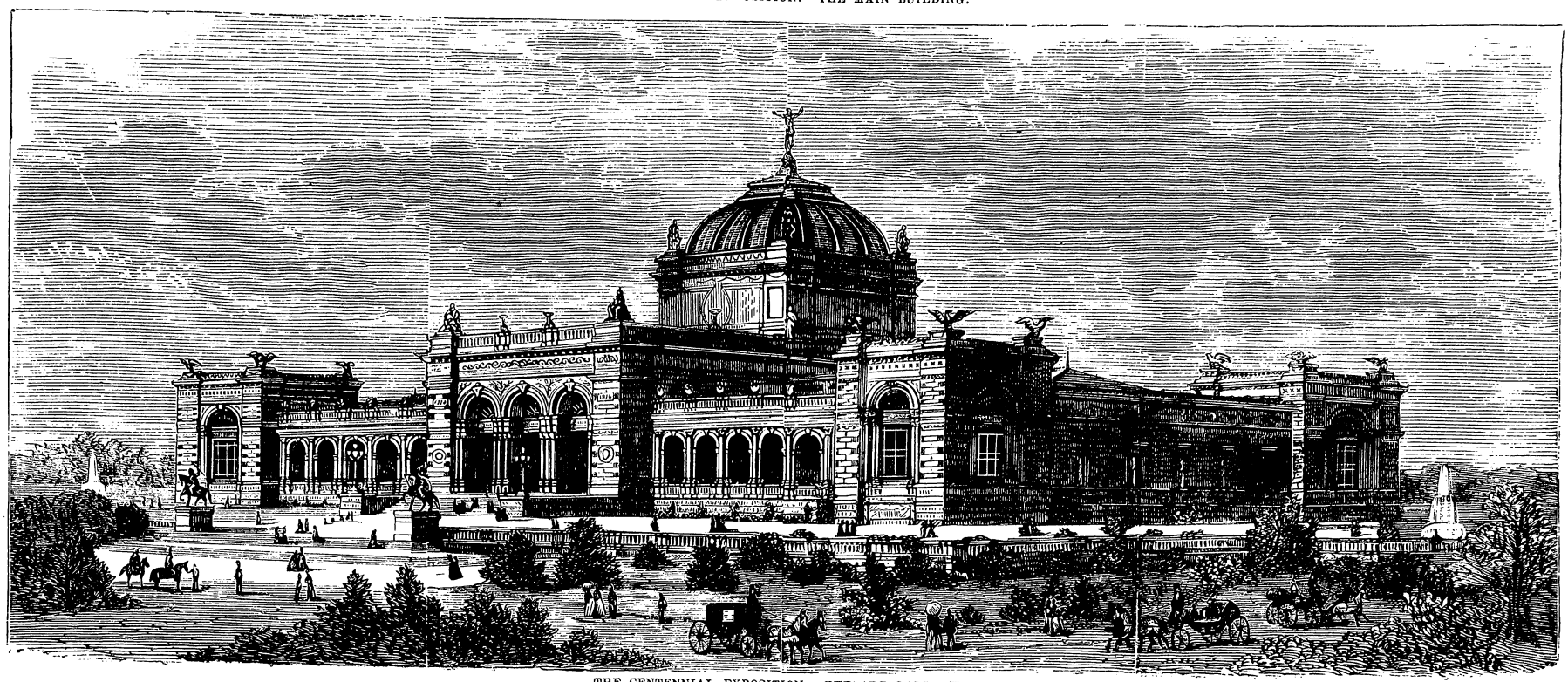
Subordinate to the Commission proper are a multitude of bureaus and committees having charge of various departments of duty, forming altogether an organization of complicated structure, yet possessing the element of simplicity in its working to a remarkable degree, and as a system reflecting great credit on the Commission as an organizing body.

The rapidity with which the construction of the Centennial buildings has been prosecuted is truly wonderful, when it is considered that their erection had not been commenced, or the grading of the grounds even begun, until July, 1874.

That the Exposition will be a pronounced success—at least so far as lies in liberal contribution of articles for exhibition is concerned—is a foregone conclusion; since the entire



THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—THE MAIN BUILDING.



THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—THE ART GALLERY.

space allotted to exhibitors, both foreign and domestic, has been eagerly taken up.

Foreign countries have come forward with unexampled interest and warmth, the two or three which were at first lukewarm having finally united with the rest in application for space and in very emphatic effort to make up for lost time in procuring creditable representation. The following countries will be represented at the Exposition in their products, manufactures, and works of art, as well as by commissions appointed by their several Governments to protect the interests of exhibitors, and—not less—to suitably endorse the movement by the presence of the latter. In nearly all cases the appointees are high functionaries of the Governments from which they are accredited.

Official List of Foreign Countries sending Commissioners to the Centennial Exposition.

1. Africa (Orange Free State); 2. Argentine Confederation; 3. Austria; 4. Belgium; 5. Brazil; 6. China; 7. Ecuador; 8. Egypt; 9. France; 10. German Empire. 11. Great Britain and Colonies:—12. Canada; 13. New South Wales; 14. South Australia; 15. Victoria. 16. Honduras; 17. Japanese Empire; 18. Liberia; 19. Mexico; 20. Norway; 21. Peru; 22. Russia; 23. Sandwich Islands; 24. Siam; 25. Spain; 26. Sweden; 27. Switzerland; 28. Tunis; 29. Turkey; 30. Venezuela.

A visit to the Centennial grounds, and a view of the scene as presented to an observer standing, for instance, on George's Hill, are calculated to impress the eye-witness with an approximation to a just idea of the immensity of the undertaking which has been carried through thus far by the Centennial Commission. From the point named the eye meets first the magnificent proportions of the "machinery building," which lies in a direction running east and west, and extends nearly from the extreme western end of the grounds to the point where Belmont and Elm avenues—as they are termed—come to a junction and intersect each other.

This building consists of the main hall, 360 feet wide by 1,402 feet long, and an annex about the centre of the south side, of 208 feet by 210 feet. The entire area covered by the main hall and annex is 558,440 square feet, or 12.82 acres. Including the upper floors, the building provides fourteen acres of floor space.

The principal portion of the structure is one story in height, showing the main cornice upon the outside at 40 feet from the ground, the interior height to the top of the ventilators in the avenues being 70 feet, and in the aisles 40 feet. To break the long lines upon the exterior, projections have been introduced upon the four sides, and the main entrances finished with façades, extending to 78 feet in height. The east entrance will form the principal approach from the street cars, from the main exhibition building, and from the railroad depot. Along the south side will be placed the boiler houses and such other buildings for special kinds of machinery as may be required. The west entrance affords the most direct communication with George's Hill, which point offers the best view of the entire exhibition grounds.

The arrangement of the ground plan shows two main avenues 90 feet wide by 1,360 feet long, with a central aisle between and an aisle on either side. Each aisle is 60 feet in width; the two avenues and three aisles making the total width of 360 feet. At the centre of the building is a transept of 90 feet in width, which at the south end is prolonged beyond the main hall. This transept, beginning at 36 feet from the main hall and extending 208 feet, is flanked on either side by aisles of 60 feet in width, and forms the annex for hydraulic machin[illegible]. The promenades in the avenues are 15 feet in width; in the transept 25 feet, and in the aisles 10 feet. All other walks extending across the building are 10 feet in width, and lead at either end to exit doors.

Carrying the eye onward toward the east, the main exhibition building comes next in view.

If the structure just described strikes the observer as surprising in its vastness and comprehensiveness, the one we are now considering is still more imposing in size and appearance.

Stretching onward in an unbroken width of 464 feet to an extreme length of 1,880 feet, the characteristics of the main exhibition building, with its tall towers in the centre and at either end, are striking and effective in an architectural sense as well as almost confusing in their presentation of extraordinary and magnificent distances. These two buildings being united by a star-shaped system of small avenues running across the open space of 542 feet in length between them, we have thus a direct continuance, otherwise unbroken, of exhibition space covering 3,824 feet in length, or 3,282 of actual buildings for this purpose. When it is remembered that this is equivalent to nearly three-quarters of a mile, some approximate idea of the size of these buildings may be obtained.

The general arrangement of the ground plan of the main exhibition building shows a central avenue or nave 120 feet in width, and extending 1,832 feet in length. This is the longest avenue of that width ever introduced into an exhibition building. On either side of this nave there is an avenue 100 feet wide by 1,832 feet in length. Between the nave and side avenues are aisles 48 feet wide, and on the outer sides of the building smaller aisles 24 feet in width.

In order to break the great length of the roof lines, three cross avenues or transepts have been introduced of the same widths and in the same relative positions to each other as the nave and avenues running lengthwise, viz: a central transept 120 feet in width by 416 feet in length, with one on either side of 100 feet by 416 feet, and aisles between of 48 feet.

The intersections of these avenues and transepts in the central portion of the building result in dividing the ground floor into nine open spaces free from supporting columns, and covering in the aggregate an area of 416 feet square. Four of these spaces are 100 feet square, four 100 feet by 120 feet, and the central space or pavilion 120 feet square. The intersections of the 48-feet aisles produce four interior courts 48 feet square, one at each corner of the central space.

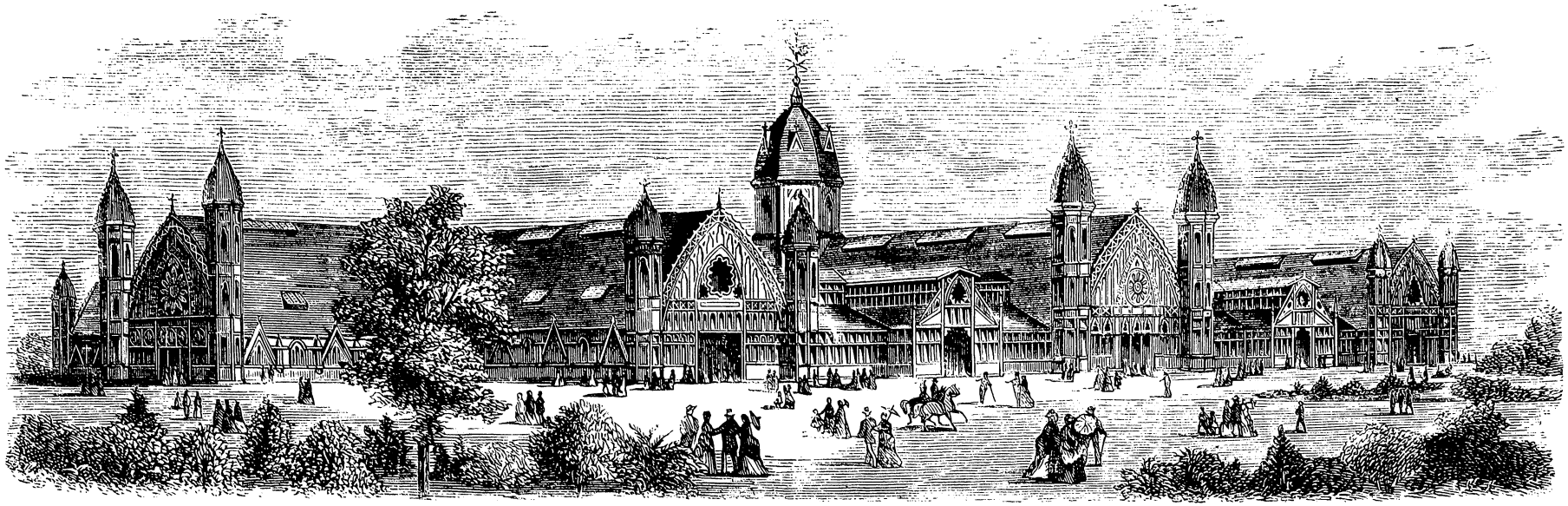
The main promenades through the nave and central transept are each 30 feet in width, and those through the centre of the side avenues and transepts 15 feet each. All other walks are 10 feet wide, and lead at either end to exit doors.

Both of the buildings just described lie between the two main thoroughfares of the Centennial grounds—the Avenue of the Republic and Elm avenue. North of the main building, and at about its centre, is the structure known as the art gallery, certainly the most attractive architectural object on the grounds, and a most artistic and pleasing work.

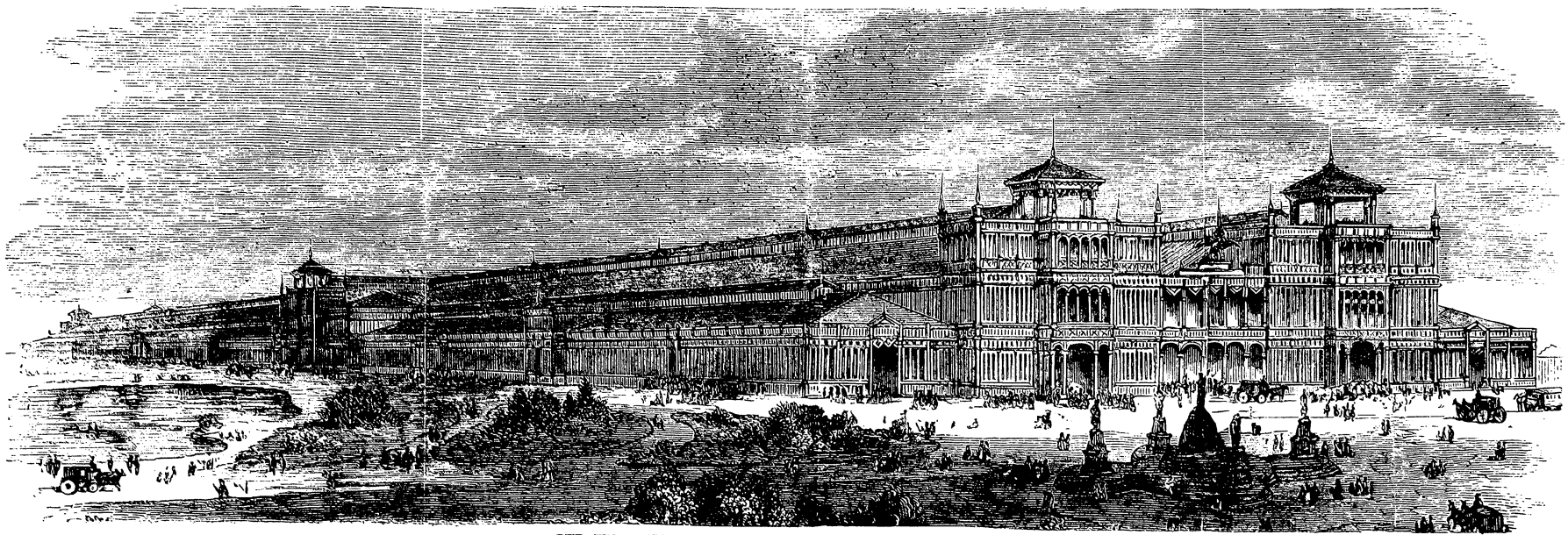
As this is designed to be a permanent building, and is only an affix to the exhibition, it is constructed entirely of granite, glass, and iron, and perfectly fire-proof, which is not the case with all the buildings in use for the exhibition.

It is built in the modern Renaissance style of architecture, is 365 feet in length, 210 feet in width, and 59 feet in height, over a basement 12 feet in height, and is surmounted by a dome, from the apex of which there rises a colossal statue of Columbia, springing from a point 150 feet from the ground.

The art gallery is situated on an eminence in the great Landsdowne Plateau, and commands a magnificent view of the city looking toward the south. As this eminence is 116 feet above the surface of the Schuylkill river, which lies just at its foot, a charming prospect of this beautiful stream,



THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.



THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—THE MECHANICAL BUILDING.

and also a fine view of the building from the river itself, are among the advantages of the situation.

Still further north of the main building, and at a point about opposite its extreme western end—being located at the eastern extremity of Fountain avenue—is the horticultural building.

This building is also designed to remain a permanent ornament to Fairmount Park, and, in its design and construction, is both commodious and ornate. It is built in the Mauresque style of architecture of the twelfth century, its principal materials externally being iron and glass. The length of the building is 383 feet, width 193 feet, and height to the top of the lantern 72 feet.

The main floor is occupied by the central conservatory, 230 by 80 feet, and 55 feet high, surmounted by a lantern 170 feet long, 20 wide, and 14 high. Running entirely around this conservatory, at a height of 20 feet from the floor, is a gallery 5 feet wide. On the north and south sides of this principal room are four forcing houses for the propagation of young plants, each of them 100 by 30 feet, covered with curved roofs of iron and glass. Dividing the two forcing houses in each of these sides is a vestibule 30 feet square. At the centre of the east and west ends are similar vestibules, on either side of which are the restaurants, reception-room, offices, etc. From the vestibules ornamental stairways lead to the internal galleries of the conservatory, as well as to the four external galleries, each 100 feet long and 10 feet wide, which surmount the roofs of the forcing houses. These external galleries are connected with a grand promenade, formed by the roofs of the rooms on the ground floor, which has a superficial area of 1,800 square yards.

The east and west entrances are approached by flights of blue marble steps from terraces 80 by 20 feet, in the centre of each of which stands an open kiosque 20 feet in diameter. The angles of the main conservatory are adorned with eight ornamental fountains. The corridors which connect the conservatory with the surrounding rooms open fine vistas in every direction.

North of the horticultural building, and on the eastern side of Belmont avenue, is the agricultural building. Its materials are wood and glass, and it consists of a long nave crossed by three transepts, both nave and transept being composed of truss arches of a Gothic form.

The nave is 820 feet in length by 125 feet in width, with a height of 75 feet from the floor to the point of the arch. The central transept is of the same height, and a breadth of 100 feet, the two end transepts 70 feet high and 80 feet wide.

The four courts enclosed between the nave and transepts, and also the four spaces at the corners of the building, having the nave and end transepts for two of their sides, are roofed and form valuable spaces for exhibits. Thus the ground plan of the building is a parallelogram of 540 by 820 feet, covering a space of above ten acres. In its immediate vicinity are the stock yards for the exhibition of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, etc.

This comprehensive system of building—viz: main building, covering 21.47 acres; art gallery, covering 1.5 acres; machinery building, covering 14 acres; horticultural building, covering 1.5 acres; agricultural building, covering 10.15 acres—provides for the accommodation of the ten departments of the classification.

There will be required, in addition to these buildings, a number of smaller structures for the administration of the exhibition, among which are the following: United States Government exhibition building, United States hospital, Woman's pavilion, British Government building, Japanese building, various State buildings, German Empire building, and other foreign buildings, and numerous structures designed for a variety of purposes.

In various parts of the Centennial grounds there have been erected fountains, memorial statues, and other ornamental structures, all of which add greatly to the beauty and finish of the surroundings, and display and emphasize the artistic taste which has controlled and directed the arrangement of the location for the purpose it is designed to fulfill.

THE DYING WRECKER.

THE parson needn't darken my door; there's time enough for him
When my hand can lift the can no more, and my sight is waxing dim.
Just put a pillow beneath my head, and hold me up the glass;
For all that the sea keeps calling me, I'll not die this bout, my lass.

Thou'lt sit by me a bit to-night?—'tis the tenth of March once more:
Hark how the wild winds wail and howl, and the great waves crash on the shore.
There might be a vessel out in the haze, where the reef lies under the foam;
But there's never a light in a lattice now, to wile the mariners home.

Give us hold of the watch and the golden case. I promised to-day's a year,
I'd tell their tale, so thou'd stay and keep thy grandad company here.
It's fit to scare a man so, to sit by the drift-wood fire alone,
Till he hears the billows shriek for help, the gale for mercy moan.

'Twas a black and bitter night like this, just fifty years ago;
The breakers churn'd and froth'd like yeast, the wind was thick with snow.
We drove the old horse with his lantern out, and we cower'd beneath the crags;
And a brave ship drove on the cruel reef, where the white surf vails the jags.

Not a plank could live, I tell thee—we knew naught of lifeboats then—
We had brains to keep, and bread to get; we were hungry, desperate men.
It didn't hurt them, dead and drown'd, if we dragg'd their chests to land,
And fought and strove mid the angry sea for the prizes on the sand.

I thought he was gone—I hope I did; yet I never can sleep and dream
But I see his bold fair face and watch, his blue eyes' opening gleam,
And the wound in his breast. I know I struck—I had snatch'd old Tommy's dirk;
And hearts were hot and hands were quick when the wreckers were at work.

His fingers were tight around the case; I hack'd them to get it free.
Don't open it, lass—it got stain'd with blood; and such stain will bide, dost see?
It's only the picture of a girl; and Bill had a purse of gold;
And Black Jim had blue and yellow stones to stitch in his jersey's fold.

They all had better luck than I. I say the woman was dead,
When I caught the watch and push'd her back; if the water color'd red,
There were plenty torn mid the hard sharp rocks; and plenty as keen to keep
The harvest sown by the wild north blast for hands like ours to reap.

I'll give thee case and watch, my wench, so thou'lt swear to make my grave
Where never can come the call of the surf, nor the thunder of the wave;

I could not wait in my coffin, if I heard that choking cry
That in every tide, for fifty years, has rung to the gray March sky.
Shall I see them in the other place, where the parson says is rest—
Her with the bruise on her forehead, or him with the stab in his breast?
If I do, mayhap they'll forgive me; for a bitter penance I've done
Since, in the fierce March hurricane, the wrecker's prize was won.

DUKE OF SHOREDITCH.

In a splendid shooting match at Windsor, before Henry the Eighth, when the exercise was nearly over, his Majesty observing one of his guard, named Barlow, preparing to shoot, said to him, "Beat them all, and thou shall be Duke of Archers." Barlow drew his bow, executed the king's command, and received the promised reward; he was created Duke of Shoreditch, that being the place of his residence. Several others, of the most expert marksmen, were honored with titles, as Earl of Pancridge, Marquess of Clerkenwell, etc., taken from the villages where they resided.

CHILDHOOD IN JAPAN.

The Japanese, as a race, are gradually attracting more and more attention all over the world, for, notwithstanding their former rigid exclusiveness, not only are they now admitting much of our western civilization into their own country, but numbers of their youth are constantly being sent to Europe and this country for educational purposes. Under these circumstances, and because for many centuries the character and habits of the nation have been to the outer world a sealed book, we venture to hope that a brief account of some of their customs and usages, with respect to children, may not prove unacceptable to our readers.

A Japanese baby need be constitutionally strong, for it is by no means over-delicately nurtured; its mother frequently carries it out in the open air in a state of complete nudity and with its head shaven. Amongst the lower orders, the women, when at work in the fields and on other occasions, may be seen with their infants fastened, almost like bundles, between their shoulders, so that they may be as little as possible in their way. In the houses they are left to their own devices much more than with us, and there is no need to be alarmed about their tumbling downstairs, and eternally coming to grief against fenders, coal-boxes, mantelpieces, and similar objects of terror to a fond American mother, for such things do not exist in Japan. The thick mats, which constitute almost the only furniture of a Japanese house, are a splendid playground for the small atoms of humanity, for there they can roll and sprawl about to their hearts' delight, without any risk or fear of injury. There they play about with the fat pug dogs and tailless cats, without any restraint, and to the great benefit of their tiny frames. They are freely supplied with toys and other infantine amusements, as Japanese parents have the reputation of being very kind to their offspring.

One curious custom in connection with a Japanese baby is that some of the clothes first worn by it are made from a girdle which its mother has used previous to its birth, the material being dyed sky-blue for the purpose. The Record of Ceremonies says, that "twenty-four baby robes, twelve of silk and twelve of cotton, must be prepared (for the new comer); the hems must be dyed saffron color;" and that when the child has been washed, "its body must be dried with a kerchief of fine cotton unhemmed." For the peace of mind of parents of moderate means, it is devoutly to be hoped that baby robes are less expensive in Japan than they are here!

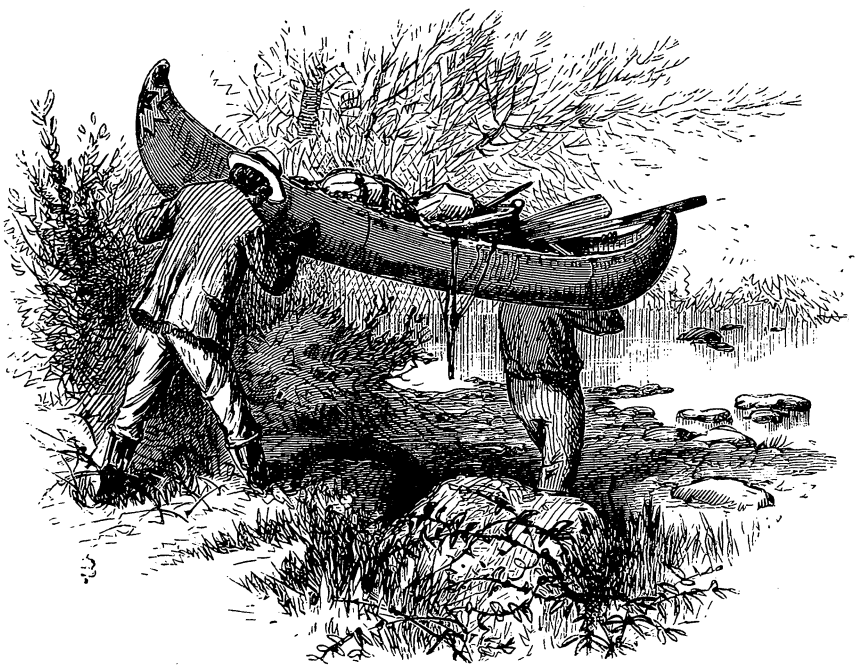
Accounts differ slightly as to when the Japanese baby receives its first name. Some say that it is on the seventh, while Humbert asserts that it is on the thirtieth, day after its birth. According to the latter authority, there is no baptism of the child, properly so called; it is simply, in certain cases, presented in the temple, which its parents affect, and without any ceremony of purification. The father gives three names to the priest, and he writes them on separate pieces of paper, which are mixed together, and then, with certain incantatory forms, thrown up in the air. The first that falls is the chosen name. This is written out by the priest on consecrated paper and given to the child's parents to preserve. The priests, at these times, are usually very liberally dealt with by parents in the matter of presents, and they are expected to keep accurate registers of all the children who are thus presented in the temple. This is the only approach to a religious ceremony in connection with the naming of a child. The occasion is celebrated by family visits and feasts, and the child receives certain presents, "among which," says Humbert, "two fans figure, in the case of a male, and a pot of pomade in that of a female child. The fans are precursors of swords, and the pomade is the presage of feminine charms. In both cases a packet of flax thread is added, signifying good wishes for a long life."

Mr. Mitford supplies a somewhat different version of the ceremony of naming a child; for he quotes a translation of a Japanese MS., which says, that "on the seventh day after its birth the child receives its name; the ceremony is called the congratulations of the seventh night. On this day some one of the relations of the family, who holds an exalted position, either from his rank or virtues, selects a name for the child, which name he keeps until the time of the cutting of the forelock, when he takes the name which he is to bear as a man. The second name is called the 'cap-name,' which is compounded of syllables taken from an old name of the family, and from the name of the sponsor. If the sponsor afterwards change his name, his name-child must also change his name."

According to ancient custom, baby clothes ought to be left off on the seventy-fifth or the hundred-and-twentieth day after birth, and at the latter date the child (in theory, though not in practice) is weaned. At the ceremony which takes place on this day, "if the child be a boy, it is fed by a gentleman of the family; if a girl, by a lady." The account of the proceedings on this occasion, as given by the Japanese Record of Ceremonies, is decidedly amusing to theEuropean mind, but is somewhat too long for quotation here.

When he is three years old, the Japanese infant is invested with a sword-belt, and four years later with two diminutive swords, if he belong to the privileged class. The child's head is completely shaved until he is close upon four years old, and then three patches are grown, one at the back and one at each side. On this occasion the Record of Ceremonies ordains that "a large tray, on which are a comb, scissors, paper-string, a piece of string for tying the hair in a knot, cotton wool, and the bit of dried fish or seaweed which accompanies presents, one of each, and seven rice straws—these seven articles must be prepared." In another year's time the child is put into the loose trousers peculiar to the privileged class, and he is then presented with a "dress of ceremony, on which are embroidered storks and tortoises (emblems of longevity; the stork is said to live a thousand years, the tortoise ten thousand), fir-trees (which being ever-green, and not changing their color, are emblematic of an unchangingly virtuous heart), and bamboos (emblematic of an upright and straight mind)." Soon after the child has reached his fifteenth year, a fortu-

nate day is chosen on which the forelock is cut off, and at this period, being considered a man, he is entrusted with swords of ordinary size; and on this occasion great family festivities and rejoicings take place in honor of the auspicious event. The lad then comes of age, and, casting away childish things, adopts the dress of a grown-up man in every particular. Japanese youths are said to be quite equal to the occasion, and, even at this early age, to adapt themselves most readily to habits of manhood.



HOW WE SHOT THE FALLS.—"CHARLIE AND I, WITH THE LIGHTEST BOAT AND OUR FISHING-TACKLE, PUSHED DIRECTLY NORTH."

At the stages in his life which we have alluded to the child has a sponsor, and certain wine-drinking customs and prescribed festivities have to be carefully attended to.

Some Japanese must have a string of names awful to contemplate, if strict custom be always adhered to; for, besides the name received soon after birth, Humbert tells us that "he will take a second on attaining his majority, a third at his marriage, a fourth when he shall be appointed to any public function, a fifth when he shall ascend in rank or in dignity, and so on until the last, the name which shall be given him after his death, and inscribed upon his tomb—that by which his memory shall be held sacred from generation to generation."

HOW WE SHOT THE FALLS.—"I SAW CHARLIE LEAP FAR OUT, AND GO HEAVILY DOWNWARD THROUGH THE AIR."

HOW WE SHOT THE FALLS.

An Adirondack Story.

We ought to have known better, for both of us were good oarsmen, and understood the management of a boat under any circumstances, but on that afternoon we were almost criminally careless in allowing our craft to get beyond control. We left Racket River two days before, and while Will and the guide moved slowly toward Long Lake, Charlie and I, with the lightest boat and our fishing-tackle, pushed

HOW WE SHOT THE FALLS.—"I GAZED IN THE SEETHING WATERS BELOW."

directly north for nearly three miles meeting our friends again at Beaver Point, on the southern shore of the lake.

The sport had been excellent, for the water was not often troubled by artificial flies or bait, being out of the usual line

of tourists, and we now had more than forty pounds of beautiful trout, cleaned and salted, snugly packed in leaves in the bow of the boat; while, with oar and current, we were hurrying on, hoping to reach the Point before dark, and eat supper with the boys again. Neither of us was at all acquainted with the stream. Even the guide, when he told us of it, admitted that he had never seen it; and as we glided rapidly along, each turn in its course brought some new and wonderful beauty of scenery to our vision, so that the journey thus far had been one of more than usual pleasure to us both.

HOW WE SHOT THE FALLS.—"I SPRANG OVERBOARD, SEIZED HIS INANIMATE BODY IN MY ARMS, AND CARRIED HIM ASHORE."

The water, clear, blue, and deep, ran with swift but silent flow between ragged banks, whereon grew the tamarack, spruce and balsam, while often a giant pine loomed grandly up, the generalissimo of surrounding acres of timber-land.

The day was one of September's perfect ones, and, in a half-dream, our oars kept even stroke, as, chased by the golden sunlight that shimmered along our ever-lengthening wake, we glided adown the beautiful stream.

For more than an hour had silence bound us as we drank in the perfect glory of God's unaltered earth, when suddenly Charlie spoke:

"Fern, are we not moving very rapidly? It seems to me the current is swifter here than 'twas a mile or two above."

"I had hardly noticed it," I replied; "but now that you call my attention, to it, I see that the shore does drift away behind with surprising speed. There may be rapids below. Had we not better land and reconnoitre a little?"

"Perhaps we had. Let us stop at the point just ahead," said Charlie, with outstretched hand; "the stream makes a sharp turn there, and we can easily land."

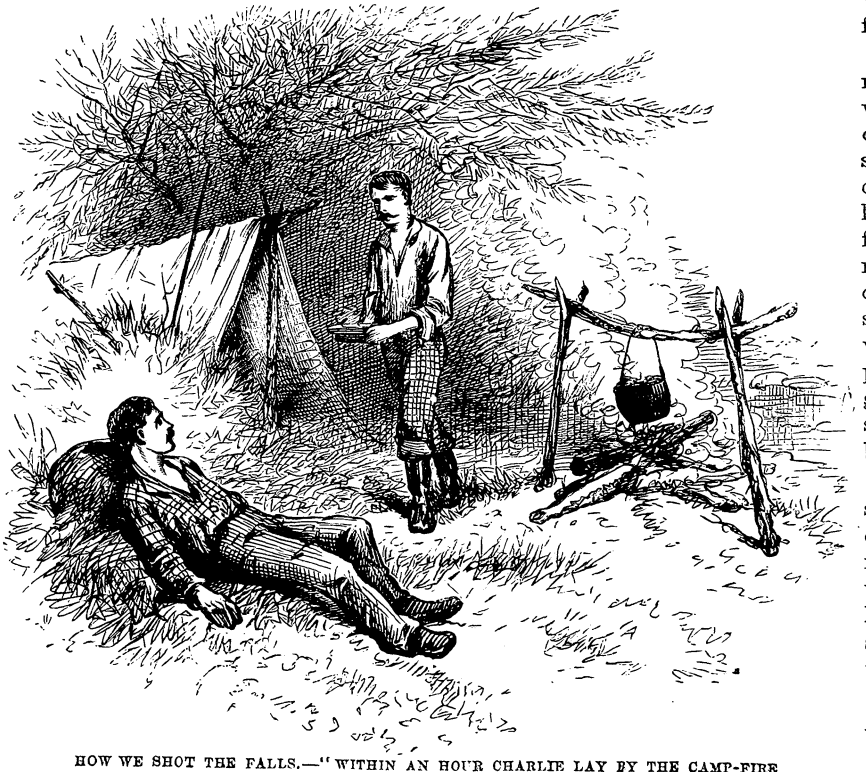
Our little boat went swiftly on. Easily land! The words were simple, and we both believed them then; but as we swept along our canoe seemed determined to keep the centre of the stream, and as with strong and stronger stroke we ineffectually strove to urge it toward the shore, the utter impossibility of reaching it at length burst upon us, and with frightfully rapid speed we drove sharply around the curve and went wildly hissing on, while there came suddenly to us the distant roar of warring elements, and as far as eye could reach adown the narrow path before us flecks of foam dotted the water's dark and angry bosom, the shore rose steep and rocky, and the dread silence of all nature only made the increasing voice of the river more terrible in our ears.

I looked at Charlie. Still holding his paddle in the water to guide the boat, he was gazing out ahead, his face set as if carved in marble, his eyes wide open, his breath coming and going with that hoarse, gasping sound that one hears when men are fighting desperately, life for life.

"Charlie, must we die?" I shuddered as I spoke, and my own voice sounded faint and strangely unfamiliar. "Die! Oh! I cannot die!" I continued with a half-shriek. "Is there no release?"

"Hush, Fern!" my friend answered. "God is with us here as anywhere. Keep a quiet brain—we may save ourselves yet. But if—if you get through and I don't, tell them at home——"

He could go no further, and with one impulse we drew toward each other, and clasped hands in a long, all-meaning gasp. And still on, on we sped. The angry roar of the waterfall, for it could be nothing else, rose high and deafening in the air, a faint mist hung over all the trees, the water about us fairly flew!



HOW WE SHOT THE FALLS.—"WITHIN AN HOUR CHARLIE LAY BY THE CAMP-FIRE BREATHING REGULARLY AND WELL."

All this I remember noticing with that weird coolness that sometimes precedes death or follows its sudden fear, and then I realized that our canoe stood shivering on the very verge of the precipice, while I gazed into the seething water below!

Stood there, I say, for to this day as I look back it seems as though we were motionless for several seconds ere taking the fearful plunge.

I saw everything—the whirling waters—the rainbow mist—

the distant sunlight glinting all the trees ; saw Charlie leap far out, and go heavily downward through the air, heard his wild cry ringing in my brain, and then sank fainting in the bottom of the boat, losing knowledge of everything in the few horrible moments that followed.

May heaven grant that it shall never be my lot to endure another such hour.

And I was not drowned ? No.

Half-way down in the face of the fall a flat shelf jutted out, inclined to an angle of about forty-five degrees to the plane of the river below ; against or over this my boat rushed in its descent, and was so shot out thirty feet or more, striking the water again bow foremost, and, providentally, without dangerous strain. Providentally, for it was some time ere my senses returned, and had the boat sunk, I must have drowned then and there.

When I did come slowly back to the light and a knowledge of my surroundings, I found the canoe lodged in a mass of flood-wood, many rods below the fall.

Naturally enough my first thought, after ascertaining that I was well and sound, was for Charlie. Had he escaped ? I then remembered his leap, and knew the reason for it. He had hoped to clear the falls, trusting that the water below was deep, and so swim ashore.

I raised myself, and glanced over the rail of the boat. The bottom was clearly discernible. Unless the river was much deeper under the falls, Charlie was killed.

Seizing my paddles, with a faint heart I pushed the boat clear of the flood-wood about it, and, stemming the current, began moving up-stream. Carefully I scrutinized every inch of shore, shouting as I did so. Only the dismal echoes replied from the recesses of the forest along the river-bank. Closer and closer to the roaring water did I venture, in among the wild white foam that whirled about hither and thither, among the little whirlpools that began beneath the bow and died again at the stern of my boat, but could find nothing. The water was deeper here, and that gave me hope ; but an hour passed, and still I searched in vain.

Night was coming down. I determined to camp on shore, and continue my search in the morning if necessary. If Charlie was drowned, I must find his body.

Slowly and sadly I turned the boat's prow toward the beach. Almost there, my paddle raised for its last stroke, I saw, half in the water and half out of it, almost drifting on the sand of the shore, Charlie !

With a wild cry, I sprang overboard, seized his inanimate body in my arms, and carried him ashore. Eyes closed, heart still, hands and face cold ! Could he be dead ?

I sank upon my knees beside him, and prayed ; then, rising, began at once to put into practice all I knew of the art of resuscitating a half-drowned person ; but, doubting my abilities in that line, forced several swallows of brandy down the poor fellow's throat, the last of which he made an effort to resist. That gave me hope, and with that remedy I persevered, for in it I had confidence.

Nor was that confidence misplaced. Within an hour Charlie lay by the camp-fire breathiug regularly and well, and, after a little nourishment, delared he was all right again.

In his fall he had struck sideways upon the water, so injuring him that he could not swim, which was the occasion of the condition in which I found him. Were we not a happy, thankful pair of hunters that night !

Ere noon of the day following we were at Beaver Point. Our story when told excited the most lively sympathy for Will, but John the guide seemed to somewhat doubt it. If, however, he will shoot those unnamed falls in an open canoe, himself and alone, I feel assured that he will find it no laughing matter. For myself, one such experience is enough.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR.

The following adventure is told by Colonel Marcy in his "Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border" :

"A naval officer, not many years ago, made the experiment of hunting with the lasso, but his success was by no means decisive. The officer had, it appeared, by constant practice upon the ship, while making the long and tiresome voyage round the Horn, acquired very considerable proficiency in the use of the lasso, and was able, at twenty or thirty paces, to throw the noose over the head of the negro cook at almost every cast. So confident had he become in his skill, that, on his arrival upon the coast of Southern California, he employed a guide, and mounted upon a well-trained horse, with lasso properly coiled ready for use, he one morning set out for the mountains, with the firm resolve of bagging a few grizzlies before night.

"He had not been out a great while before he encountered one of the largest specimens of the mighty beast, whose terrible aspect amazed him not a little ; but, as he had come out with a firm determination to capture a grizzly in direct opposition to the advice of the guide, he resolved to show him that he was equal to the occasion. Accordingly he seized his lasso, and riding up near the animal, gave it several rapid whirls above his head in the most artistic manner, and sent the noose around the bear's neck at the very first cast ; but the animal, instead of taking to his heels and endeavoring to run away, as he anticipated, very deliberately sat up on his haunches, faced his adversary, and commenced making a very careful examination of the rope. He turned his head from one side to the other in looking at it ; he felt it with his paws, and scrutinized it very closely, as if it were something he could not comprehend. In the meantime the officer had turned his horse in the opposite direction, and commenced applying the rowels to his side most vigorously, with the confident expectation that he was to choke the bear to death and drag him off in triumph ; but, to his astonishment, the horse, with his utmost efforts, did not seem to advance.

"The great strain upon the lasso, however, began to choke the bear so that he soon became enraged, and gave the rope several violent slaps, first with one paw and then the other ; but finding that this did not relieve him, he seized the lasso with both paws and commenced pulling it in hand over hand, or rather paw over paw, and bringing with it the horse and rider that were attached in the opposite extremity. The officer redoubled the application of both whip and spur, but it was evidently of no avail—he had evidently 'caught a Tartar ;' and in spite of all the efforts of his horse he recoiled rather than advanced.

"In this intensely exciting and critical juncture he cast a hasty glance to the rear, and to his horror found himself steadily backing toward the frightful monster, who sat with his eyes glaring like balls of fire, his huge mouth wide open and frothing with rage, and sending out the most terrific and deep-toned roars. He now, for the first time, felt seriously alarmed, and cried out vociferously for his guide to come to his rescue. The latter responded promptly, rode up, and cut the lasso, and extricated the gentleman from his perilous position. He was much rejoiced at his escape, and, in reply to the inquiry of the guide as to whether he desired to continue the hunt, he said it was getting so late he believed he would capture no more grizzlies that day."

Without strong affection and humanity of heart, and gratitude to that Being whose code is mercy, and whose great attribute is benevolence to all things that breathe, true happiness can never be attained.

Pearl Margon's Revenge.

YOU would never have thought that there was such a word as revenge in the girl's vocabulary, if you had looked into her face. It was such a pretty, peach-like face, so full of soft color and softer feeling, fluctuating in hue with every emotion that swept over her impressionable young soul. And she had such a generous brow, wide and honest and fearless, and such a sweet, brave mouth, and such tender eyes! They were lakes of fire and love, those deep blue eyes. They were not the pale china-blue that are fringed with amber lashes. They were "violets steeped in dew," and shaded by lashes long and dark as a Summer night. And she had a wealth of rich golden-shaded hair, that grew in pretty undulations about her brow, and cascaded behind in an arrangement that was partly chignon, partly curl, and partly defiance of any recognized method of "doing the hair." Added to these charms, she had a lithe, supple, graceful figure, "full of panther-like movement," as the sensation-writers (would that I were one!) have it. Still, she was not happy, being in love, and her love was not returned.

Poor Pearl! Her pretty name and pretty face made her the envy of every girl in Sandown. She put them all out, with her color, and her brightness, and her intense vitality. Put them all out for a season or two, and then a change came! Pearl Margon altered visibly, grew not less pretty, but less brilliant; and conjecture was rife about her, and people worried their minds with wondering what had befallen the belle of Sandown.

In truth, the belle of Sandown wondered what could have befallen herself. Here, in these her palmiest days of beauty, she was loving, and loving in vain. The hour had come, and the man! And, for some utterly incomprehensible reason, the man was indifferent to the goods the gods gave, and careless of the smiles and blushes of Pearl Margon.

He, Mr. Sutherland, had put into Sandown, some three weeks before the date at which Pearl Margon is introduced to the reader, in his yacht, the *Belle Aurore;* and Sandown had made the best of itself, in the way of balls and dinner-parties, and such like gaieties, ever since. He was an untitled aristocrat; a man of ancient lineage and large property, young, handsome, cultivated, and—cold to Pearl Margon.

The pair met, first, at a ball, the night of his arrival, and, in the language of the situation, he "seemed to be much struck with her." That is to say, he secured her for as many round-dances as she would give him, and sat out two or three quadrilles talking to her. The hours flew in a sort of rapturous whirl, and, though she was not apt to be lightly won, she was interested intensely in the man by the time he bid her good-by that night.

The next morning, Pearl went out riding early, according to her wont, and, almost without will of hers, it seemed that her horse carried her along the strand, close to which the *Belle Aurore* was lying.

The girl had never been an enthusiast about the sea or ships before; but now it seemed to her that yachting must be the most delightful of all amusements.

"If he would only ask us to go out for a few hours one day, how happy I should be!" she sighed, as she pulled up, and gazed at the thing of beauty that was resting so peacefully and buoyantly on the water; and then she was recalled to the present, for Mr. Sutherland was addressing her.

"You're admiring my yacht, Miss Margon; I hope you'll do me the honor of coming on board."

"I shall be very happy. Yachting will be a new feature in my life," she said, laughing, and, recovering her *insouciance,* in the rapid way in which women are taught by their instincts to recover it. "Papa is going to call on you to-day," she added, "when he has found out from the "Directory" what hotel you're staying at."

He told her he was at The Royal; and he admired her pet horse Cavalier, and then their interview came to an end, and the girl rode on. He looked after her for a moment, and a half-smile played over his lips.

"I wonder what Ju will think of the lovely Pearl coming on board my yacht," he said to himself. "Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary, the women lay on their flattery so deuced thick."

Then he stepped into the boat that was waiting for him, and went on board. And Pearl rode on, her heart beating high with joyous anticipations of the happy time she would have soon, on board the *Belle Aurore.*

Three weeks passed, and during those three weeks poor Pearl learned all the gradations of hope and fear, from fell experience. Mr. Sutherland always singled her out to dance with and talk to. He had ridden out with her several times. He had sauntered on the piers with her in the moonlight; but he had not made love to her, and it was his love she yearned for. Everybody in Sandown believed that the *fête* which was coming off this night, on board the *Belle Aurore,* was entirely in honor of Pearl. Pearl believed it herself, and wondered, as he had said so much, why he did not say a little more.

He had consulted her greatly about the floral decorations to be employed, and Pearl had sent him huge baskets full of flowers from her own greenhouse. He had consulted her as to the programme of the music that his own private band was to perform; and now, on the morning of the day of the party, he came for her to "go off and see if the flowers were arranged properly." So Colonel Margon and Pearl went off; and Pearl, in a happy, hopeful flutter, made up bouquets and wreaths and festoons, until the *Belle Aurore* looked like a fairy-bower; and every one in Sandown "expected that the engagement would be announced to-night."

"I shall ask you a great favor to-night, Miss Margon," he said to her, significantly, as he was handing her over the side, when her floral labors were over.

"And any favors you ask, I shall be sure to grant," the girl said, in a low voice.

And then he pressed her hand gratefully, and Pearl went home to superintend the preparation of her toilet for the evening.

The belle of Sandown looked exquisitely lovely that night, in clouds of silvery tulle. The only color about her was in her hair and eyes and delicately rounded cheeks.

"A very Venus," was Mr. Sutherland's mental verdict on her, as he met and welcomed her. And then he led her to a seat on a raised dais, where he placed her among a group of ladies who were strangers to her; and all Sandown people on board exchanged looks, and whispered to each other: "His own family, probably; it's evidently a settled thing. What a glorious chance for Pearl!"

Presently, wine and ices and fruits were handed round; and, while he was helping her to some champagne, Mr. Sutherland said to Pearl:

"May I introduce you now to my cousin, Lady Julia Stodart?" and, at the same moment, he touched the shoulder of the lady who was seated by Pearl; the lady turned graciously, and Pearl saw a very superb beauty.

"My cousin described you so accurately," Lady Julia said, in a clear, ringing voice, "that I knew you the instant you stepped over the side. Do you like yachting?"

"I have never had any," Pearl said. "I'm rather afraid on the water, generally, but——"

"You mustn't be afraid in the *Belle Aurore,*" Mr. Sutherland interrupted; "we want you to go for a trip with us, Miss Margon. My aunt, Lady Boynton, is the *chaperone* of

the party; and we'll go to the Channel Islands for a blow, to-morrow, if you're ready."

Pearl, happening to glance up at the moment, saw a slow smile cross Lady Julia's face, as her cousin said these words. It was a very handsome face—a Southern face, almost, in its dark splendor; rich brown hair, and dreary brown eyes—those eyes that can be so kind, as well as so cruel, in their fervor and their fierceness.

"I don't like his cousin," was Pearl's flashing thought. "I hope his aunt, Lady Boynton, will be nicer."

Presently, some one of the guests was asked to sing, and from that moment vocal music became the order of the night. One after another sang; and at length, after a few low-spoken words from her cousin, Lady Julia rose, took a guitar, seated herself on a low chair that Sutherland placed for her, and began that passion-stirring song that Swinburne has written and Molloy has set—"Kissing her Hair."

She sang it wondrously! As the last note died away in the flower-laden air, a murmur arose—one of those murmurs that show the hearts of the audience have been touched. Lady Julia moved from her seat, elated, gratified, the queen of the occasion, and Pearl experienced the first throb of jealousy, as she marked how ardently Mr. Sutherland thanked the lovely prima donna. Was it possible that it was really the man who had been devoted to her, to Pearl, for the last three weeks, who was now bending over, and bestowing a rapturous clasp on the taper fingers of the Lady Julia? It was possible—it was a fact! and poor Pearl sickened at the sight.

"Do you sing, Miss Margon?" Lady Julia asked, presently.

And one of Pearl's most injudicious friends, not perceiving how utterly incapable the girl was of singing properly, of doing justice to herself just then, began wildly extolling Miss Margon's vocal powers.

"I only sing little commonplace ballads," Pearl said.

"Well, but we like commonplace ballads," the regal beauty said, putting her hand through her cousin's arm; "don't we, Cecil? Come! add your persuasions to mine, and get Miss Margon to sing to us."

"Do, Pearl," he whispered, dropping his cousin's hand, and coming nearer to the girl, who was looking at him with all her soul in her eyes. "Do, Pearl! to please me!"

She could hardly do it, but she made the effort, conquered herself, and began. A very short song; but there was a world of passion and tenderness—of love and despair and misery—in it. She rang out the last verse with a wild wailing energy that thrilled through more than one heart there—

"Say, what can I do for thee? Weary thee, grieve thee?
Lean on thy shoulder, new burdens to add?
Weep my tears over thee, making thee sad?
Oh! hold me not! love me not! let me retrieve thee!
I love thee so dear, that I can only leave thee!"

"There's a challenge, Cis," Lady Julia whispered; and poor Pearl heard the whisper, and hated the whisperer.

"Take me home, papa," she said, presently. "I am tired, and I feel ill."

"Tired, my child! *You* tired, Pearl! You don't mean it!" her father said, looking at her wonderingly.

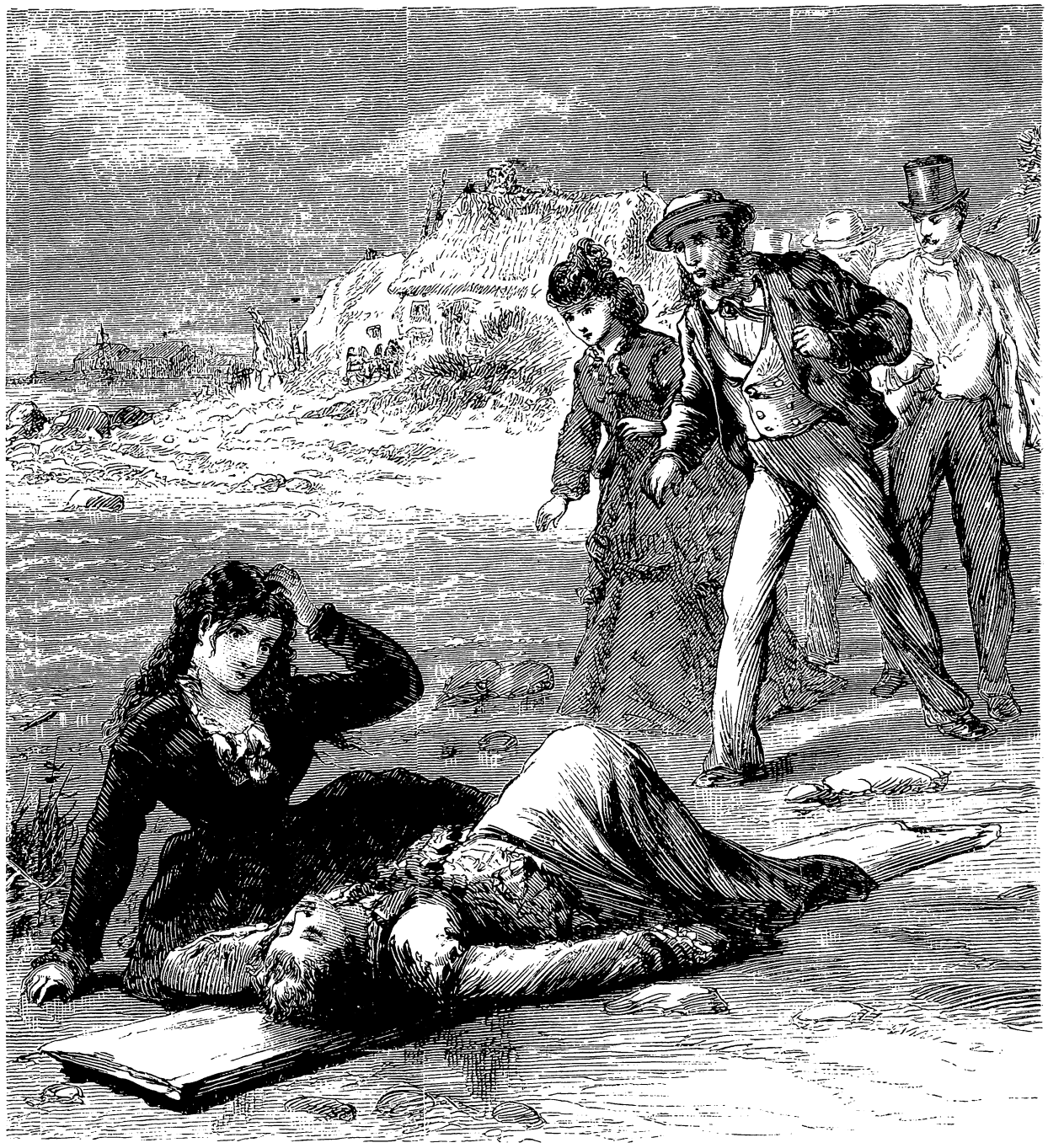
But Pearl reiterated her request—reiterated it hastily, petulantly almost, it appeared; and so the puzzled father, who had, in common with others, fancied that things were on a very fair footing between Pearl and Mr. Sutherland, was obliged to humor her, and make preparations for their departure.

"Good-night! We are going, Mr. Sutherland."

She breathed the words so softly, that only he heard them. Pearl had been standing a little apart from the rest, when he came near enough for her to speak without exciting the suspicion of the others. He answered, promptly:

"Going! Impossible! All this is in your honor. I shall

AN ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR.—"HE SEIZED HIS LASSO, AND, RIDING UP NEAR THE ANIMAL, GAVE IT SEVERAL RAPID WHIRLS ABOVE HIS HEAD IN THE MOST ARTISTIC MANNER, AND SENT THE NOOSE ABOUT THE BEAR'S NECK AT THE VREY FIRST CAST."—SEE PAGE 10.



PEARL MARGON.—"A LONG AND SLENDER PLANK, WITH ONE LIVING WOMAN BOUND TO IT, AND A DEAD ONE. AND THE LIVING WOMAN WAS LADY JULIA STODART."

feel publicly snubbed, if you withdraw yourself so early. Pearl! What is the matter?"

For a moment, only a moment, the girl felt hysterical. Then, she recovered herself, and answered:

"*Is* it in my honor, truly? How can you tell me that, when Lady Julia is here?"

You see, they had advanced toward intimacy sufficiently for her to utter one of those veiled approaches which women are so skilled in uttering.

"Lady Julia Stodart is my cousin," he exclaimed, in a little mournful cadence. "Pearl! what have I done that you want to punish me by going away?" Then he began to sing (he took care to sing it in a whisper):

"Stay with me, my darling, stay!
And, like a dream, my life shall pass away."

And poor Pearl suffered her senses once more to be steeped in the fumes of the drug called Hope, and told him gently that she "would stay—stay as long as he liked, and papa would, she knew, if she asked him, countermand the boat at once."

"And you'll come on board, and go on this trip with us to-morrow?" he whispered, as, late that night, he leaned over to catch her parting words, pressing her hand with a feverish clasp. "You'll come on board early? Tell me that you will."

Of course, she told him that she would come on board early the following morning—making, at the same time, some proper little reservation about "papa." And then she went off home, quite happy and light-hearted again, with all her doubts and fears respecting Cecil Sutherland melting

away before the memory of the warm words and warmer looks he had given that night. Over and over again she told herself, "He will speak out to-morrow; he must see that I love him; he can't be doubtful of me; he will speak out to-morrow."

Meanwhile, on board the yacht the following brief colloquy was taking place between the cousins. The last guest was gone, the Countess of Boynton and her daughter, Lady Julia Stodart, were preparing to vanish down into the state sleeping-cabin set apart for them, when Cecil Sutherland said:

"Take one turn up and down with me, Ju."

And she, thinking there was something strange in his look and manner, obeyed him, though she was very sleepy, and not too apt to accede to any demands that interfered with her own pleasures.

"What's the matter with you, Cecil?" she said, languidly. "Is it possible that you are really spoony on that very susceptible young person?—

'Who loves thee so dear, that she can only leave thee.'"

"It is possible——"

He was on the brink of saying these words, but he checked himself, he only thought it. What he said aloud was:

"Will you let me make our engagement public to-morrow, Ju?"

"Why should we undergo the tedium of listening to congratulations that we shall not value—from people whose good wishes or bad wishes are a matter of utter indifference to us? Be satisfied, Cis; I am."

"Yes; you're precious easily satisfied," he said, bitterly.

And Lady Julia laughed her clear, light laugh, and said:

"It will be known that you are tied to me quite soon enough. How ungrateful you are! Most men would appreciate the generosity which makes me leave you at perfect liberty to pick up all the Pearls that are cast in your path."

"Don't joke about Miss Margon," he said, quietly. "I am sorry you have refused my request, Ju. I won't keep you up in the cold. Good-night."

The next morning, Colonel Margon and Pearl came off early, as they had been entreated to do, and they sailed out of the fair sheltered harbor with a favoring wind. Pearl was intensely happy. It seemed to her that Cecil Sutherland was softer, more tender and lover-like than ever. This manner of his made her so happy, flooding her whole soul with hope as it did, that she scarcely noticed the calmly triumphant, amused smile with which Lady Julia regarded her.

"She thinks I am not patrician enough to marry her cousin," Pearl thought. "However, if he thinks I am, what need I care for her opinion?"

About twelve o'clock there was a diversion effected, by the introduction of champagne, and chablis, and oysters, and the little group broke up, and rearranged itself. When quiet fell again, Pearl found that Cecil Sutherland and herself were quite apart from the others; and, "Now he will speak out," her prophetic soul told her.

"Pearl!" he began, with a voice that he vainly tried to steady, "I must tell you something now, that I ought perhaps to have told you before; my cousin, Lady Julia, and I, are engaged to be married."

Can any one of our readers imagine the agony with which she listened to and took in the truth, the words which told her that the one whom she believed to be heart-pledged to herself, was honor-plighted to another? One must have passed through this furnace oneself, in order to comprehend how fiery it is. Poor Pearl! Not all her pure pride could save her from gasping, and betraying how deeply she was cut. Twice she tried to speak, and twice the words failed her. She could only look at him with dumb agony, and her look was reflected in his face.

"Pearl," he muttered, "for God's sake, forgive me; say you forgive me, my own darling. Oh, Pearl! I am not such a blackguard as I appear. I loved you from the first, and I struggled against my love, but it has mastered me. Can you forgive me?"

"Yes," she murmured. "But you should have told me. Oh, you *should* have told me!" Then the recollection of how long, and dull, and vapid, her life would be when this love was torn out of it, flashed upon her, and she sank down on a seat, moaning: "What had I done that you should have mocked me so?"

"Pearl! Pearl! I loved you! You can never blame me as I blame myself. But these words mean nothing. Pearl, look up; it will kill me if you are crushed."

"I am not crushed," the girl said, rising up in a sudden calm way that staggered him. "Was it *her* wish that I should be kept in the dark?"

She indicated Lady Julia with a look, and Cecil Sutherland nodded assent to her interrogation.

"What a womanly thing to do!" she said, bitterly. "I wonder if I shall ever have the opportunity of paying the debt I owe her?" Then, seeing that he was looking at her anxiously, with loving concern in his eyes, she said, hastily: "Mr. Sutherland, I think I must be half mad. Don't mind my words; they mean nothing, only I'm—very miserable."

He would have given a year of his life, then, to fall on his knees before her and clasp her to his heart. But it would have been worse than crime—it would have been a blunder—to do so, for Lady Julia by this time was watching them with what would have been a sneer on a less pretty face than hers. As it was, it was only a cynical smile.

"Pearl, tell me to do something, or I shall go mad!" he muttered, hoarsely. Why do the emotions of the heart always affect the bronchial tubes in this way? "Tell me to do something," he repeated. "Pearl, don't hate me."

"I shall never hate you; and I'll ask you to do this: Let me go home; I mean, let me be landed somewhere, as soon as possible, for I feel ill—very ill. The sea always did disagree with me."

She wound up with a feeble attempt at concealing the truth from him, that would have been comic had it not been so intensely tragic.

All these sentences had been spoken in such a disjointed way—there had been so many little subterfuges in the tone and manner of their utterance—that Lady Julia, watching the conversation from afar, had made nothing of it.

"Miss Pearl is pretty enough to turn a stronger head than Cecil's, when she puts on those little airs and graces," she observed, with an utter unconsciousness of the real bearings of the case, turning to her mother as she spoke.

And Lady Boynton put up her glass, looked at Pearl, and said, kindly:

"Yes; she is pretty; but how pale she has turned! We shall be 'put back' for Miss Margon before long, if I am not very much mistaken."

And Lady Boynton was right. Before long, the yacht was put about, and Cecil Sutherland came forward, in an explanatory way, and told them that Miss Margon felt too ill to go on. They must take her back to Sandown.

"Ill-bred people always get seasick, and cause a *fiasco*," Lady Julia said, haughtily. 'I can't help it, Cecil; she *is* ill-bred, or she would suffer all things rather than mar a pleasure-party."

And then Lady Julia huffed away, with a stately step, to the other side of the deck, where was an awning, and plenty of light literature, and the most comfortable of places reserved for her by a group of admiring friends.

A little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, had come up —a speck on the horizon. The wind had risen, and now, on their homeward way, the yacht was driven before it like chaff before the wind. The girl—poor Pearl—in her new-born misery, never heeded the tempest that was rising above them What did it matter whether the waves ran high or not? What did it matter whether the frail bark that was bearing them, tossed tremblingly on the crest of one wave for a moment, only to be engulfed the next in a bigger, more raging one? What did it matter that the clouds were lowering, and that even the sailors, who had run the gauntlet of many a storm, probably, were shaking their heads? What did anything matter, now that she knew that Cecil Sutherland and herself were divided?

How she loved him! Heavens above us! how she loved that man; and how utterly unworthy he, or any other man that ever lived, is of such wholesale devotion! The glory had gone from the sunshine, and the gloss had gone out of existence, for her, in those few minutes in which he told her how things were between his cousin and himself.

"'Tis better being good than bad.
'Tis wiser being sane than sad."

But, ah, me! ah, me! how seldom one can be wise and good, when young blood is having its day!

And so the dream was wholly o'er, and she could never hope or expect to be Mrs. Cecil Sutherland. How she hated herself, poor child, for having been deficient in that so-called proper feeling which should have saved her from betraying to him how intensely dear he was to her!

"Oh, my love! my love!" she sighed to herself as she sat, silent and stony, by her father's side. "Oh, more mine than hers, even now! How can I give him up to her!"

A wild wind rose up and followed them, beating them about remorselessly; and at last Lady Boynton remonstrated, not exactly with the wind for blowing, nor with Cecil for suffering it to blow, but with both the wind and Cecil, in a polite, meaningless way, that was very pitiful at this juncture. For this was no stage-storm; no little tempest in a teapot, that would simply act as an appetizer. They were in great danger. And soon they all knew it.

How differently the thought of rapidly approaching death affects us poor creatures! For my own part, I am free to confess that the mighty awfulness of it crushes all ill-feeling toward my fellow-worms out of my heart. I am oppressed with such a magnitude of terror, that I dare not do more or less than bend beneath the weight of it.

And so, this being the case, I can sympathize with the abrupt transition Pearl made, from indifference to horror. It had come upon her. Death had come upon her! Death to her and to her rival; and, oh, how infinitely dear life was, after all!

Dumb with terror, the poor girl fell on her knees, and prayed as she had never prayed before. But an hour ago —a little hour ago—and she had almost prayed for death, for annihilation, for anything that would carry her away from the consciousness of the overwhelming evil it was, that Lady Julia should rob her of Cecil Sutherland. And now they were all in peril together. She was being revenged! And, oh! how piteously she prayed for life, and time, and grace!

Was it a cloud? Was it land? Was it the end of all things? There was a crash somewhere, and she found herself on a height, looking down on a mass of white, terrified faces. They were launching a boat, and she was refusing to go in it, because *all* could not go. Suddenly the boat was pushed off, and the yacht was beginning to settle down. And she and Lady Julia, and Sutherland were together. What frantic words were those he uttered in those supreme moments?

"I must save you both, or perish forever. I *must* save you both! Pearl, cling to me?"

How calm she felt now! How—running through the calm—was a vein of surprise at it, and the turn events were taking!

"You must save your cousin; she is to be your wife, you know," she said to the half-maddened man, as the yacht gave a few final frantic plunges, and then began to break up. "You *must* save her!" she cried. And then Cecil Sutherland found himself striking off, without either woman.

He was picked up at last by a boat, and carried to the shore, close to Sandown; and then a sympathetic crowd assembled, to watch and wait for the other hapless ones who had gone out full of life and health, and hope and happiness, in the *Belle Aurore*. The patient, hearty watchers were rewarded by-and-by, by the boat coming in, with the whole of the crew, and a damp and draggled Lady Boynton, and a bereaved-looking old man, whom his townsfolk had much difficulty in recognizing as Colonel Margon. And then the crowd broke up and dispersed, for they could not hope against hope that the tide would cast up more.

After a time, tidings reached them that the waves had rendered up something, a mile or two lower down. They went off in a wild burst, hardly knowing what they hoped to find, but longing for excitement; and when they came to the bank of sand that was the stage whereon the scene was set, they found just this:

A long and slender plank, with one living woman bound to it, and a dead one. And the living woman was Lady Julia Stodart; and the saving bonds that held her to the plank that had brought her, beaten and bruised, but in safety still, to the beach, were tresses of Pearl Margon's hair.

This was Pearl Margon's revenge. When destruction was imminent, and death was upon them, all the woman reasserted itself in her pure, brave young soul.

"I thought she was mad at first," Ju said, when describing the scene to Cecil Sutherland, "I thought she was mad at first, when she began to clip off her great coils of hair; but when she came to me and told me, so quickly and so clearly, that binding me to the plank was the only way to save me, I thought her mad no longer, but an angel."

"And so she is an angel," he said, huskily.

"Cis, did you love her very much?"

"Not so much as she loved me," he said, frankly. "But I sorrow for her more than I could have sorrowed for her, if it had been the other way."

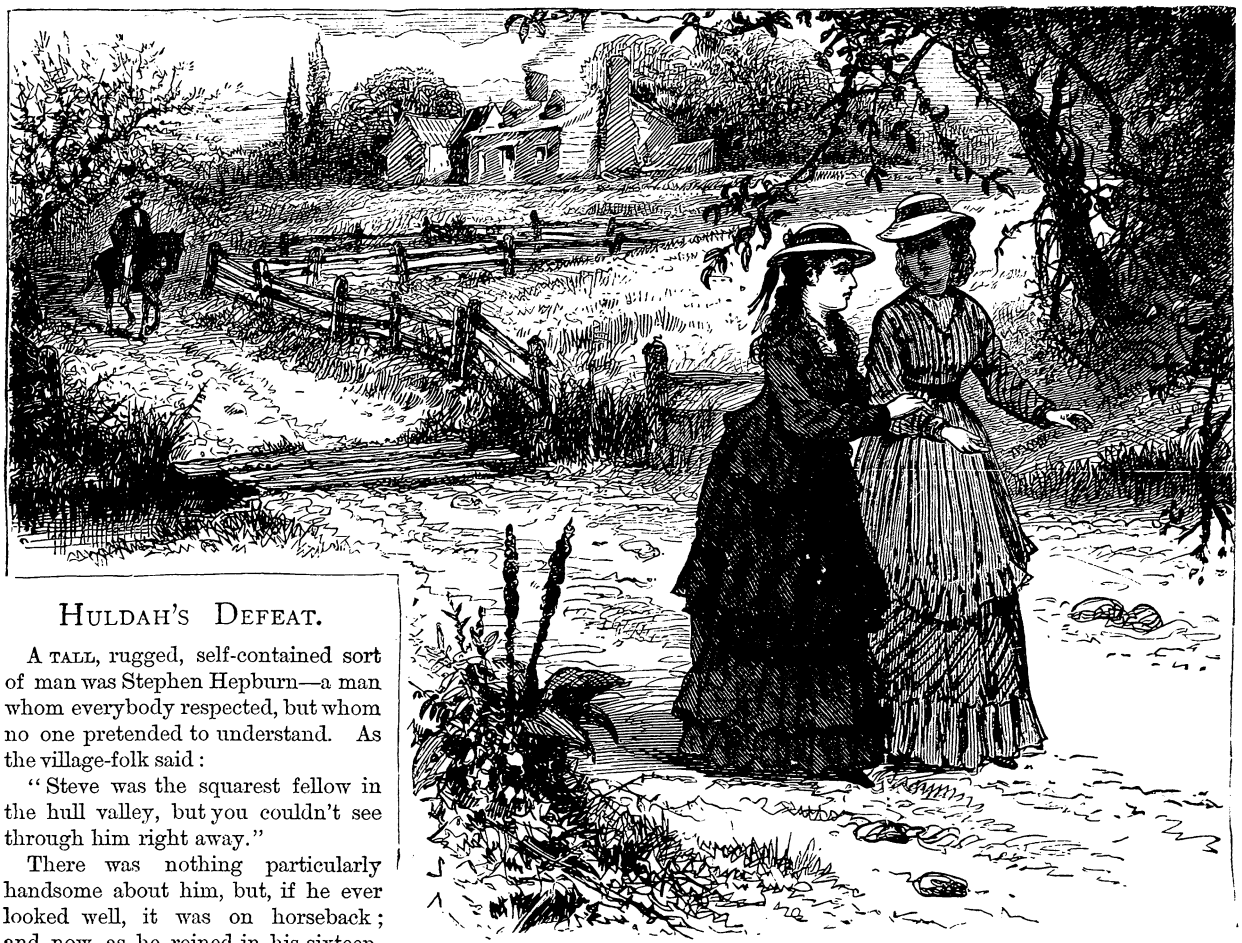
"Ah! you're a man; there's the difference," Julia said, reflectively. "Poor Pearl! she loved you, so well, that she took the sweet revenge on you of saving me. Cecil, if I had died, instead of Pearl, what would you have done? No; don't tell me! don't tell me! Oh, Cis! if we ever have a child, let us pray that it will never enter into an engagement with a cousin for family reasons. I never thought to have carried so heavy a heart for a woman who might have cut me out, as I carry for Pearl to-day."

* * * * * * * *

There is a little grave in Sandown churchyard that is always bright with flowers. Children come there every Autumn, and lay wreaths tenderly and reverently upon it; and a stately lady guides them to it, and tells them, standing there, in a sweet voice that is both sad and loving, the solemn story of the loss of the *Belle Aurore*. They know it by heart already, but they like to hear it afresh every year. And they gather daisies from her grave and give them to their father, and hear from him, over and over again, but always with keen interest, what a lovely girl this was who saved their mother's life.

So this was Pearl's revenge; and it was worthy of her.

A SAHARA AMBULANCE, OR ATTATICH.—SEE PAGE 21.



"MEANTIME HULDAH MORRIS AND HER SISTER CONTINUED THEIR WALK AND TALK IN THE GOLDEN OCTOBER SUNSHINE."

HULDAH'S DEFEAT.

A TALL, rugged, self-contained sort of man was Stephen Hepburn—a man whom everybody respected, but whom no one pretended to understand. As the village-folk said:

"Steve was the squarest fellow in the hull valley, but you couldn't see through him right away."

There was nothing particularly handsome about him, but, if he ever looked well, it was on horseback; and now, as he reined in his sixteen-hand bay, and looked down the road after the retreating forms of Huldah Morris and her sister, he seemed indeed the very pattern of a well-to-do farmer.

On either side of him, to right and left, spread out many a broad acre of "plow and pasture land"; the brown Autumn fields were his own, and had been his father's before him, and so was the quaint old homestead that looked out from the grove of horse-chestnuts and maples on the hillside.

All his own, and as yet he had seemed to have no thought of calling in anybody else to divide with him his comforts and responsibilities.

Just now, however, his eyes turned more than once from the women to the fields and homestead, and back again, as if in his own mind there had been suggested some sort of possible connection between them.

"They're good girls," he said to himself, aloud, "both of them, but it's hard to understand Huldah, or Hetty, either, for that matter. I wish I could ever chance in on 'em of an evening, and not find Joe Stanton on hand. Can't I make out to manage him somehow? I'll try it on."

Even as he spoke the light of some new idea arose in Steve's sunburnt face, and there must have been a comical element in it, for his hard, strong, yet not unkindly mouth, widened first into a humorous smile, and then opened in a loud and ringing laugh, which the good beast under him instantly took and acted on as an order to gallop briskly away with him in the direction of the village.

Meantime Huldah Morris and her sister had continued their walk and talk in the golden October sunshine; and it may be that both of them were thinking of Stephen Hepburn, each in her own way.

"Huldah," said Hetty, "you're the strangest girl sometimes. You talk of money and property, and being settled as you call it, as if that was all I or anybody else ought to think of. I don't see but what we've been happy enough with all our hard work, and all alone in the world, too."

Very pretty, indeed, was Hetty Morris, for her rosy, merry face looked out from an ambush of irrepressible brown curls, and there was not a line upon it that care or trouble could have made.

Huldah was taller, and a good five years older, and her grave, sober, thoughtful countenance put on a deeper shade than usual as she replied:

"Hetty, dear, you don't know everything about even the past, and it's the future I'm thinking of. You should not treat Stephen Hepburn as carelessly as you do. He's a most respectable and honorable man, and his farm is the best in all the valley."

"Now, Huldah," exclaimed her sister, "one would think you the most worldly and heartless old matchmaker, and hadn't a bit of soft spot in you. You make people think you are hard and selfish, and don't I know better? Come, Huldah, dear, don't let's spoil our walk. I want to cultivate my appetite. It's only two weeks to Thanksgiving."

Huldah's face was very grave and thoughtful still, and at times an expression very much like pain would shoot across it, but she seemed willing, nevertheless, to yield for the time to Hetty's flow of spirits and say no more about Stephen and his various attractions.

Not a handsome girl was Huldah, and though her twenty-seven years had brought her a healthful and well-developed womanhood, there had been that in them of care and anxiety which had made her feel old before her time.

In fact, while regarding herself as others did, in the light of an "old maid," Huldah's feeling for her younger sister was more motherly than anything else.

Hetty was her pet, her idol, her one treasure, and Hetty's beauty, her popularity, her "settlement in life," gave Huldah very nearly her most interesting and absorbing topics of thought and forethought.

That, on some accounts, Stephen Hepburn was decidedly the best match in the valley, there could be no question; nor would Huldah's judgment have admitted a favorable comparison to him, in any respect, on behalf of Joe Stanton, the almost penniless young lawyer, who had settled in the village during the preceding Summer.

Joe was a good fellow, no doubt; there was nothing to dislike in him, and he had good abilities, too, men said, but he was no such person as Stephen, and never would be, in Huldah's eyes; and he came to spend his evenings at the Morris cottage only too often to please the mind or heart of Hetty's careful "overseer."

Stephen Hepburn himself had of late been more and more frequently a visitor, and he knew very well how to make his company agreeable; but Hetty's persistent manner of treating "the best match in the valley" had been a subject of more than a little tribulation to Huldah.

She had, indeed, time after time, exerted her own social powers to the very uttermost to make good her younger sister's deficiency, but she had learned to almost dread the sound of Joe Stanton's well-known knock at the cottage-door.

The evening of that very day witnessed a repetition of the same old story, for never before had Hetty exhibited so evident a manifestation of indifference to Stephen Hepburn's presence, or compelled Huldah to "come to the front" so strongly. It was only too clear that the matter could not go on so for any great length of time; but Huldah could hardly repress her admiration of the cool self-control and apparent unconcern with which Stephen actually "sat it out," and walked off down the village street in company with his younger and, personally, more attractive rival.

"There ain't many men like him," she was saying to herself. "He's worth a ten-acre lot full of Joe Stantons," when suddenly Hetty's voice—for she, too, had watched the disappearing forms of their guests—broke rudely in upon her thoughts with:

"Huldah, I just hate Stephen Hepburn!"

"Hetty, what do you mean, in all the world?" exclaimed Huldah.

"Mean? Why, what do you think he's been doing today? and poor Joe don't see through him any more'n if he was a post."

'Well, my dear child, what has he been doing that's so bad?"

"Doing? why, he's made arrangements with Joe Stanton to go down into Pennsylvania for him, and look after some wretched law-business. It's about some mills and lumber and mines, and I don't know what all besides."

"Will he be gone long?" quietly responded Huldah.

"He don't know how long, he says, for it will take nobody can tell how much of hard work."

"But don't you suppose Stephen means to pay him for it?"

"Yes; and he thinks it's a good thing for him, but——"

And here Hetty's eyes fell a little, and a flush of rosy color began to mount in her cheeks as the thought came to her that, after all, *she* had no special reason for quarreling with such an access of business to her friend.

"For all I can see, then," said Huldah, wisely ignoring her sister's confusion, "Stephen has been doing a kindly thing by Joe. He could easily get his business attended to some other way. Lawyers are as plentiful as blackberries, and better ones than Joe Stanton."

A little sparkle of temper began to flash in Hetty's eyes, as was very apt to be the case when her sister ventured on comparisons with reference to Joe, but she only said:

"Huldah, I'm as glad as anybody to have business come to Joe, but you'll have to take all of Steve's visits till Joe gets back. I don't care how often he calls."

"Very well, Hetty, we'll see," said Huldah, with a sort of sigh. "I only wish you would think a little, and try to understand your own interests."

"I understand them a good deal better than you think I do," half sharply returned Hetty; but a glance at the earnest, loving, hurt expression of Huldah's face brought her back to a kiss of reconciliation instantly, as it always did, and there was peace between the two—for that night, at least.

The next day came, but the evening, although a fine one, brought no visitors to the cottage of the two "lone women," and so with the next; but the third morning, when Hetty Morris came back from a brief errand down the village, there was a light on her face which puzzled Huldah more than anything else she had ever seen there. Nor did it lessen her perplexity that Hetty had gone straight to her own room, and had willfully shut the door behind her.

A full hour thereafter did Huldah busy herself at her window with a pretense of sewing, but at the end of it she could endure the irritation of her curious thoughts no longer, but put aside her work, and, with an air half of a Christian martyr and of a Roman matron, she opened the door, and walked in upon Hetty's extraordinary privacy.

With the noise of Huldah's entrance, Hetty had given a quick little start and a motion as if she was about to hide something under the table at which she was sitting, and Huldah saw at a glance that her sister had been writing.

And then, with a crimson glow all over her dimpled, smiling, half-weeping face, Hetty sprang and threw her arms around her sister's neck.

"No, Huldah, dear. No, no, no—not from you! I must tell it all to you. I'm so glad!"

"But, Hetty, my child, what is it? What does it all mean?" exclaimed Huldah.

"Well, I just *can't* let you read this letter—indeed I can't—not even you; but he has written it, Joe has, and it's so terribly hard to answer him. I've been trying ever so long."

"But what do you want to say to him, Hetty?" most sadly inquired her sister.

"Oh, Huldah, all I want to say is just 'Yes,' and it seems as if it was the longest word in all the dictionary."

"But, Hetty, what about Stephen?" asked Hulda, with a flush of unusual color slowly gaining ground in her grave, composed features.

"Oh, I don't care! I don't believe he'll be so much put out as you are. He's got his farm, and his money, and ever so much, you know, and poor Joe has nothing but me. He says, too, he don't care much for anything else, unless ——. Oh, Huldah, I'm so happy!"

To save her life Huldah Morris could not have refused to sympathize with her sister's happiness, even if it so utterly upset her own sage and provident plans for the future; but later in the day it was by no means pleasant to reflect that the task of explaining matters would be very likely her own.

Now, it had happened that all day there had seemed to be a singular spell upon the spirits and conduct of Stephen Hepburn. He was like a man who concealed in his bosom, or tried to do so, the keen consciousness of triumph in some cherished plot. His heavily-bearded mouth would now and then bristle strangely in the workings of an irrepressible smile, and more than once he had laughed aloud:

"Got it all fixed this time," he muttered, as he approached the cottage that evening, "and there won't be any Joe in the way. Hope he took his best luck with him."

Perhaps Steve could scarcely have guessed the precise amount or character of the "luck" Joe had secured during his brief absence; but, in a few moments more, Huldah had admitted him to the little parlor, where, for the very first time in his life, Steve found himself unincumbered by Joe's presence.

But, on the other hand, neither was Hetty Morris there.

Steve looked around half inquiringly as he took his seat, and Huldah tried to answer the look with:

"Hetty has gone out for a walk, and I hardly know when she will be in."

"Oh, never mind—perhaps it's just as well; the fact is, I wanted really to have a little talk with you, Huldah ——"

Stephen hesitated—which was an odd thing for him to do, and Huldah, as in duty bound, took up the broken thread of the talk, with a set determination to go at once to the very root of the matter, even while a strange fluttering at her heart warned her that the task she had undertaken had its difficulties.

"I suppose I know," she said, "and I think I ought to tell you all about it. You can't have any doubt how highly I—we—everybody esteem you; but the fact is—well, I may as well out with it—Stephen, Hetty's engaged to Joe Stanton. He wrote to her the night after he went away."

Huldah's face was all ablaze for the moment, and there was a very peculiar expression of pain on her lips; but Steve steadily replied:

"Well, now, that's just about as I calculated. He promised to mail it day before yesterday, and I gave plenty of time for it to get here, so I'd be sure she wouldn't be around to-night."

"Why, Stephen! what did you mean?" exclaimed Huldah. "Did you know ——"

"Well, I'm not the blindest man in the world," said Steve, "even if I'm a little slow and awkward about some things. You see, Huldah, I've been trying this good while to get a chance for a talk with you."

"With me!" exclaimed Huldah.

"Yes, with *you*," energetically answered Steve. "I may as well right out with it. I know I ain't good enough—not the sort of feller, for such a woman as you are. I do believe you're the best in the world—but, then, Huldah ——"

Steve sort of broke down just there, but so did the utterly astonished Huldah, from whose face a radiance of warm light had chased the expression of pain.

When Hetty Morris came in from her walk, long afterward, by the garden-gate, and peered for a moment into the parlor, it flashed upon her mind that her sister also had been trying to say "Yes," and that, if appearances were at all to be trusted, she had succeeded.

Out of 2,200,000 watches manufactured in Europe and America, in 1873, Switzerland alone contributed 1,600,000. The canton of Berne supplies the greater part of the ordinary watches—about 500,000 yearly. Geneva, devoted to the manufacture of the better sort, makes 150,000 a year. The canton of Vaud confines its labors generally to making the works, exported to the number of 150,000; and the canton of Neufchatel is the most productive, alike in quantity and quality, yielding one-half of the total value. Hitherto, the observatory at Neufchatel has done the most for the regulation of watches. The variations, which in 1862 averaged 1.61 seconds per watch per day, did not exceed 0.57 seconds in 1868. As regards chronometers, out of 99 submitted in 1868, 50 gave less than half a second of variation in twenty-four hours, and eight gave a little more than one second.

SEPARATE.

For the last time, dear, the last, let me hold your hand;
Separate forever from to-night we stand.

The flowers grew so thickly o'er the gulf below,
We never thought we heard it till to-night, you know.

Jasmine, roses, heliotrope, blossoms rich and rare,
Filled the eye with loveliness, filled the fragrant air.

Dazzled with their glory, drunken with their scent,
Hand-in-hand together to the brink we went.

Heedless where the pathway led, careless of the goal;
Sweetness, calm, and beauty lapping heart and soul.

Never from the sunny South, from the languid West,
Came the bitter blast that brought reason's searching test.

Black and keen the east wind through the blossoms blew,
Forced the clinging tendrils back from where they grew.

Crushed the gorgeous mass of bloom, broke the fairy wreath,
Showed in naked ugliness all that lurked beneath.

Dear, good-by forever, each too weak to stand
By such graceful danger, lingering hand-in-hand!

The south wind's subtle sweetness would steal the sense again,
The west wind's luscious languor lull the lazy brain.

Though the blast blow bitterly, though we shrink and shiver,
Better so than lying lost in that sullen river.

Let the lovely poison-leaves wreathe and cling once more;
We have seen beneath the vail—ah, happy blindness o'er!

The parted paths lie straight and grey, the flowery dream is broken;
Separate forever, dear; our last words are spoken.

THE SANDI, OR COW TREE.

(Galactodendron Utile.)

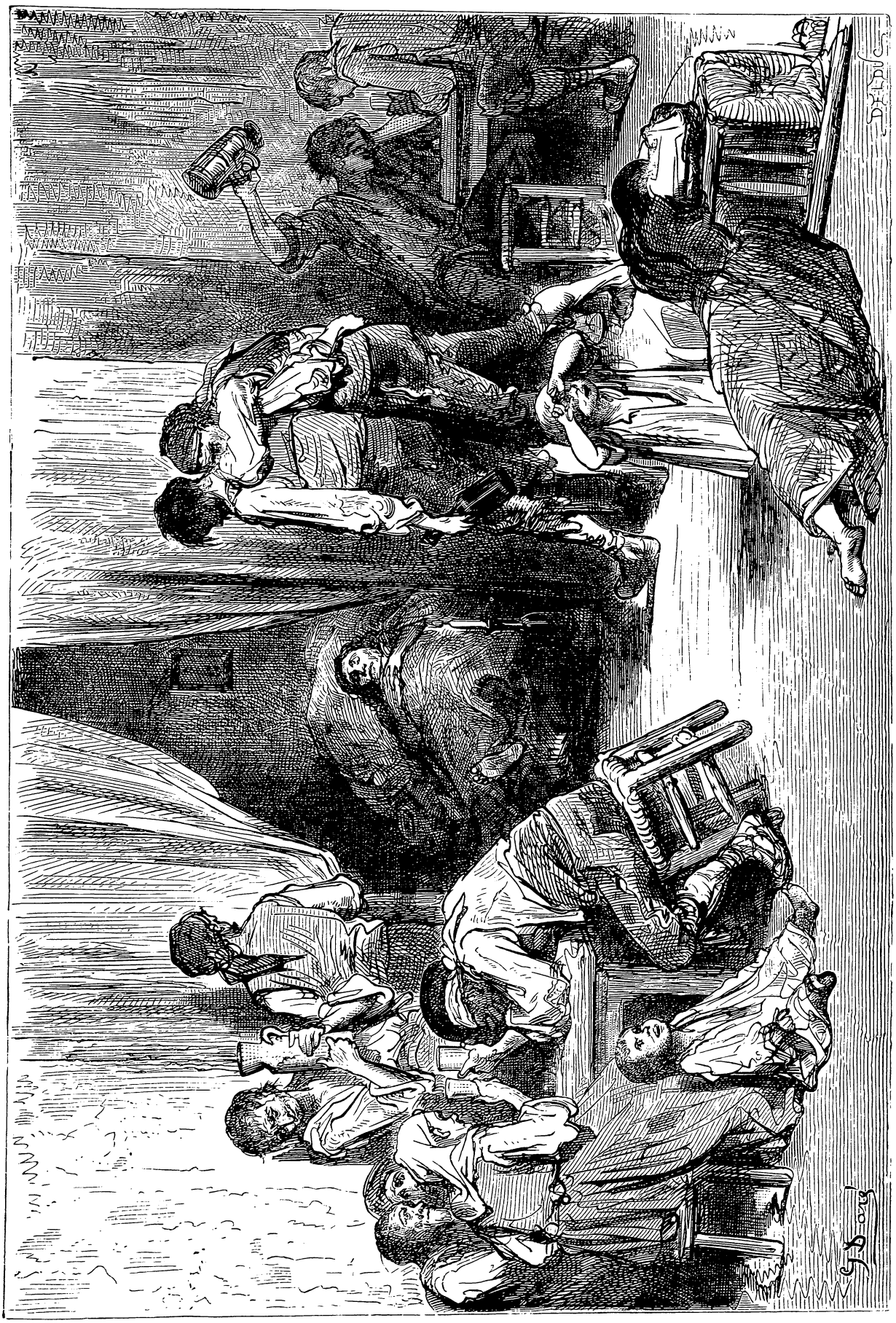
I was coasting along the banks of the Ucayali when the sight of a sandi tree inspired me with a sudden desire to tap its trunk and draw some of its curious sap. Taking a hatchet and gourd in hand, I pushed the pirogue to the shore and struck for the stoutest of the milk-bearers. I dealt a blow with all my strength; in a moment the milk appeared at the lips of the wound, and, after beginning to drop slowly, soon flowed in a snowy stream, contrasting as it fell with the velvety green of the moss and the reddish-brown of the soil. I admired the picture for a moment, then held my gourd to receive it, and as it filled, tasted the milky sap.

This thick, white, and creamy milk, soon turns yellowish on exposure to the air, and hardens in a few hours. Although at first very sweet to the taste, it leaves in the mouth a bitter and disagreeable taste; but the intoxicating and narcotic effects ascribed to it exists only in the imagination of wonder-lovers. We tried it several times simply to test its effects, but beyond its unpalatable after-taste, the bitterness of repentance after the allurement of sin, we perceived no inconvenience except that of a tendency to glue our mouth firmly, a tendency which induced us to rinse the mouth with water at once. As a milk for scolds, we could recommend it. It would insure silence and time for repentance.

As to the nutritious qualities, I have my grave doubts; in the interior, at all events, I saw it applied to no use except that of forming with lamp-black a kind of pitch for their canoes, although it is used successfully as an astringent in cases of dysentery.

On the whole, however, I cannot vouch for the accuracy of Humboldt's description.

Baron Humboldt gives the following description of this tree:



GIPSY WAKE AT TRIANA, A SUBURB OF SEVILLE.

"On the barren flank of a rock grows a tree with dry and leathery leaves; its large woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the stony soil. For several months in the year, not a single shower moistens its foliage. Its branches appear dried and dead; yet, as soon as the trunk is pierced, there flows from it a sweet and nourishing milk. It is at sunrise that this vegetable fountain is most abundant. The natives are then seen hastening from all quarters, furnished with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow, and thickens at the surface. Some drain their bowls under the tree, while others carry home the juice to their children · and you might fancy, as the father returned home with the milk, you saw the family of a shepherd gathering around and receiving from him the production of his kine. The milk obtained by incision made in the trunk is tolerably thick, free from all acidity, of an agreeable and balmy smell. It was offered to us in the shell of a calabash tree. We drank the milk in the evening before we went to bed, and early in the morning, without experiencing the slightest effect."

THE SANDI, OR COW-TREE.

—o—

THE SAHARA AMBULANCE.

MODERN civilization has brought to war some civilizing appliances, while it has added to the destructive power of weapons. If all campaigns could be as brief as that which, while defeating Austria and the Catholic supremacy in Germany, swept out of existence most of the Protestant States, to let Prussia reign alone, we might admire the progress of civilization; but we cannot rejoice in so millennial a prospect.

Meanwhile, let us study an attatich, or ambulance for the sick and wounded, such as is even now found in the Desert of Sahara. It is not just now in the active war service, yet it would seem capable of affording a retreat to the women and children, a lady's carriage in Tunis and adjacent parts not being much unlike it.

In a force mounting eight hundred and sixty camels and one hundred and sixty horses, there were eight of these attatich or palanquins.

The covering, though fantastic and clumsy, is not heavy, and affords sufficient air to breathe, while i protects the invalid from the scorching sun.

Our illustration shows two women of Ouargia, beautiful in form, if browned in complexion, their gazelle eyes looking curiously out from amid the three crosses, that seem strange there, looking like Christian and Trinitarian marks amid those who continually cry: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet."

—o—

GIPSY WAKE IN SPAIN.

SPAIN seems a paradise for gipsies. Borrow's inimitable work on the Gitanos has made most readers acquainted with this strange race as they are now to be found in the Peninsula, where, in spite of Inquisition and persecution, they thrive.

In some parts gipsies are comparatively rich and prosperous, but in Seville they occupy chiefly the miserable Triana quarter, most of them being exceptionably wretched even in the midst of misery. Here the gipsies ply only the lowest callings—horse-dealers, mule-clippers, a few bull-fighters; they are rarely blacksmiths. As for the women, they are cigar-makers, dancing-girls, and fortune-tellers; some are street-venders, offering chestnuts, blood-puddings, dough-nuts. Some buy cheap, showy articles, and trade them from house to house in exchange for rags or old clothes. In making bargains, the gipsies show all the wonted dexterity of their race. Some called *literas* sell goods, taking pay in monthly or weekly instalments.

The popular ballads are very often severe on the gipsies, and do not spare them even when dead.

When a gipsy dies their customs are very singular. The

dead body is exposed on a straw bed on the ground between two lighted candles. The women throw themselves on their faces on the ground, tearing wildly at their long black hair. As for the men, they frequently drown their sorrow in draughts of wine, or even brandy, in honor of the dead. The Gachés, as they call the Spaniards, always make out the gipsies to be tipsy, and in a popular ballad it is said:

Un gitano se murio,
Y dejo en el testamento
Que le enterasen en viña,
Para chupar los sarmientos.

(A gipsy came to die,
And on his will he wrote
That in a vineyard he should lie,
To tap the vines at root.)

Stories current elsewhere of knavery are ascribed to the gipsies, but in the chamber of death, even where the grief takes such unseemly forms, we may invoke a charitable feeling for this strange people.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

THE stately old room was flooded with a soft, warm glow, and near the blazing fire sat Lady Dorothea Apton's two grand-daughters.

They were cousins, those girls, yet they embodied very different types of womanhood. One, Gertrude Galbraith, was twenty-two — a dreamy-eyed brunette — tall, magnificently formed and strikingly imposing, without being decidedly beautiful.

The other—Helena Aldcliffe, and the younger by a year—was sweet, bright and winsome, with a lily-fair skin, eyes of the darkest blue, and wavy golden hair —just such a creature, in fact, as strong men love and pet.

But now, all these pretty blandishments were forgotten; there were tears in her eyes, and she looked like an abject and broken-hearted penitent in the freshest and most becoming of toilets. Beside her, Gertrude, in her sombre tints, was nun-like, and most duenna-like were her tone and manner.

"Now, just tell me the whole truth, Helena. Tell it, I implore you."

Thus adjured, Miss Aldcliffe dried her eyes and spoke:

"The whole truth is this—simply this—I said it!"

"You called me 'a maiden all forlorn'?"

"Yes; but of course that was only in jest. I meant nothing by it. You must know that I did not dream of wounding you."

"So you have assured me a dozen times. If you please, tell me how it all came about?"

"Well, my dear darling, it came about in this way. That old Lady Lourides had been counting off all the old maids she knew, and I only just said, laughingly, 'Don't forget Gertrude Galbraith; she is and always will be 'a maiden all forlorn.' There now, that was all I did say; and I repeat, Gertrude, that no angel ever spoke more innocently. I am sure that, if I had suspected you were so near, I would have died rather than have said it. Come now, dear, do be reasonable; how could I possibly have been serious when I called you an old maid?"

"How could you, indeed! You know better than that."

"Certainly; and why should I call you 'forlorn'?"

"Am I?" demanded Miss Galbraith, fearlessly. "Am I? Why I can count a dozen offers to one of yours, notwithstanding the fact that you are really very pretty and I am not. A dozen to one! Think of that, my love."

"Exactly, and that is the reason ——"

"My dear girl," interrupted the other, "that is the reason why I pay so little attention to the matter. Ah! let us be done with it, I wish to hear no more about it."

"But I do; I want to know how you could have overheard us?"

"Very easily. You were at the window, and I chanced to be upon the balcony."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Therefore, Helena, my darling, if you desire to propitiate me, finish the confession you commenced just now."

"About those awful letters?"

"Yes, about those letters."

Helena Aldcliffe, then kneeling at her cousin's feet, was a perfect picture of sorrowful loveliness: long, dark lashes vailing downcast eyes, soft hair gleaming with sherny ripples, a dear little *nez retroussé*, and a tiny mouth, with the full, scarlet lips drawn down into a charming affectation of utter misery.

"I will tell you all," she commenced. "Yes, Gertrude, to prove to you how utterly I trust you and how little I meant to wound you by my foolish speech, I will tell you *all*. To begin, it happened ever so long ago, last Winter, in fact. If you remember, I was at Paris with Aunt Audley. It was just at the *Micarême* and we all went to a masked ball at the Embassy. And it was there that I met him."

"Met who?"

"I cannot tell you."

"You cannot tell?"

"No, dear," sobbed the girl. "I only know that he has been my *Fate!*"

"Helena Aldcliffe, do you really mean to say that you have been flirting to this shameful extent with a man whose name even you do not know?"

"Oh, Gertrude, he was so exquisite as a Neapolitan peasant! And he wrote such superb letters, too! Gertrude, it was a perfect romance, for he found out my name, but I could not learn his. I was a Watteau shepherdess that night, and how he contrived to penetrate my disguise I cannot imagine. But he did, I assure you, and the sweet mystery of the whole affair was he told me his name was Harry Selwyn, and he vowed that he would see me the very next day."

"Do you call that mystery, pray? Of course he saw you?"

"Of course he did not. The next day he was called away suddenly to the country, but he wrote to me, and I was idiot enough to answer his letter, and so the matter has been running on from bad to worse, until I am nearly wild."

"Let me understand," said Miss Galbraith. "How often have you seen him since that eventful night?"

"I have never seen him, I tell you."

"But you love him?"

"*Love him!*" scornfully echoed the penitent. "I am astonished at you, Gertrude; however, I suppose that you are equally astonished at me," she concluded, with a great sigh.

"I confess that I am," returned her cousin, gravely.

"Then what will you say when I tell you that he is here? Oh, darling, yes—that awful man is at the village now, and may be in this house to-morrow. He sent me a note not three hours ago."

"In that case there is but one course to pursue, for you should act with precision, and break off this affair at once. There is but one course, Helena. See him and *demand* your letters."

"Shall I?"

"You must."

"When?"

"In the morning."

"So much the better; then we can have it all over before Sir Lionel Moncrieff arrives, can't we?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Galbraith, very slowly.

"Yes, darling," echoed the fickle one at her feet, "before Sir Lionel arrives, because—— Shall I tell you another secret, Gertrude? Ah, I know that I may, you are so sweet and good. Well, dear, because I have quite made up my mind to become Lady Moncrieff. Now, don't judge me harshly, please. I am not mercenary, and you know that, for I am not poor. But I am ambitious, I confess it, very ambitious, and one of these days he will be the peer of the realm. Am I not right, Gertrude? Of course, I speak very frankly to you about this matter, and, as I have already said, I prove my friendship by revealing the secrets of my inmost heart, for somehow, you, dear girl, I am convinced that you will never marry, so by taking Sir Lionel I interfere with none of your plans, do I?"

"No, indeed! And you are quite right about taking Sir Lionel, and to prove *my* friendship I promise to assist you. Now, in the first place, he must not be permitted to come here—that Harry Selwyn, I mean."

"Exactly; but how are we to prevent it?"

"Easily enough. You must ride to the village in the morning and see him."

"Very well; and I shall ask him to go away immediately."

"Ask him?" Miss Galbraith's tone was full of lofty sarcasm. "Do you fancy that he will go for the *asking?* Oh, no, my love, you must *command* him to do so."

"Very well, I shall command him, then."

"And do it in no measured terms. Take care to disenchant him. Be rude, if need be. Remember how much depends upon your firmness."

"Never fear, I shall remember. But if he should chance to be out when I get there? I can't risk waiting, you know."

"Then leave a note for him—a very peremptory note; do you understand?"

"Yes, I will, Gertrude—I will. Oh, my darling, what brilliant ideas you have, and what a tower of strength you are! You are my savior, Gertrude; but what if he won't mind the note?"

"Then I shall see him—he will mind me. Now, dear, get up, and trouble yourself no more. I would be an idiot, indeed, if I could not manage this matter satisfactorily."

"And—Gertrude——"

"Well?"

"You'll forgive me for having called you a 'maiden all forlorn'?"

"Forgive you? Silly child! I have forgotten it already."

It was morning, clear and cold, and for twenty minutes Helena Aldcliffe had been riding at a break-neck pace along the path that skirted the park wall. Now, however, the hoof-beats slackened, for before her, just in a curve of the road, and under a gigantic oak, was a little cottage from whose lowly chimneys curled the thin smoke of turf-fire.

At the gate of this cottage Miss Aldcliffe drew rein, and to a woman, standing in the doorway, she spoke:

"Jane, is a Mr. Selwyn staying with you?"

"Yes, miss, he is. He's stoppin' here, only he's not in. Out for a bit of a walk, he said; but if you'll be good enough to come right in, Miss Helena, an' take a seat by the fire in his own private parlor, I'm sure he'll be pleased, and he'll be here inside of ten minutes now—so he will, Miss."

"Very well." The young lady sprang to the ground, and threw her bridle to the woman who had come running to the gate. "Very well. Fasten my horse, and show me to the private parlor. I will wait."

The apartment thus loftily designated was, in fact, a portion of Mr. Selwyn's bedroom, which had been curtained off with gaudy-colored calico, and, despite the low walls and general air of neglect and smuttiness, presented a very magnificent appearance. True, the floor was uncarpeted, and the chairs were of the hardest, but there was a glorious fire on the wide stone hearth, and, by way of adornment, there was a meerschaum stuck conspicuously in the gilt frame of the little mirror over the mantelpiece.

"I wonder where he keeps his letters?" thought Helena, who, from her seat by the fire, was anxiously surveying the room. "If I could only find them, I would. Yes, I declare I would. I'd steal them. Ah, those horrid curtains! I shall certainly go mad if I have to sit staring at them much longer. How do I know that some one is not behind them now, watching me?"

But some one was not behind them, for in a few moments a light step came bounding upstairs, the door opened suddenly, and a gentleman stood before her.

A man of thirty, perhaps—tall and slim, dark, black-eyed, and clean-shaven, with the exception of a black, flossy mustache.

As this person approached, Miss Aldcliffe arose, pale as death, but as resolved as Fate.

"Mr. Selwyn?" she asked, composedly.

"He is not," he returned, bowing. "Mr. Selwyn has not yet arrived. I expect him to-morrow or next day."

"Not yet arrived! Why they told me downstairs that he was here?"

"Exactly! I asked the woman to admit any one who might desire to see him."

"But you, sir?"

"I am John Darrall, a friend of his, and awaiting him here. Perhaps, miss, I may be able to serve you; if so, I shall be truly happy."

"What? is he really not here, then?" cried Helena, her courage rising with the certainty that the dreaded interview might be postponed, and possibly altogether avoided.

"Assuredly he is not."

"Then, sir, will you permit me to leave a note for him?"

"A dozen, if you desire. Pray take this chair, and here, at this table, you will find all you need."

"Thanks."

"And I will leave you undisturbed. You will find me below, however, and I shall be delighted to charge myself with the personal delivery of your letter.

So below went Mr. Darrall, and then Miss Aldcliffe's white fingers flew over the paper. And this is what she wrote—with much underscoring, of course, after the manner of young ladies in general:

"Sir—I am here to *implore* you to cease writing to me, or even *attempting* to see me. You must understand—*any gentleman* should understand—that this clandestine correspondence is now becoming awkward to a degree. It positively must end. In fact, it will ruin me, and I am sure that your *good heart* will not permit you to cause annoyance to any lady.

"If I could have seen you to-day, I would have *demanded* my letters, and you would have returned them. As it is, I must entreat you to send them to me *immediately*. Should you persevere in your *unmanly persecution*, I will reveal the whole affair to my relatives, and seek their protection.

"I may as well tell you that I regard your behavior in coming here as unwarrantable impertinence as well as an

outrageous intrusion on one who, however *kindly disposed* she may once have been, yet never had, nor can have, the slightest *affection* for you. "H."

"P. S.—Please send the letters *immediately*, and I will *yours* by the same messenger."

This precious missive, sealed and addressed, was borne by the writer to the courteous gentleman awaiting it.

In less than half an hour the mistress of the little cottage, by Apton Park, was startled by the appearance of a second young equestrienne, who asked for Mr. Selwyn.

The bewildered creature recognized the anxious inquirer, and answered one question by asking another.

"Miss Gertrude, do you know who's been here this blessed mornin', already, to see that gentleman?"

"Yes; my cousin, I suppose."

"So she has, Miss. Well, he's in luck for company, anyhow, an' he's up in his parlor, miss. So if you'll jump off, an' come, I'll show you the way—so I will."

As Miss Galbraith entered, the gentleman seated arose quickly, and threw upon the table a letter that he had been reading; then stood quite still, apparently as much surprised as delighted at this second unexpected visit. "Mr. Henry Selwyn?" commenced the lady.

"Darrall," corrected the gentleman—"John Darrall. My friend, Mr. Selwyn, has not yet arrived."

"That is decidedly unfortunate, for I desired to see him upon business of vital importance."

"In that case I would take the liberty of suggesting a few lines be left for him, and to be delivered immediately upon his arrival," said the gentleman, with great civility.

"A few lines! Dear me! No, sir."

"SEPARATE."—SEE PAGE 19.

"But your cousin would be better satisfied."

"My cousin?" opening her dark eyes very wide, and looking earnestly at him. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Pardon me, I know Henry Selwyn intimately."

"Henry Selwyn is no relation of mine. Indeed, I have never even seen him."

"Oh! I understood——"

"You *misunderstood*," interrupted the young lady, with dignity, "for I certainly have said nothing that could lead you to entertain such a ridiculous idea. No; Mr. Selwyn is a stranger to me, and yet I earnestly desire to see him just as soon as possible." For a moment she stood gazing reflectively into the fire. Then she turned suddenly, and asked: "Sir, are you Mr. Selwyn's friend? Does he confide in you?"

"I know every secret of his heart."

"And have you any influence over him?"

"Unbounded influence."

"Do you know why he is coming here?"

"Yes; to see the woman who will one day, be his wife."

"And her name?"

"Pardon me, that is not my secret."

"You are right, sir; it is Helena Aldcliffe, my cousin. I am Gertrude Galbraith and I was totally unaware of this wretched entanglement until last night, when Helena, in an agony of tears, implored my assistance to free her from it. Now, Mr. Darrall, I implore you, as a gentleman, to exert that influence in Miss Aldcliffe's behalf. You have seen her, for I understand that she was here just now. I hoped to meet Mr. Selwyn; but, failing in that, I trust that I have met a friend."

"You may believe that, I assure you."

"You are very kind. You have seen my cousin, and you have divined her real character, have you not? You

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—"HELENA HAD BECOME AS PALE AS DEATH, AND STOOD STARING AT THE GUEST IN A MANNER THAT BETOKENED FAR MORE ASTONISHMENT THAN DELIGHT."

have judged her to be what she really is—an innocent, romantic girl—far too pure-hearted to be guilty of an actual wrong, far too honest to attempt deception, and far too timid to fight her own battles."

"Exactly," assented the gentleman, with an involuntary glance at the letter still lying open upon the table.

"Yes," pursued Miss Galbraith, "that is my cousin—a poor child, almost brokenhearted at the thought of what she has done."

"But I understand Miss Aldcliffe loves my friend."

"She does *not* love your friend!" cried the girl, impetuously, her eyes flashing, her cheeks aflame. "She never loved him, I tell you; nor shall he tyrannize over her in this cowardly manner. *Love him!* why she loves another, who worships her—one who will soon come and claim her. Oh, you need not look so surprised, it is true. Nor need you attempt to blame her—she shall not be blamed."

"But, my dear young lady, do you mean to tell me that the person coming is one of her favored admirers?"

"She has told me so, and he is madly devoted to her, sir."

"Then, representing my friend, as I now do, I demand the name of the man who has won her heart."

"And I refuse to give it."

"Then I shall take immediate measures to ascertain it."

"Ah, sir, you would not—you could not—do that! Think of the misery that you would surely bring upon an honorable family. Mr. Darrall, I will go upon my knees to——"

"You will do nothing of the sort!" cried Mr. Darrall, softened—as any man would have been—at the sight of that beautiful face all bathed in tears. "Nothing of the sort, I assure you. Calm yourself, Miss Galbraith. I will see that it is done. Nor shall she ever be annoyed by my friend. I am not so despicable as I have pretended to be."

"Ah, you are not despicable—you are good and kind and honorable!" declared Miss Galbraith, trying to force a smile.

"There—that is right. I like to see you looking happy—indeed I do."

"I thank you with all my heart." She held out her hand to him in a frank, girlish way. "You have made me very happy, Mr. Darrall."

"I am glad of that," he answered, warmly. "And, trust me, I shall never make you unhappy, if I can help it."

He accompanied her down-stairs, and assisted her to mount. Then he suddenly startled her with this question:

"Is that fortunate fellow, my friend's rival, so very rich?"

"Very rich, indeed. Why do you ask?"

"My friend is poor—that is all."

A look of annoyance swept over her face.

"Do not say that," she pleaded. "You wrong her."

"Do I? Ah, I fancy not." Then, in a tone full of tender meaning: "You are going, and I have seen you for the first and last time."

"But I shall never forget your goodness," she shyly answered.

And he cried, boldly: "Nor shall I ever forget *you!*"

In the drawing-room were Lady Dorothea Apton and Sir Lionel Moncrieff. My lady was a woman of sixty, with silvery hair put smoothly back beneath a widow's cap.

Leaning upon the mantelpiece, in an attitude of careless grace, was her ladyship's guest, rich Sir Lionel Moncrieff, who owned half the county, and was now looking for a wife to share his possessions. He had, like every Moncrieff before him—a true, noble heart, pure honor, and a firm will.

"Wait until you see my granddaughters together," her ladyship was saying. "You will see then that one is a beauty and the other is not; that one can charm and the other cannot. In fact, you will be convinced that your father and I have chosen wisely, and that Helena is the wife for you, but Gertrude is not."

"Very well," acquiesced the gentleman; "I will see. But I know that you must be right, for I have heard ——"

"What, sir?" looking at him with an expression of haughty surprise—"tell me what!"

"Oh, nothing—except that one is noble-hearted and the other is not."

"And which is not, if you please?"

"Miss Galbraith, madame."

"If you have heard that," cried the dowager, "you have heard an infamous scandal, for Gertrude Galbraith is as far above all other women as Heaven is above earth. Noble-hearted? Well, find one who can compare with her, sir, and I will tell you that you have discovered a treasure."

"Then I am to understand that it is Miss Aldcliffe who will not make a desirable wife."

Lady Apton was caught in her own toils. She quickly endeavored to redeem herself.

"Miss Aldcliffe has not an unlovely character—far from it; but she is younger than her cousin, and less thoughtful. Otherwise —— Ah, here they come." This, as her two granddaughters entered the room: "Sir Lionel," she continued, graciously, "permit me to present you to Miss Galbraith and Miss Aldcliffe. My dear children, welcome Sir Lionel Moncrieff. What is the matter, Helena?"

For Helena, pale as death, stood staring at the guest.

"What ails you, girl?" repeated the dowager, sharply.

"I—I am not well," came the faltering answer. Oh, grandmamma!—oh, Gertrude——" Here she stopped, and burst into tears!

"In the name of Heaven—" commenced her ladyship. But Sir Lionel interrupted her.

"Miss Aldcliffe is suffering," said he, politely. "Pray use no ceremony with me, madame. But before you leave us, my dear young lady, permit me to redeem my promise and return this to you." And he laid upon the table a packet, which Helena caught up with a glad cry. Then my lady, puzzled, frowning, and silent, led the still sobbing girl from the room.

Sir Lionel turned to Gertrude, who, throughout all this strange scene, had not spoken a word.

"Will you forgive me, Miss Galbraith?" he asked.

"Mr. Selwyn——"

"For Heaven's sake, do not call me Mr. Selwyn!"

"Sir Lionel, then. And you ask if I forgive you? Oh, I cannot—you ask too much. This is terrible! This is terrible! How could you be so cruel, so unmanly?"

"It was not unmanly—and I have gained by it the knowledge I most desired, and for which I humbly thank God with all my heart and soul."

"But why should you pretend to be what you were not?"

"I confess that I desired to be loved for myself alone. That is the only excuse for my using an assumed name."

"Loved for yourself alone?" echoed Miss Galbraith, scornfully. "It certainly appears to me that you expected far more affection than you gave; for if you had ever cared for her——"

"But I never cared for her!" he cried. "Oh, Gertrude, Gertrude, I care for *you!*—I love *you!* I have loved you since the day you came to me and pleaded so nobly for Helena. Ah, blessed one—you do not frown—you forgive me! Gertrude, sweet, I love you! Madam, come here."

This to Lady Apton, who was entering the room.

"Madam, come here. See—this is the woman whom I choose from all others to be my own—my wife. Ah, I see that you know all now; and you told me she was far above other women as Heaven is above earth. And she is, my lady—an angel of goodness and mercy, and sweetest charity."

Helena Aldcliffe bore her disappointment gracefully. She even forgave Sir Lionel, and was heartily ashamed of herself.

Yet she could not resist giving this sly thrust upon Gertrude's wedding morning:

"My pet, just fancy how bad it would have been for you if I had not snubbed Harry Selwyn!"

"It would, indeed," was the frank acknowledgment—"otherwise I might be forever '*a maiden all forlorn.*'"

"Gertrude," cried the other, I thought you had forgiven that."

"So I did, dear, long and long ago, Helena."

That morning Gertrude destroyed a letter, received months before, by a former schoolmate. Here is an extract:

"You know, dearest Gertrude, that, strive as I might, I could never like your cousin Helena, although she is such a clever girl; and I like her even less than ever now, for I find that she has been for some time carrying on a scandalous flirtation with some one whom she knows as Harry Selwyn. *Harry Selwyn is really Sir Lionel Moncrieff.* He was brother Edward's chum at college, and so what one knows the other knows. Now, Gertrude, I do implore you, never, *never* to say that I told you all this. There would be awful trouble if you should."

"'A clever girl'? Why, yes," assented the future Lady Moncrieff, as she threw this important paper into the fire, "Helena certainly is a very clever girl; but I fancy it has been diamond cut diamond. Poor Helena!"

SCENES IN THE CITY OF NAPLES.

In the great street called "The Toledo," one of the principal thoroughfares in the city of Naples, the people sit on each side exposing their goods for sale, as if in the utmost quiet and security. Here, you are nearly treading upon one who lies asleep in the street; there a cripple is making his way through the crowd; further on sits a beggar. A gardener exposes his delicious flowers, which scatter perfumes as you pass; when lo, comes by a fisherman, declaiming aloud on the merits of his fish. A seller of lemonade makes the air sweet with the fragrance of the citron, till a fellow thrusts between your nose and the lemons his ill savored oil cakes for Lent. Rival melon dealers shout across the street denunciations of each other, mingled with praises of his own fruit, given in all the luxuriance of Southern Italian. A vender of ices is succeeded by a vender of oysters and other shellfish; and these by a butcher—a baker—a dealer in glassware—a woman crying porcelain, to the accompaniment of a screaming child—a barterer—a linendraper—venders of cherries, figs, citrons, peaches, and apricots—another beggar—book and picture-dealers—open-air cooks—boot-cleaners—and all in your way. Equipages do not, as with us, monopolize the streets, or threaten the lives of the pedestrians. The now almost forgotten corricolo is sometimes seen, with the grand coaches of the great, but the life in Naples is in those who throng its streets afoot.

All business seems to be done, here, out of doors. Think, too, of the buyers whom there must be for all these sellers; —ladies, dandies, gentlemen, officers, travelers, sailors, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, friars and clergymen, of all classes, scavengers collecting ordure and screaming its merits, beggar-women with children half naked, or wholly *au naturel*, begging aloud or in pantomime, children playing, mothers suckling, groups of wretched lazzaroni, soldiers in various uniforms, day thieves—I cannot name them as fast as they come!

Maidens make their toilet in the street; yea, through the open doors you may see the people getting out of bed! Here's a shoemaker or a tailor is taking the measure of a customer's foot or back—there a monk is solemnly probing the conscience of a poor woman; here is a girl dictating a love-letter in the crowded street—and there they are taking tickets for a lottery. One fellow is picking up the ends of cigars, to sell again. Then, there passes by a procession of nuns, proceeding to perform their offices at the houses of the sick, and chanting their litany through all this hubbub. An altar follows, carried by four men, and bearing the head of a dying Madonna. The people around take off their caps, assume a moment's aspect of devotion—and then the noise begins again.

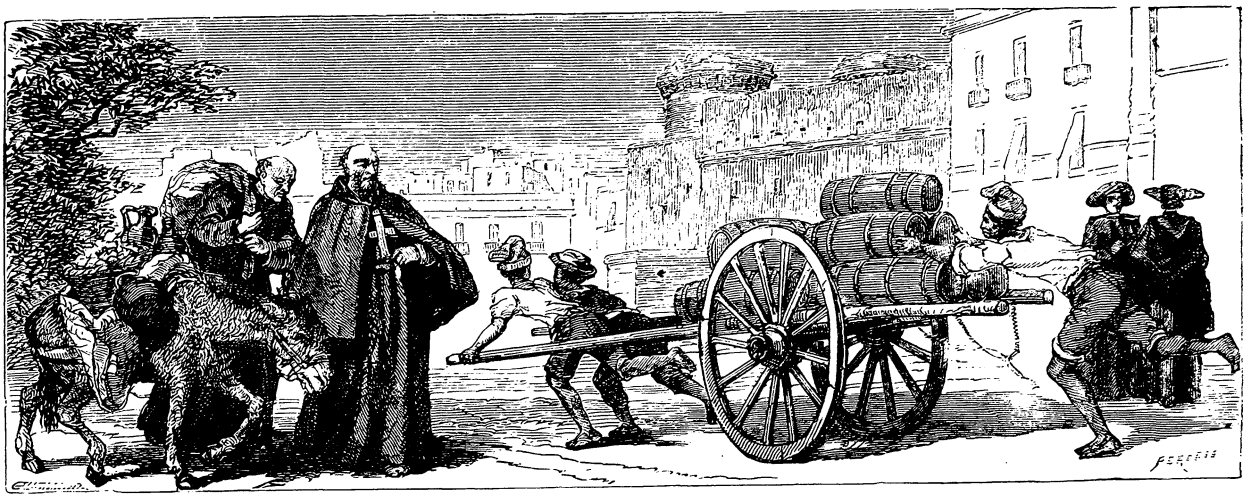
This scene in the Toledo looks like a satire—a caricature on human life, and all its doings and strivings. 'Tis a masquerade, like that of the Roman Corso, in Carnival time. A favorite mask is that of the beggar "dying of hunger." One woman, with an infant in her arms, fell down at my feet as if dead. I was terrified and disgusted, because no one seemed to regard such a spectacle of misery; nor could I believe it to be a deception until I saw the same performance repeated twice, in one day, by the same woman.

The Palometta di Santa Lucia, less of a business street, shows less of the street-venders and more domestic out-door life groups, chiefly of women, of all ages and conditions, from the lady who looks down from her balcony to the beggar's child.

After all the fine forms and features that I had seen in Rome, I was astonished that I could discover so few fine women in Naples. I can venture to affirm that, for some days, I gazed through the masses of people around me without observing a single handsome woman.

We issued on the Molo; and here you might imagine all the business and amusements of Naples to be concentred. The place was crowded with men not quite half-clad—lazzaroni, who offended the ears of the passer-by with coarse jests. They stood, lay, and sat at the theatre door, delighting themselves with the drolleries as of Punchinello. A company in a booth ate maccaroni as fast as it came out of the kettle; a family of beggars were grouped together on a dirty coverlet. Sailors and young women were confessing the secrets of their affections to the letter-writer—a hump-backed, old-fashioned fellow, in most instances. On the stone-work of the Molo sat an old sailor, with an oil-skin hat and a jacket swung over his shoulder, holding a manuscript and reading; and near him a company of cooks, with white caps and aprons—sailors, with white trousers, their straw-hats flung knowingly on their heads—soldiers—and other Neapolitans—all listening with the utmost eagerness. We stepped into a boat, and were rowed over the water. The city presented a new spectacle as the night darkened—that of an illumination extending all along the margin of the bay. The stationary lights of the city shone through a tremulous haze of golden red—marking the outlines of the streets and open places, while the moving lights of carriages went sparkling to and fro—and all was reflected on the deep water of the bay. The scene was fairy-like. I could have fancied myself in a world of glow-worms—or that some spell had transformed the crowd into a people of will-o'-the-wisps. Before I had sufficiently enjoyed the vision, or reduced the manifold and wondrous impressions made upon my fancy to order, the notes of Naples were again sounding in my ears as we approached the Molo. We landed mid its hurry and confusion; and, after the sublime quietude enjoyed on the bay, the scene here, with its wild groups in the torchlight, had something of a demoniac aspect. I could have fancied myself in some Pandemonian kitchen, when I saw the dark-brown, half-clad cooks, with their hocus-pocus, by their fires and tables with flambeaus stuck all around. Wild-looking

VIEW IN THE STREET PALOMETTA DI SANTA LUCIA, NAPLES.

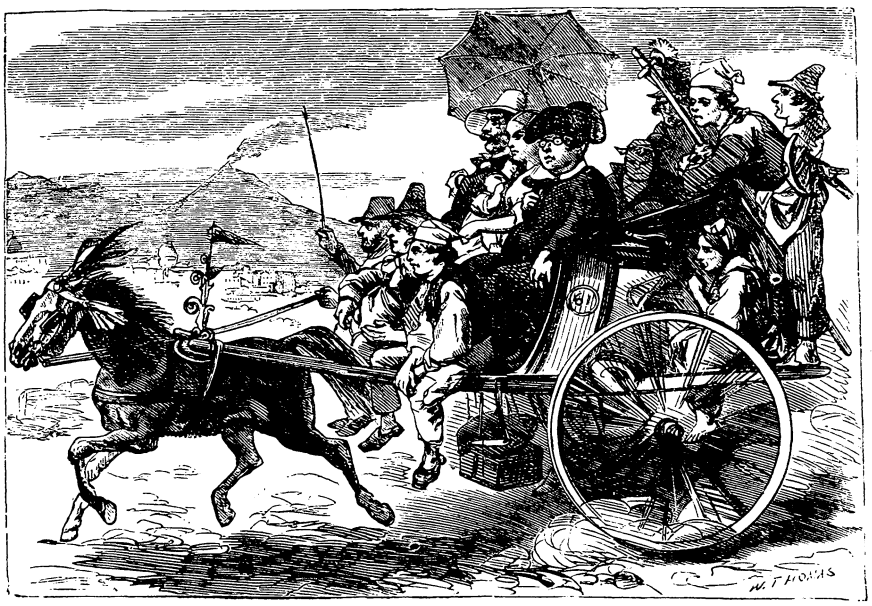


WATER-CARRIERS, FRIARS AND CLERGY AS THEY WERE IN NAPLES.

men, with black snaky locks, and eyes that shone like the torches, were devouring their maccaroni; while a troop of lazzaroni went singing by, and the shouts from the booths and houses rivaled the cries of the open place. It seemed an Inferno—not Dante's, but one where some jocose demon ruled the riot. A wretched cripple of a beggar followed me, with abjurations so terrible, that I almost fled from him as from a spectre.

FROG STRATEGY.

A WELL-KNOWN naturalist, who has recently returned from Egypt, sends us a queer account of frog strategy. He says: "The liking of water-snakes for frogs is as ancient as the days of Elian. With that wonderful instinct which nature endows all its creatures with, frogs are ever on their guard. It is curious to watch a meeting between the marauder and his would-be victim, if it were not for its cunning. The water-snake glides up as if intentionless of evil, but our other slimy friend is quite aware of the intentions of the passionless-looking snake. He makes for the nearest twig, seizes it, and carries it across his mouth, and then fearlessly approaches the hydra. The latter now makes for the frog with open jaws; but the twig across the frog's mouth is much wider than the jaws of the snake, and he can by no possibility swallow the much-desired frog. The latter looks down his enemy's throat from the outside, holds fast to the protecting twig, and laughs. The water-snake tries again and again; he glides around his anticipated victim, but the frog always contrives to keep him in view; and the end of every attempt is, that the foiled snake finds the bar carried by his anticipatory victim lying across his open jaws, and the frog once more laughing down his throat. The hydra, at length, gives up in despair, and 'froggy,' plumping into a safe spot where he knows his kindred to be assembled, no doubt tells his exciting tale, raising a very din of croaking congratulations."



THE CORICCOLO OR PUBLIC CONVEYANCE AT NAPLES.

A CHINESE SURGEON-BARBER'S HAND.

THE young lady who wondered what people did with their nails before scissors were invented could find her mental question answered in our illustration. They let them grow. Savage tribes may rub them down on stones or shells, and so prevent undue growth, or the necessity of using the hands as digging implements may have prevented the nails extending too rapidly. The teeth, or rather tusks of rabbits, rats, and other rodents, would, but for their constant gnawing, grow so long as to be a serious inconvenience, and even cause death by starvation. Instances of abnormal growth may be seen in museums, where the tooth has grown into a long curled tusk that prevented the animal from eating.

If the growth of the nails was checked by groveling labor, it would be a matter of distinction to show nails not deprived of their natural growth by any such degrading occupation. Long nails would be aristocratic, or at least professional, as distinguished from plebeian, mechanical, and the like. This is actually the case in India, and especially in China. There the length, delicacy, and purity of the nail is a matter of highest import, and how grand a gentleman our barber-surgeon was our readers may infer from the very aristocratic length of his nails, as shown in the illustration.

One Night.

By Etta W. Pierce.

COMING along the corridor, jingling a bunch of keys, was a turnkey. By his side walked a woman, shabby in dress, graceful in figure. A heavy vail concealed her face; but some tresses of dead-gold hair rolled from under her hat, and lay coiled like sunshine against the sombre black of her shawl.

Here and there a white face appeared at the gratings, and stared blankly out on the two as they passed. Now and then an oath was hurled after them, or a vile word from wild-eyed, dishevelled women, beating the bars with desperate hands. Once, a shrill, horrible peal of laughter followed down the narrow passage, and died in a hollow echo at its farthest end. The turnkey's companion shuddered.

"That's the fellow brought in last night for stabbing his wife," said the officer. Cause—jealousy. It's plain he's going quite out of his senses. You ain't used to this sort of thing, ma'am; it makes you a little faint. Well, no wonder!"

She did not answer. Their footsteps echoed drearily along the stone floor. Suddenly the turnkey paused at a door, fitted a key in the lock, and moved back that his companion might pass through.

"I ll come for you in half an hour," he said.

Hope North nodded, and stepped into the cell. Its heavy door closed upon her, the key grated in the lock, the turnkey went off alone down the corridor.

"My darling!"

Up from an iron camp-bed in a corner started the tall figure of a man, and sprang across his narrow prison to meet her. She cast herself silently into his arms. He was a tall, gaunt fellow, with a sinewy frame, and a quiet, dark face, full of grit and endurance. He pressed his visitor convulsively to his heart, kissing her, over and over, with passionate tenderness.

"My dear girl! my dear girl! Take off this vail—I want to see your face."

She obeyed. A lovely face it was—dimpled like a baby's, with little rings and clusters of dead-gold hair clinging around the low forehead, and wide, long-lashed, brown eyes, wet now with tears. She seemed quite unable to speak.

"It is fortunate," he said, cheerfully, sustaining her with his arm, "that you came to-day, my darling, for to-morrow I am to be removed to the State Prison. We must consider this our last meeting for five years."

A shudder shook her from head to foot. Her arms tightened around him.

"Oh, Silas—oh, my husband!" she sobbed.

He pressed her face into his breast, patting her head as he might have done some grieved child's.

"I wonder why they did not make it ten," he said, with the same forced cheerfulness with which he had before spoken, "for the case was clear against me. I knew that night when they went down to the factory and found the duplicate of the forged check in my desk—put there, God only knows by what hand—and the blotting-paper, with every letter still clear on it, that there was really nothing that any one could say for me, Hope!"

She clinched her hands. Silas North, though but the superintendent of a cotton-mill, had always managed to keep his young wife so daintily that those same hands of hers were white and delicate as lilles of the field.

"Oh," she cried, in her quick woman's wrath, "how can God see such wicked things done? How can He see your ruin planned and executed, and not put out His hand to save you?"

A curious look passed over his strong face.

"Well, as to that, my darling, innocent men have suffered for guilty ones ever since the world began. There's a mystery about such things not easily to explain. I had enemies, no doubt, at the mill. The operatives were an unruly set when Dudley put me there. I kept a tight rein on them for a spell; they didn't relish it. More than one owed me a grudge. I would be willing to serve the term for which I am sentenced if, at the end of the time, Dudley and his son and the mill people would believe me innocent; but they never will. I have been thinking, not only all this day, but for weeks, my dear girl, what are you to do—you and the boy—in these five years."

The tears welled slowly into her big eyes; but she put on a brave front and smiled up at him as she stood with the light of the grated window falling on her face.

"I have found a home, Silas," she answered, "and work—work in the mill, with pay enough to keep baby and I. We lodge with Dorcas Teale, in her little black house by the river."

A groan which his own fate could not wring from him escaped his lips.

"*You* in the mill, Hope—among those people! My God!"

She drew up her small figure, sturdily.

"Indeed, it was very good of Mr. Dudley to offer me the chance. I am strong and well. And I must work; I must have no time to think. Otherwise I might go mad."

By the blanching face that quivered to his kiss, by the velvety eyes dilating slowly as she spoke, there was truth in his words. He smoothed down her hair with his quiet, dark hand.

"My precious girl! my precious girl!"

They stood for a long time silent. Her arms were around his neck, her head rested on his breast.

"I see, night and day," she murmured, "that dreadful court-room, Silas—the Judge on his bench; the lawyers and clerks writing at the table in the bar; the stolid faces of the jurors as they listened to the evidence against you; Mr. Dudley, proud and cold, believing in your guilt, though you had served him so long and well; Mr. Otto, standing apart by the door, giving me a shiver whenever I looked that way—the whole world banded against you and I, my darling."

He kissed her, slowly, solemnly. A dark flush stained his face.

"When I think of what your life will be for the next five years, Hope, I wish from my heart that it had never been linked with mine—that you had been spared such shame, such sorrow, at any cost—that you had married Otto Dudley."

"Silas!"—her voice rising to a cry told how the words hurt her—"I would rather bear any pain, die any death with you, than live in luxury and ease with him. If you love me in the least, never, never, speak like that again."

He leaned his forehead against the bars of the window as he held her pressed to his side. Presently a key turned in the lock, the door of the cell opened, and the turnkey looked in upon the hapless pair.

"Time is up, ma'am," he said, not unkindly.

They stood gazing at each other. God only knew when they would stand thus again. In silence they embraced. She was quite tearless, but white as death.

"Don't let the boy forget me, Hope," he whispered. "There—go, go; and God keep you, my own!"

"Good-by. We will wait for you faithfully."

She lowered her vail with a shaking hand, cast one look

backward towark the bowed, motionless figure at the grating, then followed the turnkey slowly out. The door closed betwixt her and the prisoner. She stood in the long, cold corridor, parted from him—whether for five years, or for all time, God only knew.

Day was already declining as she left the jail. It was Autumn weather—cold, sunless, dreary. The road connecting the upper town, where the county jail and court-house stood, with the lower one, crowded with factories and the swarming population whose centre they were, was a long and lonely one. As she passed through the darkening streets Hope North had thought enough left to look around her for some familiar face—some farmer who would give her a seat in his wagon, or a mill-hand friendly to the former superintendent—for there were those among the operatives who had loved as well as feared Silas North—but she saw no one. Drawing her vail closer over her face, she set forth upon her homeward way alone.

The road wound by lonely farms and desolate fallow lands. It was empty of all life save the solitary crews skimming over the turnip fields, or groups of cattle—their hairy coats ruffled and stiff with cold—huddled together in sheltered places. Tramp, tramp, through the mud and frost, went Hope, seeing, hearing nothing—her arms hanging listlessly by her side—goaded on only by the thought of a dimpled, baby face waiting for her in Dorcas Teale's cottage by the river.

Lights were already shining from door and casement when she reached the lower town. The cotton-mills—a long, black, indistinct mass—stretched along the banks of the stream. Hope North turned into a lane, very dark, very narrow, very crooked. The wash, wash of the water could be heard not far away. She had walked a dozen yards of its length, perhaps—her small, neutral-tinted figure blended indistinguishably with the darkness—when a loud clatter of hoofs rang suddenly on the ground behind her. She turned to look back. As she did so she saw a flash of fiery eyes, heard a quick snort. Then something strong as a sledge-hammer struck her in the side, flung her forward to the earth, trampled over her, and she knew no more.

"Hope! Hope!"

What voice was this—loud, almost impassioned—which called her back to life?

She stirred on a supporting arm, started and looked around. She had been carried to the nearest doorway, that of a dingy shop, whose owner, a wizened old woman, stood over her now with a candle in hand.

"Lord bless us!" she burst out, "it's Miss North, sir; wife of the superintendent."

The person addressed—he upon whose arm Hope lay—was bathing, with a perfumed cambric handkerchief, a cut in her white temple. A dark, mud-bespattered horseman's cloak fell back from his square shoulders. His face was dark, thin, handsome, with a full, sensual mouth and a hollow, restless look to his long, dark eyes.

"Hope!" He called her again. "Look up! tell me I have not killed you. God forgive me! How could I see you in the dark there?"

Her brown eyes opened wide on his face. As she saw who it was, a look of alarm, mingled with great embarrassment and pain, filled her face. She sprang up from his arm.

"Something struck me," she said, confusedly. "It was my own fault; I ought to have heard you coming. Many thanks for your kindness, and good-night."

He held her fast, rising also, tall and straight, with his large cloak slipping back from his shoulders.

"Wait! you must not go alone!" he said, "you are not able. I have given you a great shock—hurt you, too. I will walk with you. Farewell, Mrs. M'Grath."

The old woman with the candle moved back into the shop.

"I could give her a drop of liquor, maybe," she muttered. "She looks pretty well spent, poor thing. Been up to the jail, most likely."

"No, no, I want nothing," said Hope, "and, indeed, you must not come with me, Otto Dudley. I have but a few steps farther to go."

For answer he drew her hand through his arm.

"Lean on me! Not come? I must and shall! Don't tremble—that is my horse following us; he will not trample you down a second time. Have you indeed come from that accursed jail, Hope?"

"Yes."

As the syllable fell piteously from her lips she felt, rather than saw, that he turned his face from her.

"My poor child!"

He drew her out of the lane, along the river's bank, through the black shadow of the mills, on to Dorcas Teale's door.

"My father told me that you had taken refuge here," he said, and even in the dark she could see his eyes glow; "Hope, I pity you from my soul."

With her hand on the latch, she lifted her pale face to answer:

"Could I, could mine, have but *justice*, we should need no pity from you nor any other."

With that she pushed back the door of the low, river-side cottage, and entered. The room within was small and stifled, but it had a floor scrubbed white as snow, a cheerful fire, a little table with cups and saucers twinkling on it, and a presiding deity in the shape of a lean, deformed woman, with a handkerchief, twisted like a turban, round her head, cooking potatoes in an iron skillet. On a settee near the fire some pillows were placed, and among them, with long, sleek lashes sweeping his rose-leaf cheek, lay a two-year-old baby, fast asleep.

At the opening of the door, Dorcas Teale looked up from her potatoes.

"Lord be thanked! Are you here at last? I began to be worrit about you," she cried out at sight of Hope; then, as Dudley's swart figure appeared behind her in the doorway, the misshapen creature recoiled briskly. "You come back in queer company, Mrs. North," she added, in a shrill, cracked voice; "isn't it enough, Otto Dudley, that you and yours have ruined the husband—what would you have now of the wife? If you step across my threshold with her, it will not be because I asked or wanted you."

He laughed.

"What! vixenish as ever, Dorcas?" he said, gayly; "however, it doesn't signify. I haven't time to intrude on you to-night."

His eyes followed Hope as she went up to the settee, and, snatching the child from his pillow, strained him to her heart.

"My darling! my darling!" she cried out, wildly, standing there in her rich, young beauty, with the hat falling back from her riotous gold hair, and the shining head of the boy drooping like a blossom on her breast.

In that cry all the desolation of her heart spoke.

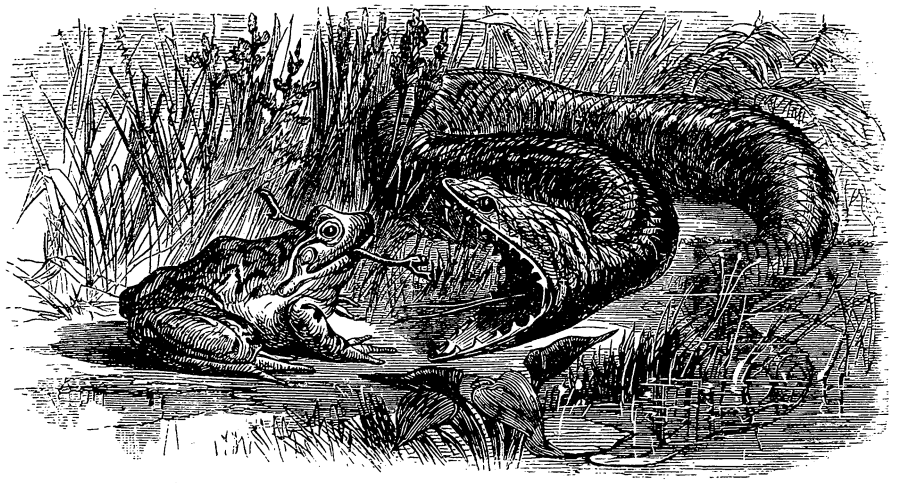
By your leave, Mr. Otto, I'll shut the door now," said Dorcas Teale, hobbling betwixt him and the girl-mother, hiding the picture which the latter made from his sight. "I've no mind to let the whole town see her trouble."

He moved back from the threshold slowly, mechanically, his eyes the while directed straight over her misshapen figure to the mother and child beyond.

Dorcas shut the door upon him with an angry slam; then stood a moment listening to hear him ride away, her

withered face full of mingled wrath and fear.

"Hope North," she cried, turning about to where the girl had sunk upon the settee, with her sturdy, fair-haired boy clasping her neck in his rosy arms, "I wish to the Lord that I could put the length and breadth of the world betwixt you and him."



A FROG'S STRATEGY.—SEE PAGE 32.

Hope did not seem to hear. She made no answer. Her face was hidden in her boy's flaxen curls.

"Come now, and have a bite and a sup," said Dorcas. "So long as we have bodies they must be taken care of."

She drew the table to the fire, dished the potatoes, poured the tea, and brought a mug of milk for Robin.

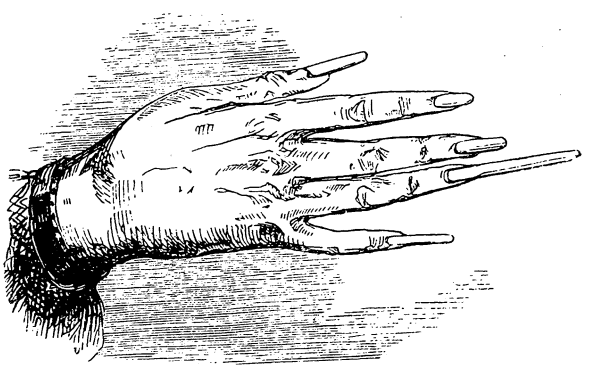
"Give me the child," she said, holding out her arms for him; "thank the Lord, nothing can spoil *his* appetite. I saw you, Hope, when you went to church with Silas North, and a handsome couple you were that day, and Otto Dudley stood in the church porch, and threw roses under your feet as you passed out—a bride—and his face was smiling, and pale as ashes. Do you remember it? These three years I've marked how Silas has watched over and petted and indulged you, and I've said more than once to myself, 'That girl is *too* happy,' for you see there ain't happiness enough in this world to go round—some folks have to do without it altogether; and so, when I see one or two getting a deal more than their reasonable share, I tremble for 'em. They are pretty sure not to keep it a great while."

Hope flung up her clinched hands.

"If you have never had my happiness, Dorcas, neither have you had my sorrow."

The deformed woman—common, withered, old—stooped suddenly to lift Robin to her knee. She kissed his fair hair, solemnly.

"The young think none can suffer but themselves," she said—a strange, gray look falling on her face. "Do you see this crooked back, Hope? It was once as straight and handsome as yours. I had a lover, too—rich, well-born, young—one who could and who meant to make a lady of me, poor work-girl as I was. And I loved him—loved him better than my heart's blood; and my own happiness used to scare me in those days just as that of some other people scares me now—it was too good to be true. Well, one morning I made a misstep, fell from a loft, and went down through an open scuttle, and was taken up for dead. That fall made me what you see me now. My beauty went like morning-dew. And my rich, handsome lover? He done just what plenty of other men would—what could he want of a poor, scarred, ruined creature like me?—married another woman, lovelier than I ever was, and better born. And I, who thirty years ago was his plighted wife, take my bread now, in old age, from his hand, work at his looms for it from year's end to year's end."



CHINESE SURGEON-BARBER'S HAND.—SEE PAGE 32.

Hope, sitting with hands clasped listlessly round her knees, looked up. "What?"

"Yes; it was John Dudley, the mill-owner—the father of the man who came here to-night."

Not another word was spoken. Robin finished his supper, and, slipping from Dorcas's knee, ran to his beautiful mother to be made ready for bed. She took off his little garments silently, put on his white night-dress and rose up, he clinging to her neck.

"Good-night, Dorcas," she said, and, taking up her candle, with heavy, tearless eyes, she went off up the stairs.

"Five years!" groaned Dorcas, listening to the retreating footsteps of the girl. "She will be dead before the time is over."

Loud called the great bell of the factory on the following morning. In answer to it the operatives came pouring like a stream into the yard. Hope North walked with the others, and took her place at a loom in the weaving-room. At her right hand Dorcas Teale's misshapen figure moved about before the busy shuttles.

"You look ready to faint," said the woman, disapprovingly; "what is it—the noise, the smell of the oil, or the other hands staring at you? Don't mind them. You will hear them talking in the yard—don't listen."

Down the long room two figures advanced: one—a tall, florid old man, with a high-bred face and haughty bearing; the other—young, dark, thin of feature, supercilious of air. They came slowly by the looms, the murmur of their voices drowned in the noise of the shuttles.

Hope felt a hand touch her shoulder. She looked up into the face of the proud old mill-owner.

"I am glad to see you at your post," he said, kindly. "So long as you need work you will find it here."

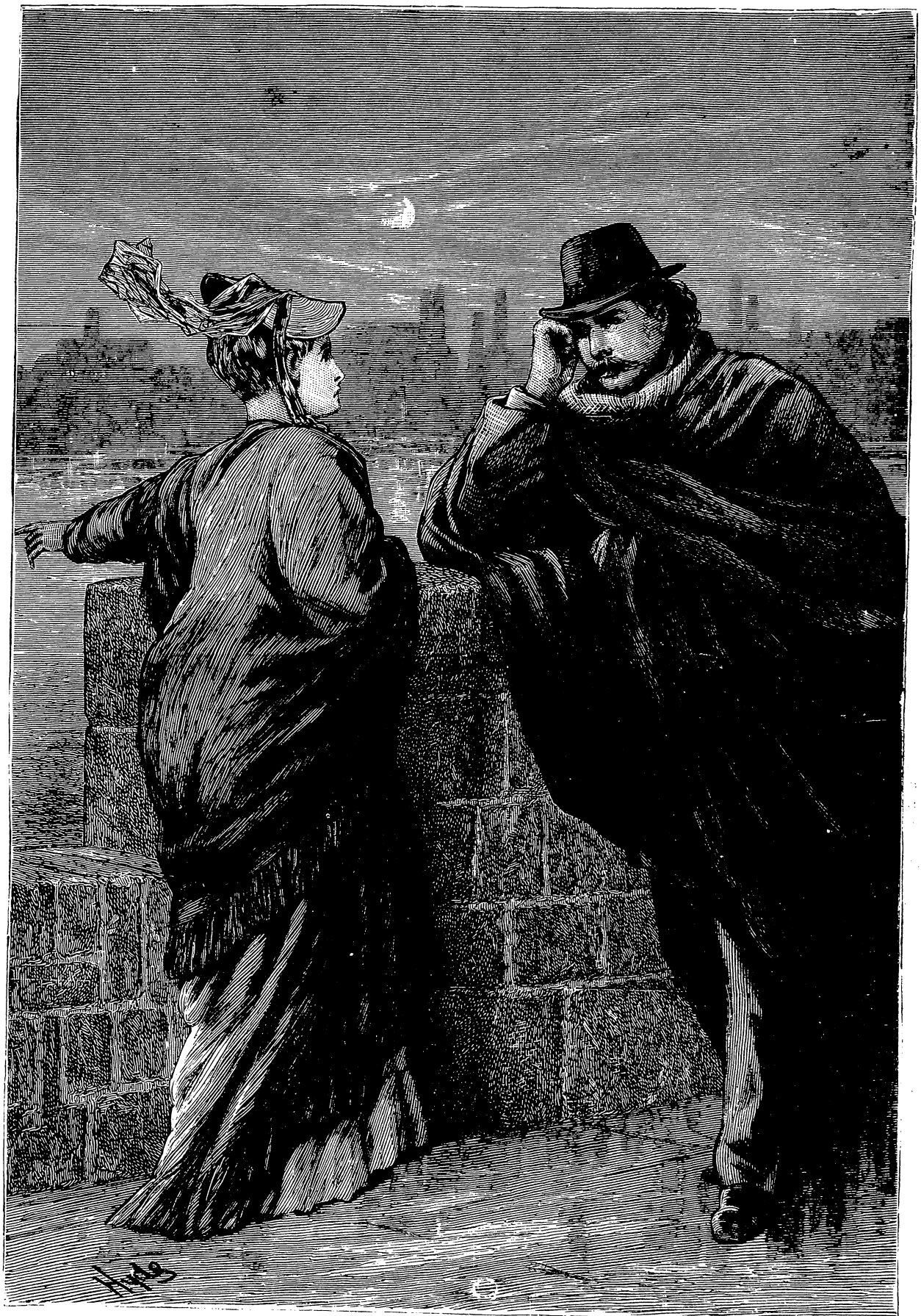
She bowed silently.

Otto Dudley gave her a long look, but said nothing.

The two passed on by the misshapen figure of the woman at Hope's right hand, by the whirring looms, and disappeared together through a door beyond.

With a quickened breath Hope looked up at Dorcas. Back and forth, back and forth—her steady eyes upon the threads, her face as expressionless as stone—paced the deformed old creature.

Had she not seen him come and go thus before her eyes for years? Hope might have looked long before finding in that Spartan face a betrayal of anything like emotion.



ONE NIGHT.—"I WOULD SOONER THROW MYSELF INTO THAT RIVER THAN WALK ANOTHER STEP WITH YOU," SHE CRIED. "I FEEL ACCURSED ALREADY IN LISTENING TO YOU—HONORABLE OR OTHERWISE, YOUR LOVE IS ABOMINABLE TO MY EARS. LEAVE ME!"

She stood at her work all the interminable day—this hopeless Hope—with the roar of the machinery in her ears, with the garish light falling on her from a row of windows opposite, with the sharp glances of the other operatives piercing her like so many knives.

At the ringing of the six o'clock bell, she put on her bonnet and shawl, walked out with Dorcas through the crowd of men, women, and children, back through dirty, narrow alleys to the river-side cottage, and Robin.

Dorcas built a fire, dismissed the fourteen-year-old girl of a neighbor, who had been left in charge of the child, and prepared the supper. When it was over, Hope took her sturdy boy in her arms, and, sitting down on the sill of the low door, looked out across the fast darkening river.

The day had been a rare one, even for Indian Summer. A few stars were out already in the deep purple sky. Lights moved like floating fires in the moving current. The dead flowers of Dorcas's little garden sent up a damp, pleasant odor in their decay. With her head resting against the frame of the door, Hope sat silent, motionless. She wore a dress of solemn black. The rippling masses of her gold hair fell away on either side from her dimpled, babyish face. There was a purple tint of suffering round her eyes, and a tired droop to her languid red mouth.

She held the boy on her knee, her warm, white arms clasped fast around him. His face was upturned in wonder to hers.

"Papa has gone away," she was saying in answer to his questioning; "gone where Robbie will not see him again for a long time. Dead? No, no! God forbid, my blossom! only parted for a time from you and I. And we must remember him always, and pray for him, and love him now, as we never did before, darling!"

Some unaccountable impulse compelled her suddenly to lift her eyes. A few yards from her—tall, dark, devouring her with a singularly intense gaze—she saw a man standing in the mud and mire of the river-side street. It was Otto Dudley. He spoke no word—made no movement—even when he saw that she had discovered him, only stood there, with unwavering eyes fixed covetously upon her, till, rising swiftly, with a white, startled face, she took a step backward across the threshold, closed the cottage door, and drew the bolt across it.

Day after day, week after week passed. Whirr! whirr! sleeping and waking, Hope's brain was full of the noise of the great looms. Every morning she knelt by Robin's bed and prayed!

"Oh, God, give me back my husband! Let him no longer suffer for the guilt of another. Clear his innocent name of the shame which covers it. Pity him—pity me—pity our child."

And every night she knelt again and said:

"The day is done and still he is a despised felon, and still I am wretched. Give me patience till another night."

She was crossing the mill-yard one day with Dorcas, when Mr. Dudley descended the steps of the office, just opposite the door through which they passed. She ran toward him, breathlessly, snatched at his rich cloak, and peered up into his face.

"Surely you could help him, if you would," she gasped; 'will you not? How long must he suffer for a crime which he never committed?"

The mill-owner looked down in amazement on the young operative.

"My poor girl, how can I help him?" he answered. "He was fairly tried in a court of justice, what more would you have?"

She held him fast. Her thin nostrils expanded.

"Justice! Great God! How can you so abuse the word? But, even now, if you would but intercede for him, as you ought—as, before Heaven, you *ought*, for he never forged the check—he is bearing the guilt of another—he might be saved."

He drew his cloak from her hand, and smiled down half in pity, half in incredulity, upon her.

"Poor child! there is nothing that I can do—nothing. I hope you are satisfied with your work in the mill. Believe me, I feel for you—would help you more, if possible; but as it is, good-day."

He bowed to her like the high-bred gentleman he was, and departed straightway from the yard. Dorcas Teale seized her arm.

"Foolish girl to appeal to a rock like that! As if he would help you, even if he could! Somebody forged the check—do you think it makes such a great difference to him who suffers for it? What is the common herd of his workpeople to him? I know him better than you do. I have known him longer. Now, come home."

She suffered Dorcas to draw her out into the muddy street, and along the river-side. The sad, dejected day was dead in the west.

A biting wind blew through the alleys. As they approached the cottage, Hope stopped.

"I cannot go in now," she said, feverishly. "I must walk on—down the river—somewhere! I should suffocate in there."

"Very well," answered Dorcas; "walk the pain out of your heart if you can," and she turned into the cottage.

Hope saw the door close on her. Then started off alone down the empty street. She walked as if trying to escape from herself. Her head was bent, her arms hung listlessly at her side. Her face was as wan as the dead day.

She left the vicinity of the mills, and passing on to the better portion of the town came, at last, to a pretty white cottage, glimmering among the grey bales of leafless trees, with the sign "To Let," placed conspicuously on its door.

To this house Silas North had brought her, three years before, a bride. Perhaps she found some sort of poor comfort in seeing that it still stood empty—that no other heart had found happiness in her forsaken nest.

She stood for a long time leaning on the gate, looking over into the garden plots which she had once tended, to the little porch where Silas used to sit with her on balmy Summer nights.

The neighborhood was a secluded one. No sign of life was visible anywhere around.

Hope, standing by the grave of her dead happiness, saw the night fall, and darkness gather, and a round white moon rise from the blue east and cast a track of silver light across the river. Suddenly a step falling near by among the rustling dead things of the road, shattered the spell which bound her.

She turned and saw by her side, with his cloak waving back from his broad shoulders, and the moonlight falling on his dark face, Otto Dudley.

"I knew where to find you," he said, making a quick gesture. You will get your death standing here in the damp and chill. Come back to Dorcas Teale's cottage—I have something to say to you."

She was too startled and bewildered to make any resistance as he drew her hand through his arm. He turned her from the gate.

"Why do you come here at all, Hope?" he said, through his teeth. "As God hears me, you can do better. Yes, I *will* say it—do better than to cling to that felon, to martyrdize yourself for him in the way you are now doing. No man was ever worth such devotion, Hope—surely not a low-bred boor like Silas North."

She started back—cast the tangled shadow of yellow hair from her face—stared blankly at him for a moment with her great skittish, brown eyes.

"Will you be so good as to leave me, Mr. Dudley?" she said, in a low, firm voice. "I have not asked your advice, nor yet your opinion of my husband. Go your own way, and leave me to mine."

His eyes flashed.

"By Heaven, Hope, that is just what I cannot do! Do you remember the day when you chose that fellow to a gentleman's son—gave me the only refusal I ever received from woman's lips. That is why I take it so much to heart, perhaps. It is the nature of man to covet that which is refused him. I loved you that day, Hope—I love you still—madly, passionately!"

She grew red with shame, then pale with anger.

"How dare you say this to me?" she cried; "to me—Silas North's wife?"

"Were you ten times his wife I would speak!" he answered, boldly; and there was a look on his dark, thin face which drove the blood from her cheek to her heart. "Nothing shall keep me silent longer. I have watched you at your work in the mill till it seemed as if I must snatch you then and there, and fly with you to the world's end. Hope, you are desolate, but I love you! You are friendless—no! for I am your friend, your lover, your slave. My love for you to-night is a thousand times deeper than it ever was before. Come to me—hide in me from all the troubles that assail you. It is monstrous for anything so young, so beautiful, to suffer. Now that all the world has deserted you, now that you are left alone, can you afford, for the second time, to cast away such love as mine?"

They were walking now by the river. Black and sullen it rolled under the light of the large white moon Hope then stopped.

"If there was one thing needed to complete my misery," she said, slowly, "I have surely found it now. Your love, which even three years ago I despised from my heart, I trample, as I would fain trample you, if I could—under my feet!"

He looked at her in her fierce anger, not abashed, not defeated, only smiling, as if at her weakness and his own power.

"Little Puritan, I expected as much, and I may say, also, that I love you no whit the less for it. But the passion I offer you is what the world calls an honorable one. You can easily be freed from Silas North now—his crime will free you. Then, as God hears me, I will make you my wife. You shall forget in my arms all that has passed. I have been a devil for the last three years—now take and make of me a saint. Somewhere abroad we will begin a new life of love—of luxury—the life you were born for, Hope. Good God! how I love you! What spell have you laid on me to bring me thus to your feet?"

The white terror in her face grew steadily with his words.

"I would sooner throw myself into that river than walk another step with you," she cried. "I feel accursed already in listening to you. Honorable or otherwise, your love is abominable to my ears. Even were Silas North the criminal that you and yours have called him, I would rather die with him in all his shame and poverty than live to share a throne with you. Leave me!"

His face, flushed a moment before with passion, now whitened visibly.

"You talk boldly. Who would dream that a little Hebe like you had so much spirit? Foolish Hope! Can neither your own interest, nor pity for me, move you? Faith, not every woman would be thus callous to the pleadings of an impassioned lover! Good-night, then—good-night—since you will have it so."

He snatched her hands before she was aware, and covered them with hot kisses: he made as if he would do the same with her soft body, but recoiled before the look in her eyes.

With a cry, Silas North's wife turned from that bad, dark face—from the moonlight gleam of the river, and fled along the muddy street—away, away, as if fiends pursued her—as one did, in heart—away to Dorcas Teale's cottage, hiding among the smoky lanes of the factory precincts.

She did not mention the matter to Dorcas. A day or two after, as she watched her noisy shuttles side by side with her deformed neighbor, the mill-owner entered the weaving-room, and, passing near, paused for a moment to look at her work. He drew from his pocket a slip of soiled paper.

"I was requested to give you this, Mrs. North," a well-bred surprise showing in his proud face; "I trust you will find it of pleasant import."

She took the slip mechanically. He walked on. Hope opened the paper, and read scrawled upon it, in an unsteady hand, the following words:

"If Mrs. North will come down to the tavern to-night at nine o'clock, she'll find a person there who knows more about the Dudley forgery business than any other man living."

No signature. With quickened breath, Hope turned to look after the mill-owner. He had already left the weaving-room.

"Dorcas!" She thrust the slip into her neighbor's hand. Her brown eyes shone with a faint, half-kindled hope. "What can it mean?"

"Go and see," answered Dorcas, and went on with her work.

A man who really knew about the forgery—that is, who could bear witness to Silas's innocence, for the two things were synonymous in Hope's eyes. Go? Surely. She looked across to the mill-windows. The Winter afternoon was already waning. It was storming violently, also. The whole prospect of river and low-lying town was blotted out in clouds of rain. Thank God, the night was near at hand!

Never did a sweeter sound fill her ears than the strokes of the great bell which released her. She put on her hat and shawl with eager hands, and hurried after Dorcas out of the mill-yard into the wild, wind-swept street.

"The tavern is up at the head of the bridge—a long walk for you on such a night," said Dorcas.

Hope laughed out wildly, wringing the wet from her hair as they entered the little black cottage.

"As if distance would keep me, or rain, or wind, or anything in the world!" she cried.

"It is very odd. I am afraid, after all, that some of the mill-hands are playing a trick on you. They will do it quick enough, no doubt."

"Can I do less than go and see? Stay here with Robbie. I will come back as soon as possible."

The storm, blowing directly from the northeast, grew and grew in violence as the evening advanced.

"Don't go, Hope," Dorcas still grumbled.

She might as well have talked to the wind. As nine o'clock struck from the steeples, Hope kissed her sleeping boy, and, stepping out into the night, set her face toward the tavern far up at the head of the bridge.

The walk was a long and lonely one. The wind blew a gale, beating and buffeting like a ruffian the small, patient figure which toiled along the wet and dubious road. Everybody had retreated in-doors. The noisy operatives, to whom evening meant freedom and license, had, for once, deserted the storm-swept streets. The lights, which twinkled here and there from curtained windows, and glimmered in deep gutters and wayside pools, alone guided Hope—they and the

steadfast love which filled and warmed her heart.

Half-way betwixt the upper and lower towns — dividing them, as it were, stretched the bridge. At its head the tavern stood, looking unusually dark and silent upon this night.

Struggling along through the wind and rain, Hope approached it in some trepidation. The river roared angrily in her ears. She was pressing past the bridge, where the rain beat harder, and the darkness seemed thicker than elsewhere, when she heard, over the noise of the storm, a stamping, as of the feet of restive horses, and then a voice, altogether unfamiliar, called out close to her ear: "Is it you, ma'am?"

THE IRON CROWN OF ITALY.—SEE PAGE 38.

Hope stopped. By the side of the miry road she saw a large, dark object—a carriage, evidently, with horses attached. At the same moment, a man advanced toward her through the darkness.

"Are you the lady as got the letter?" he asked, in a thick voice.

"Yes," answered Hope, checking a sudden impulse to turn and fly. "Who are you? What do you want of me?"

He came close up to her—a fiery breath, full of the fumes of liquor, was wafted across her face. He did not speak, but, seizing her silently in a pair of strong arms, lifted her off her feet. A handkerchief, reeking with some deadly, sickening odor, was pressed to her nostrils. Her brain reeled. She strugged wildly for a moment, then, fainting—dying, as it seemed—fell back, and knew no more.

When her senses returned, Hope North found herself lying on the soft cushions of a carriage, rolling rapidly along a rough road.

* * * * * * *

She opened her eyes upon total darkness. For a moment she lay, trying to realize her predicament, then leaped to her feet with a scream.

"Hope!"

The voice came from the opposite seat. As she stretched out her hand, searching for the carriage door, another hand caught and held it fast.

"Hope!" Horror! It was the voice of Otto Dudley.

"Be quiet! It will do no good to make an uproar here. We are on a byway where there are no dwellings. Do not force me to use the chloroform again, but sit down and listen to me."

Faint and sick she fell back in her seat.

"It was I who wrote the note," he continued, his voice full of cruel, exultant passion, "and begged my father to deliver it. He did so, ignorant alike of the writer and his plans. I was sure you would fall into a trap like that. Hope, I intreat you to be calm."

Shriek after shriek broke from her lips. Frantic with terror, she struggled to rise, but he held her fast.

"Do not be frightened, you shall not be harmed. Loving you as I do, how *could* I harm you, Hope?"

"What would you do? Where are you taking me?" she cried.

"I would bring you to your senses," he answered—"save you from the dreary future you have marked out for yourself. I am taking you to a hermitage of my own out here among the quarries. Should the gossips track you to it—and I shall take good care that they do—you will never dare go back to the world till you have sued for your divorce from Silas North—till you have taken shelter beneath my name." She slipped down to the floor of the carriage, clasping his knees in her frantic arms.

"No! no! For the love of God, no! My child! my child! He will die without me—I shall die parted from him. Mercy—for his sake! Stop the carriage—let me go back! I pray God—I pray Him from my heart—to curse you if you do this thing."

He leaned over her, kissed with passionate eagerness her white, writhing face,

"Let us go *now?* Impossible. I fear I am a trifle hard-hearted, since I cannot feel the least pity either for Silas North or his child. What was that low-bred boor, that he should step betwixt me and the woman I loved—that he should snatch from me the thing I most coveted? But I have had my revenge. Absurd, child! Spare your breath; you do not know for what you plead. I will yet make you happier than you ever dreamed of being. You must—you shall love me, Hope! Why struggle longer against it? 'Tis written in your fate."

She flung herself back into the farthest corner of the carriage.

"My child! my child!"

"Hush! We shall soon reach our destination; I can talk better with you there, my dear, unreasonable girl."

She sat like a statue. Her hands lay clinched on her lap. Her face was wild and white, but in the darkness he could not see this.

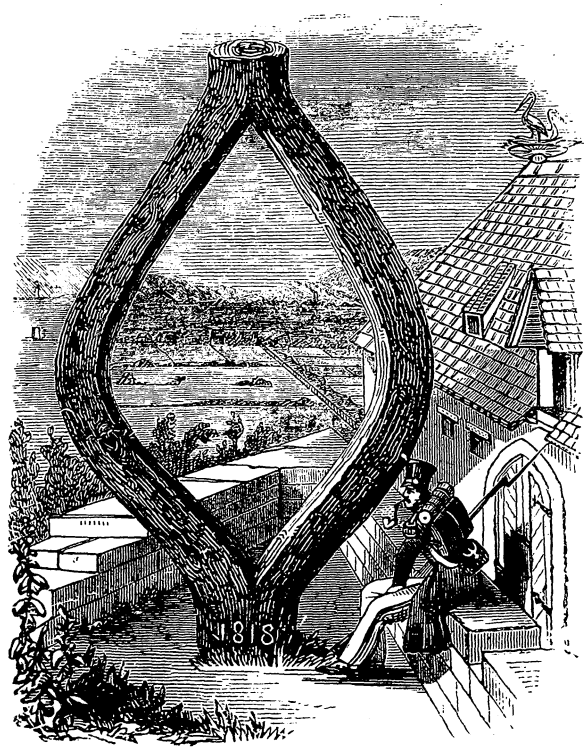
Away, away! How the wheels flew over the rough road! How the storm raved and roared around them! It was a fitting night, indeed, for the atrocious deed which Otto Dudley had planned. He raised the window to call passionately to his driver:

"Faster! What the devil ails you? We do not move."

"Yes, yes," came in answer from the box.

Dudley fell back in a corner, and drew his cloak around him.

On, on! They came to a tall hill where a tall derrick rose like a mast in the thick air. The carriage wheels bumped



CURIOUS OAK TREE AT BADEN-BADEN.—SEE PAGE 38.

violently against blocks of granite lying, bleached and gleaming, along the way.

"We are ten miles distant from the river," said Dudley, exultingly; "the Hermitage is close before us. It stands quite alone, as I have told you; our only neighbors are the quarrymen, who hold no communication with their betters. You will be as secure here as your husband behind his bars. Talk of Heaven, Hope! Has it not prospered me rarely?"

His wicked eyes gleamed in the darkness; his wicked arms were outstretched to clasp her; his wicked face leaned low to touch her own. Then there was a sudden swerve, a cry, a horrible, dizzy, reeling backward and forward, as on some steep brink.

"God, have mercy!" she heard a voice from without shriek.

Then followed a fall, a terrific shock. She seemed hurled through endless space. The roar of oceans filled her ears. Heaven and earth crashed together, and—that was all.

The rain falling, the wind blowing on her face, aroused her at last. She raised herself from what seemed to be a mass of débris. At the bottom of a quarry lay the shattered carriage, its horses dead in the harness. Under the door, wrenched from the hinges and half covered with water, the body of a man was pinned, black and long, to the earth.

Hope, extricating herself as best she could from the ruin, bruised and terribly shaken, but not otherwise harmed, went over to this body, and bent over it. Dark as the night was, she recognized her abductor, Otto Dudley.

Under the pouring sky she looked around for the driver, whose drunken recklessness, further increased by his master's urgency, had brought the mischief.

Even as she did so, the red spark of a lantern glimmered along the hill. She heard voices approaching and footsteps. She heard, also, a faint moan from the man lying there in the water at her feet. Deeply as he had wronged her, her woman's heart thrilled. She leaned over him a second time, and with her two slim hands, pulled him out from beneath the shattered carriage.

"Are you hurt?" she faltered.

"Yes, yes," he answered, and raised his hand to his breast, struggled to rise up, but sank again unconscious.

The lantern-light drew nearer. The now sober and frightened driver advanced out of the darkness, followed by half a dozen quarrymen brought from the nearest cottages.

They lifted Dudley from the mud and water, and carried him to a sheltered place by the roadside.

"I'm beat if I expected to see either of you alive," said the driver. "A leap, when I found the carriage going, was all that saved me. By the Lord, I believe he is dying!"

Hope North knelt by Dudley's side. The light of the lantern fell on them both. He was conscious. As his wild gaze wandered to her face, he raised himself up.

"Hope," he gasped, "what was it I told you in that false note? That you should hear about the forgery? You shall—you shall, though, God knows, when I wrote the words I meant nothing but a treacherous lie."

A few drops of blood from some internal hemorrhage, welled over his lips. He sank back exhausted.

Pale and disheartened she leaned down to him.

"Otto Dudley! you know the truth then? Speak, and I will forgive you all that you have done this night."

He flung up his arms.

"I cannot breathe. Give me air. Raise my head to your breast, Hope."

She obeyed. He seemed to struggle for a moment with the enemy whose hand was on him. Then from his bruised and bleeding chest his voice broke strong and resolute:

"It was I, and not Silas North, who forged my father's name to that accursed check," he cried; "do you hear—all of you? I—I who cleverly imitated the superintendent's hand, wrote that other duplicate check found in his desk on the night of his arrest—put there by me to damn him with its false evidence. He is innocent—hear me! I swear it, dying—innocent! I planned his ruin, Hope, partly in revenge, partly to shield myself. I had a two-fold purpose, for I needed the money, and hated him. Did I tell you that

A MODERN BOAR HUNT IN THE FOREST OF BAVARIA.—SEE PAGE 38.

Heaven had prospered me? I ought to have said Hell, instead!"

A shriek broke from her lips.

"You—you!" she cried, wringing her hands; "is it possible I hear aright? Oh, you must not—shall not die till you have established his innocence. Live, live! For your soul's sake, make him some reparation!"

A groan escaped his lips.

"Write down what I have said," he answered, feebly; "these men will bear witness to my signature, and to what they have heard to-night. But hasten, for love of Heaven! I can last but a few moments."

They carried him to the nearest cottage. Pen and paper were produced, and Hope, with a trembling hand, took word by word from his lips—the dying man's confession.

A messenger had been dispatched for a surgeon, but long before his arrival, Otto Dudley raised himself on his pillow—turned upon Hope his dark, despairing eyes.

"Do you forgive me now?" he murmured.

"I do—I do!" she answered.

His hand pressed hers—then fell powerless. His head sank on the pillow. The light of the cottage candle wavered across his ghastly face. Hope bent over him. He was dead!

A week after, Silas North, with his calm face and resolute manner, walked quietly into the factory, and took his place again at the superintendent's desk. Not in his old character of servant, though, for John Dudley, aged and broken with shame and remorse and grief unutterable, had that day made him a partner in the business of the great mills.

"God be praised for this hour!" said Dorcas Teale, softly, as from her loom in the noisy weaving-room she saw him pass by.

CURIOUS OAK-TREE AT BADEN-BADEN.

THE outline sketch on page 36 may interest arboriculturists and foresters. It represents two branches of an oak-tree, which, reuniting above, again forms one single trunk, as undivided and complete as at the base. Nature, and not art, has produced this junction. The tree was, for the first time, observed, in 1818, by woodcutters in the Kaiserswald (now Mahlbergwald), Grand Duchy of Baden. Being considered a great curiosity, this portion of the tree was cut off and fixed in a part of the grounds surrounding Mahlberg Schloss, a late residence of the Grand Ducal family, and built on the foundations of a Roman fortress.

The circumference of the trunk, where it was cut, is at present, after having been barked and smoothed by the axe, four feet six inches; its height above ground is eight feet nine inches, and the width of the space between the branches four feet nine inches.

Between the branches is seen the village of Orschweier; beyond are the vinebearing hills of the Kaiserstahl; and more distant still, on the right, the mountains of the Vosges in France; the Rhine flowing between these two ranges.

THE IRON CROWN OF ITALY.

THE Iron Crown of Italy is composed of a broad circle of gold, set with large rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, on a ground of blue and gold enamel. The jewels and embossed gold exhibit a very close resemblance to the workmanship of an enamelled gold ornament, inscribed with the name of Alfred the Great, which was found in the island of Athelney, in Somersetshire, about the close of the seventeenth century, and is now carefully preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, England.

The portion of the crown, however, which is of the greatest traditional interest, is a narrow band of iron, about three-eighths of an inch broad, and one-tenth of an inch in thickness, attached to the inner circumference of the circle. This iron band, according to legendary report, was made out of one of the nails used at the Crucifixion, given by the Empress Helena—who was said to be the discoverer of the Cross—to her son Constantine, as a miraculous protection from the dangers of the battle-field.

The priests who exhibit the crown, point out, as a permanent miracle, that there is not a single speck of rust upon the iron, although it has now been exposed more than fifteen hundred years! The earliest real historical notice of this crown is, that it was used at the coronation of Agilulfus, King of Normandy, in 591.

When the Emperor Napoleon I. was crowned King of Italy, at Milan, May 23, 1805, he, with his own hands, placed the ancient iron crown of Lombardy on his own head, saying, "God has given it to me, let those beware who would touch it," thus assuming, as Sir Walter Scott observes, the haughty motto attached to the crown by its early possessors.

A MODERN BOAR HUNT IN BAVARIA.

ATTERS of the chase are come to rather tame pass in our day. Daring has given place to dodging in this as in so many other things, and the cunning of the arm with the spear has become supplanted by the cunning of the eye with the rifle.

Thanks to the genius of a Snyder, we can more than imagine the boar hunt of former times, otherwise the powers of fancy might have stretched in vain from our present mode of giving such a brute the quietus to that period when, in his gnashing fury, a course was rent through besetting assailants, or a breathing-space secured by strewing the ground with their mangled bodies.

Let us start, then, at Aschaffenberg—the Fontainebleau of his Bavarian Majesty—and even speak of the warning injunctions our Frankfort host gave about the great forest that lay in our way.

On we went, and at last—oh, welcome sound!—the barking of a dog proclaimed man's dwelling-place, and then the glimmering of a light created quite a glow of satisfaction within me. It was the half-way inn of which I had been told, and for which I had been looking out most longingly.

In the morning I found the party reinforced, and some large hounds made their appearance in coupling-chains, whilst schnapps was going the rounds, and, the better to enlist the stalwart band, I directed an additional round to be served out on my account.

Many roguish, rough-looking attendants were also lounging about and sipping the early dram; for, though not of a very gentle order themselves, these Jägers formed a class of superiors, as the doffed hat and abashed look of these their serving-men plainly told. The dress of this Jäger corps, though varying in some instances, was of dark-gray, faced with green, tunic form, and caught in at the waist with a girdle, from which hung the trenchant *couteau de chasse*. Most of them wore small felt hats of dark-green, fitting closely, and with a tuft of black feathers in the band. Some had whistles made of the boar's tusk, and I observed one with a boar's sconce in brass on his shoulders, from which distinction I set him down as a sort of head-keeper or lieutenant of the force. But what struck me most in this really fine body of rangers was the enormous mustache nearly every one exhibited.

The chief Nimrod made his appearance at a point about an hour's walk off, where there was a large ring of lofty beeches, with such a gateway as, no doubt, led to some woodland château. His party mustered about half a dozen, and, though I could see they were all men of rank, there was nothing that denoted style or superiority.

There was a score of good rifles at least, besides a respectable contingent of muskets, and, as nearly all carried the *couteau de chasse* as well, I thought the turnout must have little in it, or the boar be, of a truth, a very curious customer, if we came to grief.

After a short chat, and a cursory survey of arms and appliances, the force broke up into detachments, and certain instructions were given to each petty leader as they moved off one after the other for their respective beats, or, as I concluded, to form so many segments in the great starting circle. Each party also took off its contingent of followers, and, my eye being on my old friend, he beckoned me as his own particular recruit, and I fell in and followed a portion of his company. I began, however, to review the matter in my own mind *de nouveau;* and, certes, the chance of an awkward rip did not appear quite so remote, under this detailed order of movement, as if it had been *en gros.*

But I was now in for it, and, "being in," you know what Shakespeare says about getting out, though, as guidance for others, I would just here recommend a traveler to keep his onward path, and not volunteer into strange service, or get into positions which may lead either to danger or difficulty.

The mast and dead leaves became drifted into such dells and hollows as the ground offered, and, with a crisp covering of snow, we very soon found ourselves ploughing our own path knee-deep, and with a gentle intimation that the animals might turn up at any moment.

Indeed, my own especial corporal gave me a nod to this effect, and was just adding, "Now we hit on something," when a sonorous "Guff!" that would have startled the seven sleepers, broke on my ear, and beneath a kick-up of leaves and snow I beheld a snout and grissly mane, cutting along at a furious rate in the foreground. "Bang!" went my old friend's rifle. "Guff! guff!" A bang left and another right were followed by a loud "Guffee!" and, in the next minute, one of the Jägers was drawing the dead animal our way, with a short bit of stick passed through the snout, and a trail of blood in the rear. It was a sow of about two years old, with but little of the formidable, and not much of anything else that I could see save bristles and a loose, flabby carcass—hideous, however, withal—and such a strange disproportion of head, and so malignant the grin even in death, that it hardly looked like any earthly creature.

They are of a dingy iron-gray, these wild swine, inclining to rust-color about the belly and the inner side of the legs, but there is a pricking up of the bridge of the snout caused by the tusks, which gives them a most diabolical expression of ferocity, and their coating stands out sharp as wire, and shows shaggy as they lie upon the snow.

We now heard the rifles cracking away in more than one direction, so that the forest forces were beginning to concentrate; and, from a little variation in the "guff" notes, the grunters were evidently becoming alive to their position, and whatever the other parties to these presents might feel, I, on my own part and behalf, began to entertain certain feelings of anxiety about the probable upshot of these boorish battle-notes when the full herd got into grand chorus, and were driven to a last desperate stand. Nor was my concern any less for the assurance that we had two or three first-rate boars in the circle, and might look forward to a smart battue.

The plot was certainly thickening, and its *dénouement* not far off, since the converging powers were making their progress distinctly audible, and the lesser fauna began to squib about in our front as though the ends of the earth were coming together.

There appeared also a blank in the circle, one segment short of the round, but I could hear its approach; and, from a show of activity in that quarter, the leading actors were doubtless about to make their *début* there. And so it proved, and so the ring became complete, the entire force presenting about fifty men armed, who took up ground at about the same number of paces from each other, whilst attendants, followers, and a few straggling fools like myself might count a hundred. These showed front in the rear, and between the intervals; though, for my part, I made up my mind to show no front at all if it came to anything serious, since, with my equipment, I might as well maintain front before Beelzebub with a bulrush in my hand. Most of the other secondaries bore some sort of weapon, and one near me held an axe over his shoulder, and was evidently a woodman.

I had from my very boyhood a horror, and I may say a mortal fear, of the whole hog species, and would at any time sooner confront a lion or tiger than a savage boar of even the ordinary kind; and yet, here was I forming a stop-gap before a whole herd of the wildest and most ferocious class.

Preparatory to action there was, of course, a round of schnapps—nothing in the way of venture being done in Germany without this whet—and though I came quite unprovided, my old friend was true to me in my extremity, and never came à whet of *Kimmel* more timely to my lips. He moreover took the opportunity of giving me a little final instruction, and pointedly dwelt on the worst, by saying:

"Now mind you bear to my left if there be any dash through on the right, and the reverse, you understand, if menaced from the opposite side;" an injunction which I promised strictly to obey, and, involving the precise line of conduct I had already hit on in my own mind, he might assuredly count on its most scrupulous fulfillment.

But a short bugle-call from headquarters ended our debate, and this was followed by a *laisser-aller* of some half a dozen dogs that went off, all eye, ear, and protruding tongue, right into the cover-plot. Some of the Jägers, and no doubt such as constituted the best shots, stepped out of the circle a few paces in advance at that same time.

Old Zieten, with his fierce hussar attendant, could not have issued from the wood more suddenly than a huge boar, with his bristly staff, now did from the cover into which the eager hounds had dashed. Nor could any of your boasted generals cast a more knowing glance, or present a more defiant mien, than this porcine chief did, as, with mane erect, the circling foe was surveyed, and then, with a clashing of tusks only to be remembered with a shudder, on he came.

I have no clear recollection as to what immediately followed, but perfectly remembered how those eyes of fire bore point-blank towards me, and what a rattle of rifles, din of shouts, dog yells, and indescribable sounds burst forth at the very moment I made for my fugleman's support, and in my flurry tumbled over that tree-stump, and became immersed in a snow-drift. This served so to complete my bewilderment that, although unmistakable splashings of the brute's very foam and blood were on my shoes when I got up, I could not for my life say in which direction or how he passed me; but, as there was an impression that I had actually been under dental treatment, I felt down both my sides, and examined both legs, inside as well as out, for the satisfaction of those who pressed about me, as well as to clear the matter in my own mind, for, without feeling hurt, they made me fancy that I must have had a slight rip somewhere.

A drop more "kimmel" accomplished the rest, and, as the battue was pretty well over, I went to the spot where this fearful monster lay stretched on the frozen ground, with

MARAT DECLAIMING IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

blood oozing from some half-dozen bullet-holes and a gash in the throat, from which the last of the fierce tide of life was slowly ebbing.

The woodman with his axe must have been equally taken aback, for, in place of striking at the right moment, he never struck at all, but flung his formidable weapon after his flying foe, and for aught it had done he might have flung it aside altogether. I heard this as they were laughing at him; whilst I, whose performance had been most laughable of all, seemed to stand well in general estimation as one who had been simply knocked over by the boar, and escaped his tush miraculously.

They counted eighteen head, two boars of the first order, which were to be dispatched forthwith to King Ludwig at Munich; three of the second class, four sows, and the rest young fry under six months old.

The main trophy was the very brute that had figured as commander-in-chief and led the charge so desperately in the direction I occupied, and certainly as he there lay dappling his snowy resting-place with blood, a more hideous or a more

fiend-like object never met my eyes. The head, from snout to ear-point, could not have been much under two feet in length, and in one of the ears was a bullet-hole of long standing to settle the point of his being an old campaigner. Indeed the forest *frères* recognized him as a former acquaintance, who had run the gauntlet, and probably expected to do so here again; but wiser heads get wrong in their calculations, and men fall under them as well as hogs. For the rest, the large main bristles were nearly eight inches long, tusks about seven, and his hoofs almost as strong as a donkey's. Yet there was nothing like the fleshy character of the hog race as we know it, and, with ample framework for sustaining a quarter of a ton, I very much doubt if the entire weight of this fine specimen of the wild hog reached two hundred pounds.

MARAT.

"The Delirium of the Revolution."

In stature short, big-boned, but emaciated by disease; high cheek-bones, deeply-set yet prominent eyes, bold and insolent in expression but shrinking cat-like from daylight; a cavernous mouth, twisted by a perpetual sneer, short broad nose, with expanded nostrils, that seemed forever sniffing, hyena-like, for blood; a livid skin marked with leprous-like blotches; hair cut short over a low receding forehead, worn long behind and tied with a leathern thong. Dirty shirt, open at the breast, exposing the cadaverous chest; cotton-velvet trousers, stained with ink, and rolled up at the bottoms; blue worsted stockings; workman's boots, the soles studded with nails; a filthy rag tied round the head. Such is the portrait of Marat.

France is spared the disgrace of numbering this ghoul among her sons. Jean Paul Marat was born at Neuchâtel in 1744. Of his parentage, or of his early life, but little has been bequeathed to history. Here is his own account, extracted from one of the numbers of *L'Ami du Peuple:*

"Born with a sensitive heart, a fiery imagination, a frank and impetuous character, a right mind, a heart that drank in all exalted passions, especially the love of glory, brought up in my father's house with the tenderest care, I arrived at manhood without ever having abandoned myself to the fury of my passions.

"I owed to nature the stamp of my disposition, but it is to my mother I owe the development of my character. She it was who implanted in my heart love of justice and humanity. All the alms she bestowed upon the poor passed through my hands. At eight years old I could not bear the sight of any ill-treatment exercised towards my fellow-creatures, and the sight of cruelty or injustice excited my anger as though it had been a personal outrage.

"In early youth my health was bad; I never knew the pleasures and games of boyhood. Tractable and studious,

MARAT BORNE IN TRIUMPH BY THE POPULACE.

my masters could do anything with me by kindness. I was never punished but once; I was then eleven years old; I was shut up in my room; the punishment was unjust—I jumped out of the window into the street.

"At this age the love of glory was my principal passion. At five, I should have chosen to be a schoolmaster; at fifteen, a professor; at eighteen, an author; at twenty, a creative genius; as I now am ambitious of the glory of immolating myself for my country. . . . I wrote eight volumes of metaphysics, twenty of physical science. . . . The quacks of the Corps Scientifique, D'Alembert, Condorcet, Laplace, Lalande, Monge, and Lavoisier wish to be alone, and I could not even pronounce the titles of my works. *During five years I groaned beneath this cowardly oppression.* When the Revolution was announced by the convocation of the States-General I soon perceived whither things were tending; and I began to entertain the hope of at length beholding humanity avenged, in aiding to burst her fetters, *and of mounting to my right place.*"

Could this man ever have possessed a sensitive heart, a love of humanity, a horror of cruelty? Could he ever have been a docile child fondled by a mother? Yet even in these confessions we can trace how the hopeful child developed into the monstrous man. The restless fever of mind creating a burning thirst for fame, now in one thing, now in another, ultimately in all. Then came a life of wandering through Switzerland, England, and France; now an author, now an empiric vending an universal medicine, then a stable doctor. Feeble in health, of mediocre abilities, yet with a profound belief in the greatness of his talents, ever pursuing the phantom of glory, never approaching it; eternal disappointment and thwarted hopes fretting the acrid humors of a bilious temperament. At forty every better feeling of his nature was absorbed by its gall. Every being richer or more fortunate than himself was, to his jaundiced vision, leagued to crush him. Envy and the bruises inflicted upon intense vanity engendered a monomania of hatred against all aristocracy of wealth or intellect, against every human being who could pretend to the shadow of superiority over himself.

The two most sanguinary leaders of the Revolution were martyrs to bile. What if their crimes were due rather to the humors of the stomach than to the humors of the brain? What a satire it would be upon psychology!

At forty years of age he was a veterinary surgeon to the Comte d'Artois. Five years afterward the Revolution burst forth. Into this he threw himself at once with the fury of a wild beast. *L'Ami du Peuple* appeared, preaching its crusade of blood. After the unhappy affair of the Champ de Mars, when Lafayette fired upon the people, he sent forth the first yell for massacre. *L'Ami du Peuple* demanded two hundred and sixty thousand heads! Lafayette, and other members of the Assembly, demanded his arrest, and he was compelled to fly. Then commenced a life of concealment. At one time hidden by Legendre, the butcher, in a cave; at another hidden by Danton in the subterraneous cells of the convent of the Cordeliers. Forth from these tiger dens issued fierce pamphlets, denouncing king, queen, aristocracy, generals, officers, ministers, priests, members of the National Assembly—people of whom he had no knowledge, good or bad—clamoring for their indiscriminate slaughter.

After the arrest of the royal family and the massacre of the Swiss Guards, on the 10th of August, he fearlessly emerged from his lair, and marched through the streets with a crown of laurel upon his head and a drawn sabre in his hand, amidst the acclamations of the mob. But again and again he sought those lairs at the first shadow of danger. In the damp and darkness of his subterraneous abodes he had contracted the seeds of a hideous leprous-like disease. When he again appeared upon the upper earth he was scarcely recognizable, so frightful had he become!

A small chamber in the Rue St. Honoré was his future abode. His companion was a young and beautiful woman, the wife of his printer, who had abandoned all for this monster, whom she adored as the benefactor of the human race! Here, except when absent at the Convention or the Jacobins, he was always to be found. On a table, within his reach, was a pair of loaded pistols—he lived in constant dread of assassination—around him piles of newspapers and pamphlets, letters, lists of proscriptions, and all the litter of an editor's office; and, of all things in the world, a Bible usually lay open before him! Yes, this man professed religion. He never spoke the name of Jesus Christ without reverentially bowing his head "The Revolution is in the Gospel," he used to say. "Nowhere is the cause of the people more energetically pleaded, or more maledictions heaped upon the heads of the rich and powerful of this world." In these things, to him, as to the Puritans and Covenanters of old, lay the charm of the Gospel. Strange, that the two most ruthless heroes of the Revolution, Marat and Robespierre, alone professed tenderness for human life in the abstract, and reverence for religion. Both wrote books to condemn capital punishment; both wrote books to prove the immortality of the soul. Incredible as it may read, this man had a certain superstitious belief that his fury was the result of supernatural promptings—that he was an instrument in the hands of God.

Barbaroux, whose instructor he had once been in some branch of philosophy, visited him soon after the arrival of the Marseillaise in Paris. He afterwards reported to one of his colleagues the conversation that passed between them.

"Give me," cried Marat, "two hundred Neapolitans, armed with daggers, and I will raise the revolution through France. Anarchy cannot cease until two hundred thousand heads have fallen. . . Let all the moderatists, constitutionalists, and partisans of the foreigner be collected in the streets, and then slaughtered."

"But good patriots might fall in such an indiscriminative massacre," urged Barbaroux.

"What if ten such fall in every hundred? Ninety traitors will have been destroyed. But cut down all those who possess carriages and servants and wear fine clothes, and you cannot be far wrong. The dagger is the only weapon suitable to the free man; with that he can destroy his enemy at the corner of a street or in the midst of an army."

The king, the queen, the court were overthrown; the rich were falling beneath the guillotine or flying from Paris, and yet the people still cried for bread. The misery increased daily. Gold and silver almost disappeared; paper money called "assignats" took their places, with the usual results that attend an artificial currency—continued depreciation of value. Artisans who lived by the luxurious wants of the rich could get no employment. No person would invest capital, the fields were ill-cultivated, no new buildings were erected, trade was utterly prostrated, and provisions rose enormously in price. Now the aristocrats had grown scarce, *L'Ami du Peuple* fulminated its thunders against the bourgeoisie. "Pillage the shops! hang the shopkeepers at their doors!" was its cry.

In vain did the moderate party endeavor to silence these appeals to assassins; Marat had become the idol of the mob, the most powerful man of the Revolution. Boldly, to their faces, he demanded the heads of the Plaine and the Gironde. Appalled by his audacity, in sheer desperation, the members voted, by a large majority, that he should be cited before the Revolutionary Tribunal. The movement served only to secure him a further triumph. Crowds of the vilest off-

scourings of Paris filled the streets, shouting "*Vive l'ami du peuple! A bas les modérés!*" The assassins of September surrounded the building, pressed round the entrance, upon the stairs, into the assembly, brandishing their knives and howling down his accusers. In this free republican court of *justice* but one side must be heard—the popular one.

The accusers tremble for their lives, and—*honorably* acquit him of all charges! His friends raise him upon their shoulders, crown him with garlands of oak, form a procession, and with howls of rejoicing bear him through the streets. The citizens, terror-stricken, close their shops and shut themselves up in their houses. To proclaim their contempt for constituted authority, the mob carry him to the Convention and place him in the tribune; all the Girondists rise and leave the hall, to express their disapprobation of the proceedings. After uttering an inflammatory speech he is borne to the Jacobins. His reception is tremendous, they rise *en masse*, cheering until the gloomy walls re-echo their voices; they fawn and they flatter and bow down in worship before their filthy Moloch. The streets of Paris are illuminated —anarchy goes mad with joy.

From that day none dared dispute with him in the Convention; to oppose his decrees, though ever so mildly, was to evoke the wrath and threats of death from his bravoes. Whenever he appeared, even Danton and Robespierre ceded the tribune to him. He spoke out with a hardihood that not even the latter dared to imitate. He was the only man who dared to propose a dictatorship. (Marat from the first persistently advocated the election of a dictator; to this he was secretly urged by Danton and Robespierre, both of whom desired to grasp it.) When the Commune murmured, and threatened him with arrest as a traitor to the Republic, he drew a dagger and threatened to plunge it into his own heart if a finger were laid upon him. The mob uttered a fierce shout, and pressed forward to support its idol. The Commune shrank back dismayed.

But day by day his terrible disease grew upon him, constantly inflamed by the tumults of his life; the mob-idol was passing away, his very hours were numbered. A bath afforded the only assuagement to his torture, and in that he passed the greater portion of both day and night. But as death came nearer his thirst for blood grew more insatiable; he dreaded its approach only because it would snatch from him the power of immolating more victims. Lying in his bath, with a book, supported on a plank, open before him, he unceasingly inscribed fresh names for the guillotine. He had already marked down two thousand five hundred of Lyons, three thousand of Marseilles, twenty-eight thousand of Paris, and three hundred thousand of Brittany and Calvados, when the vengeance of God closed his horrible career.

Let us turn aside for a time from the foul details of this monstrous life—from the scent of blood, which fills our nostrils and oppresses like a nightmare—to the contemplation of one of the fairest, most beautiful, and touching images that history has bequeathed us.

Of the many admirable episodes that Lamartine has given us in his "History of the Girondists," not one perhaps is so exquisite as that which tells the story of Charlotte Corday. It seems almost presumptuous to touch the subject after him.

Charlotte Corday was by descent doubly noble; her lineage was aristocratic, and she was the granddaughter of Pierre Corneille, the great dramatist. But, like many scions of the old French nobility, her father was a poor man—a petty farmer, tilling his own ground, living by the daily labor of his hands. He was at the same time a man of parts, an adorer of liberty, an enthusiastic admirer of the new ideas. Her childhood differed little from that of a Norman peasant girl; her garb was the same; and at haymaking and harvest-time she helped in the field-work. Later in life an old maiden lady, a relation, adopted her. Henceforth her life was more worthy of her birth. Here is Lamartine's description of her new home:

"Off an old-fashioned secluded street in Caen stood an ancient habitation, with gray walls, weather-stained, and dilapidated by time. It was called Le Grand Manoir. A fountain covered with moss stood in an angle of the courtyard. A narrow low doorway, with fluted lintels uniting in an arch over the top, showed the worn steps of a winding staircase which led to the upper story. Two windows, with octagonal panes of glass framed in leadwork, dimly lit the staircase and the empty chambers. The misty daylight in this antique obscure abode impressed on it the character of vagueness, mystery, and melancholy, which the human fancy delights to see folded like a shroud over the cradle of deep thoughts and the homes of strongly imaginative minds."

Here, in this dreamy solitude, in the deep shadows of the old courtyard, sat Charlotte in the Summer days, dreaming over the pages of Plutarch or Rousseau; no sound of rude actual life to jar upon her meditations; only the rustle of the leaves, and the flowers shaking their perfume into the sunlit air, or the sweet songs of the birds and the sleepy monotonous music of the old fountain. Her soul was filled with the spirit of the antique world, as her features were molded in the finest form of Greek beauty—the oval face, the delicately-chiselled nose, the ripe lips. "Her hair," writes Lamartine, "seemed black when fastened in masses around her head, but golden at the points of the tresses, like ears of ripe corn; her eyes of a color variable as the wave of the ocean, which borrows its tint from the shadow or the sunbeam—blue when she reflected, almost black when called into animated play."

Out of the books of Greece and Rome she had created for her contemplation a beautiful Utopia, in which there should be no more oppression, no more kings and princes, no more cruel distinctions of rank, no more poverty, no more suffering; but in which there should be an universal brotherhood between all men—all happy and equal in the sight of God and man. Alas! how many noble souls have wasted in such visions! In the first tidings of the Revolution that burst upon her quiet home she beheld the realization of her romance.

Formed by nature for love, her poverty, dependent position, and modest pride closed her heart against such thoughts; and those noble virtues and that exquisite tenderness of soul that would have made of man's home a paradise were wholly concentrated upon a pure unselfish adoration of liberty and her country. It was to the Girondists that she gave all her sympathies, for in them she beheld the reflection of those ancient republican virtues at whose shrine she worshipped.

But soon dark and terrible images begin to break in upon her fair visions. Over the length and breadth of France roll the echoes of the September massacres; like the mutterings of a distant tempest come the shrieks of the slaughtered, and athwart the bright horizon, that was but now illumined by the glorious sun of liberty, gather the bloody clouds from Paris. Mingled with those echoes come the name of Marat as the demon who has let loose the storm —the arch-murderer. All other actors in the terrible drama (so say the echoes) are but subordinates to this evil star. The Girondists are fugitives; Madame Roland is in prison; day by day the influence of anarchists and murderers grows stronger.

A terrible blow is this news to Charlotte. Is the tyranny of kingcraft to be superseded only by a tyranny yet more cruel and revolting? Is there no way to save the republic of her dreams, that day by day is vanishing in a mist of

blood? Sitting in the shadow of the dark gray walls, with the moss-grown fountain whispering the story of some Norman Arethusa in her ears, Plutarch lying open upon her knees, with dejected face and saddened eyes, thus ponders the beautiful enthusiast. In that grand old book, from which so many heroes of the Revolution drew their inspiration, she is seeking the answer to her questions. Again and again she reads the immortal stories of self-sacrifice that tell how often the immolation of one man saved a country; how one opposed himself single-handed to an army; how one plunged into a gulf; how another died upon the field of battle, and another smote the tyrant with his dagger.

Brooding thus by day and dreaming thus by night, her mind grows pregnant, and out of the chaos of her thoughts rises a shadowy idea; undefined, unacknowledged for a time, but hourly perfecting its form and growing in strength, until it masters its creator and bends her to its will. Beneath its power she grows pale and ill; her friends grow alarmed, and question her; but she evades their solicitude and prepares herself by secret meditation for her terrible self-imposed task.

War has been declared, and the youth of France flock eagerly to the frontiers. From Caen go forth six thousand volunteers; among them is one whose whole soul is devoted to Charlotte; she has given him her portrait; did she allow her heart free play she would give him that, but her pride will not permit her to become a portionless wife, and so she stifles the feeling. From one of the windows of Le Grand Manoir she sees him march down the street, waves him an adieu, and turns aside to hide her tears. Their eyes will never meet again in this world. She knows it; happily for him he does not.

Her terrible idea now fully matured, she takes steps for its execution. Barbaroux is at Caen; he will assist her to the first step of her design; she seeks an introduction to him, eagerly questions him upon the state of Paris, upon the prospects of his party; his gloomy answers strengthen her resolution. The gossips smile and whisper at these interviews with the handsome young Girondist. Alas! they little think how speedy and how sad will be her vindication. It is not love that is in her soul, but martyrdom—for him and for his party.

One day she astonished her friends by informing them that she was going to Paris to lay before the Convention the claims of an exiled friend. In vain they attempted to dissuade her from her purpose; she bade them a tender adieu, wrote a farewell to her father, and with a letter to a M. Duperret, a Girondist, obtained from Barbaroux, started in the diligence for Paris. Accident frustrated her plan as she had at first conceived it, and obliged her to depend upon her own efforts to gain admission to Marat's presence.

She wrote Marat a letter in which she told him she was the bearer of momentous intelligence concerning the affairs of Caen, and requested an interview. To this she received no reply. She then wrote a second, as follows:

"Did you have my letter? I cannot believe it, as they refused admittance to me. I hope to-morrow you will grant the interview I request. I repeat, I have secrets to disclose to you most important for the safety of the republic. Besides, I am persecuted for the cause of liberty; I am unhappy, and that I am so should give me a claim upon your patriotism."

The false pretences under which she gained admission to the tyrant occasioned the only remorse she ever felt. To her exalted imagination such subterfuges were a blot upon her early mission.

On the afternoon of the day appointed she sallies forth from the house of M. Perretier, whose hospitality she has accepted during her sojourn in Paris. Alas! it will cost him and all his family their lives. She is dressed in pure white, a scarf is thrown across her shoulders, a Normandy cap is upon her head, and her hair is bound with broad green ribbon. Her first act is to buy a long, keen knife; concealing this beneath her dress she walks quickly toward the Rue St. Honoré. The sun has set, the evening is closing in, the light in the streets is growing dim, when she presents herself at Marat's house. She walks into the outer room; all is bustle and business; the *Journal de la République*, the successor of *L'Ami du Peuple*, has just come from the press; people are busy folding the copies, which messengers are waiting to carry to their destinations. But little attention is vouchsafed to the stranger. She requests to see Marat. Albertine, the woman with whom he cohabits, comes forward; she eyes the beautiful face and form of the visitor with anything but favor. She fears a rival! She is jealous of her hideous lover! She informs Charlotte, in no gentle accents, that she cannot see him—he is in his bath. They are standing close to the door of the inner room. Marat overhears the discussion, and calls to Albertine to ask what it is about. She goes to him, closes the door behind her, but returns in a few seconds, with a lowering visage, to bid the intruder enter. The next instant Charlotte is standing in the lion's den; the door is again closed, but Albertine stands without, with her ear against the crevice, to catch the business of this importunate woman.

It is a small room, dimly lit even at noonday, now more than half dark; in the centre is a huge bath, nearly filled with water. Out of it rises the head, shoulders, and arms of the man she seeks. In a book, supported upon a plank placed across the two sides of the bath, he is busily writing down the names of new victims for the guillotine. He calls her to stand beside him. Appalled by the horror of her coming act, but with no thought of receding, no quiver of irresolution, she advances like one in a dream and stands close against the bath. He asks her if she has just come from Caen; she answers quietly in the affirmative. He then asks the names of the deputies who have taken refuge there. She repeats them while he notes them down. Her opportunity is slipping away, yet she cannot summon the impulse to strike. "Before they are a week older they shall have the guillotine!" he cries exultingly.

Those words are his last; the impulse is given, and the long, keen knife is buried in his heart. With one cry he expires, and his murderess stands rooted to the spot, gazing fascinated upon her victim, with the bloody weapon in her hand.

The cry has reached those without; in an instant they are in the room, a man strikes her down with a chair, and Albertine, uttering terrible shrieks, tramples upon her senseless body. And there lies Marat, hanging half way out of the bath, looking as though life had been extinguished *in a bath of blood.*

Like lightning the cry is carried through the streets—"Marat has been assassinated!" From every quarter rush scared and vengeful crowds. At the peril of their lives the gendarmes guard the prisoner from their frantic rage—they would tear her limb from limb. To the mob this news sounds like the knell of its reign. To the friends of order it is as though new life had been given them. But all Paris is agitated to its centre, consternation is stamped upon every countenance. A sense of terror and foreboding is upon the city.

Her trial was a mere form; she confessed her guilt and the motive which actuated her; calm and serene in aspect, she betrayed neither exultation nor remorse. Only one circumstance distressed her—having involved in her fate the

ASSASSINATION OF MARAT BY CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

excellent M. Perretier and his family. For them she pleaded earnestly, asserting in the most solemn terms that they knew nothing of her purpose, that she alone had planned and executed it, without accomplice or even confidant. But the judges were inexorable and incredulous. A young advocate pleaded for her, but he could plead only on behalf of her sex and misguided enthusiasm. Her condemnation was a foregone conclusion from the first. Nothing could save her.

They attired her in a red chemise, the garb of assassins, and thus, with her long, bright hair flowing over her head and shoulders like a vail, the tumbril bore her on to the guillotine, the brilliant sunshine bathing her in its golden light. Her dazzling beauty, and, above all, the pure, sublime soul that shone through her eyes and irradiated her whole countenance, subdued even the rough mob that followed her; their execrations died in their throats, and many savage eyes were bedewed with tears of pity for her youth and beauty. The women, the furies of the guillotine, were merciless;

as was their wont to all, they assailed her last moments with yells, imprecations, and obscenities. But these sounds fell unheeded upon her ears. With an unfaltering step she mounted to the scaffold, stood for an instant looking down calmly upon the multitude, with the full glare of the sunlight playing around her head, threading it with gold, and reflecting upon her face with a bright flash the crimson hues of her robe; then, with the serenity of a martyr, she laid her head in the groove, the knife descended, and all was over. The brutal executioner held up his hideous trophy by the hair, and struck it upon the cheek.

It has been said that a blush followed the blow, as though life survived long enough to feel the insult. Its transient gleam of humanity passed away; the mob received the act with a yell of delight.

Two touching romances marked her death. Among the spectators of her trial was a young German, named Adam Lux; fascinated by her extraordinary beauty and sublime self-devotion, he conceived for her on the spot an intense and passionate love. Even in that terrible hour his pale earnest face attracted her attention, and, though her eyes had never fallen upon him before, though she was destined never to hear his voice, his gaze revealed to her his secret. He followed her to the guillotine, and saw the end. After her death he wrote and published a "Defence of Charlotte Corday." He was seized by the Revolutionary Tribunal, and condemned to death. His last words were, "Thank God, I shall die for her!" When the young Norman, who had marched away with the volunteers of Caen, heard of her execution, he returned broken-hearted to his native village. A few months, and his soul had departed to seek hers whom he had so truly loved. His last request was that her portrait and letters should be buried in the coffin with him. Need I say that his behest was fulfilled?

There is one portrait of her still extant. She appears in it as she was attired for execution. The head alone is perfect, the body is only sketched. The impatience of a fraternal government prevented its completion. It is in the possession of the descendants of M. Hauer, the artist.

Of all the heroes and heroines of the French Revolution, Charlotte Corday was the purest and most sublime; of all those who drew their inspiration from the pages of Plutarch, and their number was legion, she alone caught the pure fire of ancient republican virtue; in the others it was dimmed and sullied by envy, by malice, by selfishness, self-interest, or timidity; but in her it burned only for liberty, for love of country. Not even the annals of Greece and Rome record a nobler example of self-devotion. Of the *Christian* morality of her act it is superfluous to speak; of its *legality*—if the executions of Louis XVI. and his queen were justifiable, the execution of Marat was trebly so; the forms of justice were as much regarded in the one case as in the other. Her object signally failed of its attainment. Her immolation utterly destroyed those for whom she died—the Girondists and Moderatists—secured the triumph of the Jacobins whom she abhorred, and led the way for the Reign of Terror. But amidst the hideous horrors of the Revolution the sad image of the beautiful enthusiast must ever be to the ardent and poetical as that of an angel strayed and lost in the halls of Pandemonium.

The Assembly decreed Marat an altar, and that he should be worshipped as a god! His heart was taken out, embalmed, and placed in an urn, which was suspended from the roof of the Hall of Convention.

The character of such a man affords but little scope for analysis. He was essentially the representative of the mob; the only one who really sympathized with the lowest stratum of society; who recognized its position in the Republic. He was of it by nature, fierce, turbulent, hating the shadow even of coercion or superiority, insatiate for blood, happy only in anarchy, unreasoning, swayed by every impulse that led to destruction, ever destroying, never creating, merciless, pitiless, a slave to every evil passion. He imitated it in his dress, in his habits, in his filth, and it was his glory to do so. To this condition he would have levelled all mankind. His passion for levelling was a monomania; he would have razed the mountains of the earth, and with a gigantic roller have smoothed down the inequalities of matter as he would those of society. Like all demagogues, from Cleon to M———, well, we need not mention names—he was a coward, brave only with his pen and in his words; while inciting others to revolt, he fled at the first approach of personal danger, leaving his dupes to bear the brunt. He was once flogged in the streets by Westermann, an officer of Dumouriez, whose head he had been constantly demanding; and he took his chastisement very tamely until he found himself surrounded by his bullies; then he hectored and shrieked and foamed and howled for blood like a demoniac. He was a brave man behind a sheet of paper or when the mob was behind him. He was at once the most extreme of democrats, and the most absolute of tyrants. Liberty, to him, bore but one signification—the propagandism and enforcement of his own principles. No man should have spoken, lived, or thought but as he directed; he would have controlled not only the actions, but the very hearts of men. Every mind should have been remodelled, cut, trimmed, and exactly fitted to his own. All humanity should have been but multiplied and inferior images of himself—should have borne but one aspect—MARAT. In that hideous body was enshrined the perfect type of unlimited democracy, which, from the times of Greece and Rome unto the Paris Commune of to-day, and so on to all ages to come, has been, is, and will be, the bloodiest, narrowest, blindest, most besotted, and most bigoted of despotisms.

With all his omnipotence he was at times simply the mouthpiece of Danton, through which the latter sounded the Convention and the people upon the practicability of his designs—the hand by which he felt his way to the dictatorship.

Marat is the darkest blot upon the history of the Republic. Each one of his fellow-assassins possessed some redeeming virtue; but this man, like the hyena, loved blood for blood's sake. Danton, Robespierre, St. Just, have their apologists, their admirers; but did ever any man, except, perhaps, a French Communist or an English Socialist, write or utter one word in praise or extenuation of Marat? Bloody was his life, bloody was his death, and so let him rest.

ADROITNESS OF A LAWYER.

IN geographical science, the Irish bar were once amused at a mistake made by one of their body, and nearly made by another—a mistake amongst the learned that can find a parallel in the "Winter's Tale," where Shakespeare speaks (Act iii., scene 6) of the sea-shores of Bohemia. It appears that the owner of a vessel, sailing between some of the ports of the Black Sea and one of the Irish ports, brought an action against an insurance company to recover an insurance effected on the vessel and its cargo, all of which were lost on the homeward voyage. The captain was examined, and swore that the ship had been properly navigated, and that the crew behaved with "seaman-like sobriety"; that the vessel did not delay a moment, and, save that they put into Malta, they touched at no other place. The captain, on the cross-examination, reiterated what he had said on the direct, and he added that they just spent a night in Valetta.

"Oh," said the leading counsel for the plaintiff, in a stage whisper, to his junior, "he has us there; the plaintiff, I'm afraid, is hit, for on the direct examination he told me he

only spent one night at Malta, and now he admits he was at Valetta!"

"But," replies his junior, "is not Valetta the capital of Malta?"

"Now, are you sure of that?"

"Of course I am."

"My goodness!" said the other, "I'm so delighted to hear that!"

Hardly had this conversation terminated when the leading counsel for the defendant asked: "Did you not say to the counsel for the plaintiff, that you only called at Malta? Answer me, sir."

The witness replied, "I did."

"How, then, do you reconcile that statement with the statement that you are now making, that you called at Valetta?"

"Oh, my lord," said his opponent, springing in triumph to his feet, "I thought (as if he had not got the information himself at the moment) that every child in court knew that Valetta was the capital of Malta;" and he sat down, and the counsel for the defendant sat down too, for he saw the mistake into which he had fallen.

The story was told at dinner on that evening, when the plaintiff's counsel's acting was declared to be inimitable, and was laughed at by all parties, for, be it remembered, that whatever feelings of jealousy or irritation are stirred up by their morning's zeal are invariably allayed at their evening meetings.

USEFULNESS OF INSECTS.

If insects speak to us neither by the voice, nor by their physiognomy, by what do they appeal to us? By their energies; by the prodigious destruction which they effect in the over-productiveness of nature; by their colors, fires, and poisons, and by their arts. In all these manifestations, if properly understood, there is nothing but wisdom and beneficence. Even the persecution of domestic animals by flies constitutes their safety. Without the stimulus given by these tiny persecutors, cattle would remain at times stupidly resigned till, no longer capable of movement, they would perish on the spot. Flies drive them to running waters, or more salubrious places.

In Central Africa, the man regulates the migration of whole herds. The *tsetse*, it is to be supposed, is sent by some such similar provisions of nature. Even the terrible ant, when it invades a house, and expels the inhabitants, does so for wise purposes. They destroy every living thing; mice, toads, snakes, are all devoured; not an insect, not even an insect's egg, is left. The house is thoroughly cleansed, and then the visitors leave it to its master, going on to another. The spiders of the Antilles are such good servants, and so useful in the destruction of flies, that they are sold in the market as birds are with us.

Among the other auxiliaries of man are the dragon-fly—that kills its thousands of insects in a day; the cicindalæ, which, with its two sabres for jaws, is immensely destructive to insect life; the carabi, a tribe of warriors armed to the teeth, real *gardes champetres*. It is cruel to destroy these useful little creatures; they should, on the contrary, be much respected.

Of auxiliaries of another description, we have worms, which digest, cleanse, and renew the soil. In a similar manner, the necrophori are ever busy in removing putridity. Gardeners are often exasperated at the presence of insects in tubercules, as of the dahlia, when they are really there only to remove the dead or diseased parts. Nothing would be more advantageous to all who are interested in gardens than to know how to distinguish useful from hurtful insects. People would not then be daily committing violence to the harmonies of nature.

Some insects are edible; a learned entomologist tells us that caterpillars have a taste of almonds, and spiders of nuts. The Roman ladies used to eat the cossi, as the Eastern ladies still do the blaps, and the Portugese of Brazil, ants, "at the moment when their wings raise them in the air like an aspiration of love."

ABOUT BEARDS.

The indecision which characterizes men to-day concerning the manner in which they shall wear their beards, or discard them altogether, would seem to be hereditary, as we find, by consulting history, that few fashions have been so capricious as those connected with the hair of men's faces.

Looking back for several ages, we ascertain that the custom of shaving has frequently been introduced, and as frequently discontinued. Alexander the Great, before an engagement, commanded Parmenio to have all his soldiers shaved, and gave as his reason that a long beard affords a handle for the enemy. We suppose that the Normans held the same view of the inconvenience of a beard, for they shaved close and deceived their enemies. Harold's spies reported that William the Conqueror's army was composed not of soldiers but of priests. After the conquest, however, when the Normans settled in England, they began to wear beards, and, in order to make a distinction between them orders were given that the English should shave.

Kings—judging by their portraits—each adopted a specific fashion of his own. Henry I. wore a beard trimmed round and Richard Cœur de Lion, a short beard. Henry III. shaved, but his son, Edward I., wore a curled beard. There is a touching story of Edward II., in his misery, which illustrates our subject. When he was at Carnarvon, Maltravers ordered the king to be shaved with dirty cold water, at which he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Here, at least, is warm water on my cheek, whether you will or no." Edward III. wore a noble beard, but Richard II.'s was short.

During the fourteenth century, close shaving became prevalent with young men, and the old men wore forked beards, as Chaucer describes the merchants: "A merchant was there with a forked beard." Henry IV. wore a beard, but Henry VI. and Edward VI. all shaved. Henry VIII. shaved until he heard that Francis I., of France, wore a beard, and then he allowed his to grow. Francis did not approve of all his subjects wearing nature's covering for the face, and he, therefore, obtained from the Pope a brief by which all the ecclesiastics through France were compelled to shave, or pay a large sum. Bishops and richly beneficed clergy paid the fine, but the poor priests were forced to comply with the requirements of the law.

Some men have been so proud of their beards that they have taken their loss greatly at heart. Duprat, son of the celebrated Chancellor Legate, possessed a very fine beard. He distinguished himself at the Council of Trent, and was soon after appointed to the Bishopric of Clermont. On Easter Sunday he appeared at his cathedral; but, to his dismay, he found three dignitaries of his chapter waiting to receive him, with razors, scissors, and the statutes of the Church in their hands. He argued without avail, and, to save his beard, he fled, and abandoned his bishopric. A few days afterward he died of grief.

Friendship is, strictly speaking, reciprocal benevolence, which inclines each party to be solicitous for the welfare of the other as for his own. This equality of affection is created and preserved by a similarity of disposition and manners.

MARAT.—PORTRAIT OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.—SEE PAGE 41.

PAUL'S CHOICE.—"JANE FELT THE LIMB BEND DOWN, AS PAUL, BY ITS AID, DREW HIMSELF OUT OF THE WATER."

PAUL'S CHOICE.

CHAPTER I.

THE charming little room was as bright as lamp-light could make it, and, with her feet thrust into velvet slippers, and stretched comfortably near a bed of glowing coals, sat Celeste Clyde. Before her was a sheet of perfumed satin note-paper, and she held a pen in her hand, which she occasionally nibbled at the end, as if for inspiration—it was a trick she had learned at boarding-school; then again she would draw marginal heads and faces, with the most irresistible waxed mustaches imaginable.

Little pyramids of snow were being constantly piled on the window-sill outside, just a few inches from the heavy purple curtains, and then whisked suddenly away by the wind; while the ghostly sycamore boughs rapped drearily against the window-panes, as if seeking admittance into the cozy little nest.

Celeste's mind was, however, on other things intent, and not for the wind and snow cared she.

After tapping impatiently with her crimson-slippered foot, and stirring the fire more than once, she glanced over a little rose-colored note, and then wrote:

"DEAREST HERBERT: Why did you not have patience with Zitello? Mamma has not been able to endure the sound of your name since you crippled him and called him 'monstrosity.' She vows you shall not be admitted here, and that I am not to speak to you again.

"My odious cousin Paul, whom the 'powers that be' decreed for my lord and master ever since I was ten years old, has at last returned from his travels, and wrote mamma word that he would soon be here to claim his financée—*me*, you know. That was the first of mamma's match-making whims, since when she has mated me fully a dozen times.

"You were such a favorite, dear Herbert, before you kicked the dog. Don't venture here till I send you word, but ever trust your CELESTE."

"Now, how am I to send it?" she said, aloud. "I might inclose in a letter to Kate, only I don't trust girls any further than I can see them, and though she is my dearest friend, if I am not mistaken, she is slightly fond of my Herbert herself, and might accidentally on purpose forget to deliver it. Ah! I know what I shall do!" she continued; and folding the note, addressed it to "Captain Herbert Lorimer, at Colchester Lodge."

She laughed aloud as she said:

"Mamma would have let Zitello make a dinner off my Herbert's legs, and cannot forgive him for kicking the brute. But I'll out-scheme her yet. "Cousin Paul, indeed!" she added, as she wrapped a shawl around her shoulders. "Ugh! I detest him, and shall make myself so disagreeable to him, that he will give up the idea of 'fair brides' and 'financées,' as far as I am concerned." She crossed the dark passage, and rapped softly at a door.

"Come in," said a clear voice, as she entered.

"Jane Glenn," said Celeste, mysteriously, "I have a favor to ask of you."

A delicate, black-eyed girl looked up in surprise as she said:

"A favor! What can it be?"

"It is to be a secret! I want you to take this letter yourself to Colchester Lodge to-morrow, and give it to Captain Lorimer, who is staying there. You know mamma is angry with him just now."

Jane's face flushed scarlet as she hesitated a moment, then she answered, bravely:

"Celeste, I cannot do it. Aunt Agnes has given me a home, and I cannot do what I know would displease her. If there is anything else I can——"

"Oh, don't apologize, I beg," cried Celeste. "If I had requested you to go to the North Pole, you would have done it at once, no doubt, but to take a note to a neighbor's is asking too much, I perceive. Good-night!" she said, shortly, as she slammed the door after her.

"That is all the gratitude one may expect from 'poor relations,'" she muttered, scornfully; "as if she had a right to have any opinion about things! But Herbert shall have his note in spite of her. I'll contrive it some way."

Bitter tears fell on the little collar Jane Glenn was stitching, and she covered her face and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, how hard it is," she murmured, "to do right, even when you are happy; but how much harder when miserable and lonely!"

CHAPTER II.

IF Celeste Clyde could have looked ugly, it would have been as she sat one morning at the piano, strumming idiotic little waltzes, and rattling off marches in jig-time.

She wore her lovely blonde hair drawn up on the top of her head, as tightly as if she expected to be swallowed and was prepared for it; it was also covered with an odious black net. In spite of her orange-colored dress and green ribbons, however, she was not a disagreeable picture. With such teeth, eyes, and complexion as she possessed, she could not make a fright of herself.

Her brother Robert, a school-boyish youth, was begging her to get up a skating party.

"Hush, Robert," said Celeste; I am practising. How can I sing while you worry so?"

Then she began in a shaky, quavering voice:

"No one to love, none to caress,
Roaming alone through this world's wilderness."

She broke down with a laugh.

"What is the matter, sister?" said Robert. "I never heard you sing so badly!"

"Go away, child," said his sister; "you know nothing about it." And she finished her song in the same unnatural style.

Jane Glenn, with her hands full of embroidery, sat off in a corner. Her face was pale, and her black eyes had a stony look about them, as she listened to the song.

"What mockery in her to sing that," she said to herself, "when everything is at her feet! She means it for me! She means it for me!"

The white fingers trembled, but she sewed for life on the collarette her aunt had given her to make for Celeste.

Paul Clyde came whistling into the room.

"I can't hear myself whistle for your din, Celeste," he called out; "you are punishing us dreadfully. Miss Jane, you look tortured, and it is nothing but my cousin's musical infatuation."

"Not mine, Paul," cried Celeste, resisting a strong inclination to laugh, "but mamma's. She's made me promise to practise over this overture from 'Fra Diavolo' three times, and you know I must obey."

"That is because she is up-stairs, and will not be compelled to hear you."

Rattle-de-bang—trill—l—ll! drowned his voice, and with hands over his ears he turned to leave the room. His eyes fell on Jane Glenn.

She looked so small, so miserable, and lonesome, but still stitching away.

"You shall put this down, and take a walk with me through the snow," he said, and began cramming work and cotton into a minute basket at her side.

"Oh, please! I don't want to go!" and the nervous white fingers were extended for the work.

"But you shall;" and with his cane he hung the basket far out of her reach, on the knob of a portrait.

"Why do you wish me to go, Mr. Clyde?" she said, mournfully. "I add to no one's pleasure!"

"*Le roi le veut*, Miss Jane." And Paul leaned over and gazed mischievously in her downcast face, till the blood came flushing up over cheek and brow. "There, that makes you look grand! And now go put on your things."

Angrily, almost fiercely, she tied on her black hood, and wrapped a long scarf around her slender figure.

"How utterly absurd!" she muttered to herself. "Why do I care for him, when Aunt Agnes told me the very day he came that he had been engaged to Celeste for years?"

"What! pale again, little Snowdrop?" said Paul, as he drew her hand through his arm. "I shall keep you out till the roses bloom again in your cheeks."

With a smile of triumph Celeste rose from the piano, and looked out at the two passing down the long avenue.

"I declare," she said, "I do believe he likes her! Well, she is a good little creature, after all, and may have Paul as a reward of merit! Herbert little knows," she continued, "how I have sacrificed the becoming for his sake."

She walked to a mirror, and burst out laughing as she looked at herself.

"Good gracious! what a fright I am! Herbert should not see me looking so for the world. I believe my cousin Paul scarcely gives me credit for three grains of sense! It is certainly a great deal to do for a man, to wear the most unbecoming clothes one has, and allow one's own private

property to be walked off without a murmur. Herbert will never know how much he is indebted to me. But it was my own choice, so I will let Jane be happy Mrs. Clyde, and go up and see after mamma."

"Oh, my dear child," cried a sharp voice, as she opened the door, "shut it! quick—quick! They will fly out!"

"What will fly out, mamma?"

"Oh, the Java sparrows—the darling little Javas!"

In the middle of the floor was a wreck of wire and pasteboard, which had once been a Chinese bird-cage, while Zitello, the author of the mischief, had retreated under a stuffed miniature elephant which served as a footstool. And Mrs. Clyde and the housekeeper were in full chase after the escaped sparrows.

Secretly pleased at finding the misguided dog at the bottom of it all, Celeste took it upon herself to administer sundry raps upon his little damp nose, mingled with many reproaches.

"Oh, my lovely cage!" groaned Mrs. Clyde; I will have to send it to town to be repaired. Ah, you beast!" to the dog.

The beast frisked playfully up to be caressed.

The housekeeper was dispatched to hunt up another cage, in which to deposit the birds when caught; and mother and daughter were alone.

Mrs. Clyde had two hobbies—one was match-making for Celeste, and the other a mania for collecting curiosities. Celeste was very patient with "the rubbish," as she called the latter, but rebelled in spirit against the first.

"You never know what you will come across in Aunt Agnes's curiosity shop," Paul said once, after a visit to her room by special permission. "It keeps one continually guessing riddles."

On her toilet was a Chinaman's head; you touched the queue—it opened and revealed an ink-bottle. By its side a little rack held a cane and umbrella, which were respectively a pen-wiper and pen. A jolly farmer in bronze on the mantel told the hour; a little coffee-mill on the table held a yard measure; a pearl beehive, cough lozenges; and a crocodile contained a pair of scissors. Uncouth teapots, and saucers of the Tang dynasty, figured upon her sideboard, with a marvelously ugly tureen of Palissy ware, which was her chief pride and glory.

Seated in a wavering, quavering spring chair, she addressed Celeste:

"Now, child, tell me all about your affairs. How are you getting on with Paul? Were you tenderly deferential in your manner to him, and did you leave off that bold stare, as I bade you? And, oh, Celeste! did you sing as I desired you for him—gently raising your eyes at the sentimental places? Tell me, child, did you? Paul adores music—at least, his father did."

"Oh, yes, mamma, I sang for him!"

"My dear Celeste, I am so glad to see you have gotten over that fancy of yours for the unfeeling wretch Lorimer. Now, Paul is an admirable catch. He will have at least fifty thousand, in addition to his present property, and he is quite a charming young man, I hear."

"Quite so," smiled Celeste.

"As I thought Jane might take a fancy to him, I told her that you two had been engaged a long time."

"Oh, mamma! engaged?"

"Why, to be sure you are, after a fashion. It was settled before you were born that the estates must be united, and so—but, dear me, Celeste! why will you wear that yellow dress?"

"Why, mamma, Paul likes an orange; I heard him say so, and I am sure he ate two at dinner."

"Exceedingly unbecoming, Celeste; and do put on some curls—you are absolutely a scarecrow! Change your dress at once, and send Jane to me; she can manage the birds, I know."

"Yes, mamma."

And Celeste retired, not to call Jane, for she had not yet returned, but to confuse poor Mrs. Jones with questions, and nearly distract her about the birds and cages.

"Here's a note for Miss Clyde," said a small boy at the door; and Celeste read first a perfumed pink note, which was inclosed in another.

"Come, darling, I implore you," it ran. "I am pining to see you, and am devoured by the green-eyed monster.

"Your fondly devoted

"HERBERT."

The other was from Kate Colchester, inviting the party from Mrs. Clyde's to join them on the lake, to skate by moonlight and that of torches.

After ringing up the flurried Mrs. Jones with an Egyptian pyramid cage, Mrs. Clyde was forced to leave her beloved grotto, as she liked to call it; for that powerful dame had put her foot down.

"Very well, mum," Mrs. Jones had said, "I'll be careful of the *curosities*, but untwell you leaves this room I don't stir to wile no birds into no piramounds nor nothink else."

CHAPTER III.

WHILE Jane Glenn, with dancing, happy eyes and glowing cheeks, went up to her little room, after her walk, Paul Clyde lit a cigar and smoked furiously.

"Why, what a fellow I am!" he mused. "I certainly came here intending to woo and win my cousin Celeste, for Aunt Agnes had about half given her to me already; and what business have I with the little black-eyed witch who is stealing the very heart out of me?

"Celeste is mild and amiable enough—exactly like what I have always said my wife should be; but when I look in her wide-open blue eyes, I don't tingle all over as I do when I happen to touch—by accident, of course—the black-eyed's white hand; and when the little creature flushes up and looks so scared—why, I just do it again.

"Celeste is certainly a fine woman, though I can't call her clever; and then there is too much of her. She does not suit my style exactly.

"If my little Snowdrop, Jany, were only dressed in real 'good clothes,' what a beauty she would be! Such a sweet voice the child has, too, to be sure!"

When at sunset the girls came down to take their seats in the sleigh which was to carry them to the lake, Paul thought again of the difference made by "good clothes." Celeste was dressed in a superb skating-costume.

She wore a jaunty blue jacket trimmed with white fur, and a short, crimson skirt, which just showed the scallops of her elegant skating-boots.

Her hair hung in golden clusters, and a white ostrich-feather drooped over her shoulder.

Her appearance had a sensible effect on Paul, for men, even the best of them, are sadly susceptible to fine feathers, and as Celeste had heretofore invariably "done herself up" in yellow, he had no idea how well she could look.

A woman well-dressed, and conscious of it, has an immense advantage over one less fortunate, who, at least, aims to make "old things look as well as new," and no wonder poor Jane, in her simple black suit, felt crushed and annihilated. Smothering a jealous sigh, she leaned back in the corner, and noted Paul's deep admiration of his cousin, while her black eyes gleamed, and her heart throbbed wildly under the black scarf.

"Celeste," cried Paul, as he carefully tucked the buffalo-robes around her, "you are more dazzling than the snow."

Celeste's bright eyes danced but instead of the gay rejoinder that quivered on her tongue, she, with Spartan fortitude, simpered sweetly, and remarking that "the ear-ache was a dreadful thing," covered up her fair face with a thick vail.

"You see, Jane," she said, "I am determined to guard against it."

"What a heroine I am," she thought, "to sacrifice myself in this manner for Herbert's peace of mind! I almost repent! A couple of my 'fascinating smiles,' as mamma calls them, would extinguish poor Jane at once, I am certain."

Robert was excessively amused at the idea Celeste had taken up as to ear-ache—as she had not suffered with it since she was a baby—and make jokes about it, while, under cover of her green vail, Celeste laughed till the tears came into her eyes.

When they reached the lake, the Colchester party were not in sight, and there Jane had the decided advantage over Celeste.

She flew over the ice like a bird, almost without an effort, erect and glowing with the keen enjoyment, her skates ringing clear over the humming ice as she circled and seemed to float along with the true "poetry of motion."

When she swept back to the landing where the fair Celeste was being accoutred, there were roses on her cheeks, and happy smiles around her lips, which made Paul forget for a moment, as he looked at her, that Celeste was waiting for him to finish buckling on her skates.

When the fair Celeste was finally hoisted by Paul and Robert upon her feet, she felt and looked exceedingly uncomfortable indeed. She was no "skatist," certainly, and, besides, her heart was not in the sport, and she kept looking out for the Colchesters, and wondering why they were so late.

At last she begged Paul to leave her to rest with Robert, as together they skated her along so fast that it made her head swim.

Following his inclination, which led him to Jane's side, Paul was soon whizzing along, almost out of sight, in pursuit of the black-eyed.

"I say, sister," said the good-natured Robert, "couldn't you 'toddle up' a bit—just a little faster, you know, to keep a fellow awake?"

"I'll tell you what, Bob," said his sister; "you just pull me back to the sleigh, and take these things off my feet, and I'll make myself comfortable among the buffalo-robes, and then you may 'toddle' around as much as you please."

A peal of merry bells came ringing along the road, and the Colchesters were in a few moments giving Celeste an animated account of how "their sleigh had turned over and they were all nearly killed, but how nobody was hurt in the least."

The dozen new-comers made the affair rather more jolly, Robert thought; and when Captain Lorimer took Celeste off his hands, he made quite a "lion" of himself among the girls with his "spread eagles," and cut the alphabet in every direction, from "A to Amperse-and."

Two great lightwood fires were blazing in a few moments on the banks, and the silvery laugh of the girls, chiming in with the musical ring of the skates, made quite a scene of it. A little off from the rest, Captain Lorimer and Celeste were having a little "serious conversation."

"Oh, no, Herbert!" Celeste was saying, "that will not do at all! Eloping is a very fine thing in novels, no doubt, but that sort of thing has about 'played out.' Ugh! just think of it! All of your best clothes rammed and crammed in one trunk, and no wedding-vail, and nobody to look at you worth speaking of! I couldn't think of such a thing! at least until we had tried every means of reconciling mamma."

"Darling!" murmured the captain, "you are so very sensible! Idolized as you are now, what must— The dickens! we'll both get crippled if we don't take off these infernal things!"

He added the last with a kind of gasp, as his skates encountered a twig and struck out sideways of their own accord in different directions.

Very thankful for the strength of his tailor's stitching, the valiant "*militaire*" said very little more on any subject until he had hung his and Celeste's skates in safety on a limb, and as it was rather cool standing on the ice, like sensible people they took themselves off to the buffalo-robes as soon as they could do so unperceived.

At the other end of the lake were Jane and Paul, hand in hand, skimming over the ice, which gleamed like silver in the moonlight.

"Stop! stop, Mr. Clyde!" cried Jane; "a strap is loose!"

He could fix it, he said, and knelt down. He took the little foot in his hand—such a pretty little foot it was, with high-arched instep, and the kid boot buttoned so neatly over it! Paul seemed to forget the strap.

"I can buckle it myself," said Jane, as she drew off her gloves.

"All right!" cried Paul.

"Give me your hand again!"

"Ah, no! don't put on the gloves;" and he caught the little white fluttering hands and kissed them passionately. "Come to me, darling. How I love you!" and he opened his arms to fold her in them.

But Jane, with a sickening thought of his engagement to Celeste, broke away and sped on, on, she cared not whither—for even if Paul did love her, he was not free! Ah, it was bitter to be so near happiness. On, on she sped! Suddenly she heard a crash behind her—a groan!

Turning, she saw in the shadow near the bank a man's arms thrown up. She could see no more! She knew it was Paul who had broken through the thin ice over which her light form had passed in safety.

With senses reeling and heart on fire, she was on the spot in a moment.

A beech tree had thrust over the lake a long arm; under it was a dark spot, whence came gurgling, strangling sounds.

With every nerve strained, she jumped to reach the limb above her. Her treacherous skates slipped, leaving her a quivering, aching mass. Again she flew at the limb with the spring of a wildcat. This time she caught firm hold, and, twisting herself over the hole, cried out:

"Oh, Paul, my darling! catch my hand!—my dress!—the limb!—oh, come!"

She could not see yet, but she felt the limb bend down, as Paul, by its aid drew himself out of the water.

Shaking off the water, which had only been waist-deep, like a Newfoundland dog, Paul drew the trembling girl to his breast.

"Rest here," he said, "little one; this is your home!"

And would you believe it, reader? Jane forgot all about Celeste and the proprieties, and everything except that she was perfectly happy at last.

Yes, she leaned her head on his breast and promised to marry him; and when the moon was nearly down, they skated hand in hand back to the landing; there they found Robert, with quite a gay party, enjoying themselves extensively.

When at last the great bonfires went out, and the moon dropped down behind the dark fir-wood, they started for home. Celeste and Captain Lorimer, however, they found

already seated in one of the sleighs, and looking very happy indeed.

A few days after the skating party, a handsome box came for Mrs. Clyde, containing a set of real, *genuine*, cracked china, thin as an eggshell, and old as the petrified Giant of Cardiff, together with three bonâ-fidê Indian idols.

There was no clue whatever to the donor of this princely gift, for a week, which almost threw Mrs. Clyde into a fever of curiosity, but at the end of that period Celeste accidentally discovered a small card, bearing: "Compliments of Captain H. Lorimer."

It is almost needless to say that the captain's grievous offence was forgiven; and as it was no secret that Paul and Jane were engaged, Mrs. Clyde made a virtue of necessity, and occupied herself for nearly a month planning the wedding festivities that were to celebrate the double marriage between Celeste and the captain, and Jane Glenn and Paul Clyde.

The wedding came off in church, and Mrs. Jones's "dictum" was "that two handsomer brides, nor handsomer-dressed, couldn't have been got up nowheres."

A HUANACO HUNT IN THE CHILIAN ANDES.

THE high mountain plateaus of Peru and Chili have birds, fish and animals resembling those of similar altitudes of the Old World. Among the animals that feed on the scanty tola and stiff ichu grass, which grow in scattered patches on the upland plains or punas, the various members of the llama family make up almost the entire list. The alpaca and llama are domesticated, and seldom seen in a wild state; but the huanaco and vicuna still roam untamed, and almost untamable, in the highest and most inaccessible regions, where flocks of the two animals roaming over the same grounds keep apart as distinct families. The Incas used to hunt and catch the vicuna, but it was only to shear it—then let it go. The Spaniards and their descendants are less provident; many vicunas are annually killed for their valuable fleece, thus steadily destroying the race. The huanacos are hunted with as little judgment.

When crossing South America from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, I confess that I was led away from better feelings to join in a huanaco hunt, the temptation to enjoy a little mountain sport being too much for my power of resistance.

The party of hunters were in their national costume, which I adopted. Some had minie rifles, and each carried the inseparable lazo and bolas—arms much more effective in the hands of a genuine "gaucho."

The lazo is a line of plaited hide, generally about six fathoms long, and having at one end an iron ring, through which the other end is passed, thereby forming a noose large or small at pleasure. On the other end is a sort of open noose with a button, which can be made fast to the *montura*, or saddle, when about to fling it. It requires long practice to be able to attain that dexterity for which the gauchos are celebrated with the lazo; and I would not recommend a novice to try the experiment while on horseback, having myself received a pretty severe lesson the first time I attempted it. The horse naturally supposes that you are quite *corriente* in the affair, and takes the necessary steps to secure you the prey; but you, if unaware of his intention, are generally left sprawling on the ground, or perhaps entangled in the lazo, which is much more dangerous.

The bolas are a different weapon; they are of several classes, the large light ones for catching domestic animals, and various smaller ones for different game. The class generally used for huanacos is the largest of all the small class, and, if well directed by a skillful hand, is a most deadly weapon. The form of the "bolas," when extended, is precisely similar to the arms, or insignia, of the Isle of Man, namely, the three legs radiating from a common centre; at the extremities are round or egg-shaped stones, sewn in hide and plaited in firmly to each of the thongs. To use this weapon, you lay firm hold of one of the balls and wind it round your head, increasing the velocity every turn; by this means the two balls become extended, and when sufficient force and velocity is attained to give an impetus necessary to reach a distance of from forty to fifty yards, and sometimes up to sixty, you let go the bolas; of course, taking aim as best you can. When the bolas strike the object or animal, whether it be about the legs or head, they become so entangled from the rotary motion and velocity, as to bring down the game and leave it completely at your mercy.

The hunting-knife is all that is necessary in addition to your horse to complete the *tout ensemble* of the South American hunter. No ammunition or firearms being required, it is certainly about the most inexpensive, yet effective, equipment I know.

Our route towards the Cordillera from San Juan led us through a rather picturesque part of the country, thickly covered with underwood, but almost entirely devoid of pasture, the ground being covered with small angular stones, and no beaten track visible.

Suddenly, away towards the mountains on the left, we heard the long sounding halloo-o-o of the gaucho, which resembles the braying of the mule, and is really intended to mislead any animal which may be within hearing; this is the usual signal to convey information to their comrades of the presence of game in their vicinity, and a warning to look out and be prepared with lazo and bolas for whatever animal may turn up. The herdsman (a perfect gaucho) immediately sprang up, and replied in a similar style, and mounting his horse which stood by, shouted to us to follow him if we wished to see sport. I slung my rifle across my shoulder, and, jumping into the nearest saddle, gave the word to the men to mount and be off.

Away we rode after the herdsman, not well knowing why or wherefore, but conjecturing at least that something in the shape of game had been sprung. We were not long left in doubt, for on gaining a slight eminence, and rising in the stirrups, I distinguished a long way off—at least 1,000 yards distant—the long slender necks of some thirty to forty huanacos, standing perfectly still, and, as is their usual custom, listening and sniffing the air, to try and discover their natural enemy—man; who, together with the canine species, are about the only objects they regard with alarm. You may distinguish a single huanaco at a very great distance indeed; for their peculiar color, especially when among green shrubs or brushwood, renders them most distinctly visible. Another circumstance also tends to make them very conspicuous; it is their habit of being continually on the watch, and always seeking the most elevated part of the plain or mountain, from whence they command a view of the surrounding district; they are, therefore, usually prepared for a "bolt" in the most favorable direction, and they select with extraordinary foresight the passes through which it is most difficult for man to follow them.

Knowing their peculiar habits, we determined, having the means at our disposal, to surround them; forming a wide circle of men and gradually closing in towards the centre, when we could at least knock over half a dozen. We made signals, therefore, to the gauchos, of our intended movements, and ordered the men to deploy off to the right and

left, and form the circle. The gauchos were delighted at this movement, and evidently calculated on having a grand match of lazoing and boliando, for they prepared all their traps; each man carrying two or three sets of bolas and a lazo.

The huanacos seemed rather puzzled at our extraordinary movements, probably never having seen so many men together before, and some of them showed signs of bolting; but the men kept closing in beautifully, and dodged them whenever they appeared to gain ground in escaping. Little by little the circle became smaller, and *poco à poco* our game became more alarmed; rushing headlong altogether for a short distance, now in one direction and now in another, until eventually they saw themselves completely surrounded and enclosed within a space of about 200 yards in diameter. My finger was itching to press the trigger, and let drive in amongst them, but prudence whispered "not yet." Still closer and closer, and still more frightened and excited, they began emitting that peculiar sound approaching the neigh of a foal, and spitting about violently, as they do when enraged.

At last they made a final effort and a determined charge all in one direction, the opposite to where I was. I could refrain no longer, so let drive at a distance of about 130 yards; one tumbled over, for it was impossible to miss such a pack. Almost instantaneously, whiz! whiz! went the bolas and lazos of the two gauchos who were on the side where they bolted; and I must say it was really fine to see with what precision these fellows drew their weapons, as deadly in their final results as my Enfield bullet. They singled out those animals most isolated from the flock, some of which must have been at least sixty yards distant from the thrower, and no missile could have been more beautifully directed; the tall powerful forms of the gauchos standing upon their toes in the stirrups, and swinging the bolas around their heads with tremendous force and velocity, then letting them fly at the precise moment, was a striking sight. In a few seconds the huanacos might be seen stumbling and struggling to free their legs from the closely and firmly entwined thongs; but their efforts were useless, for the more they struggled the more tightly they became bound and entangled, until eventually they were borne down to the earth fatigued and panting. There they lay completely at the mercy of the gauchos; who with one peculiar gash of their never-failing "macheta," or hunting-knife, gave the *coup de grace*, and the game was bagged.

Out of the flock we managed to get five—magnificent fellows, almost as large as stags.

Maggie Lynn.

By "May," of Sparrowbush.

ALMOST involuntarily the exclamation came from the half-parted lips of a child, who was seated upon the doorstep of a large, comfortable farmhouse, and gazing dreamingly far up into the sky, through which the stars were gliding silently and slowly, of:

"I wonder where they are going?"

Maggie Lynn was an orphan. When but three years had passed over the little head, her mother—gentle, loving, but always frail and delicate—had drooped, and although Love wove silken chains around her, and strove to draw her back from the dark river, still Death was the strongest, and soon the damp sod grew over her grave, and Charles Lynn had only his motherless child. Too young to appreciate her loss, and ever shielded from harm by a kind father, time flowed on, bringing happiness to Maggie until her eighth year; then, injured by a runaway horse, Charles Lynn had only time to bless his almost idolized child, when he, too, passed from earth's portals, leaving her without a protector. Alone! alone! no one to care for her, no one to guide her through life's journey. True, her father had a brother, but he was far off somewhere in the West Indies, and for many years they had received no tidings of him.

Four years had passed since her father died, bringing to nearly every one beside both lights and shades, but to her they had seemed but a period of cheerless gloom. For the last twelve months she had been an inmate of the farmhouse we have spoken of; weary and toilsome was her life there; all day long must the tired feet plod on, scarcely pausing for one moment's rest; all day must the little brown hands, hardened by labor, keep at their almost endless task, and just as soon as the work was done, she must take care of "Master Johnny," a great, squealing baby, big enough (if it depended upon size) to take care of himself. Now, for a wonder, he had been hushed to a few moments slumber, and she had stolen out and seated herself upon the old stone doorstep, to watch the stars as they pursued their nightly walk with their queen, the moon.

The dark waving tresses were thrown back from the white brow, and the dark eyes were gazing far up into the heavens, as if striving to pierce the misty vail and see what lies beyond. But what chiefly arrested her attention was two stars, side by side, which seemed to look down more kindly than the others. Every night, when lying in her little low bed beneath the attic window, she looked for those two stars—her stars, as she called them, and loved to imagine that they were the spirits of her parents, still caring for their child. Perhaps it was that which filled her heart that night, for her eyes slowly filled with tears, and she stretched her arm upward murmuring: "Oh, papa, come and take me, I cannot stay here."

"Maggie, Maggie," called a harsh voice from the house, "come right in here and take Johnny, and don't be idling away your time there."

Slowly she rose and passed in, while she thought sadly, "Must I always stay here?"—a voice in her heart said "No."

* * * * * * *

Five years had rolled slowly away; day by day, hour by hour, they had passed to return no more. To all they had brought changes, but to none more than to Maggie Lynn. During that time her uncle had returned from the Indies, a bachelor, and very wealthy, and having succeeded in finding his niece, of course made her his heiress, and Maggie Lynn, at the age of seventeen, wealthy and accomplished—although very far from beautiful—was flattered and admired by all.

"Ain't you afraid they will spoil you yet?" asked her uncle one night after a grand party (at which Maggie had, as usual, reigned queen) had dispersed, and they were alone.

"No, sir," she firmly responded; "I have seen too much of the dark side of the picture to be dazzled by its bright side now. When a poor little orphan, without home or friends, those who crowd around me now would have turned coldly away, had I but asked for a home, for which I knew I had to labor."

"But you should not cherish such thoughts now, pet, I am sure they seem very attentive."

"Oh, yes, very! but it is because they know how pleasant these beautiful gardens are, because they think some day I shall be mistress of these elegant surroundings, and because I have a good, kind uncle," she exclaimed, throwing her arms around his neck, "who is wealthy enough to buy and sell them all."

"Tut! tut! child; there, don't choke me; now kiss me, good-night, then go and take the rest you need so much. But stay one moment," he added, as she was about leaving the room; "who was that young fellow who came with Lilly Morton?"

"It was her cousin, I believe," she answered, "he has just returned from Europe."

And so they separated; she to go to her room and dream all night about the handsome stranger.

Days sped swiftly past, each one bringing Clarence Morton to "Willow Glade," and each day finding Maggie Lynn looking for him, with an eagerness which told only too well what was lurking in her heart, and yet she knew it not. Ah! Maggie, it would have been better for thee to have searched that heart well, and crushed there every bud of affection that was slowly opening its petals, to meet only the chilling blast. But why repeat it, it was the same "old, old story," so many times told, that one grows weary of hearing it.

For a while, life was but a blissful dream to her; the beautiful Spring and Summer passed, Autumn scattered his fruits with a bountiful hand, and then he, too, vanished from the stage of life, and Winter took his place.

It was a dark, chilly day in December, and Maggie Lynn sat by the window engaged upon a delicate piece of embroidery. Very plain was she, her hair and eyes being her only claim to beauty; the former, dark, long and wavy; the latter, large, and as soft and dreamy as if they had been stolen from the Summer sky and colored brown. All day the silent white snowflakes had been falling silently, covering the garden-walks where they had so often wandered together, and throwing a white mantle over everything, as if striving to do all they could to erase from her mind the remembrance of the many happy hours they had spent there; and all day there had been "a shadow on her heart," which she "could not fling aside;" vainly she had tried to put back the dark mist, but still there was a presentiment of coming evil. She was probably looking for Clarence, for very often the eyes were lifted from the embroidery, and gazed eagerly down the road, and when they returned to their employment there was a slight look of sadness in their depths.

After a while she threw her work aside and rested her cheek upon her hand, while her eyes sought the direction from which he would come, if he came at all; as she did so, a diamond ring on the second finger—a tiny circlet placed there by *him*—flashed a gleam of light full into her face, and she pressed it to her lips. For nearly an hour she sat there, and then murmuring, "he may not come at all to-day," she was about rising when she caught sight of some one coming up the road on horseback; eagerly she watched him until he came nearer, and then with a sigh of disappointment she saw it was not Clarence Morton; but the horseman, whoever he was, came on, and she saw him give something to her uncle whom he met, and then he turned and rode back. In a few moments her uncle came in and said, as he tossed a letter in her lap:

"There, take that puss, but hurry and read it, for I want to talk to you. Well, I declare," he exclaimed, as Maggie, who had recognized the writing, hastily fled from the apartment, "girls are strange creatures, any way; now she might have read that here as well as any other place."

But Maggie had reached her own room, and hastily breaking the seal, and while the warm life-blood which had tinged her cheek and brow with a pretty flush, swept back to her heart and congealed there, leaving her pale and cold as marble, she read as follows:

"MAGGIE—Dear Maggie, I had almost written, but my pen must never trace those words again, or my lips utter them. I write to bid you farewell. Oh, Maggie! curse me if you will, but I *must* tell you all; must tell you that all these happy months when I have been winning your pure heart, I have been engaged to another—one whom I do not, and cannot, love; but it was my father's dying request that I should marry my cousin, a heartless, blue-eyed, sunny-haired doll. Keep the ring, Maggie, keep it as a friendship pledge, for it can be nothing more, and oh! by the memory of our past joys, forgive me, for I can never forgive myself."

She did not need to read that letter twice, for every word was burned upon her heart as if with a living coal, but the dove-light went out of those beautiful eyes, and a cold, stony expression came instead, the bloodless lips parted slightly as she exclaimed mockingly: "Aye! 'keep the ring, Maggie, keep it as a friendship pledge,' and 'forgive me, for I cannot forgive myself'—forgive him, never! I would crush his heart even as I crush that ring," and as she tore it from her finger she shuddered as if it had been a serpent's coil, and in an instant it lay glittering and crushed beneath her foot. Then, in that hard, bitter hour of anguish, all the love which she had cherished in her heart for Clarence Morton was ruthlessly torn away, and in its place the demons of hate and revenge took up their abode.

* * * * * * *

Six months passed away, and on a dark stormy night in June, a large, almost princely mansion, situated in the most fashionable part of a large city, was brilliantly lighted up, and notwithstanding the tempest, which was sweeping fiercely over the earth, many carriages stopped before the marble steps, and many guests were ushered into the large, elegantly furnished drawing-rooms. As the moments pass, others arrive, until the rooms were filled almost to overflowing. Outside the storm still raged, but within all was mirth and gaiety; and why all this gathering of "fair women and brave men"? Ah! the beautiful heiress, Ida Mellville, was that night to join her fate with that of her cousin, the wealthy, handsome, Clarence Morton; and so on every lip gay words lingered, and on every beautiful face bright smiles dwelt, and all were happy. All! did we say all? Who was that who had come, none knew when, and none knew whither; she who was standing half buried in the shadow, with the queenly air, and pale white brow, from which the long raven tresses rippled back until they were twisted in a heavy coronet at the back of the stately head; a heavy black robe—entirely destitute of ornament, excepting the glittering diamond which fastened the sable collar at the round white throat—fell to the rich carpet, but diamonds gleamed amid the midnight tresses, and heavy golden bands encircled the small fingers?

"Who is she?" was passed from lip to lip, and no one knew; but you, reader, and I, have met her before, and we recognize in the tall, queenly lady the gentle Maggie Lynn of other days. Silently, but none the less surely, she had tracked him since that fatal day, and though he had never met her since, she had often seen him, and when she had heard of the marriage, unasked, unbidden she had come.

There was a lull of the busy voices, and, as the bridal party entered, the splash of the falling raindrops and the low mutterings of thunder were heard. Silently they took their places, and very beautiful looked the bride in her robe of snowy satin, as the golden ringlets fell around the fair white shoulders, and a slight flush crept up to the fair cheek. Clarence Morton, too, was handsome, but his brow was slightly pale, and in the dark brown eye there lurked a strange light, a something almost resembling sadness. The deep-toned voice of the minister broke the strange silence, and, at the same time, Maggie Lynn stepped from the window where she had been standing, and just as the light fell

upon her cold white face, Clarence raised his eyes. Every one's gaze was directed to the bridal party, and no one saw the dark-robed stranger save he—the man who had so wronged her. As their eyes met he started; slowly and silently the white arm was raised, and for one moment the snowy fingers pointed upward, while the blood forsook his cheek and lip, and he seemed as if turned to stone; but he was recalled to himself by the wondering looks of the gay throng, and firmly, but in a low tone, he pronounced the responses, and the "man of God," standing before them there, and little thinking what was passing in his heart, called them "husband and wife," while the merry party pressed up to congratulate them, and no one knew or dreamed that this night, which should have been the happiest of his life, was the deepest and darkest of misery he had ever known.

A HUANACO HUNT IN THE CHILIAN ANDES.—SEE PAGE 53.

As the evening wore on, the merry laughter and the patter of tiny feet kept time with the almost fairy music, but the stranger who had excited so much curiosity was nowhere to be seen; as silently as she had come she had gone; and, although Clarence Morton felt relieved at her absence, yet, as he listened to the wail of the tempest which had nearly spent its fury, he knew that storm in his heart would never cease.

Days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, and very many were the gay parties which were given in honor of the young "husband and wife," and as the latter never seemed so happy as when surrounded by a crowd of admirers, very often they appeared in public. But although Clarence Morton's laugh rang out clear and musical as ever, and his eye sometimes rested proudly, almost fondly, on his beautiful bride, yet he was not happy.

On the night when he had wedded this "blue-eyed, sunny-haired doll," and Maggie Lynn's eye met his, there was something in its glance of a deep, threatening, revengeful hatred, mingled with a sad reproach, and although he had tried to drive it away, yet now with him, as it had once been with her, there was a presentiment of evil, and the stronger this became the more he mingled in society.

It was a beautiful evening in the early part of December, just six months after their bridal, when Clarence Morton stood in his elegant drawing-room waiting for Ida. They were going to a grand party, and she had not yet come from her dressing-room. He walked to the window and stood looking out upon the busy street, so engrossed in his own thoughts that he did not hear her enter the room, until a hand was laid on his arm and a merry voice said:

"How do I look, Clarence? Mercy, what a long face! do try to get on a smile before you go, or you will frighten everybody out of their senses."

"Are you ready, Ida?" he asked, turning partly around, and then as his eye fell upon the fairy-like form near him he smiled. "How do you look? beautiful, as you always do," he added, as he passed his arm around the slender waist and kissed the lips which only answered impatiently:

"Pshaw! nonsense! but do hurry; how slow we are! we shan't get there to-night."

But they did get there "to-night," and as they entered the brilliantly lighted drawing-room, a buzz of admiration

MAGGIE LYNN.—"I WONDER WHERE THEY ARE GOING."

greeted them, which brought the smiles and blushes to the cheek of the young wife. Not so with Clarence; as he entered that room he seemed to feel a mighty presence, as of some one who was to control his future destiny; and, strong man as he was, he felt a shudder running through his frame, and in a few moments, leaving Ida with a friend, he passed from the apartment into the conservatory, and opening one of the doors he allowed the night breeze to fan his burning, throbbing brow; at last, when he became calmer, he joined the company again, and as he entered that room he saw his wife glide away in the dance upon the arm of a stranger; there was nothing remarkable in this man, and yet he could scarcely remove his eyes from his face. Slender and graceful almost as a woman, there was a strange fascination in his manner. The thick black hair made the pale face look still whiter, and the large dark eyes wandered restlessly over the company, pausing here and there for a moment, and then again wandering on until they met the eyes of Clarence fixed upon him with a strange half-inquiring expression; then for a moment the white lids dropped and a half-demoniac fire kindled in their depths; but it quickly died out, and when a little while after Ida led him up to Clarence, saying:

"Mr. Elliot, my husband, Mr. Morton," there was a formal greeting, and then he turned away with Ida, who looked back laughingly at her husband.

All the evening she chatted gaily with him, regardless of the many glances of reproof and envy which were constantly leveled at her, for she was only a petted, spoiled child, and cared nothing for all this; indeed the more she noticed it, the more she tried to chain him to her side, and never had she so striven to please her husband as she did to please that stranger. It was over at last, and as they rode home, Clarence said, gloomily: "Who is that Elliot, do you know?"

"No," she answered, "Mrs. Percy introduced him, and I know nothing more about him."

"But, Ida," he continued, "do you not think you were rather too familiar with him?"

"No," she answered, shortly."

"But I heard several remarks made about it."

"Well, what if you did? those who made the remarks would have done just as I did, if they could. But you are so cross, I can never do anything to please you." The voice was anything but pleasant, and she turned from him with an air which said plainly, "I don't wish you to say anything more about it."

Clarence Morton sighed, but said nothing, knowing that words would only make the matter worse; but as the carriage stopped before their elegant home, and he assisted her to alight, there was a sad gravity in his manner which she could not but see, and her good-night was perhaps a little less cold than it would have been but for that.

Days passed on, and very often the evenings found Lynn Elliot in Ida Morton's parlor, lingering at her side, or twining rosebuds amid the golden ringlets, and yet Clarence said nothing. But one afternoon, when returning from his place of business earlier than usual, he found her absent, and, summoning a servant, received to his question of where she was, the answer, that she was out riding with Mr. Elliot, he determined to tell her that she must stop this foolish flirtation or —his cheek flushed and his eye flashed, but he did not complete the sentence, for just then she came in looking so pretty, and child-like, that he could not say the words he intended to; but when the next, and still the next day, he found it the same, he could keep silence no longer, and as they were sitting together that evening, he said abruptly, "Where were you to-day, Ida?"

She started, and said, while her brow flushed, "Nowhere!"

"But you have, Ida; when I came home you were gone; I had occasion to go out again, and when I returned you were home."

"Oh! perhaps I was riding."

"With whom?"

"With—my own precious self."

"And no one else?"

"No."

"Why, Ida! this is too much; you know you were with

MAGGIE LYNN.—"SHE WAS ABOUT RISING, WHEN SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF SOME ONE COMING UP THE ROAD ON HORSEBACK."

that Elliot," he exclaimed, speaking rapidly and passionately, "and you must not go with him again."

"Must not?" the little form was drawn up to its full height, and the crimson lip curled scornfully, "must not? indeed; I *will* go with him as often as I wish, Clarence Morton."

"Very well," he replied coldly, as he left the room, "but remember, I warn you."

The next day he returned home an hour earlier than usual, to find his wife absent; she had gone out again with Elliot; it *was* too much; and as he passed from his own dwelling, he muttered hoarsely, "She will repent this."

At a late hour that night he returned home, in a fit of intoxication: Ida was frightened, for she had never before seen him in such a state; but as day by day passed on, she became accustomed to it, for in the short space of four weeks he found his business failing through neglect; and then he resorted to the gambling table, in the faint hope of retrieving his melting fortunes; but losses—nothing but heavy losses—awaited him there, and he knew that many times, while the evening was spent by him in those "dens of iniquity," Lynn Elliot lingered beside the beautiful but thoughtless Ida, saying soft nothings, to which she listened with all a maiden's smiles and blushes. But he did not dream of all, until one night he returned home near midnight, both his own and his wife's fortune spent, to find her gone, and on her dressing-table a tiny note bidding him farewell, and saying she had flown with one she loved much better, and that one was—Lynn Elliot. Calmly he stood and read it through, and then he muttered, "Aye, let her go! I would not have her come back now, loving another as she does; but—" A loud ring of the door-bell startled him, and in a moment a servant brought him a sealed envelope, and then withdrew. Mechanically he had taken it, but when his eye rested upon the writing he turned deathly pale, and staggered back against the wall; but in a few moments he recovered himself, and hastily pulling the bell-rope he summoned the servant, and said huskily, "Who brought that here?" pointing to the unread letter which still lay upon the table.

"I don't know, sir," was the answer; "his face was so muffled up that I could not tell who it was. He only said 'give that to your master,' and handed me the letter."

"Very well, you may go;" and as he passed out the miserable man broke the seal and read:

"CLARENCE MORTON—You will probably be surprised at receiving this from one whose very existence you wish to forget. And can you? Were you happy with your doll wife? She faithfully performed a wife's duty towards you, did she not? Ha! ha! you acted a noble part, in crushing the life and love out of a young heart, and now your own must pay the penalty. I will—I have—had my revenge! The time has come! Clarence Morton, your beautiful wife has left you. She fled from her home little knowing with whom. But I will tell you all. I was present at your wedding, and when I there saw Ida Melville, my resolve was taken. I disguised myself, and then obtained an introduction to her; ah! even you in that disguise did not recognize me—and how could you? Maggie Lynn became Lynn Elliot! At another time I should have despised it, but I was no longer a woman, I was a demon. Well, I exerted myself to win her affections from you, her husband, and I succeeded. At last I won her consent to leave you and fly with me. We were to start on our afternoon ride as usual, but we were never to return; we did go, and in five hours she was—in a lunatic asylum! placed there by myself; and there she will remain. In vain she pleaded for mercy—said she was not mad, but they were used to such scenes, and I was inexorable. With you I have been as successful; you were jealous at first, and that drove you to place the wine-cup to your lips; that was part of my plan; from that you went to the gaming table. Your fortune is spent, your health broken, and remorse and despair busy at your heartstrings. It is well! my plans were well laid, and Maggie Lynn has had her revenge."

* * * * * * *

Yes, "darken the room, step softly, and speak low, for death is hovering there. For many days Clarence Morton had been lingering on the brink of the grave. Brain fever had done its work, and made but a wreck of the once strong man; but that morning reason had tottered back to its throne to take a final leave of the world. It chanced that he was alone for a moment, faint and gasping he lay on the pillow, when suddenly he felt a breath on his cheek, and opening his eyes—those eyes which were soon to look their last on earth—he beheld a woman bending over him, with a strange light in the dark orbs, which looked unnaturally large and brilliant; and he knew only too well who it was. Bending nearer to him she almost hissed something in his ears, and then turning, fled from the apartment, out into the world again, while "the look that comes but once" settled on his face, a film gathered over his eyes, the short gasping breaths ceased, and Clarence Morton was dead. The last words he ever heard on earth were "Maggie Lynn—death—revenge."

A FRENCH CASE OF IMPOSTURE.

NEVER was there a more important *cause célèbre* than the Tichborne case. It attracted much attention in this country as well as in England and Australia, which were more immediately concerned; but that case is, however, but one of a series, not the last, we may depend upon it, in which the public mind has been divided; in some, the truth remaining to the last undiscovered—in others, the impostor being well supported in his claims, and the right man repudiated, even by those most closely interested, and possessing peculiar opportunities of judging between them. A curious parallel to the Tichborne case has been found in ancient history. A certain Sextus, heir of a noble family in Rome, had escaped from the ruin of his house, under Cornelius, by spreading a report of his own decease. The falsehood of this report was soon discovered, but no one could say what had become of Sextus. After the emperor's death, a claimant appeared for the rank and fortune of the missing nobleman. His appearance corresponded with his claim, and he replied satisfactorily to searching questions, but the decision was against him, mainly on account of his want of education. The poor man had forgotten his Greek and his philosophy, and no allowance was made for a failure of memory in the wanderings and misfortunes of ten troubled years. A case, of which a brief sketch is given below, appears even more remarkable:

Martin-Guerre, born in Biscay, in the early part of the sixteenth century, married, while quite young, in January, 1539, one Bertrande de Rolles, of the town of Artigues, in the diocese of Rieux, a girl of good character and considerable attractions. The young couple were possessed of tolerable means. Eight or nine years passed before a son was born, whom they named Sanxi.

Martin-Guerre, having committed a petty theft upon his father's property, thought it advisable to quit his home for a

time. Once at large, he extended his wanderings, and for eight years left his wife without any tidings of him. At this period, one Arnaud du Tilh, otherwise known as Pansette, presents himself, and, as he has the same features and expression as Martin-Guerre, he is received as the husband of Bertrande de Rolles by the four sisters of her husband, by his uncle, by the wife's family, and even by herself. The fellow had studied his part to perfection, and having known Martin-Guerre in his travels, he had learned from him certain secrets which were known to the wife only, confidential communications, and the dates of various occurrences connected with their married life. The impostor is perfectly familiar with a thousand little private matters, so that, one might say, he knew Martin-Guerre a great deal better than Martin himself.

Bertrande de Rolles, who is tenderly attached to her husband, and has been so long affectionately looking for him, is, at first, easily satisfied that this is the real Martin-Guerre. The impostor takes the husband's place in the home; and, in the course of three years, two children are born, one of whom survived but a few days. He enters also into the enjoyment of the property of Martin-Guerre, both at Artigues and at Biscay, and sells part of his land.

But suspicions arise: Pierre-Guerre, Martin's uncle, and a few others, open their eyes, and what they see they make Bertrande de Rolles see likewise. She puts the impostor into the hands of justice, claiming that he has falsely, shamefully, and traitorously wronged her and her husband, in taking the name of and personating Martin-Guerre.

Arnaud du Tilh, in his defence, urges that no unhappiness can equal his, when his wife and relations are wicked enough to dispute his identity merely to get possession of his property, a matter of seven or eight thousand francs; that Pierre-Guerre is prompted by an animosity engendered by covetousness; that his uncle's sons-in-law are as violent as he; that they have terrified and cajoled his wife to the wicked step. He then relates his own history, explaining the reason of his absence, and accounting for his movements since he left his home. He demands that his wife be confronted with him, persuaded that she cannot entirely stifle the truth, not being utterly blinded by the passion which has goaded his persecutors against him. He demands, in his turn, that his calumniators be condemned, according to the laws of equity, to severe penalties.

Subjected to a long and close examination, he answers satisfactorily to all the questions of his judges; he speaks of Sanxi his son, and of his departure, and, inviting the fullest investigation, he refers to persons who are able to confirm his statement in all its particulars. The judges, after careful inquiry, can find no inconsistency in his account.

It is decided that Bertrande de Rolles, and certain persons named by the accused, shall be examined; Bertrande's account of all these facts tallies exactly with that given by the accused. Confronted with the woman and all the witnesses, he renews his demand that she shall be kept apart in order that his enemies may not tamper with her weakness of character. This is allowed him. He then brings various objections to the admissibility of the witnesses against him; he obtains authority for taking evidence with respect to their prompting Bertrande de Rolles to this accusation, and for the verification of his objections to the witnesses.

Of the hundred and fifty witnesses, more or less, whose evidence was taken, thirty or forty swear positively that he is Martin-Guerre, and no other, they having lived with him from his infancy on terms of the very closest familiarity; moreover they identify him by certain marks and scars which time has not obliterated. Other witnesses, and these form the majority, assert that the accused is Arnaud du Tilh, called Pansette, they having seen and known him from his cradle. The rest of the witnesses cannot decide positively whether the accused be Martin-Guerre or Arnaud du Tilh.

By the finding of the first judge, "Arnaud du Tilh is declared duly convicted of personation, is condemned to be beheaded and quartered."

The Parliament of Toulouse, to which he appealed, orders, first, that Pierre-Guerre and Bertrande de Rolles shall be brought, in turns, face to face with Arnaud du Tilh, in presence of the whole Chamber. In both these rencontres, he maintains such a steadfast composure, such a straightforward bearing, that the judges read in his face the confirmation of his claims; while on the brows of Pierre-Guerre, and of Bertrande de Rolles, who completely lose their self-possession, they read only proofs of falsehood.

A new investigation only increases the perplexity. Of thirty witnesses now heard for the first time, nine or ten declare that it is Martin-Guerre; seven or eight declare, no less positively, that he is Arnaud du Tilh; the rest declare themselves unable to speak decidedly on either side.

In this state of affairs, when the matter is all but decided in favor of the accused, the real Martin-Guerre appears upon the stage. He presents his application to the court for a hearing, tells the impostor's real history, and proffers his evidence. The court orders him to be arrested and examined, and to be confronted with the accused, with Bertrande de Rolles, with the sisters, and with the principal witnesses who have affirmed point-blank that the accused was none other than Martin-Guerre. The questions already put to the accused are put to him. He gives the marks and tokens by which he may be recognized; but the tokens which he furnishes are neither so certain nor so numerous as those furnished by the accused. The two men are brought face to face. Arnaud du Tilh, whose forehead is effrontery itself, treats Martin-Guerre as an impostor, a scoundrel, a wretch foisted in by Pierre-Guerre. He questions him on many points of his family history, which the husband was likely to know. Martin-Guerre does not answer with the same confidence and exactness as Arnaud du Tilh. One might say that the scene which represents the impostor in possession is more like the truth than is the actual truth itself. The Commissioners, having ordered Arnaud du Tilh to withdraw, questioned Martin-Guerre on several most important matters on which neither the one nor the other had yet been examined. His replies prove to be exactly correct. Arnaud du Tilh is then examined apart. He answers the ten or twelve questions put to him with the same exactness.

The court, at last, in hopes of clearing up the matter, and removing all shadow of doubt, orders that Martin-Guerre's four sisters, his two brothers-in-law, Pierre-Guerre, the brothers of Arnaud du Tilh, and the principal witnesses who have so obstinately maintained the latter to be Martin-Guerre, shall come forward together to make their final decision between these two men.

The eldest sister arrives first. After a moment's hesitation, as she looks into Martin-Guerre's face, she recognizes him, and embraces him with tears. Martin-Guerre mingles his tears with his sister's, as he returns her embrace. The others recognize him equally, not excepting those witnesses who had been the most obstinate in affirming that Arnaud du Tilh was really Martin-Guerre.

Last of all, Bertrande de Rolles was called in. No sooner had the poor woman cast her eyes on her husband than, bursting into a flood of tears, she threw herself into his arms, entreating his pardon for allowing herself to be deceived. The impostor is unmasked.

The court, after mature deliberation, "condemns Arnaud du Tilh to make a public confession before the church of Artigues, to be led through all the streets and public

thoroughfares of the town, after which to be hanged before the house of Martin-Guerre, and his body burned.

The prisoner was taken back to Artigues, where he made a detailed confession of his imposture and of other serious crimes. At the foot of the gallows he asked the pardon of Martin-Guerre and his wife. Then filled, apparently, with a lively sorrow and a true penitence, he passed his last moments in imploring mercy of God.

The sentence was pronounced on the 12th of September, 1560, and carried into effect four days afterwards.

THE TAILOR-BIRD AND ITS NEST.

THE TAILOR-BIRD AND ITS NEST.

THE man who first invented sewing in all probability thought that he had discovered, or rather created, an art which was entirely new, and that to him alone was due the credit of perceiving the virtues of a fibre thrust through holes.

The capabilities of his invention he could not be expected to foresee, inasmuch as he would in all probability limit its powers to the decoration rather than the clothing of his own person. In the process of time he might comprehend that, by means of the needle and thread, a number of small leaves or skins might be made to serve the same purpose as a single large one, and as his instruments improved, so would his work. There are, it is true, certain nations who have been acquainted with the art of sewing from time immemorial, and never seem to have made the least progress in it. The native Australian, for example, displays wonderful ingenuity in making thread from the sinews of the kangaroo's tail, and needles from the emu's bones; but there his invention seems to have stopped, and, up to the present time, the junction of a couple of kangaroo skins, or the sewing together of a few "opossum" furs, seem to be the limits of his powers. Still, in other countries, the needle and thread have, as a rule, exhibited a regular improvement, until they have culminated in the sewing-machine of our own day and country. Had, however, some good genius enabled the original founder of the art to foresee its effect upon the world, he might well have been proud of his discovery, the earliest of human arts.

THE TRANSFIGURATION, BY RAPHAEL.

(From the Original in the Vatican.)

The respectable guild of tailors, indeed, were wont to attribute to their mystery an antiquity surpassing that of any other handicraft, and, on the strength of a certain passage in Genesis, claimed Adam as the first tailor. As to the smiths and musicians, the tailors looked down upon them as of comparatively recent origin, and considered even the mysterious order of Freemasons as modern upstarts. Had they been moderately skilled in ornithology, they might have claimed a still older origin, for the reasons that, long before man came on the earth, the needle and the thread were used for sewing two objects together.

The wonderful little bird, whose portrait is accurately given in the accompanying illustration, is popularly known by the appropriate title of TAILOR-BIRD, its scientific name being *Orthotomus longicaudus*. The manner in which it constructs its pensile nest is very singular. Choosing a convenient leaf, generally one which hangs from the end of a slender twig, it pierces a row of holes along each edge, using its beak in the same manner that a shoemaker uses his awl, the two instruments being very similar to each other in shape, though not in material. These holes are not at all regular, and in some cases there are so many of them, that the bird seems to have found some special gratification in making them, just as a boy who has a new knife makes havoc on every piece of wood which he can obtain.

When the holes are completed, the bird next procures its thread, which is a long fibre of some plant, generally much longer than is needed for the task which it performs. Having found its thread, the feathered tailor begins to pass it through the holes, drawing the sides of the leaf towards each other, so as to form a kind of hollow cone, the point downwards. Generally a single leaf is used for this purpose, but whenever the bird cannot find one that is sufficiently large, it sews two together, or even fetches another leaf and fastens it with the fibre. Within the hollow thus formed the bird next deposits a quantity of soft white down, like short cotton wool, and thus constructs a warm, light, and elegant nest, which is scarcely visible among the leafage of the tree, and which is safe from almost every foe except man.

There are several nests of the Tailor-bird in the British Museum, one composed of several leaves, and the other in which one leaf is used. It is a pity that in all instances the leaf has been plucked from the twig on which it grew; and it is to be wished that when specimens are brought to our museums the twig will be cut off, and that, if the leaf should fall off, it may be replaced on the spot whereon it grew. Beautiful as is the detached nest, it does not give nearly so vivid an idea of its object as if it were still suspended to its branch.

The Tailor-bird is a native of India, and is tolerably familiar, haunting the habitations of man, and being often seen in the gardens and compounds, feeding away in conscious security. It seems to care little about lofty situations, and mostly prefers the ground, or lower branches of the trees, and flies to and fro with a peculiar undulating flight. Many species of the same genus are known to ornithologists.

THE AMBER-CALIFORNIA.

CARLYLE, in his History of Frederick the Great, writing of the ancient inhabitants of East Prussia, enunciates this characteristic sentence, "Dryasdust knows only that these *Preussen* were a strong boned, iracund herdsmen and fisher people; highly averse to be interfered with, in their religion especially. Famous otherwise, through all the centuries, for the *amber* they had been used to fish, and sell in foreign parts."

This amber was well known to the writers of classical antiquity as a natural production of the Baltic shores. Its value was rated as high as that of gold and precious stones. The Phœnician navigated the North seas in quest of it; and tried to keep its locality a mystery. Its curious property of attracting substances by friction was not among its most trivial notabilities, and caused the adoption of a Greek name for the nomenclature of the most marvellous of modern sciences. Up to quite recent times its origin and composition have been as perplexing a *crux* to physical inquirers as the origin of the Nile has to geographical inquirers. The poets of old had their way of accounting for it, as to-day's man of science has his. The tears of Phaeton's sisters, they said, those sisters whom grief for their brother's fall had metamorphosed into trees, in their descent from the enchanted trunks had become congealed, and acquired the appearance of gold-colored transparencies. If, as some have suggested, the river Eridanus, into which the rash charioteer of the sun fell, was not the Italian Po, but a small river bearing the same Latin name, which runs its course near Dantzig, there would seem to have been some method in the fancy of this fable. Nevertheless, science, explains it thus:

At a remote epoch of creation, classified by geologists as the Tertiary Period, a mighty pine forest covered vast portions of the northern continent. A resin, so rapid in its flow as to catch forms of insect life in every moment of action, exuded from these pines, and congealed as rapidly. By some natural-historic process not yet fully cleared up, these masses of resin were detached from their parent trees, and became submerged under the great Tertiary sea, where a stratum of bluish clay formed round them. Then came the subsequent strata of diluvial and alluvial periods, and the peninsula of Samland, rising gradually from the waters, held buried under it a portion of the amber treasure, while other portions of it stretch beneath the basin of the Baltic from Memel to Pillau.

The peninsula of Samland forms the northeastern boundary of the Gulf of Dantzig, and lies between two large fresh-water lakes, which constitute in fact the most remarkable phenomena in the physical geography of Prussia. These lakes are separated from the sea each by a *Nehrung*, so-called, a very narrow, low strip of land. The largest of the lakes, the Curisches Haff (or sea), named after the ancient tribe of the Cures, who once inhabited its banks, is sixty-six miles long and from fifteen to thirty miles broad. The Frisches Haff, to the southwest of it, is nearly as long, but narrower. The Samland peninsula ends in a bold, storm-beaten promontory designated the Brusterort, on which stands a lighthouse. The inner coast of this peninsula, abutting on the Frisches Haff, is verdant and fertile, and has been called the paradise of East Prussia. At its junction with the mainland stands Königsberg, the ancient Prussian capital. The Curisches Haff joins the sea at the roadstead of Memel, the border-town of Prussia on its northeasterly limit. A mile and a half from Memel, in the Curische Nehrung, stands the little bathing-place of Schwarzort, which has long had its visitors for pleasure or for health.

Till within five-and-thirty years ago the royal dues on the production of this amphibious product were farmed out to certain monopolists who kept the seaboard in terror with the exactions of their officers.

In the year 1837, King Frederick William III. made over his rights to the needy peasantry of the district in return for a small fixed tribute. The new proprietors set diligently to work to extract the precious deposit, but they were acquainted only with the traditional methods of operation —such as hauling it in from the shore, or fishing it up from the sea-depths in boats, or digging it here and there

from its inland recesses. These operations are still carried on, though in portions of the amber regions enterprise and machinery have superseded them, as we shall presently have to recount.

On rough Autumn days, when the northeast wind blows keenly, freezing the spray as it falls, the coastmen of Samland will rush into the sea with their nets, and toss the treasure which the waves bring up to the women and children who wait on the beach to sift the tangled mass and separate the amber from the "amber-weed," by which it is invariably encompassed. But the heavier masses of amber are rarely driven in by wind and tide. They are reserved for the boatmen's operations on the calm Summer mornings, when, peering eagerly into the glassy green waters, they plunge their hooks and pitchforks into some promising mass of rock and sea-weed, which they drag by main force within the compass of their nets.

In 1862 an enterprising firm of small traders at Memel, Stantien and Becker offered to clear out the accumulations of mud which, from time to time, choked the Memel roadstead at the entrance of the Curisches Haff, and to pay a sum of twenty-five thalers per working-day into the bargain, in exchange for the possession of all the amber to be found within the sphere of their operations. Forthwith the establishments of the new company sprung up at Schwarzort —the San Francisco of the new East Prussian California. No less than twelve dredging machines were at work last year. The process by which they effect their object is this: First a channel is driven into the mud of the lake, the mud being cast aside into boxes covered with a grating, till the solid ground of the amber stratum is reached. Into this channel buckets, alternately solid and perforated, are then let down; and the solid buckets, being rapidly whirled round, produce a strong current, which brings with it the stones of the amber bed, casting them into the successive perforated buckets, from whence again they are shaken out on the gratings aforesaid. The amber is then separated from its earthly accompaniments, made up in sacks, and taken to the sorting house at Memel to be carefully sifted. The operations are carried on each year till the frost sets in—that is, for about thirty weeks—and they require no ordinary robustness of constitution in the laborers, who work in relays for eight hours at a time, day and night. The average weight of amber brought up by this process during the working season is 57,000 lbs., but the value can scarcely be computed, as it varies according to the quality of the material. The inferior amber, used for fumigation and polish, may fetch about four silver gröschen (ten cents) per pound. The better kind, available for the mouthpieces of pipes, etc., will fetch twenty-five thalers (from $15 to $20) the pound, while the beautiful straw-colored amber is absolutely priceless.

Messrs. Stantien and Becker have succeeded in reaching other hiding-places of the shining treasure. Their diving flotilla, apparently riding at anchor below the lighthouse of the Brusterort, strikes the observer's eye at a distance. On approaching nearer he will see signs of new and most daring enterprise, for at the foot of the Brusterort there is a long low reef, some 600 yards long by 400 wide, containing the most valuable kind of amber. It has been accumulating for centuries under mighty blocks of stone, and has till lately defied all efforts of man to force it from its resting-place. Even the hardy constitution of the Samlander could not withstand the severities of that peninsula when he had to work by the ordinary resources of diving and forking.

The costume of the diver is as follows: A woollen garment covers the entire body. This is again encompassed by an india-rubber dress, made in one piece, but differing in shape from the old-fashioned diving dress, and allowing the diver to lie at full length. The helmet, also, is of a novel construction. Firmly fastened to it, and resting on the shoulders, is a small air-chest, made of sheet iron. This chest is connected with the air-pump, in the boat above, by an india-rubber tubing, forty feet long, and with the diver's lungs by another india-rubber tube, the mouth-piece of which is held by the diver between his teeth, the whole apparatus being scientifically arranged so as to admit a sufficient supply of pure air from above, and means of exit for the expired breath. The helmet is provided with three openings, covered with glass, and protected by wire, for the use of the eyes and mouth. When this contrivance has been screwed on to the person of the diver, a rope tied round his waist, and half a hundred weight of lead attached to the feet, shoulders, and helmet, he is ready for his plunge. Down, fathoms deep, he descends into the amber world. He stays there, maybe for five hours at a time, hooking, dragging, tearing the amber from its bed with his heavy two-pronged fork. Often it resists his utmost efforts. However cold the weather may be, these men of iron strength will come up from their submarine labors streaming with perspiration. The overseer stands in the boat to receive the amber from their pockets. In case he should wish to ascend before the usual time, the diver has to close his mouth and breathe five or six times through his nostrils, by this means filling the apparatus with air, which will bring him to the surface without other assistance.

Amber, as we have said, is an amphibious product. Much of it is embedded in the "blue-earth" stratum of the peninsula itself. The largest mass ever found—in the days of Maltebrun, at least, for we know not what size the specimens in Messrs. Stantien and Becker's warehouses may since have measured—was found at a place near the frontier of Lithuania, and weighed eighteen pounds.

To get at the inland amber of Samland, vigorous efforts are now being made, partly by those peasant-farmers who still retain the royal dues in their hands, and partly by the amber firms of Königsberg, that of Stantien and Becker at the head. Hitherto the method chiefly employed is that of manual spade-work. Near the village of Sassan, for instance, a shaft is dug by the daily labor of thirty or forty men, while the water which presses in from the sea is laboriously kept out by water engines; and however clumsy this method may be, a sufficient supply of the desired produce is found to make it thoroughly remunerative.

CHILDREN RIDING ON A TAME BEAR AT BERNE.

Berne, in Switzerland, is pre-eminently the city of bears. Its cantonal arms are studded with bears, and tame bears are always maintained in the city limits as a kind of tutelar deity of the place; or, if this expression seems too strong, we will say keeps bears as Rome did geese, with a deep sense of obligation. At all events, the bear appears everywhere in stone, in wood, and in the flesh. Some of these last are quite tame, and children are seen playing with them, riding on them as on great good-natured Newfoundland dogs. But the bears kept in the pit in the city—three or four mangy brutes—are not so approachable, for, though constantly fed with buns and nuts by visitors, these animals are so fierce that they actually killed, some few years since, a man who incautiously fell into the pit.

When Sir Charles Sedley's comedy of "Bellamira" was performed, the roof of the theatre fell down, by which, however, few people were hurt except the author. This occasioned Sir Fleetwood Shepherd to say, "There was so much fire in his play, that it blew up the poet, house and all." "No," replied the good-natured author, "the play was so heavy, that it broke down the house, and buried the poor poet in his own rubbish."

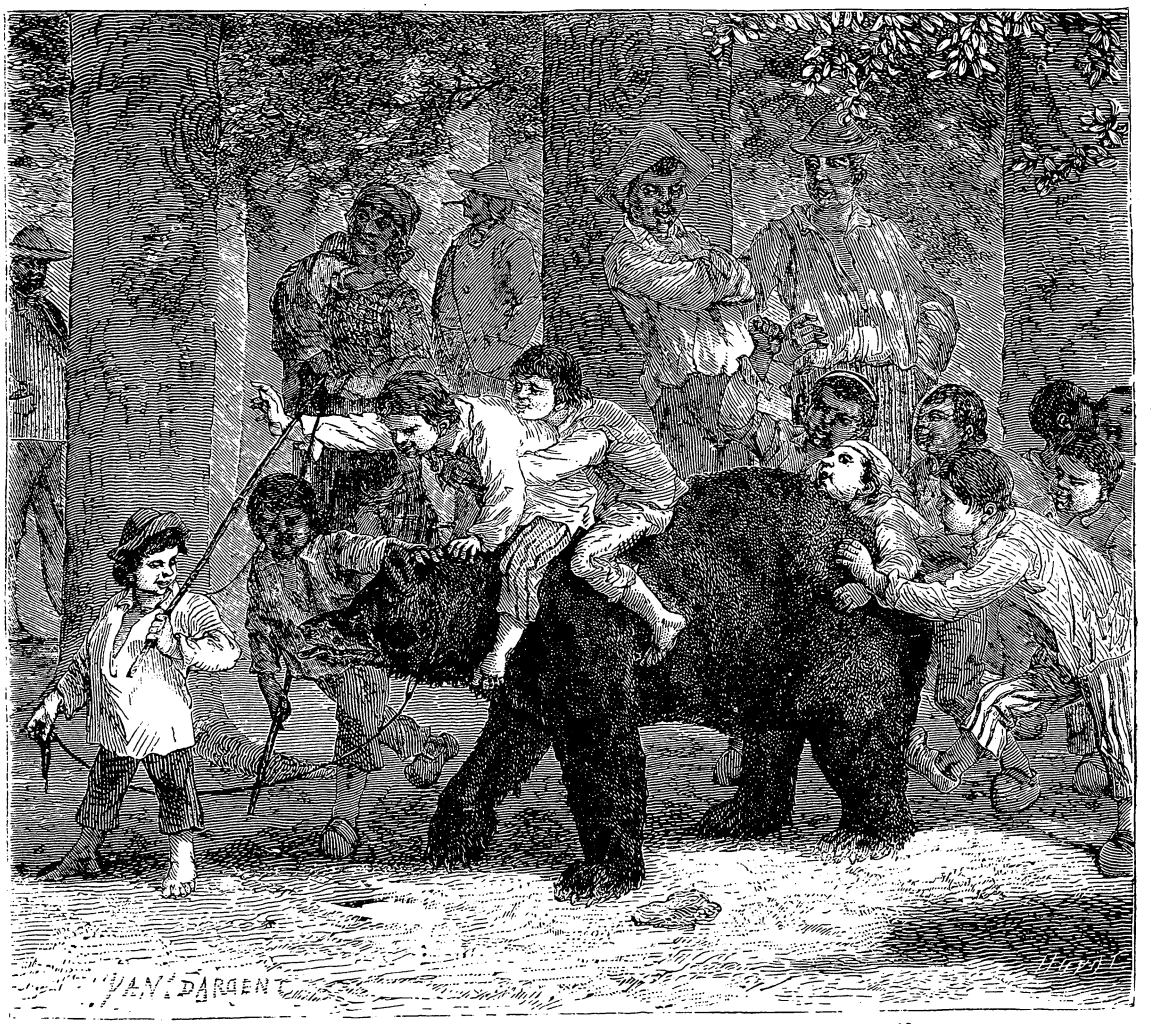
THE INVENTION OF THE STOCKING-LOOM.

We are told that Henry II. of France was the first who wore silk stockings, at his sister's wedding to the Duke of Savoy, in 1509. Howell, in his "History of the World," says that, in 1550, Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair of black silk knit stockings by her silkwoman, Mrs. Montague; and she never wore cloth ones any more. He also adds, that Henry VIII. wore ordinarily cloth hose, except there came from Spain, by great chance, a pair of silk stockings. His son, King Edward VI., was presented with a pair of long Spanish silk stockings by Sir Thomas Gresham. Hence it would seem that the invention of knit stockings originally came from Spain.

Anderson tells us, that one William Rider, an apprentice on London Bridge, seeing at the house of an Italian merchant a pair of knit stockings from Mantua, took the hint, and made a pair exactly like them, which he presented to the Earl of Pembroke, and that they were the first of that kind worn in England.

There have been various opinions with respect to the original invention of the stocking-frame; but it is now generally acknowledged that it was invented in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1589, by William Lee, M. A., of St. John's College, in Cambridge, a native of Woodbury, near Nottingham, England. We are told that this gentleman was expelled the University for marrying contrary to the statutes of the college.

Being thus summarily rejected, and ignorant of any other means of subsistence, he was reduced to the necessity of living upon what his wife could earn by knitting of stockings, which gave a spur to his invention. "Why should fingers so beautiful be thus enslaved?" Such a thought probably flashed upon the mind of the student; and out of it arose his first ideal construction of a machine, which afterwards became a reality, and the products of which now form a staple commodity in all civilized countries. Having constructed his first machine, and taught the use of it to his brother and the rest of his relations, Lee established himself at Culverton, near Nottingham, as a stocking-weaver; but, being neglected by Queen Elizabeth and her successor, James I., he transferred himself and his machines to France, where Henry IV. and his minister Sully gave him a welcome reception. After the king's decease, Lee shared in the persecution suffered by the Protestants, and is reported to have died, from grief and disappointment, at Paris. Some of his workmen escaped to England, and under one Aston, who had been Lee's apprentice, succeeded in establishing the stocking manufacture permanently in England. A sad story—like that of most benefactors of their race. It is to be hoped that, like most benefactors generally, he had in himself the means of consolation. The Framework Knitters' Company was incorporated by Charles II., 1663. In their hall is the portrait of Lee, pointing to one of the iron frames, and discoursing with a woman, who is knitting with needles and her fingers.



CHILDREN RIDING ON A TAME BEAR AT BERNE, SWITZERLAND.—SEE PAGE 63.

INVENTION OF THE STOCKING-LOOM.—SEE PAGE 64.

Flint and Steel.

By the Author of "Estelle's Error," etc.

Chapter I.

As fair a scene in every way as one would wish to see. A Summer evening full of mellow sunshine and long shadows, soft scents and sweet sounds—an English garden, with brilliant flowers, smooth-shaven turf, and shady nooks—an English girl, with slender, graceful form, and face of more than ordinary beauty. The dreamy dark eyes were watching, but not seeing, the wheeling, cawing, noisy flock of rooks that could not settle peacefully in their nests in the tall elm-trees in the park; her hands were clasped behind her shapely little head, with its wealth of waving chestnut hair, her cheeks slightly flushed, her lips compressed as if with some secret annoyance—and yet Maud Etheridge had not a real care in the world.

On her lap lay open Tennyson's "Princess," and the girl's mind was full of the poem she had just been reading. A step on the grass, a slight rustle, made her look round, and her face brightened as she saw who the new-comer was.

"Well, Maud—in dreamland as usual?" exclaimed the bright pretty little woman who seated herself by her on the garden-seat, without the neatly indispensable feminine kiss. "What a girl it is for dreaming! Unwholesome tendency, my dear, as my sage husband would tell you—sure to lead you into mischief some day."

"I know he would, the horribly matter-of-fact creature! May, how did you ever fall in love with him, and how did he ever propose? I can't fancy Mr. Percy ever saying a loving word or calling you a pet name."

"That shows how little you know," returned May Percy, with a heightened color in her fair laughing face. "Geoffrey is far too sensible a man to parade his conjugal affections before the world. Wine diluted with water becomes insipid. And now what were you dreaming of when I interrupted you? May I know?"

"Nothing very interesting," said Maud, carelessly—"only I was angry with Tennyson for writing such a regular man's book. After describing such a perfect creature as the Princess, he makes her dwindle down into the ordinary household slave, ordering dinners and sewing on buttons for the man who owns her! May, I will never marry! Fancy belonging to a man—being just a movable piece of furniture, your only duty in life to attend to his comforts, see that his linen is well aired and mended, and keep the servants in order and the house as he likes it; fancy every time the children cry or get into mischief having him turn round and say, 'Why don't you keep them in better order?' and every time the soup is greasy, or the mutton over-roasted, getting black looks and a growl of 'Really, I wish you would look after things a little, and not set such a dinner as this before me.' Bah! Why are women so weak?"

"Maud, you goose, we women are weak, dreamy, sentimental, small-minded creatures away from man's broader nature. Men do us more good than we do to them, though I own they are very much improved by our taking them in hand. Your view of marriage is certainly unreal and theoretical, consequent on your living alone with your aunt, and seeing nothing of men in domestic life. Do you suppose for one moment that your life is as happy as mine?"

"Ah, well, very few women get as good a husband as you have. He is so very calm and good-tempered. But he wouldn't suit me; I couldn't make him angry. I would rather have somebody who would fire up and flash out when I was very provoking. I never cared much for sweets—I prefer savory meats with a dash of cayenne."

"Take care. The cayenne is in me, and you'll taste it if you speak of my husband in that tone. But, seriously, Maud, I am sorry to find you in this sort of vein, because I came to take you back to dinner with me, to meet my dear Arthur Trevor; and I know you will vent your spleen against the whole race of man on his innocent head."

"That is what I feel inclined to do, only I know you would cry or quarrel with me if I did," returned Maud, laughing, "and I cannot afford to quarrel with my one lady-friend. So the immaculate Captain Trevor is coming at last, is he? Yes, I will come. I will put on my most fascinating dress and smile my sweetest to show you how easily even your paragon can be fooled. What do I look best in, May—the pale blue, or the white-and-rose color, or the——"

"Oh, stop, stop!" cried Mrs. Percy, jumping up. "I can't go through the list of your thousand and one dresses. You know far more about what is becoming than I do. Only I warn you, if you ruin Arthur Trevor's peace of mind, you will have to settle accounts with me. Not that I'm afraid—you are far more likely to be the victim than he is. Good-by. Seven sharp, remember. We'll bring you home in spite of the cockchafers. Ugh! I'm no heroine."

Mrs. Percy hurried away, and Maud Etheridge remained for a few moments dreaming, then rose, and, with a mischievous smile on her pretty mouth, which augured ill for Captain Trevor, walked with a quick yet graceful step towards the house. Entering by a French window the cosy snuggery known as the morning room, she approached a slight white-haired old lady who was knitting diligently in an easy-chair, the deep cushions of which never felt the weight of the sitter's upright back.

"Auntie dear, I am going round to the Percys to dinner. It is your reading-class evening, so you won't miss me—and I shall be home early. We shall all walk back together about nine o'clock, I dare say, and have some coffee here."

"Very well, my dear," said Miss Barry, in the quick, sharp tones that might have been expected from her face. "Don't hurry home on my account. My young men don't go till nine, as you know, and I shall be tired, and glad of quietness, when they are gone. Is it a party?"

"No, only that Captain Trevor they travelled with last year, and May has never ceased to rave about ever since. I feel obstinately determined to dislike him in consequence."

"Pray, Maud, don't be uncivil to him. You will vex Mrs. Percy, and I should be so sorry," exclaimed little Miss Barry, energetically. "You really must not conceive such prejudices."

"I'll be careful, auntie. Have a cosy, quiet tea, such as your soul delights in, and don't be too indulgent with your young men."

Half an hour later Maud entered the drawing-room at Tremletts with a queenly step that was meant to impress Captain Trevor, but failed, Mrs. Percy being the only occupant of the room.

"Hem! Badly managed, May," she remarked, giving a last touch to her dress. "I meant that entry to have been a great *coup;* and, lo and behold, it was wasted on you. Where is the hero? Don't I look simply lovely?"

"Your dress does. That's another new one, you extravagant girl! Here come the menkind. Now, Maud, behold your fate."

But Maud did not behold anything, for, seized with a feeling of shyness, she bowed to Captain Trevor without raising her eyes, and then began talking to Mrs. Percy as fast as she could race from one topic to another, and continued till dinner was announced.

She was quite sure that Captain Trevor was eyeing her curiously, probably having heard as much about her perfections as she had about his, and perhaps feeling in consequence the same obstinate wish to quarrel which he did. As the soup was being cleared away, she raised her eyes at last, to encounter the steady gaze of another pair, and see a face which she acknowledged to herself at once to be the handsomest she had ever seen, illumined for a moment with a smile of intense amusement, and then carefully controlled.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Etheridge," he said, gravely, taking out his watch and glancing at it, "but ten minutes have elapsed—that is a great achievement."

"What is, Captain Trevor? What are you talking of?" asked Mrs. Percy, whilst Maud crimsoned.

"I was only noting how long Miss Etheridge had held out. She has been longing to take a good look at me ever since we met, and has only just succumbed. Isn't that true, Miss Etheridge?"

"Certainly you are not wanting in vanity, Captain Trevor," answered Maud, quickly. "I do not see on what grounds you could imagine I was longing to look at you."

"Because one is always curious to see a person one has heard a good deal of," returned Captain Trevor, still smiling; "and I should be very sorry to think that Mrs. Percy had not talked a good deal of me, considering what friends we are. What amused me was your not looking—almost every other girl would have looked. I have been staring hard at you all the time."

"Perhaps you are more curious than I am," retorted Maud, "though curiosity is said to be a feminine weakness. It seems to me that all the weaknesses are said to be feminine. I have never heard any one talk of a masculine weakness."

"We have some, though," admitted Captain Trevor, dryly. "I dare say you would hardly believe it."

"Love of teasing, for instance," put in Mrs. Percy, quickly, seeing Maud's eyes flashing, "and love of a good dinner, lordly impatience, and overweening vanity, intense selfishness, a general disregard of everybody else's comfort or wishes, and insufficient appreciation of nature's noblest work—woman. Anything more, Maud, can you suggest?"

"My ideas of man are so purely theoretical, happily for me, that it would profit little to ventilate them," returned Maud, coldly.

She was nettled and annoyed, and could not quite define what it was that annoyed her—a little afraid, too, of what Captain Trevor would say next. He seemed bent on amusing himself at her expense—a totally new sensation for the beautiful heiress, who was accustomed to find gentlemen only too ready to fall down before her.

She turned to Mr. Percy, and exerted all her powers of talking to keep him to herself and prevent Captain Trevor joining in the conversation. He made one or two efforts to get her to speak to him, but, obtaining only the coldest and shortest of answers, relinquished the attempt, and turned to Mrs. Percy. In spite of herself, Maud could not help listening now and then to his merry jokes and ringing laugh. His voice was peculiarly pleasant—mellow, clear, and manly; and she began to understand, in spite of her annoyance, the fascination that her friend had described. Nevertheless she was quite determined to be as cold as ice with him; he was far too free and easy, she should not like him, and she was glad when May rose to leave the room.

"Tastes differ, May," she exclaimed, the moment they entered the drawing-room; "Captain Trevor is not my idea of a fascinating man."

"You certainly did not seem to hit matters this evening," returned May, laughing, "but perhaps you will get on better by-and-by. They won't be in for at least half an hour, so I'll run up and see if baby has had his medicine. His cough is so bad."

"Poor little man—I am so sorry. Don't be long;" and Maud seated herself at the piano, and began to sing a little old-fashioned song called "Barbara Allen."

She did not stop when the door opened a few minutes afterwards, feeling sure that it was Mrs. Percy, but sang on to the end, and then wheeled round on the music-stool, to find herself face to face with Captain Trevor.

"I thought it was Mrs. Percy," she said, rising and coloring; "she ran up to see after baby's cough."

"The steward came to speak to Percy, so I thought I might as well leave them, not being interested in swedes or beans. I suppose you are, Miss Etheridge, having an estate of your own. His manner was grave and quiet, all banter gone, and she felt relieved.

"I like to understand all I can, but of course I leave the management to the steward. He pretends to consult me sometimes, but we both know it is a mere farce."

"What a worry it must be for a young girl to have such a property on her hands! In spite of the pleasure of being an heiress, you must often wish you had a brother."

"Indeed I do," answered Maud, earnestly; "I would far rather not to be an heiress."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then he said—

"Will you sing me something else? I am so fond of music, and get so very little of it. Do you know any more of those old-fashioned ballads?"

"Yes, several. My aunt likes them," answered Maud, sitting down again to the piano. "Will you have 'The Woodstock Tragedy,' or 'The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington'?"

"'The Bailiff's Daughter,' please."

Maud sang it in her sweet, plaintive voice, and was gratified at his rapt attention and quiet "Thank you" when it was over. She loved her songs for themselves, and disliked having them anatomized by her hearers. Secretly she allowed that she was fast altering her mind about Mary's hero; he was very nice, though she would take care not to say so to May. Perhaps it was somewhat of the same feeling which made Captain Trevor leave the piano as Mr. Percy's step was heard approaching, and, going to the table, take up a book and open it.

Maud was grateful to him for doing so. She did not want May or her husband to see him leaning on the piano listening so attentively to her love-ditties, and she dashed into a brilliant waltz as that lady entered, exclaiming—

"Oh, May, do give a dance! I do so want to float round to the 'Blue Danube' or 'Morgenblatter' again."

"There's to be a ball next week at Anchester," said Mrs. Percy; shall we all go? George, will you take us? I should like to dance as much as Maud, steady old matron though I am."

Mr. Percy agreed—he generally did agree to everything that his bright young wife wished—and it was soon settled; Maud was to go with them and sleep at Tremletts that night, that she might not disturb her aunt by returning home at four o'clock in the morning.

Anchester was five miles off; it was a quiet cathedral town, which even the presence of a couple of regiments could not rouse to anything more lively than an occasional ball or flower-show; and Maud was to be forgiven if she sometimes longed in her youth and beauty for a little more gaiety than the neighborhood of her home afforded.

"Fancy," she exclaimed, rising with a sigh of relief when everything was settled—"here am I, very nearly twenty, and this will be only my fourth ball! Most young ladies of my age have been to as many score."

"All the worse for them," observed Captain Trevor, quickly. "They have lost all enjoyment of them and everything else. You are much happier in your wholesome country life than they are in their wearying round of gaiety, though I dare say you don't believe it."

"Yes, I do," admitted Maud. "But I am looking forward very much to a fortnight of real gaiety next month, when I go to stay with Lady Dewhurst. The Castle will be full of visitors, and we shall have something going on every day and all day."

Captain Trevor looked up quickly.

"Do you know Lady Dewhurst?" he asked.

"Yes. She is a first cousin of my father's, and I am her godchild," answered Maud. "Do you know her? She is such a dear, kind old lady."

Captain Trevor hesitated.

"I used to know her several years ago," he answered, gravely. "Probably she has forgotten my very name by this time."

"I will remind her of you then," said Maud, laughing. "She is a friend worth having."

"Pray do nothing of the sort," he requested, hurriedly. "I would rather she forgot me. There were painful circumstances connected with our acquaintance which I should be sorry to revive."

"As you please," returned Maud; and then she turned to Mrs. Percy, saying, "Now, May, I must be going home. Will you brave the cockchafers and come with me?"

"For thy sweet sake, fair maid, yes," answered her friend, laughing; and ten minutes afterwards the party were strolling slowly through the lanes, enjoying the beauty of the soft Summer night.

Captain Trevor was very silent and grave, and May, dropping behind the gentlemen, whispered to Maud:

"I wonder what this mystery is about Lady Dewhurst? I wish you would find out when you are there. He seems quite upset by her name."

"I don't think it would be honorable," observed Maud, thoughtfully. "He asked me not to mention his name, and it would seem like prying into his affairs. Perhaps some day of his own accord he will tell you—unless it is something to his discredit."

"That I feel sure it is not," returned her friend, warmly; and Maud laughed.

Chapter II.

Those were happy days that followed—days stamped for ever in Maud's memory as full of Summer sunshine, sweet sounds, and sweet scents, or marked by merry games of croquet under the shade of the spreading beeches on the lawn, long drives through the lanes and over the common, all ablaze with golden gorse, in May's little pony-carriage, when May drove and Captain Trevor doubled his long legs into the back seat and leant between the two ladies, his bright handsome face alight with fun and happiness, dreamy rows on the still lake at Maud's home, and easy walks in the cool of the Summer evenings, when the nightingales sang in the copses, and the corncrake and night-jar joined in with their quaint but Summer-sounding notes. Maud did not, or would not, know why this was such a peculiarly happy Summer—why she awoke in the morning with so light a heart that she sang because she could not help it. She did what few are wise enough to do—accepted happiness without analysing it.

"Now, Maud dear, do take my advice and keep quiet today," urged Miss Barry, gathering up her key-basket and books from the breakfast-table before starting about her household duties. "You will not be fit for the ball to-night unless you do. How people can be so insane as to think of dancing in this broiling weather I can't imagine."

"Oh, it will be delightful, auntie! I pity you so for not being me;" and Maud raised a blooming, happy face for a

passing kiss as she spoke. "Do go and look at my dress before Edwards packs it up. It is perfect. I am going to dress at Tremletts, you know."

"Yes, I know. Perhaps I shall come round and see you. I can walk back with Edwards. But do as I tell you, child. Go into the drawing-room, and keep quiet all the morning;" and Miss Barry hurried away.

Maud sat still, rolling and unrolling her table-napkin, a half-smile playing round her lips, for several minutes, and then rose, and, regardless of her aunt's injunctions, sauntered out of the window down the lawn to her favorite seat under a great weeping-willow by the side of the lake. How delicious it was there on that hot Summer morning—no sound but the distant whetting of the gardener's scythe, the occasional splash of a moor-hen or water-rat in the still waters, and the low monotonous cooing of a turtle-dove in the beech-tree close by. Presently a quick, firm step was heard on the gravel, and Captain Trevor came down the path, exclaiming gaily—

"Sterne's Maria to the life, barring the goat or the dog! What a pity to intrude on such a scene!"

"Thank you," returned Maud, smiling, as she shook hands; "but that is a part I don't feel at all inclined to act. Was I looking the lovelorn, forsaken damsel? Perhaps you have never seen such a creature—they are becoming rare. Breaches of promise and heavy damages are more in fashion."

Captain Trevor became suddenly grave.

"Do you believe in broken hearts, Miss Etheridge?" he asked, earnestly. "Don't you think a girl is sure to forget a man in time if he throws her over, however much she may feel it at first?"

"Certainly I do," replied Maud, promptly. "I can hardly believe in any girl's so forgetting all proper pride as to go on caring for a man who has behaved like a scoundrel to her."

A crimson flush dyed Captain Trevor's face to the very roots of his short dark hair, and a look of shame passed over his features. Maud remembered it afterwards.

"How pleasant it is here!" he exclaimed, lifting his straw hat, and pushing the hair off his forehead. "I need hardly give my message that you were not to come to Tremletts this morning. You are not likely to wish to leave this paradise. May I stay, and be amused? It is board-day, and Percy has ridden into the town, and Mrs. Percy is busy teaching the new cook how to make some marvelous preserve. You and I are the idle ones, and ought to amuse each other."

"Well, I'll let you stay and amuse me until I am tired of you," answered Maud, laughing. "It is too hot to work or read. How hot it will be dancing to-night!"

"Yes; I shall sit out most of my dances. Is there a garden of any sort?"

"Yes; the ball-room belongs to the hotel, and opens into the hotel-grounds. They are to be hung with colored lamps and Chinese lanterns. Won't it be pretty?"

"Perhaps—depends upon whom I am with," said Captain Trevor, his dark-gray eyes full on Maud's face.

Maud colored high beneath the look.

"What a sentimental mood you are in this morning, Captain Trevor!" she exclaimed, lightly. "You must keep speeches of that sort for this evening. They will tell tremendously on the innocent damsels of Anchester."

"They don't seem to have much effect upon you," he said, stooping to pick up a stone from the path. "See me make 'ducks and drakes' with this. Seven skips at least. How many was it?"

"Only six," answered Maud. "That's a favorite game with officers, I fancy, only not quite in such an innocent form."

"Spoken like an heiress," observed Captain Trevor, shortly, his lips curling ever so slightly. "I suppose you have been taught from your boyhood to look on all men as fortune-hunters, especially officers—eh?"

Maud did not answer. She did not care to allow how near the truth he was. She did think that men were more attracted by her money than herself, but she did not want to tell Captain Trevor so.

"You need not answer," he said, after a few minutes' pause. "I see I guessed rightly. I wonder how a man could convince a rich girl that it was herself he cared for, and not her money? I pity an heiress. Any fellow of worth is afraid to approach her, not caring to be called a fortune-hunter; and she either remains single or becomes the prey of some scamp who doesn't care what is thought of him so long as he gets her money."

"Exactly my sentiments," said Maud, lightly; "so I intend to choose the lesser of the two evils you speak of, and remain single. Now talk of something more amusing. Tell me what flowers to wear to-night? My dress is all white, so you are not tied to color."

"Am I to decide so important a question? What an honor!" answered Captain Trevor, in a careless tone. Marshal Niel roses and maidenhair fern. The bright yellow will show off those rich brown tresses to perfection. I suppose I shall see all the room at your feet?"

"Most likely. You must bespeak a dance, if you want one. My card will be full before I have been in the room ten minutes."

"Many a suitor sought her hand,
For she had gold and she had land."

sang Captain Trevor. "No, I won't bespeak any dances. It is taking a mean advantage of my opportunity. Shall we go and see if there are Marshal Niels in blossom?"

"I know there are—dozens. It's too hot to move," replied Maud, shortly. There was a lump in her throat that nearly choked her.

She was angry with herself and him. She had offered him a dance, and he had refused. She glanced at him as he sat by her side, playing with the ribbon on his hat, a half-smile on his handsome face, his short, wavy hair falling over his broad forehead, and, like a flash of lightning, May's merry words darted through her mind—"Now, Maud, behold your fate."

Was he her fate for good or evil, as the case might be? Was she to succumb like the meekest schoolgirl before the careless smile of a handsome man? Was this to be the end of all her brave speeches? He had not betrayed any sign of more than a passing admiration for her—in fact, on looking back, she doubted whether any man had ever treated her so coolly—and yet already—she owned it to herself—he could pain or please her more than it had ever been in the power of man to do before. Was she learning to love this man—this hero of May's, who seemed to carry all before him? Maud crimsoned at the thought, and, as she did so, Captain Trevor raised his head and looked at her—a long, steady gaze, before her eyes fell, and the crimson deepened in her cheeks.

"Captain Trevor," she exclaimed at last, lifting his eyes to her again, and looking away as quickly, "when you were a child, were you ever taught that it was rude to stare people out of countenance?"

"Perhaps I was," he answered, smiling. "I don't remember all that I was taught as well as you do. Do you think me very rude?"

"Very," acknowledged Maud. "What amuses you?"

"Do I look amused?" he asked. "I don't think the word exactly describes my feelings."

"Then what were you smiling at? Perhaps I could smile

at it also; and I allowed you to stay only on condition that you amused me."

"Then I had better go," he observed, leaning back and crossing his legs, "for it would be an impossibility in your present frame of mind."

"In other words, you think I am in a bad temper," said Maud. "Do I look so?"

"You looked very angry just this minute. Bad temper does not give a pretty expression. By-the-by, I forgot half my message. Mrs. Percy told me to say that your horses would be ill for want of work, and that, if Miss Barry was not going to use the carriage, you were to call for her and take her for a drive. Jenkins will have enough to do to-day, driving into Anchester and cleaning Brunette when his master comes back from the board."

"Very well. My aunt has a sewing-class this afternoon; she will not drive. Am I to take you, too?" And she tried to speak with the utmost indifference.

"No, thank you; I am going to fish; and Mrs. Percy is going to give me a note to take to the Rectory. I have lost my heart to that blue-eyed little Miss Murray, and want an excuse for a call."

"Ella Murray? Yes, she is very pretty," admitted Maud, quickly. "But you need not take the note unless you like, for she will be at the ball to-night. She told me yesterday that she was going."

"I'm glad of that. It is a sweet little face," said Captain Trevor, rising. "But I shall take my note all the same, so as to make friends—perhaps get some dances promised."

"That would be taking an unfair advantage of your opportunity," observed Maud, coolly.

Captain Trevor laughed.

"Miss Murray, the simple Rector's daughter, is a very different person from the lovely Miss Etheridge, the heiress," he rejoined. "There will be no crowd round her, clamoring for dances, pretty as she is, I fancy."

"She always gets plenty of partners," said Maud, in the same cold tone. "Good-by, Captain Trevor. Tell Mrs. Percy I will call for her at half-past two this afternoon."

He shook hands and walked away, singing "The Lady of the Lea." Maud watched his tall form vanishing between the trees, and then turned away with angry hot tears in her eyes.

"I hate myself!" she exclaimed, stamping her foot on the ground. "I have let myself be slighted by him. But I'll have the best of it yet. We will see, Captain Trevor, whether you are going to have it all your own way. I'll not wear the flowers he chose. I'll not give him a dance if he asks for it. Let him flirt with Emma Murray. Her nose and cheeks are equally red in the evening; but I wasn't going to tell him so—he would have thought I was jealous. I hate this ball—I wish I had never mentioned it. What do I care what he says or does—a man I have known only a week? Bah! I'll go and choose my own flowers.

She walked off, her head higher than ever, to the conservatory, and, after a debate with the gardener, ordered him to cut her a beautiful scarlet cactus blossom and some rare delicate grass for her hair, and send it round to Mrs. Percy's at eight o'clock; and then, a little easier in her mind, she went in to luncheon.

Chapter III.

"Why, Captain Trevor never took the note to Ella Murray, after all!" exclaimed Mrs. Percy, as she and Maud entered the drawing-room at Tremletts after their drive. "I wonder what excuse he made for calling."

"Here he comes to answer for himself," said Maud, who was standing at the window. "How hot and tired he looks! It is so like a man, to go and tire himself to death before going to a ball."

"Yes, they are contrary creatures, as nurse says," observed May, laughing. "Well, Captain Trevor, a lot of use it was my hurrying through my luncheon to write this note for you. You left it behind after all."

"I forgot all about it," he said, unslinging the basket from his shoulders. "Here is something by way of payment."

"But what excuse did you make for calling?" asked Mrs. Percy.

"None. I didn't call. The fair Ella is coming to the ball to-night, and I can get introduced to her there."

Mrs. Percy laughed.

"Just like you—always raving about some girl's beauty and sweetness, and forgetting all about her ten minutes afterwards. I don't believe you will ever fall in love."

"Perhaps not. Perhaps I am so devoted to some secret love that all women to me are like shadows," he remarked, sitting down on the sofa. "I'll tell you all about it some day when we are alone."

"That's all nonsense," returned his friend, "Don't sit down there as if you never meant to move again. It is time you went to get ready for dinner. Come, Maud."

He seemed in very high spirits that evening, making them all laugh till they were tired at dinner, and, while Maud sat patiently under the hands of her maid, she heard him singing in the next room the song that seemed a favorite of his —"The Lady of the Lea."

When she descended the stairs in all her glory he came running down behind her, but she sailed into the drawing-room without turning her head. The room was empty, and Maud turned and faced him with secret exultation, conscious, as a really lovely woman must be, of her own beauty. Captain Trevor made a low bow.

"A most unexceptionable get-up," he said, gravely. "I think my choice of flowers was perfect."

"These are not what you chose," answered Maud, carelessly. "You wanted me to wear yellow roses. I think what I have looks better."

"Nothing could look better than Miss Etheridge does at this moment. It was presumptuous in me to attempt to dictate to a lady of such perfect taste. Will you honor me by selecting a flower for my coat? I will gladly wear your choice, though you have rejected mine."

Maud did not answer. She was angry with herself now for not wearing the flowers he had chosen. Whatever she did, he made her wish she had done the reverse. Again he turned that steady searching look on her, till her face crimsoned in spite of all her efforts to control it, and again he smiled as he saw the rising color.

"May I have that little sprig of stephanotis in your bouquet?" he asked, and, without waiting for her consent, he drew it out and fastened it in his button-hole. "Sweet blossom, it shall lie on my heart when that heart has ceased to beat even for thee," he said, sentimentally.

> "'And wherever next season may find me,
> No matter how faded it be,
> I'll keep it, if but to remind me
> Of dancing this evening with thee.'

By-the-by, I wonder if I am to be honored with a dance?"

"As you like," said Maud, carelessly; "that is, if you dance well. I hate dancing with men who dance badly."

"We won't risk it if you are so particular," he decided, smiling; "we'll sit it out, or walk about the grounds. Here comes your aunt up the drive, only just in time. And here is Mrs. Percy."

Maud submitted graciously to the admiring inspection of her aunt, coloring and laughing as the old lady exclaimed—

"Well, you do look lovely, dear; though I ought not to tell you so. She will be the belle of the ball. Won't she, Captain Trevor?"

Captain Trevor laughed at the naive question.

"Certainly, Miss Barry, if I am to be a judge," he answered; and then they entered the carriage and drove off.

The dancing had begun when they entered the ball-room, but many gentlemen paused in the valse to watch the lovely girl and her pretty chaperon as they walked slowly up the room, shaking hands with their various friends; and Captain Trevor turned to Maud as he observed it, saying—

"I think I had better write my name on your card at once—it will be full in three minutes."

Maud handed it to him in silence.

"You are not very exorbitant," she said, as he handed it back to her, after writing his name against two dances—and her heart swelled angrily.

He laughed, and glanced at her quickly. "I will come for some more if I find you dance well," he said, lightly, "or if I see you sitting out."

"Then I'm afraid you won't get them," observed Maud, shortly, and with her sweetest smile she turned to speak to a gentleman who was approaching.

Captain Trevor stood by her side for a few minutes in silence, and then sauntered away, and Maud saw him five minutes afterwards dancing with Ella Murray, whose nose was not red yet. Somehow the ball seemed dull and flat, she thought; she would try if flirting would enliven it. But flirting was not in her line at all, and proved impossible. Most of her partners were stupid, or too devoted to be encouraged. She was angry with herself because she could not help looking round now and then to see where Captain Trevor was, but he did not seem to notice it. Three times she saw him dancing with Ella Murray, and Maud came to the conclusion that "that girl was a regular fast little flirt, not a bit like a clergyman's daughter." She wondered "what Captain Trevor could see to admire in her."

"I had no idea you were such a flirt, Captain Trevor," she said, when he came to claim his dance. She tried to speak carelessly, but there was an angry ring in her tones, in spite of her.

"Officers are always flirts, as well as spendthrifts," he answered, quickly; "you ought to have known that, having been so carefully brought up, Miss Etheridge."

Maud crimsoned.

"I appear to have hurt your feelings by my careless speech," she said, bitterly. "I suppose I was nearer the truth than was pleasant, and roused sore memories of debt."

"No, I have no debts," he opposed, quietly. "I manage to live on my income, small as it is. I confess I thought the speech ungracious, if I may use the term to a lady."

They passed through a French window as he spoke, and stood on the lawn in the bright moonlight. Captain Trevor turned back for a moment, and, catching up a shawl that lay on a seat, threw it round Maud's shoulders.

"It is pleasanter out here than in that hot room," he said; "shall we walk round the grounds?"

She took his arm without answering, and they walked on in silence.

"Why are you so silent?" he asked, at last, turning to look at her. "Have I annoyed you?"

"I seem so unfortunate in my remarks to-day, that silence is my only safeguard," she answered, coldly.

"But there is somewhat of pleasure in paining," he said, thoughtfully.

"I think there is to you," she retorted. "Everything you say to-day seems meant to annoy."

He did not answer for some minutes, but stood gazing thoughtfully at a glowworm on the path.

"Didn't you make up your mind to dislike me before I came, Miss Etheridge?" he asked, at last, turning to look at her.

"I believe I did," said Maud, laughing, as she met his glance.

"I thought so. So did I to dislike you. I hope we have been equally successful."

"Thank you for your plain speaking, Captain Trevor," spoke Maud, withdrawing her hand from his arm. "You have certainly done your best to help me. I think we had better go back to the ball-room, and find more congenial partners."

"No—it is more amusing to quarrel. What do you mean by saying I have done my best to help you to dislike me? Have I been rude and unpleasant?"

"Very, to-day. You have never taken any trouble to please," she answered, looking him full in the face for a moment, and then looking away again.

"But, if I had, you would have thought I was trying to win the heiress," he said, smiling. "You are such a very cautious young lady."

Maud's cheeks flamed and her eyes glistened.

"Captain Trevor, you have no right to say such things to me!" she exclaimed, angrily. "I will not stay here to listen to them."

She turned away, but he caught her hand. His handsome face was bent towards her with the same smile—half of amusement, half of pleasure—it often wore; but his voice was more earnest than his glance as he said—

"Wait a moment. Answer me one question. Do you dislike me so thoroughly that you would like me to go away to-morrow? Say so, and I will go."

"Maud hesitated, and tried to release her hand.

"You are not my guest," she answered, hurriedly. "I have nothing to do with your going. Captain Trevor, let go my hand, if you please."

Captain Trevor's only answer was to draw her close to him, and look full in her face; and then he stooped and kissed her crimson cheek.

"I think you dislike me as much as I do you, my darling," he whispered, as Maud's head dropped on his shoulder. "Ah, Maud, you little thought it would end like this when you heard I was coming. What will the Percys say?"

Chapter IV.

"Maud, I think you are the most deceitful person I have ever known, except Captain Trevor perhaps;" and Mrs. Percy's face beamed with delight as she spoke. "To think that you two were secretly falling in love just as I wanted you to do, whilst I was worrying myself and Geoffrey to death because you were always quarrelling! I'll never forgive you for worrying me so needlessly."

It was the morning after the ball, and Maud was sitting on the floor in the breakfast-room, playing with the baby, whilst her friend sat at the table still, petrified by the speech Captain Trevor had made as he quitted the room.

"Oh, Mrs. Percy," he had exclaimed, carelessly looking in again after he had closed the door, "you will be interested to hear that I am going to be married. Ask Miss Etheridge the young lady's name. She knows all about it."

Then he shut the door again quickly, and Mrs. Percy, gazing at Maud, and seeing the crimson blush dyeing cheeks and brow, gasped forth—

"Maud, it isn't true! Does he mean you?"

Maud laughed, and bent over the baby.

"I suppose, he does," she answered, shyly. "He seems to wish it, and I—I don't mind. I shall have to marry some one, you say, so it may as well be him."

She could not call him "Arthur" yet, and would not say "Captain Trevor." Then came Mrs. Percy's vindictive speech as to Maud's deceitfulness.

"Well, we are not married yet," said the heiress. "Perhaps we shall quarrel too much during our engagement."

"Oh, I'm not afraid! He is so very good-tempered, he will never get angry with you; and, however much he teases you, you will soon be too fond of him to give him up for anything. Oh, Maud, you are a lucky girl!"

"And isn't he a lucky man, pray?" asked Maud, gaily.

"Very," answered Captain Trevor, suddenly appearing at the window, "Mind you never allow me to lose sight of the fact, Maud."

"I'll take good care of that," she averred, laughing. "Do you know what May is saying about you? She says you are so good-tempered that I shan't be able to quarrel with you if I try. Is it true?"

Captain Trevor looked suddenly grave.

"No, it is not," he answered, earnestly. "I call mine the very worst temper a human being could have. It takes a great deal to make me really angry, I allow; but, that once done, it is done for ever. I cannot get over things as people can who have quicker tempers. So take care, Maud; don't rouse the sleeping lion."

"Don't frighten me," cried Maud, laughing, "or I shall retract my word, and refuse to marry so awful a character."

She looked round. May had left the room on the pretence of taking baby back to nurse.

"Are you really going away to-morrow, as you said last night, or rather this morning?" she asked.

"Yes; I have an affair I want to settle before our engagement gets known." He hesitated for a moment, and then said, quickly, "My darling, do you mind keeping it a secret for a time? I have a particular reason for not wishing people to know it for the present. Will you do this to oblige yours faithfully?" He smiled as he spoke; but Maud read real anxiety in his eyes as they rested on her face.

"Of course, if you wish it," she answered slowly. "But I am sorry. You know I am going to Lady Dewhurst's on Monday, and I was looking forward to appearing as an engaged young lady. Probably I should not meet with quite so much attention if it were known that I am no longer to be had."

"Probably not. But don't flirt, Maud, or I shall come swooping down and carry you off before their eyes in spite of everything. I am very jealous."

"I think I shall be," said Maud, smiling and coloring. "By-the-by," she added, quickly, "tell me now why you did not wish me to mention your name to Lady Dewhurst."

Captain Trevor's expression changed. The same cloud and flush that she had seen before came over it.

"Don't ask me that, please, darling," he begged hastily. "I would rather not tell you—at least not yet."

"Not tell me?" echoed Maud in dismay. "Oh, but I want to know! I am sure it is about a young lady—isn't it?"

She looked up into his face, and met a troubled glance, though he tried to smile.

"Yes, Maud, it is about a young lady," he answered; "but I can't tell you yet. Some day you shall hear all; but we are still strangers, remember. A fortnight ago I had not seen you. Let us talk only of pleasant things to-day—my last day."

Maud looked grave still.

"It seems to me you ask a good deal altogether," she said, slowly, "and mine is not a very trustful nature. How long are all these secrets to go on? Of course I shall tell my aunt of my engagement?"

"Of course. You may tell every one in a few days, but—" He stopped short as the servant came in to take away the breakfast-things.

"I must go and see if May means to walk home with me," Maud exclaimed, hurriedly. "It is past eleven, and Aunt Barry will wonder what has become of me."

Captain Trevor left the next day, and Maud was both surprised and indignant to find how completely all sunshine went with him.

"After all my grand speeches, my contempt for woman's weakness, to think that a man could make such a complete idiot of me in a fortnight!" she exclaimed, angrily, after trying books, music, and work in vain. "But he doesn't know it; that is the only comfort. Besides, he is not like any other man in the world. Oh, dear, I wonder if I shall get a letter from him to-morrow!"

Maud thought that the latter part of Tennyson's "Princess" was finer than the beginning. She did get a letter the next morning—just such a letter as she expected—bright, loving, and manly; there was nothing of the Shakespearian lover in it, nothing of the slave. It was that vein of independence in his speech and character that had won her. He was staying with an old uncle, about ten miles from Lorris Castle—Lady Dewhurst's place; "and perhaps," he added, "before many days I may have settled my business, and be free to come to you again. I think you told me you were going to be only a week with Lady Dewhurst?"

"Well, he shall see he can trust me to do as he wishes," murmured Maud. "I will not mention his name at Lorris Castle. But I should be glad to hear what it all is. I don't believe it can be anything to his discredit."

And yet Maud could not help remembering that flush which looked so like shame whenever the subject was mentioned.

Chapter V.

Lorris Castle was full of guests. Maud felt very shy as she drove up the avenue. She was alone, for Miss Barry was too old and nervous for such gay scenes; but Lady Dewhurst took Maud under her own especial care, and her daughter, Lady Alice Tolworth, was of the same age as Maud, and her greatest friend.

Her ladyship was a widow with one son, the present Lord Dewhurst, a bright, merry young fellow of three-and-twenty—a masculine copy of his mother—and one daughter, a gentle, delicate girl of nineteen, as utterly unlike Maud in every particular as she could be, and consequently her especial friend.

"Oh, Maud, I am so glad you are come! I have not seen you for such ages! Do come into my room and let us have a good chat before we go down to dinner. Edwards will come for you when it is time to dress. How well you look—so blooming and bright—just my old Maud!" And Lady Alice looked long and lovingly into the beautiful face of her friend.

There was a change in it which she could not define—something sweeter and softer—a certain shy look in the great dark eyes which might have betrayed the truth to a more experienced observer; but Lady Alice was a novice in the ways and looks of love.

"Now tell me who is here, Alice?" said Maud, as the girls sat in the pretty little boudoir opening out of Lady Alice's bed-room, sipping their tea. "I feel very shy, and want to know all about everybody, so that I may not talk of children to childless mothers, or wives to sorrowing widowers. The Castle is full, you say?"

"Pretty nearly, I think. First and foremost there are Lord and Lady Venner and their daughter Lady Florence,

Dewhurst's young lady. You have met them. Then there is Sir John Hill, a merry old bachelor, who is going to stand for Westham, and is here on election business; then there are Mr. and Mrs. Conway Meade—he small, shy, and inoffensive; she tall, languid, and very affected, always talking of the Conway Meades, compared to whom Adam himself is a *parvenu*. Then there are Helen and Aileen Gray, two great pets of mamma's—very nice girls indeed. Poor Aileen is very delicate—going into a decline, I fear. We met them in Scotland two years ago. I will tell you all about them another time. Then come Sir Hugh Follet and his two sisters, Janie and Millicent—you remember seeing them last year? Mamma means him to marry you, you know—dear old matchmaker! Oh, Maud, what a blush! Is there any hope?"

"None whatever, you little tease. Go on with your list."

"That is all, save a few young men for partners and croquet—Archie Duff, Lord George Graham, Harry Bellairs, and a Mr. Compton, a very nice, gentlemanly man, a barrister. Oh, dear, here is Edwards, and you haven't told me one word about yourself!"

"There will be plenty of time for that," said Maud, gaily, as she rose to go, rather glad to put off the announcement of her engagement. She meant to tell Lady Alice, though she had not said so to Captain Trevor. "Alice is nobody. She will not tell," she thought. "Besides, I could not keep it from her if I tried."

"Wait for me, Alice, when you are dressed," she called as she left the room. "I couldn't possibly go in alone."

"No, of course not. And we will pick up mamma *en passant*. I think she would like you to go in with her, as you are here alone."

Maud was very glad of Lady Dewhurst's sheltering presence when she entered the great white-and-gold drawing-room, where all the guests were assembled, waiting for dinner to be announced, for every head was turned, and many a steady stare followed the handsome girl as she moved down the room. Lady Dewhurst introduced her to one or two, and then Sir Hugh Follet came forward to renew his acquaintance, and the hostess, saying, "Sir Hugh will take you in to dinner, Maud," turned away to other guests.

He was a pleasant, gentlemanly-mannered man, this young Baronet, very tall and very fair, with white even teeth that gleamed out when his ever-ready smile came. Maud would have liked him if she had not been afraid that he liked her too well, and kept her in perpetual dread of his "saying too much." She could not help wishing now that he would not look so pleased as she took his arm to leave the room, but comforted herself with the thought that he would soon hear of her engagement, and then they would be very good friends.

His place, Norton Abbey, was only a few miles from Westerton—as Maud's house was called—and Maud's money would be a valuable addition to his income, which would be hardly equal to his position when his sisters' dowries were paid. Maud had a secret conviction that Lady Dewhurst would not receive the news of her engagement "to a nobody with no money" very warmly, apart from the mysterious unpleasantness to which Captain Trevor had alluded. And again she began wondering for the hundredth time what it was all about, till she was roused by the consciousness of being watched, and, raising her eyes, met the earnest gaze of a pretty bright-looking girl opposite.

"Who is that fair-haired girl opposite?" she asked her neighbor, in a low tone. "She is staring at me as if I ought to know her."

"She is a Miss Gray," replied Sir Hugh, in the same tone—"sister to that very pretty, delicate-looking girl next to Compton. They are Scotch, and strangers in these parts."

Maud looked towards the sister and almost started.

"Oh, what a lovely face!" she exclaimed, involuntarily, "and so sad and sweet! What wonderful eyes! How can you call her pretty! It is a face to dream of."

"And yet they say she is dying of a broken heart," returned Sir Hugh. "Some fellow jilted her in the most cruel manner because she has no money."

Was it a presentiment that made Maud's heart stand still and a certain faintness come over her? It was some seconds before she could say, in an unconcerned tone—

"How extraordinary! What was the man's name? Do you know?"

"He was Captain Trevor, of the Artillery," was the answer. "Lady Alice told me the story the other day. They were present during the whole affair, and he seems to have behaved in the most disgraceful manner. Lady Dewhurst won't hear his name mentioned—and he was a great pet of hers originally."

Maud knew all, and yet sat on calmly eating her dinner, talking carelessly of the weather, croquet, her neighbors, every-day topics, feeling all the time as if it was somebody else talking, somebody else sitting there listening to the general hum, and eating and drinking like the rest of the world. She was scarcely glad when dinner was ended and the ladies filed slowly out of the room in silence; she dreaded being alone to think out what she had heard; and yet there was a wild longing in her heart to get away from everybody and everything—to go on, on, and never stop again.

The two sisters were just in front of her, and she saw the slight, fragile form of the younger one shake with the dry, hard cough that told its own sad tale, saw her lean heavily on her sister's arm, whilst the exquisite carmine deepened in the delicate cheeks. Lady Dewhurst turned quickly at the sound, and waited at the drawing-room door till the two girls reached her. All the pleasant brightness had died out of her kind face, but her tones were more than usually gentle as she said—

"Aileen, my child, you stayed out too long to-day. Come and lie down on this couch, far away from the window, and don't talk for the present."

Aileen Gray smiled gratefully.

"I am only a little tired," she returned, gently. "I am always tired in the hot weather, you know."

Maud stood by and watched her as she lay on the couch, her breath coming quick and short, and the tell-tale cough returning at intervals, till a hand was laid on her shoulder and Lady Alice said—

"Come, Maud, let us get our shawls and go for a stroll. I want to talk to you."

They passed out through the library window when they had found some wraps, and for some minutes walked slowly up and down the terrace in silence. Maud's heart was too heavy to let her speak of the subject that filled it. Lady Alice broke the silence at last by saying, in a low tone—

"Oh, Maud, isn't it sad to see her? I fancy I see a difference every day—and poor Helen will not believe it. And she was such a bright, blooming, happy creature when we first knew her—so perfectly lovely."

"Tell me all about it," said Maud, in short abrupt tones. "Sir Hugh told me nothing but the bare facts."

"It was two years ago, when we were in Scotland," began her companion. "I could not pick up my strength after the scarlet-fever—and mamma thinks, of course, that there is nothing like her native air—so we all went to Buchanan Tower, as you know, for three months. It is a very wild, desolate place, very beautiful, but with nobody within a distance of ten miles. Our nearest neighbor was a Mr. Campbell, a queer old bachelor, who had these two orphan nieces living with him. He was very rich, and these girls were sup-

posed to be his heiresses. Of course we soon got to know them. You know mamma and I are equally weak about beauty, and we and the Grays used to be always together, rowing on the lake, riding, pic-nicking, all days and every day. I think Dewhurst was fast losing his heart to the lovely Aileen, when he stumbled by chance on an old friend who was stopping at a little wayside inn two miles off for fishing, and asked him to come and stay with us. He was a peculiarly fascinating, handsome man, a Captain Trevor, of the Artillery, so pleasant and gentlemanly, with the sweetest, brightest smile I think I ever saw. We all lost our hearts to him at once, but poor Aileen was in earnest. I think it was a genuine case of love at first sight on her side, and he—oh, Maud, I cannot help believing that he loved her! He was never absent from her side. Dewhurst gave up in despair, and after a fortnight Aileen told me that he had asked her to be his wife. Poor Aileen, she was so intensely happy! I never can bear to think of it now. Well, he went away when his leave was up, and used to write nearly every day—and his letters were as devoted as any girl could wish. Then Mr. Campbell died suddenly, and to everybody's surprise it was found that he had left these girls only a hundred a year each and a small cottage—all his money and the place went to a second cousin simply because he had the name. Aileen wrote off at once, and told her lover of this unexpected turn of affairs; and there came no answer for more than a week. Then he wrote—such a cold, cruel letter, saying that everything must be at end between them, as he could not possibly marry without money. Of course it cost him a great pang to write this, but he hoped she would soon forget him, and marry a more fortunate man. Maud, I think, if ever a man deserved hanging for murder, that man deserves it! Aileen made no

FRAMING THE "DARLING."

fuss; she took it quite quietly, far too quietly, but you could see that her life was over. She went about with a white still face and heavy dreamy eyes, but said nothing—never mentioned his name; nor did we ever see her shed a tear. After he went away she had a low nervous fever that lingered on and on for weeks, and she has never been really well since. She caught a bad cold last Winter, and this cold set in and has never left her; and now anybody can see that it is only a matter of a few months at the longest, and then her troubles will be over. My brother told me yesterday that she had heard the wretch was going to be married—to a girl with a lot of money of course. If Aileen hears of it, it will kill her at once, for I feel sure she loves him as much as ever."

"Then she had better not hear it," returned Maud, in a hard cold tone that made Lady Alice look up at her quickly.

"Maud, how white you are! Are you cold?"

"No, not cold, but I think we will go in;" and Maud shivered slightly. "I should like to talk to that poor girl. It is a very sad story, Alice—one I shall never forget."

Chapter VI.

Maud Etheridge was not likely to forget the story of Captain Trevor's perfidy, for it had changed the whole tenor of her life. She sat by her bed-room window, gazing out at the lovely prospect below, and thinking the matter all over. She could not shut out the sight of the sad, lovely face she had just left, and there was a secret conviction deep in her own heart that Arthur loved that face in reality, and had wooed her—Maud—for her money.

She recalled the seeming inconsistency of his behavior to her, his apparent coldness at times, his almost avoidance of her; and she argued that it was due to the battle going on between love and cupidity—the effort to make up his mind to marry the heiress, whilst he still loved the beautiful girl he had so cruelly forsaken. And then, when she (Maud) had betrayed—as she felt with a burning blush of shame and humiliation that she had done—her love for him, the temptation had been too strong, and he had spoken, in spite of himself, those false words of love.

And yet how true they had seemed on that one long happy day before he went away, and how intensely happy he had looked! A moan of bitter pain broke from poor Maud as she recalled those thrilling smiles and words of his. Burying her face in her hands, she murmured, "Never again—never, never! Oh, Arthur, my darling, would to Heaven I could die—that I had died before I heard this tale!" Many and many a resolution did she make as to her future conduct, only to break it as soon as made. The sun was shining and the birds were singing before she threw herself, half-dressed as she was, on to her bed, to fall into a heavy, dreamful sleep, from which she awoke heavy-hearted and unrefreshed.

Her mind was made up. She would write and tell him to come to her there—she must see him at once. She would then tell him all she had heard, break off her engagement, and urge him, if he had any of the feelings of a man, to marry poor Aileen, and make the few months that remained to her bright. This was the brave resolution that Maud rose prepared to carry out, ignoring the fact that it would be cruelty and not kindness to Aileen to make life so bright if she were doomed to leave it so soon. Maud would not acknowledge to herself that she did not believe Arthur would do it, though that was the real cause of her strength.

She argued aloud that he was not worthy of her love; she argued to herself that he still loved Aileen Gray, and would awake to the knowledge if he saw her again. But Maud's letter was not written. When Edwards came to her room, she brought a letter from Mrs. Percy, containing these few words:

"Dearest Maud—Your aunt has met with an accident, and I think you had better come home at once. The horses ran away after she had left you at the station, and she was thrown out. I will meet you by the twelve o'clock express at Anchester. Yours affectionately, May Percy."

Maud read the note, and burst into tears. She could weep at this sorrow—the other was too deep for tears.

"Pack up everything, Edwards," she ordered, recovering her self-possession. "I must go home at once. Poor Aunt Barry is dreadfully hurt"—and she handed the note to her maid.

An hour later, a hurried breakfast eaten, and adieus said, she was on her way back to Westerton, her visit to Lorris Castle, so long looked forward to, over; and the few hours there had apparently wrecked the happiness of her whole life. She was thankful that she was not obliged to stay out the fortnight for which she had gone, for she was in no spirits for gaiety. Would she ever be again, she sadly wondered, as the train sped on through fields of green waving corn and fresh-cut hay, the scent of which came in faintly through the window. And, if Aunt Barry were to die, what would she have to live for? She was very fond of the kind-hearted old lady who had taken care of her for the ten years that had elapsed since Mrs. Etheridge died.

Mrs. Percy was standing on the platform when the train steamed into Anchester station, and almost started when she saw Maud's white, hopeless face appear at one of the carriage windows. She did not make any remark till they were seated in the phaeton, and then, putting her hand on Maud's, she said, gently:

"I'm afraid my letter has upset you terribly, dear; but you must not despair. Dr. Stenning says it is not a hopeless case. I knew you would never forgive me if I did not let you know at once. Geoffrey saw the accident, and came and told me, and I went to your aunt."

"Tell me all about it," said Maud. "In what part is she hurt?"

"Her head—she was thrown on to it, the coachman says. The horses bolted as they were coming home, frightened at a steam hay-cutter in a field; the carriage went over a heap of stones, and she was thrown out, though the man kept his seat. She has been insensible ever since, and Doctor Stenning is not quite sure how much the brain is injured. I wrote to Arthur Trevor also, and told him of the accident, so he will probably be with you before long; I half expected him by your train."

Maud uttered a low cry of pain.

"Oh, May, why did you write?" she cried, involuntarily. "I do not want him now—not yet."

May Percy opened her blue eyes wide with astonishment.

"Not want him yet!" she repeated. "Maud, you don't know the comfort of a man's strength to lean on; you could not go through this trial without him—he is so gentle and so calm. Not that I am hopeless about poor Aunt Barry, though; she may come round."

Maud did not answer. She could not speak of the real great trouble of her heart now, and she let her friend imagine that her grief was all on her aunt's account. It would be time enough to tell her when it was all over and Arthur gone forever; and that would be to-day, in all probability.

He would be sure to come as soon after the receipt of the bad news as possible, and he was very little farther away than she had been. Ah, well, better have it over at once—with that sad, sweet face fresh in her memory, the story of his heartless cruelty still ringing in her ears. Her strength

might fail if she did not carry out her resolution at once. Only this time yesterday how intensely happy she had been; and now——. Mrs. Percy almost started at the white, set misery of her face as they entered the house.

"Don't look like that, Maud dear," she said, earnestly. "There is hope still;" but Maud shook her head, and passed up the stairs in silence. There was no hope for her.

The doctor met them on the landing.

"Just the same," he said, in answer to her questioning look, "but we must hope for the best. Let me know directly there is any change. I shall come again this evening, if you do not send for me before;" and with a few more words of direction he went.

Maud and her friend entered the room noiselessly, but they needed not to have feared. Miss Barry still lay too unconscious to be aroused by any sounds, her thin face white and still as death; her hands lying simply on each side. A maid sat by the bedside watching for the first sign of returning animation.

"You had better not stay up here now, Maud," said Mrs. Percy. "It does not matter who is here while she is in this state, and you had better save your strength till she is sensible. She will like to have you with her then. Come down now and get some luncheon."

Maud followed her out of the room and down-stairs into the dining-room, when Mrs. Percy rang the bell, afraid to leave Maud to do it for herself. When the man appeared with the tray, she rose, saying—

"I must go home now, but I will come again later on. Probably Arthur Trevor will be here by that time. Tell him there will be a bed for him at our house for as long as he likes to stay."

She did not wait for an answer. Maud could not have given one. Laying her hat and cloak aside, she seated herself at the luncheon-table, but she could not eat, and, after drinking a glass of wine, she rose and wandered wearily into the morning-room.

How empty it looked—how miserable, deserted! Miss Barry's knitting lay on the table by the chair that was peculiarly her own, and Maud caught her breath convulsively as the fear came over her that perhaps she would never again see it tenanted by the dear familiar form. Placing herself on the ground by it, she laid her head on the seat and sobbed like a child, till, worn out and exhausted, she fell fast asleep, and for a time forgot her many sorrows.

Chapter VII.

Maud woke from her heavy sleep with a start. Somebody was bending over her, and, as she opened her eyes, a long, loving kiss was pressed on her cheek, and Arthur Trevor's voice said in her ear—

"Maud, my poor darling, I am sorry I woke you. You are tired out."

For a few happy moments she let her head rest on his shoulder, forgetful of the cruel truth, her brain still stupified with sleep; and then her recent experience rushed over her, and, pushing him from her, she hurriedly rose and faced him.

He opened his arms again, his handsome face all aglow, the smile that had thrilled her heart playing over it.

"My poor darling, I am so sorry," he began; but she stopped him hurriedly.

"Stop, stop, Captain Trevor," she exclaimed, "you must not speak like that. There is no need any longer to profess the love you do not or ought not to feel. All that is over now. You are free to return, if not too late, to the one you ought never to have left."

Captain Trevor gazed at her in bewilderment. "I do not understand you," he returned, in slow, quiet tones. "To whom do you allude?"

Maud crimsoned with anger.

"Are your victims so many?" she asked, bitterly. "I know of only one at present; but that is enough. Her death will lie at your door; but it shall not at mine. I now understand all that was kept such a secret. I know why you did not wish me to mention your name to Lady Dewhurst; and, when I tell you that poor Aileen Gray was at Lorris Castle, you will not wonder that I refuse once and forever to take your disgraced name."

The hot flush and look of shame which she had seen before came over Captain Trevor's face, and for some minutes he was silent. Then, in an altered tone, he said—

"Surely you do not mean to give me up for that, Maud? You would not be so cruel, so unjust? I cannot make poor Aileen happy or restore the past. I know my name is disgraced—nobody could feel it more bitterly than I do—but that cannot be helped now. You do not really mean to give me up in consequence?"

"Not give you up! Arthur Trevor, you do not know me. I could not bear a name for which I must blush as you have just blushed. Do you know that Aileen Gray is dying?"

He started.

"Dying! Aileen dying!" he exclaimed, in tones of deep distress. "Good heavens! has it come to that? Poor, poor Aileen!"

He turned away and walked to the window, and a wild pang of jealousy wrung Maud's heart at the sight of his emotion. She was right; he loved her still—that lovely girl. Could any man have loved her once and forget her? How thankful she was to have learnt all before it was too late! She was still free, and so was he—free to return to his forsaken love—and the thought stung her to fresh words.

"I am glad to see that you have some feeling left, Captain Trevor," she said, bitterly. "Surely, though she is not the heiress so necessary to your happiness, you can make the few months of life that still remain to her happy? Is that expecting a great deal of you? At any rate, I will not be the one to add another sorrow to her broken heart. She shall not hear of her faithless lover's marriage, if I can help it."

"I do not see how you can help it," he returned, slowly, still looking out into the garden.

"Probably not," allowed Maud, in the same stinging tones. "There are other heiresses in the world besides myself, and Captain Trevor is so skilled in the art of winning hearts that he is sure to get one sooner or later. He is clever at simulating love, and there are weaker women than myself in the world."

He turned and faced her, a look in his brown eyes which she could not understand.

"Is this fair? Is this kind?" he asked, quietly. "Maud, I do not understand you. I could not have thought you would be so cruel and hard. Refuse to be my wife, to bear my dishonored name, if you choose, but do not taunt me with what is not my fault. I cannot help Aileen Gray breaking her heart."

Maud laughed a short hard laugh.

"It is not your fault—oh, no, it is her weakness! She has no business to go on loving a man whom she cannot respect—a mean, calculating, cold-hearted fortune-hunter. Captain Trevor, that is my opinion of you. Surely, the sooner this is over the better. Why linger in the house that will never now be yours? If you have a spark of honor left, go and marry Aileen Gray; if not, find another and more confiding heiress."

He listened to her in silence, his face turning deathly white as he did so.

"You have made a slight mistake, Miss Etheridge," he said, in an altered tone, as she concluded, "but you have saved me from making a greater. It would have been peculiarly painful to me to be taunted by my wife, every time she lost her somewhat warm temper, with having married her for her money, so I am thankful for your release. The day will probably come when you will see things in a different light, and you will regret the hasty conclusion at which you have arrived. May you find a man more worthy of you and your money! Good-by."

He bowed and left the room, and Maud stood listening to his retreating footsteps, knowing that it was all over now, and that never again would Arthur Trevor trouble her. She had stung him to the quick—and he was not a man to forget, as he had once told her. He was gone, and it was in vain to tell herself that she was glad. She knew only too well that the happiness of her life was gone with him, and so strong was the revulsion that, but for very hopelessness, she would have called him back; but it was too late, and, sinking on her knees by the couch, she buried her face in the cushions, and moaned aloud in the bitterness of her anguish.

Perhaps he loved her after all. She could see that he deeply repented his former conduct. Why had she been so vehement? Why had she not let him speak? But no—it was best as it was. If she had listened to him, she must have relented, and then regretted it, perhaps for life. How moved he had been to hear of Aileen's illness! Perhaps he was going back to her now. No; she would never see him again, never think of him again—he loved Aileen still. And so, between bitter regret and still bitterer jealousy, she passed a weary, never-to-be-forgotten half-hour, forgetful even of her aunt's precarious condition.

She was aroused from her miserable dreams by the entrance of Mrs. Percy, and Maud saw at a glance that she knew all, and nerved herself for what was coming.

"Maud, are you mad?" exclaimed her friend. "What is the meaning of all this?"

"All what?" asked Maud, wearily. She had no spirit for a fresh contest.

"You know what I mean—your cruel, unjust treatment of Arthur Trevor! I have just seen him, and he told me of what you had said to him. How could you be so mad? You will never meet with such another man."

"I hope not," answered Maud, her throat swelling again; "one such has been too much for me."

Mrs. Percy looked at her in silence for a few moments, and then sat down in the nearest chair.

"It is all utterly unintelligible to me," she said, in a mystified tone. What can he have done to make you treat him like this? What can you have said to rouse him as you have done? Will you tell me?"

"Certainly I will," answered Maud. "It will do me good to repeat the whole affair, and silence your reproaches once for all."

And she told May all that she had heard, and all that had passed between her and Captain Trevor. Mrs. Percy listened in silence to the end, though her lips parted once or twice to speak.

"I don't understand it," she said, when Maud had ended. "There is some extraordinary mistake somewhere. I do not and will not believe what you say of Arthur Trevor. He is the very soul of honor. It will all be explained some day, and then it will be too late. He will never come back."

Maud shook her head.

"It cannot be explained, May," she observed, sadly. "It is all true. Why did he beg me not to mention his name to Lady Dewhurst? Why did he not deny the charge? If you had seen his look of shame when I mentioned the poor girl's name, you would doubt no longer. No; my life has had its romance, and it has not lasted long. Now I will seek to forget him as he deserves to be forgotten."

"You will not find that so easy. In spite of all you tell me, my faith is still firm in him. I have told him that he will find me always the same, and I am quite sure that he will come out blameless some day yet. You have been too hasty, Maud. But it is done now, so let us talk of it no more. How is Aunt Barry?"

Maud colored with shame.

"I have not seen her since you left," she said, guiltily. "I fell asleep till—he came, and since then I have not thought about her. Let us go and see. I suppose they would have called me if there had been any change, but still I ought not to have neglected her so long, Oh, May, May, would to Heaven I could change places with her!"

She rose wearily to her feet, and they went upstairs together to the darkened room. The maid started as they approached, and hastily concealed a novel that she had been reading.

"Just the same, miss," she said, hurriedly. "She has never breathed or stirred since you went away."

Even as she spoke, Miss Barry turned her head slowly on the pillow. Maud bent over her breathlessly.

"Dear auntie," she said, in a hushed, eager voice, "are you awake? Do you know me?"

Miss Barry opened her eyes, and looked into the flushed face.

"Yes, Maud," she whispered, faintly, "but my head still aches. I won't get up yet; and, with a sigh, she closed her eyes once more and relapsed into stupor or fell asleep—Maud did not know which—whilst May stole hastily from the room to send for Doctor Stenning.

Chapter VIII.

That was the turning-point. In a few days Doctor Stenning was able to tell them that all danger was past, though Miss Barry still remained very weak and prostrate.

Maud nursed her with an unceasing, untiring devotion, born partly of her reluctance to think of herself, or, rather, of Arthur Trevor. For a time she partially succeeded in putting him from her thoughts. But, when her aunt was well on the road to recovery, and hardly needed her any longer, the reaction set in, and she sank into a low morbid frame of mind, refusing to go out even for a ride or drive, passing hours on the garden-seat by the water, where she had sat with him so often, and, though despising herself for her weakness, unable to rouse herself from the depression into which she had sunk. It was as much physical as mental. She had tasked her strength severely in her night and day watches by her aunt's bedside, her appetite was gone, and Miss Barry and Mrs. Percy both saw with concern that she would soon make herself seriously ill if allowed to go on as she was going.

"I don't know what is to be done," said Miss Barry, with tears in her eyes. "I have said all I can, and she takes no notice. She had a note from Lady Alice this morning, entreating her to go and finish her visit there, now that I am well enough to be left, but she will not go."

Mrs. Percy remained silent for a few minutes, and then, looking up brightly, she said—

"I did not know of that. It would do her good to go—and she shall go, or my name is not May Percy. If that Scotch girl is there still, she may rouse herself into a state of wholesome indignation over her imaginary wrongs. I wish I could get to the bottom of this affair, Aunt Barry. Nothing shall induce me to believe that Arthur Trevor behaved as they say he has."

Miss Barry shook her head slowly.

"My dear, you are young, and he is very handsome and fascinating. From what Maud tells me, I have no doubt of the truth of the story. I wish she had never seen him."

"So do I now, for I know matters will never be put straight between them—they are both too proud. Of course I may tell Maud that you will come to us while she is away? The change would do you good, and I will keep the children very quiet."

"You are very kind, my dear, but I am sure Maud will not go; she is very willful." And Miss Barry sighed as she took up her knitting.

"We shall see," said Mrs. Percy, laughing. "I am quite as willful as she is;" and she ran down the lawn more like a girl than the staid mother of three children.

Maud was sitting in her usual place, and scarcely turned her head as her friend approached.

"I really must get you a dog or a goat, Maud," exclaimed Mrs. Percy, in a bantering tone. "You act Sterne's Maria to such perfection that it is a pity not to have the thing complete? Which will you have?"

Maud colored crimson. They were almost the exact words that Captain Trevor had addressed to her in the same place, and she had laughingly scorned the idea. She remembered how the conversation had gone on—how he had asked her if she believed in a broken heart, and how strange his manner had been. She understood it all now, and her heart swelled at the thought.

"Well, Maud, I am waiting for your decision;" and Mrs. Percy leaned forward and looked into her face mischievously. "I am quite sure Geoffrey will get me a pretty one when I tell him who it is for."

Maud's eyes flashed as she answered quickly—

"I wish you would not talk such nonsense, May. I have a headache, and came here to be quiet."

"It is nothing of the sort," contradicted May, in the same teasing tones. "You have sent away your lover, and came here to pine after him;" and she sang—

"Till by the glassy river's side
A weeping damsel I espied."

Maud turned on her angrily.

"May, you are very rude; I will not stand such nonsense. I hope I have far too much self-respect to fret after a man who has behaved as Captain Trevor has."

"Appearances are against you, scornful maid! You look uncommonly love-lorn, and everybody is pitying you for the cruel way in which Captain Trevor has treated you. Mrs. Mallett said yesterday that she quite thought he meant something, and that really there was no trusting any man now, especially officers."

"Let the old gossip think what she likes," returned Maud, carelessly; but May saw that her shot had told, and rose to her feet.

"Very well. If you don't object to be viewed in so interesting a light, it is no affair of mine. Aunt Barry says Lady Alice has written to ask you to go to Lorris Castle again. Are you going?"

"I don't know—I haven't made up my mind," answered Maud; and May knew that her work was done.

"Well, if you do, Aunt Barry must come and stay with us," she said, carelessly. "The change would revive her. Good-by. It is nearly one o'clock. Geoffrey will be waiting luncheon for me."

Maud sat for a few moments thinking over what had passed, and then walked back to the house with her old quick tread. Aunt Barry looked up in some surprise; but Maud avoided her gaze, and, taking up a book, stood looking into it for a few minutes before she said, in a careless tone—

"Aunt Barry, I have been thinking that perhaps Alice will be disappointed if I refuse to go to Lorris Castle; so, if you really do not mind being left, perhaps—that is, I had better accept, and say I will come."

"I have thought so from the first," returned her aunt, scarcely able to restrain a smile. "You have quite knocked yourself up nursing me, and the change would refresh you."

"Perhaps it would. Well, I'll write and tell her that she may expect me on Friday. I have no doubt May will take care of you."

"I shall go and stay with her probably," answered the old lady; and Maud went to write her note before her resolution failed.

* * * * * * *

With what different feelings did Maud approach the grand old pile the second time! May's words had aroused her sufficiently to prevent her giving way to the sensation of hopeless desolation that had oppressed her before; but they could not allay the dull heavy pain at her heart.

She recalled the proud happy consciousness that had filled her as she drove under those stately beeches on the last occasion, the impatient longing for the time when she could tell her friend her treasured secret, and try and give her some vague impression of Arthur Trevor's perfection; and she sickened at the bitter contrast of then and now.

"Why do I go on loving him still," she asked herself, reddening with shame at the confession, "when I know him to be so utterly unworthy? He is not the man I loved, and yet his face is always before my eyes night and day, his voice in my ears. How I should despise any other girl for such weakness! I will not think of him, I will not love him, if there is any power on earth to conquer love."

But, though the resolution lent a transient glow to her cheeks and vigor to her step, Lady Alice, who met her in the hall, exclaimed, in dismay—

"Oh, Maud, how ill you look! What have you been doing to yourself?"

"I suppose Nature did not mean me for a sick nurse—that is all," answered Maud, smiling. "I own I feel a good deal knocked up, but I shall be all right when I have been here for a few days."

"My poor old dear, how thankful I am you are come! I shall so delight in petting and coddling you;" and Lady Alice passed her arm lovingly round her friend's waist. "You shall be quiet or gay, whichever you like, and we will take such care of you, and send you back so blooming that Aunt Barry won't recognize you. How is the dear old lady? What a terrible accident it was! I don't wonder you are so upset, it was such a shock." And the young girl talked on in her low, sweet tones that reminded Maud of the cooing of a dove, never pausing for an answer.

Maud was glad, for she did not feel much inclined to talk. There seemed to be only one subject on which she could talk now, and that she did not wish to mention—not yet, at least, if ever.

"Are there many people here?" she asked, as they entered her room.

"A few. The Grays are still here and Sir Hugh Follet, the latter still hoping you will relent and have pity upon him some day. He went away the day after you left, and has only just reappeared. It is very likely my scheming mother informed him of your probable return."

"Alice," said Maud, gravely, "I wish she wouldn't interfere in the matter. I know she means well, and thinks he would make me very happy, but it's quite out of the question. I shall never marry."

"Oh yes, you will," returned her friend, laughing. "It

is only people who have been crossed in love who remain single wilfully, and I don't think that is likely to be your fate, Princess Maud;" and she glanced as she spoke at the beautiful face before her.

"You think no man would give up an heiress when he had a chance of marrying her and hers?" questioned Maud, bitterly. "No, not if he had any choice in the matter, perhaps. However, I don't intend to subject any man to the temptation. I am not for sale."

Lady Alice shook her head reproachfully.

"Maud, I don't like to hear you talk like that, as if you had no faith in disinterested feelings or love. It sounds hard, and I don't know what. I thought you were softer and gentler the other day than you used to be—not so bitter. Don't let me find myself mistaken."

"I am not so well as I was then," observed Maud, wearily. "Let us hope that has something to do with it. I wish I were like you, Alice, so trusting and full of belief in all that is good; but I have been so often deceived that I am rapidly losing faith in everybody. Come, we must dress, or we shall be late for dinner."

Lady Alice walked thoughtfully along the corridor to her own room.

"There is something wrong that I do not know of yet," she said to herself, "but I fancy Maud will tell me if I let her alone. Poor girl, she does not seem happy."

Chapter IX.

When Lady Alice rejoined her friend, ready dressed for dinner, she found her in a totally different frame of mind from that in which she had left her half an hour previously. The weary air and bitter tone were gone, her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes bright; though, if she had looked closely, she would have detected a false ring in this apparent brightness.

"Come, Alice, I have been waiting for you," said Maud; "I feel sure everybody has gone down, and dinner will be waiting. Lady Dewhurst has been here to greet me, and has gone down, so we shall have to go in alone."

"Never mind—we are old enough to take care of ourselves," rejoined Lady Alice, smiling.

In two minutes more they were in the great dining-room, Maud greeting all she knew and answering a dozen questions about her aunt's accident. Poor Sir Hugh, anticipating his usual cold reception, came forward shyly, and was almost struck dumb by the bright glance and cordial tone that met his timid greeting, while Helen Gray's heart warmed within her as she heard the softened tones of real interest in which Maud asked her poor sister how she was.

The sight of Aileen's sad, delicate face aroused all Maud's former indignation, and did her good. She felt glad that she had had it in her power to punish the man who had wrought this ruin, and was thankful that the first blow of hearing of his marriage would not come through her. "It is only a temporary reprieve, probably," she thought, as she recalled his words, "I do not see how you can help it;" "but, at any rate, my conscience is free. I could not have come here and looked that poor girl in the face if I were still engaged to him;" and with renewed brightness she turned to accept Sir Hugh's escort to the dinner-table.

She sought Helen Gray's side when they were in the drawing-room, and exerted her utmost powers of pleasing to distract her thoughts; but Helen, though warmly disposed towards her companion, could scarcely attend to what she was saying, so intently was she watching her sister.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Etheridge," she said at last, with a sad smile. "I'm afraid you must think me very rude and inattentive, but Aileen's cough is so very troublesome to-night. I am wondering whether we ought not to start for Cannes at once. Doctor Ingram says she had better go there for the Winter, if she does not shake off this cough soon."

"Oh, there is no need to go yet!" observed Maud, quickly. "Why, we are only just beginning August. There will be no need to leave England for another month or six weeks. Do you go alone?"

"That is just the thing. If I dared, I should like to wait, for Lady Dewhurst is going there in September or October, and would look after us; but Lord Dewhurst is to be married in the middle of September, so, of course, his mother cannot go sooner. Perhaps I am foolishly nervous, but Aileen is all I have in the world;" and her voice died away in a whisper as she turned her head quickly away.

They were sitting in a deep oriel window with a seat all round, almost hidden from everybody by the heavy black-and-gold curtains. Maud took her hand in hers.

"I am so very sorry for you," she said, in a low, feeling voice. "Alice told me all the story, and how cruelly Aileen's life has been blasted. But I have not told her, or anybody, and I do not want you to repeat how he has been punished. He contracted an engagement with me, probably because of my money, but I think he cared for me, too"—her voice shook and faltered—"and the day I left here I saw him and told him I knew all, and would never speak to him again. Are you glad?"

Helen turned to her with crimson cheeks and glittering eyes.

"Glad! How can you ask? I have been dreading this ever since he left Aileen. It would kill her at once to hear he was married, for her love is not one whit altered. Oh, how noble of you! What can I say to you? But it must have cost you so much to give him up; he is so fascinating, so handsome—everything apparently that a girl could wish."

Maud's lip quivered as she answered—

"Ah, but it is only veneer. He is not worthy of the love of any honorable girl. I only wish I could publish the facts all over England, and keep him from marrying any one else."

"Never mind. This is a reprieve, and he cannot engage himself to any one else just yet."

"I don't know," observed Maud, sadly. "He might do it on purpose. He told me I could not help his marrying—there were plenty of heiresses in the world. However, I have done my part; the blow, when it falls, will not come from my hand."

Helen bent forward and kissed her impulsively.

"Heaven reward you!" she exclaimed. "I cannot find words even to thank you."

It was the first real glow of satisfaction that Maud had felt since her engagement had ended, and it did her good. Her heart felt lighter, and her smile came with less effort as she answered—

"I thought it would be a satisfaction to you, but I would rather nobody else knew. I did care for him very much, and the disappointment is only a few weeks old. Some day, when I am quite cured, I shall tell Lady Alice, but at present I don't want to talk about him."

"Of course not," agreed the other, thoughtfully. "It must be very hard to forget him. I have never seen any one so fascinating, so thoroughly winning as he is. His smile was so sweet, it seemed to light up his face like sunshine, and his voice was such a full, soft, manly one."

Maud shuddered from head to foot. "Please don't!" she exclaimed, in a quick low tone that betrayed her great pain, and then she rose hurriedly to leave the room, but was stopped by Sir Hugh Follet.

"I have been looking for you, Miss Etheridge, for the

last quarter of an hour," he said, brightly. "We are in full discussion of a picnic for to-morrow at St. Abb's ruins, about nine miles from here, and we want your voice and consent. Come, Miss Gray, we are getting up quite an excitement about it."

"I cannot come. It would tire Aileen too much, and I can't leave her," answered Helen. "But you must go, Miss Etheridge; so go and join in the discussion, and tell me your decision afterwards."

Maud went, glad to escape from her own painful thoughts, to where an animated conversation was going on among the young people as to who should ride and drive—whether they should dine, or have a gipsy tea, and so forth.

"Maud, you shall come with me in my pony-carriage," said Lady Alice, making room for her friend on the ottoman. "You are not nervous, and the ponies are rather fresh."

"I shall ride," exclaimed Constance Vernon, a dark, handsome girl, who had made up her mind to be Lady Follet whether Sir Hugh liked it or not. "Sir Hugh, I shall expect you to take care of me, as you are such a good rider."

"I am not a good rider, Miss Vernon," returned Sir Hugh, shortly—"men of my height never are—and you are too daring for me to undertake the charge of. Lady Alice, if I am very good, won't you take me too? I'll promise not to scream if the ponies bolt."

Lady Alice laughed mischievously.

"My pony-carriage is too small for a man of your height," she retorted, merrily.

"But I can pack away very small," extenuated Sir Hugh, "and I'll push behind whenever we come to a hill. You will want a gentleman to look after the ponies when we get to the ruins."

"Well, if you have quite set your heart upon it," said Lady Alice, "I suppose I must make room for you; but I think it is very cruel to my poor ponies."

"But you said they were rather fresh," rejoined Sir Hugh, quickly; whilst Constance Vernon tossed her head, saying, with a sneer——

"I wonder you are not too proud, Sir Hugh, to force yourself where you are not wanted."

"Sir Hugh reddened, and looked from Lady Alice to Maud.

"If I thought so, really," he began, hesitatingly; but Maud said, quickly:

"Yes, Sir Hugh, we do want you really to push behind up the hills, and pull us back coming down them. You will make a first-rate drag."

The young baronet laughed, his face brimful of delight, and Constance Vernon moved off, saying:

"Of course I was alluding only to Lady Alice. I never supposed for a moment that your presence would be objected to by Miss Etheridge."

Maud smiled, utterly careless of what anybody said or thought about a matter concerning which she was so totally indifferent; but Lady Alice looked extremely annoyed. With an effort she turned the conversation; but, when she could speak without being overheard, she said, hurriedly:

"I think, Maud, after that, I had better tell him not to come with us."

"Do nothing of the sort," advised her friend, promptly; "Miss Vernon is simply trying to entrap him, and, as she has chosen to be impertinent, I will punish her by keeping him at my side all the day. I think I can."

"Of course you can; but don't be cruel to him in your efforts to vex her. He is very much in earnest, I am sure."

Maud laughed a bitter little laugh.

"I don't believe in any man's being in earnest for long," she returned, in a hard tone. "However much he may be in love one week, he will have got over it by the next."

"Maud, don't talk like that," exclaimed her friend. But Maud only answered by a kiss as she turned away towards her bed-room.

Chapter X.

The next day dawned bright and beautiful in all the golden glory of an August sun. The young people were in high spirits, the elder ones could only forebode a thunderstorm, so cloudless was the sky, and Maud, with the recollection of her conversation with Helen Gray fresh in her mind, felt brighter and more satisfied than she had for some time, and came downstairs determined to enjoy herself, if possible, to-day.

Sir Hugh met her in the hall with an exquisite tea-rosebud and a piece of dark heliotrope carefully arranged, which he offered her shyly.

"Look here, Miss Etheridge," he said, hurriedly, "I've just been picking these for you to wear to-day. Will you accept them?"

Maud hesitated, unwilling to appear to encourage attentions she did not intend to accept, and said, slowly:

"Thank you, Sir Hugh; it is very kind of you, but——"

"Dear me, what a touching scene! So sorry to intrude," exclaimed Miss Vernon's voice behind her, in a sarcastic tone. "A regular case of—

> 'What, not accept my simple flowers?
> Ah, then indeed I am undone!'

Poor Sir Hugh, after getting his boots so wet on the dewy grass, too!"

Maud crimsoned, but only said, carelessly:

"Don't jump to conclusions too hastily, Miss Vernon. If I don't wear these, I shall ask Sir Hugh to get me some more. It depends on the color of my dress."

"I never supposed for a moment you meant to refuse them," returned Miss Vernon. "It was only a pretty hesitation, very touching. I like to see young ladies backward in receiving the attentions of gentlemen."

"Do you," returned Maud, dryly. "I should never have supposed it."

Constance Vernon deigned no reply, but, with a heightened color, sailed on to the breakfast-room, whilst Maud, with a smile that made poor Sir Hugh's heart beat fast, said:

"At any rate, I can wear them with this white dress," and, fastening the flowers in her belt, she followed Miss Vernon.

That young lady's words had aroused a spirit of mischief in her, and, though secretly ashamed of herself, she could not resist the temptation to encourage Sir Hugh in every way, so as to keep him securely at her side. Of what was to follow she would not think. If the worst came to the worst, and she found that his happiness was really at stake, he was an amiable, pleasant young man, and she might be happier with him than leading the aimless life of a solitary old maid. However, into that she did not look yet. Her present object was to vex and thwart Miss Vernon, and to keep herself from thinking.

At eleven the whole party assembled in the great hall to start on their expedition. Lady Dewhurst, old Sir James and Lady Russell, and an old Miss Vernon, aunt of the dashing Constance, were to go in the first carriage; the Conway Meades—who still hung on—and two Miss Follets in the second; Maud and Lady Alice in the pony-carriage, with Sir Hugh in the little back seat; Lord Dewhurst and Lady Florence, Miss Vernon and Sir John Hill, and a Miss Amy Vane were to ride. All were in high spirits except

Constance Vernon, and jokes flew gaily round as the hampers were slung on to the carriages, cloaks and wraps packed away, and riders and drivers mounted to their seats.

"I wish you joy of your roomy seat, Sir Hugh!" laughed Constance Vernon as she rode off. "I would give five shillings to see it come off! I'll wait for you at the hills, in case you want an extra horse to pull the party up;" and she cantered after Sir John, who admired the dark-eyed girl, and was torn to pieces between her charms and those of stately Helen Gray.

Constance Vernon, wisely considering that, failing the young Baronet, the old knight would be better than a plain Mr., exerted herself to please him, but, rather overdoing it, alarmed him lest he should be caught before he knew where he was, and find afterwards that he liked Helen Gray best, and so defeated her own object. Meantime the trio in the pony-carriage trotted merrily along, the ponies apparently utterly unconscious of the long Baronet behind, who faithfully fulfilled his promise, and pushed behind when they came to a hill.

LONGFELLOW'S POEM, "THE TWO ANGELS."

They were the first to arrive at the pretty wood where they were all to dine, and they strolled about the ruins, with which they were all three familiar.

"By-the-bye, Lady Alice," exclaimed Sir Hugh, suddenly turning round from the lovely view they were all admiring, "it is lucky that the Misses Gray did not come to-day, for Captain Trevor is staying with old Mr. Denham, who, it seems, is an uncle of his, and lives here. Your brother and I were riding past here yesterday, and we met the old gentleman driving in an open carriage; and I asked Dewhurst who the good-looking fellow with him was, and he said Trevor of the Artillery, nephew of the old man; and I remembered the name directly, but I did not allude to the subject, knowing it is a very sore one with him."

"Thank Heaven, Aileen did not come!" exclaimed Lady Alice, clasping her hands. "The house is within a few hundred yards of where we shall dine, and very likely he may come through the wood. I know Mr. Denham is his uncle, but I thought Captain Trevor was quartered in Ireland. Dewhurst never told me he had met him."

She could say no more, for several of the others now joined them, and Maud, feeling faint with mingled dread and hope, wandered a little apart from the rest to think over what she had heard.

Within a few hundred yards of her! Oh, if she might only see his face and hear his voice once more! She need not speak to him—in fact, she felt it was highly probable that he would not speak to her—but to see his face would suffice. Alas, she did not know till now how madly, how passionately she loved him still! She was so absorbed in her own thoughts that she scarcely heard them calling her to come to dinner, but, seeing Sir Hugh approaching her, she went forward hurriedly, unwilling to be alone with him in her present frame of mind. She almost loathed him in the reaction that had set in, and the poor fellow was quite taken aback at her evident change of feeling, her abrupt, cold answers, and averted looks.

"Have I offended you, Miss Etheridge?" he asked, humbly, under the clatter of plates and knives and the buzz of conversation.

"No, not in the least, Sir Hugh," she answered hastily, feeling ashamed of her variable moods, "but I have a headache, and it makes me cross."

"I am so sorry," said the young Baronet, in a tone of relief; "I suppose it was the long hot drive." And with wonderful tact he forbore to worry her by offering her every food and beverage before her.

How thankful she was when the meal was ended and she could rise and wander away! Sir Hugh did not follow her, but Lady Alice did, and linking her arm in that of Maud's they walked along lovingly conversing.

(To be continued.)

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

NONE of our American poets has so established himself as a favorite wherever the English language is spoken — in England as in America—to the same extent as Longfellow. He has not, indeed, the philosophical depth of Bryant or the weird fancy of Poe, but he has such a fund of human sympathy, is so pure in thought and language, so exalted in his aims, that he has won upon the hearts of the people while critics stood debating. He has won success even where his poems have been fettered by metre or cadence that was new and unfamiliar to the ear, like his hexameters, or the form of his "Hiawatha."

His last volume, "Pandora," brings him again before us, with poems, some of which are sure to remain in that strange crucible of popularity among the minted literary coinage, to pass and circulate through the land.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born on the stormy rock-bound coast of Maine, in 1807, with the whisper of the pines answering to the roar of the ocean. The son of an eminent lawyer, he entered Bowdoin College and graduated with honor. On him the course of culture was not thrown away; the poetic impulse implanted in him by nature was trained by the study of what other lands and other nations had given the world of poetry.

His literary taste and ability, shown by poems written in college days, led to the offer of the Professorship of Modern Languages and Literature in his Alma Mater, and he accepted it on the condition that he should be allowed a period for foreign travel and study. After three years spent in France, Italy, Spain and Germany, he assumed the duties of a professor, and more than twenty years of his life were passed in that college and Harvard, where he occupied a similar position.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

He has been a happy poet; happy in the absence of the cares and trials which, as literary history so pathetically tells us, have been but too frequently the almost inevitable attendants of genius. A life spent amid cultured associates, with a domestic circle full of affection and charm, broken only by a sad accident, which deprived him almost instantly of the cherished partner of his hopes and joys, has been granted to him.

His poems are too many to mention even by name. "Evangeline," the "Golden Legend," and "Hiawatha," among those of greater length, have never lost their hold on the affections of the people; while, of his minor poems, his "Balm of Life," his "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns," "Paul Revere's Ride," and many another, find their way into all collections, are learned by heart in the days of youth, and accompany thousands through life with their lessons.

AN ACADIAN HOME—SCENE FROM "EVANGELINE."

It has been well and justly observed that, "as a poet, he appeals to the universal affections of humanity, and expresses, with the most delicate beauty, thoughts which find sympathy in all minds. Averse to everything harsh, bitter, disdainful or repellent, there is no element in his poetry to call forth an ungracious or discordant emotion. It is always tolerant and human, kindled by wide sympathies, and with a tender sense of every variety of human condition. He combines in a rare degree the sentiment of the artist with the practical instincts of the man of the world. His thoughts are uniformly lucid and transparent, and never clouded by fanciful verbiage or obscurity. However vivid his imagery, he never seduces the attention from the main idea. Without attempting to represent the depths of passion, in his own sphere of feeling he is a genuine master, and the purity, sweetness, and refinement with which he delineates the affections of the heart, make him the most welcome of visitants at the fireside."

"Evangeline," that touching story of enduring love, a tale of that cruel episode in our history, the seizure of the Neutral French at Menaz, when they were deprived in an instant of home and property, to be thrown as paupers on our coast, from Massachusetts to Georgia, can never fail to touch the heart. The picture of the happy Acadian farms is perfect; no less so the fell hour when the prisoners, without regard to ties of kindred or love, were sent out to the ships which were to bear them from their blazing homes; but touching, above all, is Evangeline's long search for her lover, and her finding him on his death-bed.

As a specimen of Longfellow's minor poems, we give and illustrate "The Two Angels," which, like most of his noted lays, is the song of a feeling common to every mind in moods into which every mind is liable to fall. He expresses that looking forward to death felt at times by all for themselves or their kindred, and also pictures the house in which the blow actually falls.

"THE TWO ANGELS.

"Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er the village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

"Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

"I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Then, said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
'Beat not so low, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!'

"And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

"I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror, and the tremor, and the pain,
That oft before had filled and haunted me,
And now returned with three-fold strength again.

"The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

"Then, with a smile, that filled the house with light,
'My errand is not Death but Life,' he said;
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

"'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

"Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

"All is of God! if He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

"Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?"

"OUR PONY."

N Oriental legend tells us that when Allah was engaged in the work of creation, He tempered the lightning with the west wind, and so produced the horse. Fanciful and absurd as this may at first sight appear, yet when we consider the qualities blended in the equine race—the fire, the indomitable courage, joined to docility, gentleness, and intellectuality—we cannot fail to appreciate the whimsical idea.

When I was quite a youngster, my father became the fortunate possessor of a black pony, about twelve hands high called "Tempus." He brought his name with him, and its origin we could not discover, but my brother John—a collegian in his teens, and of course a great authority — advanced the theory that it referred to the similarity between the speed of the pony and the flight of time.

"Tempus" was about six years old at the date of his advent to our stables, and for symmetrical beauty, pluck, and sagacity had not his equal in the country—at least so we believed; perhaps we were prejudiced in his favor, but I, who owe much to him and revere his memory, still adhere to the opinion that there never existed a pony like him. Though gentle and kind, especially to us children, who sometimes tormented him sadly, the spirit of mischief seemed to be inherent in him, and scarcely a day passed but some new story of the tricks of "Tempus" would be recorded.

His favorite amusement during the fall of the year was to leap the hedge, or open the gate—he could do either easily—which divided the paddock from the orchard, and regale himself upon the choicest apples. He disdained the fallen fruit, but, taking a flying leap, would cull the rosiest specimens from the branches in his career.

Once he managed to obtain access to the flower-garden in front of the house, and, after regaling himself with a few dozen nasturtiums, boldly pushed open the porch-door, and entered the hall. The door was one that closed with a spring, but, having caught the mat, had remained ajar; when, however, Master "Tempus" urged it open, and crossed the threshold, it closed with a loud bang. Unconscious of danger, he advanced a few paces, until suddenly he found himself confronted by a huge black bear—a stuffed trophy of my father's. This was too much even for the plucky pony, his equanimity was completely upset, and he sought to beat an ignominious retreat; but the hall-door had shut to, and exit was cut off. In his terror, he burst open the door of the dining-room, wherein I was seated, capsized a dumb-waiter and a few chairs, and with one mad bound sprang through the casement which overlooked the lawn. By

the time I recovered from my astonishment sufficiently to comprehend the state of affairs, he had returned to his own pasture. But what raised "our pony" to the pinnacle of fame will be found in the following anecdote:

A deep river, about forty yards in breadth, wound through the meadow in which "Tempus" was usually put to grass. In its pellucid depths abounded fish of many kinds, and my fondness for piscatorial sport frequently led me to its banks, though my mother used always to feel an instinctive dread of accident happening whenever she saw me issue from the house with my rod and tackle.

One bright and beautiful afternoon I set out for my favorite sport, a shady nook on the river's bank near where fish did mostly congregate, heedless of maternal warnings as to carelessness. I staid a moment in the meadow to pat the sleek, arching neck of the pony, who trotted up to me, and affectionately thrust his nose into my hand, and then commenced my self-imposed task of endeavoring to ensnare members of the finny tribe with the most tempting bait my can could afford. But it was no use, the weather was unpropitious—too bright—and the fish persistently refused to even so much as taste the palatable morsels I had prepared for their delectation. Just beyond where a tree grew as it had fallen, partly across the stream, was a deep hole famed for fish; but I could not drop my line in this spot without crawling some distance along the prostrate trunk. This I had been specially forbidden to do, for much danger attended such a proceeding; but being rather an undutiful child, and hating to go home with an empty basket and incur the derision of my brothers, I determined to essay the perilous feat at all hazards. I had not progressed half a dozen yards when a dry branch, to which I had clung, snapped beneath my weight, and I was precipitated into the water. I uttered a wild shriek of dismay as I fell, a wail for succor that was suddenly silenced as I sank beneath the surface of the rapid-rushing river. Back to my memory came my mother's words as I struggled in the eddying flood, and bitterly I repented not having obeyed her oft-reiterated mandate. When I rose, I cried again aloud, though I knew that none were near to heed or rescue me, and the agonizing conviction that I should yield my life to the smiling stream, and sink a livid corpse among the hideous weeds beneath its depths, struck terror in my heart.

No human aid was near, yet succor came. A mighty splash resounded in my ears as I rose for the third time, and an instant afterward, though half-unconscious, I felt my jacket seized in an iron grasp, and knew that I was being drawn out of the silent stream that would have borne me unto death.

With that tendency peculiar to all drowning persons to grasp anything within reach, I extended my hands and clutched the mane of "our pony"—for it was he who, having seen my peril, had so bravely come to my assistance.

A little while and the noble animal, still fast holding my clothes in his teeth, clambered up the river's bank, drew me a sufficient distance from the brink to disallow of the probability of my again falling into the water, and then scampered off at lightning speed toward the house.

Overleaping every obstacle in his path, he soon gained the stable-yard, and at once attracted a groom's attention by gently seizing his shoulder, and pulling him in the direction of the meadow. The man, noticing the handsome animal's saturated coat and peculiar action, though he knew not what to attribute it to, permitted himself to be led for some distance, and when de detected me lying on the bank, started to run, preceded by "Tempus." When he came up I had in great measure recovered my senses; so, placing me upon the pony's back, he quickly conveyed me to the house, where warm blankets, a strong constitution, and gentle treatment, seasoned with well-timed lecturing upon the sin of disobedience, soon restored me to convalescence. You may be sure full meed of praise was awarded "our pony" for having so gallantly rescued me from a watery grave, and from henceforth little peccadilloes, for which he had been wont to receive chastisement, were leniently treated, as all remembered with gratitude the good service he had performed in the past. Poor "Tempus!" His end was sad indeed. He merited a better fate, but yet he died for us children.

Two of my brothers were crossing a meadow adjacent to the pony's paddock, in which a savage bull was grazing. The animal no sooner espied them than he gave chase, and would inevitably have killed them had not "Tempus" leaped the hedge and diverted the bull's attention from them to himself; but the gallant action proved fatal to him, for the infuriated beast drove one of his horns into the pony's side, and cruelly slew him. There was much lamentation and many tears when the result became known, for we loved "Tempus," and mourned for him as though a dear, familiar friend had been taken from amongst us.

The Story of Raphael Velda.

On an evening in the September of 1860, some excitement was caused among the inhabitants of the secluded town of Oppido, in the Calabria Ultra, when the gleam of arms announced the approach of regular troops.

The dealers in pottery and silk, in wine and oil, and the manufacturers of gloves and stockings from the delicate filaments of the shellfish named the *pinna marina*, and the water-carrier by the well, conferred together on this unusual circumstance; the wandering *pifferari* paused in their strains before the shrine of the Madonna; and the rustics of a more doubtful character—to wit: the armed and lawless *carbonari* and mountaineers, the brigands, and their sugar-loaf hats, velveteen jackets, and sandaled feet—looked forth from the dense forests and coverts wherein they lurked, defying alike the anathemas of the Archbishop of Reggio and the powers of the High Court there, and thought the time was near to inspect their guns and stilettoes, and set their wives to abandon the distaff for the bullet-mold, as none knew on what errand these troops had come, or what might ensue ere long, and strange things were expected, for Mazzini and "The Liberator" had been busy with their manifestoes; even the Fata Morgana had been showing strange optical delusions of late in the Bay of Reggio and the Straits of Messina.

The battle of Aspromonte had been fought in their vicinity during the preceding month.

Garibaldi, as all the world knows, intent on raising an insurrection in Hungary, had placed himself at the head of a body of Sicilian volunteers, in the forest district of Ficuzza, twenty miles from Palermo, and, by a hasty and ill-advised movement, he landed these men from two steamers on the Calabrian shore, where, on the mountain plateau of Aspromonte—one of the highest of the Calabrian hills, rising immediately behind the town of Oppido—he was attacked by the Royal Italian troops, under Colonel Pallavacino. Garibaldi fell, wounded by a musket-shot in the ankle, while all his people were surrounded and made prisoners.

Military executions followed on many, though "The Liberator," for his great services in the cause of Italian independence, was never brought to trial; and now the young grass was sprouting above the earthy mounds, and around the rude little crosses that marked where the dead lay in their lonely graves on the slope of the Apennines.

For two noted brigands who had accompanied him, named Agostino Velda and Giuseppe Rivarolo, rewards were offered at that time in vain.

The excitement in Oppido was in no way lessened when

the sound of bugles came on the evening wind, and ere long the Third Regiment of Bersaglieri, or Italian Rifles, in the service of Victor Emanuel, with their plumed hats and quaint uniforms, marched into town, and halted before the Albergo del Leon d'Oro, where the colors were lodged, and the lieutenant-colonel commanding took up his quarters.

The soldiers were placed in an empty monastery; a guard was mounted there, and also at the *albergo;* and then it began to be whispered about in the market-place and *cafés* that the Bersaglieri were to remain there until a captain arrived from Reggio with some special instructions for the colonel, Vincenzo il Conte Manfredi, of whom we shall hear more anon.

These rumors were unpleasantly connected with a Bersagliere named Agostino Velda—the same Velda who had followed General Garibaldi, and who had been brought in with the quarter-guard as a prisoner, and was now in a cell of the monastery, heavily ironed, and under the strictest surveillance.

Among the Bersaglieri of Colonel Manfredi were two soldiers of the name of Velda—the prisoner, Agostino, and his son, Raphael—a youth of little more than twenty years, who bore a character as high and unblemished as that of his father was degraded and low, dissipated and vile. Yet the father and son were both eminently handsome men, and both had fought bravely—the former on the fields of Goito and Novara, and the latter at Montebello and Solferino; but latterly, to many crimes and breaches of military law, Agostino had added that of desertion and consorting with brigands, among whom he narrowly escaped an assassination in which he became involved.

He had thrown aside his uniform, adopted the well-known costume of the brigands—a gayly-embroidered jacket, a high hat, with broad, flaunting ribbon, and long leathern gaiters—and, armed with a rifle and a six-barreled revolver, made his lurking-place among the mountains near Naples.

OUR PONY.—"THE NOBLE ANIMAL, STILL HOLDING MY CLOTHES IN HIS TEETH, CLAMBERED UP THE RIVER'S BANK.—PAGE 82.

Not far from Acerra—an episcopal city in the province of Lavoro—for a year prior to the affair of Aspromonte, he had taken up his residence with a formidable bandit and his wife, with whom he lived, concealed in a vault, the fragment of some ruined castle or villa of the old days of Roman Naples.

There they might have resided long enough together, and made perilous the road to Rome, but for the sum of two thousand ducats which had been put upon the head of Agostino Velda after Garibaldi's defeat, and which proved too much for a friendship such as theirs.

One day, after a close pursuit, his *padrona* assured him that he might safely issue forth, as the police had disappeared; but immediately, on raising the trap door, which was covered with turf and branches to conceal their den, he was struck to the earth by a blow from an ax, dealt full on his head by a most unsparing hand.

Assisted by his wife, the *padrona* dragged the body to a ditch close by, and then, stabbing her to death, he departed at once to Naples, where he claimed the reward offered for Agostino Velda, whom he accused of killing the woman.

But Velda was not dead—such men are hard to kill. He was simply stunned, grievously wounded, and made hideous by the blood that covered him.

He managed to crawl to the nearest house of the National Guard, to whom he told his story, denouncing, as his accomplice, the *padrona*, who was seized and shot, as the reward of his crimes; while he (Velda) was sent back under escort to the Third Bersaglieri, then on their march to Calabria, to overawe the brigands in that mountain region, and he was now under sentence, and waiting the result of his trial, the papers connected with which had been forwarded for approval to General Enrico Cialdini, who, in the subsequent year, was appointed leader of the entire Italian army, and "Viceroy of Naples, with full power to repress brigandage."

The proceedings of the court-martial by which the father

THE STORY OF RAPHAEL VELDA.—1. "RAPHAEL KNELT BEFORE THE CONTE, ENTREATING HIM TO ALTER HIS TERRIBLE SELECTION." 2. "A FRANCISCAN FRIAR SPENT THE GREATER PORTION OF THE NIGHT WITH AGOSTINO VELDA."—PAGE 83.

had been tried were actually engrossed by the hand of his son, who was the clerk to the regiment, and he knew all the papers contained, save the *sentence*, which was known to the sworn members of the court alone; but he could not doubt the tenor of it.

Shame and gloom clouded the dark and handsome face of the young man, and this dejection was held sacred by his comrades, though it has been said that Colonel Manfredi—a man of weak and vicious character, one, moreover, who was fierce, reckless, and dissipated—was cruel enough, on more than one occasion, to taunt the innocent son with the errors of the guilty father.

The sun was verging toward the watery horizon of the Gulf of Gioja, and the shadows of the Apennines were falling far athwart the deep and wooded valleys that lie eastward of Oppido, when, full of sad, terrible, and bitter thoughts, the younger Velda left the little city, and, after pausing once or twice to cross himself before the little lamp-lighted Madonnas at the street corners, hurried toward a spot which was familiar to him, for he was by birth a Calabrian, and like his father before him, had first seen the light among those very mountains where Aspromonte had been fought.

Under the circumstances in which he was placed, the young soldier gazed sadly on the scenes of his infancy—on the forest paths and secluded places where he had been led by the hand of his mother, who had perished of fever and fright after the battle of Novara.

Raphael Velda walked rapidly onward for a few miles, through a district that was rich in fruit-trees, where the lemon and citron, the fig, the vine, and the orange were growing, till he reached a region that was rocky and wild, and where the majestic oaks and pines of that extensive tract known as the Forest of La Sila, celebrated even by Virgil in the twelfth book of the "Æneid," cast a deepening shadow over the way he pursued, and where the goat, the buffalo, and the wild black swine appeared at times amid the solitude.

Brightly streamed the evening sun through the openings in the forest, while Raphael, with unerring steps, trod a path that had been familiar to him in boyhood, and at last he reached the place he sought.

It was a cavern in the gray basaltic rocks; but the entrance, known only to the initiated, was carefully concealed by the hand of nature, for the wild fig-trees, the vines, and other luxuriant creepers completely screened it from the casual eye.

"Oh, Francesca, my love! my love! what an abode for *you!*" muttered the soldier, as he saw it. But the place was silent as the grave; the hum of insect life, and the gurgle of a mountain rivulet, whose course was hidden by the verdure, alone met his ear. "Francesca, my betrothed! the wife of my heart!"

Passing through the screen of leaves, Raphael Velda came to a barrier of wood, wedged between the walls of rock, and on this he knocked with a resolute hand, though his heart was throbbing with anxiety.

After a pause, a sound most unpleasantly like the click of a gun-lock met his quickened ear, and he hastily knocked again.

"*Chi é la?* (Who is there?)" demanded a stern voice.

"'Tis I, good Giuseppe—a friend."

The wooden barrier sharply revolved on its centre, and within the cavern, half seen in ruddy sunlight, and half sunk in dark brown shadow, appeared the picturesque figure of a man, whose attire and bearing proclaimed him to be a Calabrian brigand. Strong and athletic in form, erect and dignified in carriage, the lines of his dark face, and his keen, wild eyes declared him to possess an ardent and fiery spirit; but his garments were tattered and miserable, his beard was long, and its naturally raven blackness was becoming silvered by time.

His sash contained a brace of pistols, and a horn-hafted knife, and in his hands was a long double-barreled rifle, which was cocked and held menacingly, for the naturally ferocious expression of his face deepened when he saw the hostile attire of his visitor.

"A friend!" he exclaimed, scornfully. "Do the friends of Giuseppe Rivarola wear the uniform of the king's Bersaglieri?"

"True, I am a soldier, Giuseppe—a soldier of the king; I yet am not the less your friend," replied Velda, gently.

"Back, I say! I seek not your friendship, boy, and I want not your blood! Yet," continued the robber, wrathfully, "how am I to save my own, if I permit you to return alive, after having dared to track me to my hiding-place?"

As Rivarola spoke, he involuntarily raised the musket to his right shoulder.

"Hold, Giuseppe Rivarola!" cried his visitor. "Have you quite forgotten me? I am Raphael, the son of Agostino Velda."

The brigand uttered a cry, threw down his musket, and springing forward, with all the volubility of gesture and violent declamation which proclaim the Calabrian a genuine child of nature—a rough and impetuous mountaineer—he embraced the young man, took him in his arms, and led him into his hiding-place.

It was indeed a squalid den, and lighted only by a few dim rays of the fading sunshine, which stole in through fissures in the basalt. In a recess a little Madonna of coarse clay was fixed to the wall of rock, and the flame of a brass oil-lamp was flickering before it. Beneath lay a bed, or rather a pallet, the neat arrangements of which indicated the presence of a female hand.

Outside this lay a couch of leaves and deer-skins, whereon doubtless old Rivarola snatched his few hours of repose. Some vessels of coarse pottery, an iron pot, a bullet-mold, a powder-flask, and other similar *et cetera*, made up the furniture; and Raphael looked round him with a saddened and anxious eye. "Francesca?" said he, inquiringly.

"She has gone to vespers, and to market at Oppido. The poor child requires other comforts than my gun can procure her on these bleak mountain sides, or even on the highway, for few men travel now without an escort of the Carabinieri. I am in hopes that she may be employed as a *zitella*—(a girl who will make herself useful)—by the good sisters of the Benedictine convent—God and His Mother bless them!" continued the brigand, lifting off his old battered hat with reverence. "The Sisters pity her for her own sake, though they execrate me as one of the godless Garibaldini. Once that our Francesca is safe within their walls, I shall go further west, among the mountains, where some of the men of Aspromonte are still lurking, though heaven knows that to leave this place for that may be only *noi cadiamo da Scilli in Cariddi*," he added, using the old classic proverb. "But while talking of my own affairs I forget yours. What of your father, my boy?"

"He has been taken by the National Guard, and is now with us in Oppido; but under sentence of death, as I too justly fear it must be," replied Raphael, in a broken voice.

"Rebellion, desertion, treason, and robbery! What else could be the penalty of these but death! He will be shot, of course, by the Bersaglieri."

"Alas!"

"Yet you will continue to wear their uniform?" said the old brigand, his mustaches quivering with anger.

"I follow the dictates of my conscience."

"Conscience!" replied the other, grimly. "I had such a thing about me once; but now—— Well, well!"

"Are they safe for Francesca, or safe for you, these evening errands into Oppido?"

"She goes in as the twilight falls, and always returns after dark, when none can see the way she takes. But our perils will be increased now that your precious Bersaglieri are so close at hand."

"They *are* increased, Giuseppe. A list of persons to be captured, and shot if found with arms in their hands, or who prove unable to give a satisfactory account of themselves, has been given by Cialdini to the Conte Manfredi, and your name is the *first* on that fatal roll, of which I made a copy no later than yesterday, by the conte's order."

The outlaw only laughed at this, and his white teeth glistened under his dark mustache.

"They will never discover my retreat," said he.

"Oh, be not too sure of that."

"It has served me ever since that fatal day at Aspromonte."

"You are wrong. Either Francesca has been watched or some one has betrayed you."

"None could betray me. My secret is known to Francesca and myself alone," replied the outlaw, confidently.

"A clue to your hiding-place is in the hands of the Conte Manfredi, and ere to-morrow—yea, to-night, perhaps—a cordon of riflemen will be around it. *Povero amico!* I swear to you that this is the truth!"

"And my Francesca!" exclaimed Rivarola, mournfully, as he clasped his brown hands.

"She is here—here at last!" cried the young man, as a girl sprang into the cavern; but on beholding his uniform she uttered a low cry of terror, and shrank behind her father.

Her figure was slender and *petite*, yet she was full-bosomed and beautifully rounded. Her eyes were dark, but bright and sparkling, and softened in expression by their wonderfully long lashes, which, like her hair, were black as jet. Her attire was poor, but plain and neat, even to being piquant and pretty. Her scarlet bodice was handsomely embroidered, and her habit-shirt, like the square fold of linen that shaded her face, was white as snow, and contrasted well with the almost olive hue of her complexion.

"*O padre mio!* I have been pursued!" she exclaimed.

"By whom?" asked Rivarola, starting to his musket.

"An officer of the Bersaglieri; but I escaped him in the forest. Oh, my father! my father! and a Bersagliere is here before me!"

"Raphael Velda, your betrothed!" said the young man, coming forward from the shade which had concealed him.

The girl rushed into his arms, and he covered her face with kisses, showering them on her brow, her lips and eyes, even her neck, where hung her only ornament, a little crucifix of brass.

"*Ne sono estatico!* (I am in ecstasies!)" the young soldier continued to murmur, as he gazed upon the upturned face that lay upon his fringe epaulet, and so near his own flushed and handsome cheek.

"Oh, what happiness!" responded the girl. "I am beside myself with joy! Raphael, speak to me!"

"Thou art loved by every one, my child," said the old brigand, who turned away sadly.

"Oh, Francesca! many may—nay, must have loved you; but none as poor Raphael Velda does," said the lover.

"If ever we are parted, judging by what I have suffered already, the *wrench* will be terrible! Francesca will die!" murmured the girl. "Oh, Raphael! when absent from you I seem only to endure existence. All time seems lost that is not spent with you."

"And one of our officers pursued you, Francesca?" asked Raphael, after a pause.

"Yes, my beloved—from the gate of Oppido, along the highway, and close up to the forest, where I eluded him by lurking behind a tree while he passed on."

"Is he old, or young?"

"A man of fifty, with long gray mustaches curled up to his ears."

"*Dio!* 'tis the colonel—the Conte Manfredi! the greatest *roué* in all Naples!"

"Never mind—soldiers are used to run after pretty girls. You have escaped him, and if he comes hither, my gun will do the rest—there will be promotion for the major," said Rivarola, calmly.

But the handsome face of Velda clouded. His love for Francesca was deep and passionate. Yet, as a soldier, could he marry and make her a camp-follower—the jest, perhaps, of his comrades, the prey, perchance, of such a man as the conte? she, with all her purity and beauty?

"Be one of us—throw your allegiance to the winds, and take to the mountains," the brigand would have suggested; but Raphael was loyal and good, and mourned the lost lives of Rivarola and his doomed father.

But now the sun was set, and he knew that he must soon return to quarters, as he had only leave till midnight, and, taking his gun, Rivarola prepared to accompany him a little distance on the way.

The lovers separated, with an arrangement for their meeting on the morrow, and from the screen of leaves that hid her wretched home, the poor girl, with eyes half-blinded by tears, watched their figures retiring through the forest; but scarcely had they been gone ten minutes when both came rushing back to her. The face of Raphael was deadly pale; that of Rivarola inflamed by passion, and in his eyes there sparkled a dangerous light.

"Conceal yourself, my child. A party of the Bersaglieri are in the forest, searching, doubtless, for *me*, so I must fly; but I shall leave your betrothed with you. Surely," continued Rivarola, "he will be able to protect you from his own comrades, at least. I will fire a shot to lure these men after me, and away from this vicinity; so, if you hear it, my children, be not alarmed. To heaven and your love I trust her, Raphael. Adieu!"

He pressed the terrified girl almost convulsively to his breast, sprang up the rocks with his musket slung behind him, and disappeared, while Raphael led Francesca into the cavern, and closed the door.

The task of soothing her was a delightful one; but then came the reflection—what was he to do? To remain there with her was impossible, as, ere midnight, he would have to report himself to the quarter-guard, and could he leave her alone—alone in the wild forest?

No! She should return with him to Oppido, and seek at the Benedictine convent that shelter which would not be denied her. This was soon resolved on, and, though about to leave the cavern, perhaps forever, she reverentially trimmed anew the votive lamp before the little Madonna, while Raphael stole for half a mile or so into the forest, to assure himself that his comrades were gone. This proved to be the case, as they had heard the distant random shot of Rivarola, and, following it, had disappeared.

"Heaven be praised!" said Raphael, aloud; "the road is clear for her and me."

He was returning to the hiding-place, when a shrill cry—almost a shriek—from Francesca made him spring forward with all the speed he could exert; and he saw, with dismay, that the barrier of wood and screen of leaves were alike thrown down, and that an armed man stood within them.

All that his heart had foreboded of evil—the climax of every vague apprehension to which the soul of Raphael Velda had been a prey—was reached, when he beheld his beautiful little Francesca struggling to free herself from the grasp of her visitor—his colonel, the Conte Manfredi!

Of all men in Italy, the man from whom he had most cause

to fear—the man who held in his hands, perhaps, the life of his father, Agostino Velda, and his own life as a consorter with outlaws—had now tracked out Francesca as a new prey! This was but an example, probably, of "how oft the power to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done."

Raphael knew that the conte was a man without scruple or conscience, possessed of vast wealth, of high rank, and a position which enabled him always to *crush* with success all who opposed his wishes, however vile or cruel those wishes might be; and Raphael was but a poor Bersagliere, whose father was a convicted brigand.

For a moment he was paralyzed with dismay, but a moment only.

The next saw him tear Francesca from the grasp of the conte, whom he thrust, without much ceremony, aside.

In an instant the blade of the colonel's sword glittered in his hand. "*In guardia, signore! in guardia!*" cried he, in a voice that was tremulous with rage, while Raphael, who had no other weapon than the short sword-bayonet of the Bersagliere, promptly drew it to defend himself, and therewith he parried one or two thrusts aimed at his breast. As yet the colonel had not recognized him, for the cavern was dark, or only lit by the tiny votive lamp that flickered above the humble couch of Francesca.

"Ha, Signore Spadaccino!" said Manfredi, mockingly, "I'll be through your body this time!" But by a rapid parry and great strength of wrist, Raphael twisted the sword from the hand of the conte, who then drew a pistol. All this passed in a few seconds, while Francesca, crouching behind Raphael, looked upward with her face blanched by terror. And now, as he leveled the pistol, the conte for the first time discovered that his antagonist was a soldier.

"*Como vi chiamente* (What is your name)?" he asked, in a voice of thunder.

"Raphael Velda, signore."

"*Ehi!* one of my own men, too!"

"*Illustrissimo—si*—I have the honor," replied Raphael, with a profound salute, but keeping his sword drawn, nevertheless.

'Oh, Raphael! my love, my love! you are lost! Spare him, Signore Colonello! spare him!" cried Francesca.

"Leave this place, Raphael Velda," said the conte, in a low, hoarse voice.

"Never!"

"Indeed! When are you due at Oppido?"

"I have my captain's leave till midnight, signore."

"*Mezzanotte?* Good. It wants but two hours of that time now," said the mocking conte, looking at his watch. "You know, I presume, the penalty of drawing upon a superior officer?"

"No—not when in defense of my own life, and of one who is dearer to me than life."

"*Veramente*—indeed!" drawled the other, curling up his enormous mustache, which he wore in imitation of King Victor Emanuel. "This girl—the daughter of a brigand—of a Garibaldino—is beyond the pale of all protection."

"She is my betrothed wife, signore," said Raphael, with a deep burst of emotion.

"Your life is in my hands, Velda, as a consorter with outlaws."

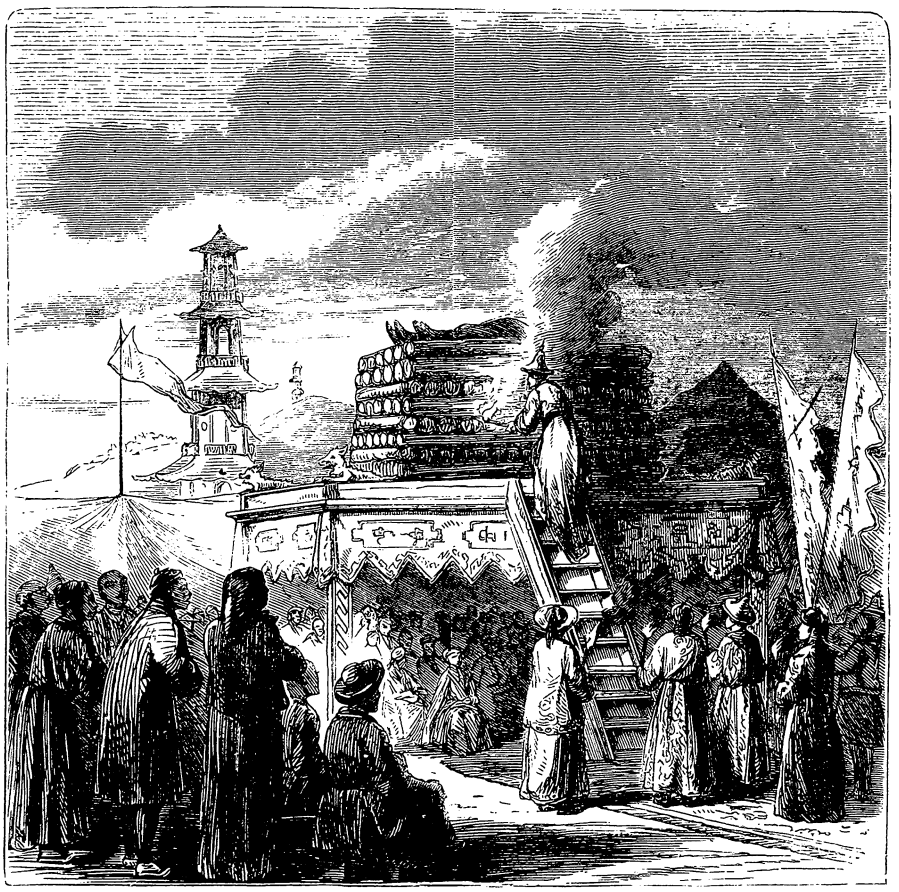
"Not more a consorter than yourself, signore, if the mere fact of being here makes me one."

"Insolent! Yet I will spare your life on one condition."

"Name it, signore."

"That you will never mention what has transpired here to-night — our combat, and my disarmament. Swear it by the God who hears you, and the soul of the girl you love!"

Raphael felt astonished at a punishment so unlike Manfredi, but swore as he was requested. "Good," said the colonel, picking up and sheathing his sword. "I give you life for silence, but my vengeance will come on the morrow!"



CREMATION IN SIAM.—PAGE 91.

And with these ominous words, which the unfortunate Raphael connected in some way with his imprisoned father, the colonel quitted the dreary abode of the Rivarolas, and disappeared in the forest.

The moment he was gone, Raphael raised Francesca, and strove by his caresses to reassure her. He affected to make light of the threats of Manfredi, expatiated on the promises he had given as a reward for silence, expressed joy that her father had escaped; and, as soon as she had regained her composure, he led her from the cavern, and together, hand in hand, with their minds mutually oppressed by fear for the future, they pursued the highway, almost in silence, till they reached the little city of Oppido.

"Adieu, Raphael," said the girl, weeping on his breast.

"Oh, Francesca! my dearest Francesca! I cannot tell you how I love you! And this love continues, if possible, to grow every day. My whole soul is yours, Francesca!"

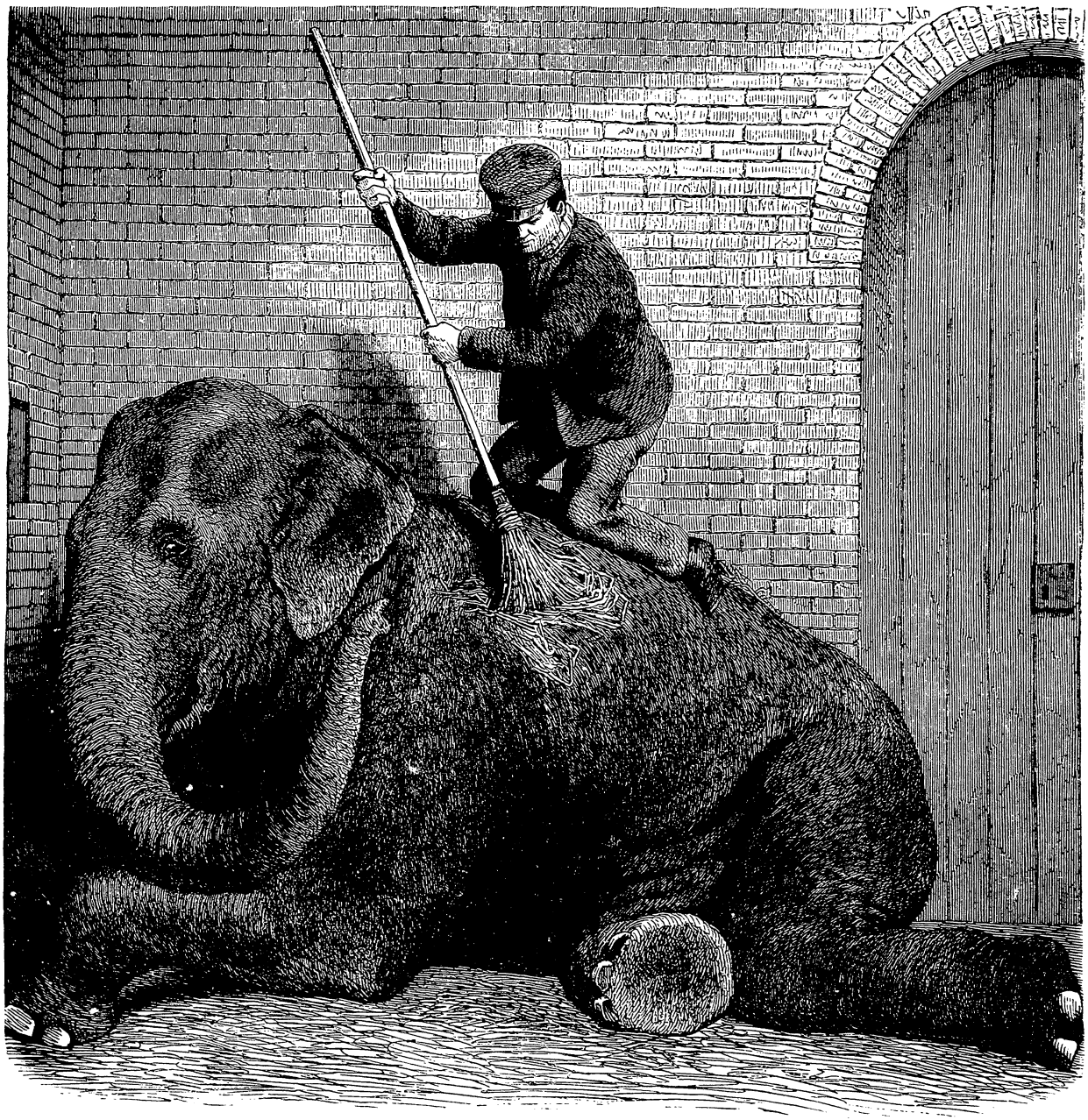
"And I shall yearn long and wearily for you till we meet again. Separate from you, the most sunny days are gloom to me, and I seem to shiver as if chilled by the *tramontana!*"

And now, after a long and passionate kiss—a *last* one, as it proved—they separated at the gate of the Convent of Santo Benedetto; and, fortunately for Raphael, he was in quarters before the time necessary, and amid their dull monotony the voice of Francesca ever lingered in his ear.

Some valets or emissaries of the conte were at the cavern betimes before daybreak. The cage was empty, and its pretty bird flown, they knew not whither; and this only served to inflame him the more against the elder Velda.

Next morning the shrill brass bugles of the Bersaglieri were blown at an unusually early hour, while the mountain summits were yet red with the first rays of the morning sun, and the whole battalion paraded under the orders of the conte; for the expected captain had arrived overnight from Reggio, rumor said, with the death-warrant of Agostino Velda. The latter seemed to be fully verified by the fact that the regimental chaplain—a Franciscan friar—had spent the greater portion of the night in his cell.

The plain where the Bersaglieri were paraded was a solitary spot about a mile distant from Oppido, in a rugged ravine, overhung on all sides by masses of rock.



THE ELEPHANT'S TOILET.—SEE PAGE 93.

The well-trained Bersaglieri stood silent and firm in their ranks; the only motion there being the fluttering of their dark-green plumes, which were caught by the passing breeze. Their sword-bayonets were fixed on their rifles, as the regiment formed three sides of a hollow square, and the broad blades of these reflected gayly the sheen of the morning sun. On the vacant side of the square stood an upright

post, firmly placed in the earth, with a stout rope dangling from it. At this object the eyes of the soldiers looked grimly, but sternly, from time to time. The officers leaned on their swords, and yawned wearily in the early morning air. Since the field of Aspromonte they had grown tired of the perilous work of brigand-hunting, and looked forward with something of dismay to the rustication of dull quarters in the mountain city of Oppido. While such empty regrets occupied the minds of many, the heart of Raphael Velda was a prey to a grief and horror all its own. He and all the regiment thought that he should have been spared a scene so horrible as the execution of his own father! He had promised this request personally, and through the captain of his company, but in vain. The conte was inexorable. He only gave one of his sinister smiles, and shrugged his shoulders in token of refusal. So, pale as a spectre, and trembling in every fibre, Raphael stood under arms in his usual place.

Agostino Velda, though an old soldier of the corps, who had, as we have said, fought loyally on the field of Gaito, and of Novara, was viewed now only as a disgrace, a brigand; so although all sympathized with his son, and deprecated his presence on an occasion so awful, they cared little otherwise about the impending execution.

From the lower end of the ravine was seen the gleam of approaching bayonets, and the prisoner appeared with fetters on his hands, walking slowly between a file of Bersaglieri, and by the side of the chaplain—a very reverend-looking old man, who wore the garb of a Franciscan—and who had been praying with him all night in the vault of the old castle, which served as a dungeon. And now poor Raphael felt an icy shudder pass over his whole frame as his father drew near.

He had already that day at dawn taken a passionate and affectionate farewell of him, and they were to meet no more on earth; but yet the dark and haggard eyes of Agostino Velda wandered restlessly and yearningly along the ranks, as if in search of a beloved face.

He was a splendid-looking man, in the prime of life. His stature was great, and his bearing lofty and commanding. The pallor of his face contrasted strangely with the raven blackness of his voluminous beard and hair; the latter seemed to start up in sprouts from his forehead and temples, and fell backward like the mane of a lion. His eyes were dark—dark as the doom that awaited him; and their usual expression was fierce, defiant, and lowering. He was bareheaded, and muffled in an old regimental great-coat, which was intended to be his shroud.

"I have repented of all my faults and crimes," said he, in a firm voice, and with a collected manner. "I see now, old comrades, the folly, the wickedness, of my past life, and am ready to die for it!"

The proceedings of the court-martial were then read over by the adjutant, and they closed with the sentence:

"That he—the said Agostino Velda, lately a Bersagliere of the Third Regiment, and now a brigand—was to be tied to a post and shot to death by any three soldiers whose doubtful character might lead the colonel to select them for thatduty, as a species of punishment!"

The hand of Manfredi seemed to tighten on his bridle-rein as he heard this, and there passed a grim smile over his face as he handed a penciled memorandum to the sergeant-major, who changed color as he read it, and in his utter confusion actually forgot to salute his officer, under whose glance most of the Bersaglieri cowered, for he was supposed to possess that terror of the Italians—an evil eye. He paused for a moment irresolutely, and then turned to obey, for discipline and obedience become a second nature to a soldier.

While the pioneers bound the passive prisoner to the stake, the perplexed sergeant-major summoned from the ranks two soldiers who had been punished repeatedly for breaches of discipline, and twice for robbery, as their names had been given to him by the colonel. Then, pausing slowly before the company in the ranks of which Raphael Velda stood, pale as a sheet, and supporting himself on his rifle, he summoned him to step forth, as the third file, to complete the firing-party.

A thrill of horror and dismay seemed to pervade the whole regiment on witnessing this, and now Raphael rushed to the front.

"*Signore Illustrissimo—oh, colonello mio!*" he exclaimed, in a piercing voice, while gesticulating with all the fervor of a true Calabrian; "*Dio buono!* you cannot mean this! It is too cruel—too terrible. The king will resent it—General Cialdini will never permit it," he added, wildly and incoherently, while his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth.

In a paroxysm of grief he knelt before the conte, entreating him to alter the terrible selection—to forego this subtle scheme for vengeance, while the pale prisoner, who saw and understood the whole situation, uttered a cry of grief, and, dropping the crucifix which the chaplain had placed in his hands, covered his face with them.

"What can be the meaning of this?" was whispered round the ranks.

Raphael alone could have told; but he was sworn to secrecy—secrecy by God's name, and the soul of Francesca.

In vain did the major—a gallant old soldier, who possessed great influence in the corps—urge the conte to change his plan; in vain did the venerable chaplain supplicate on one hand and threaten on the other; and in vain also did Raphael Velda, whose voice had now left him, stretch his hands toward the conte in mute entreaty.

Vincenzo Manfredi was inexorable!

"I do not command the son to shoot the father, but the loyal Bersagliere to slay the convicted felon," said he; and then, with a voice and bearing that forbade all hope of his revoking an order which filled the regiment with indignation and bewilderment—for the character of Raphael was unimpeachable, and, even were it not so, the selection was alike cruel and unnatural—he ordered the firing-party to fall in at fifty yards' distance from the criminal, and to load and cap their rifles. Then the remainder of the obnoxious task was to be performed by the sergeant-major.

"*Sono allo desperazione!*—I am in despair! Oh, Francesca! oh, my father!" moaned Raphael, as he loaded mechanically, and knew that, even if he fired in the air, he would, throughout all his future life, be branded as a parricide—as the executioner of his own father!

A blindness—a horror, like a great darkness—seemed to come over him, and for a few moments he was beside himself with excess of emotion. For a second or so the idea of shooting Manfredi at the head of the regiment occurred to him, but only to be dismissed, for that officer was so placed that he could not have been hit without the risk of killing another; and now, like an automaton, he found himself kneeling—one of three executioners—before his father, at fifty yards' distance.

Though horror blanched his face, Agostino looked proudly and steadily at the three dark tubes from whence his doom was to come, for at the word "three" the executioners were to fire.

"*Uno!*" cried the sergeant-major, in a voice that was quite unlike his own; "*due!* TRE!"

Reverberating with a hundred echoes among the rocks, as the sounds were tossed from peak to peak, *four* rifles rang sharply in the clear morning air, and three men fell dead.

They were Agostino Velda, pierced by two bullets in his head, which sank heavily forward on his breast; Raphael,

who, by an expert use of his bayonet as a lever, after uttering a prayer to heaven and for Francesca, had shot himself through the heart; and, lastly, the Conte Manfredi, who, pierced by a bullet fired from the rocks above, threw up his hands with a wild scream, and fell lifeless from his horse!

His fall and the suicide of Raphael Velda were so totally unexpected, that the Bersaglieri were utterly bewildered and confounded. The double catastrophe was almost terrifying even to old soldiers; but the major was the first to recover his presence of mind, and, at the head of a company, proceeded to surround and scale those rocks from whence the mysterious bullet had come.

No trace of the assassin could be found, save a long and double-barreled rifle, which had recently been discharged, and on the stock of which was carved the name of the noted brigand, "Giuseppe Rivarola"; so not a doubt remained that by his hand the conte had perished.

In vain were the mountains searched, and princely rewards for his apprehension offered by General Cialdini and the king; for Giuseppe was never seen afterward, though he is supposed to be still lurking among the wilds of the Abruzzi —the Promised Land of the Italian brigands.

As a suicide, the hapless Raphael Velda was buried in a solitary place, and in unconsecrated ground; but yearly, on the anniversary of his death—the festival of St. Michael and All Angels—there comes a Benedictine nun, who kneels by the green sod that covers him, and, with beads in hand, and head bent low and reverently, says a prayer for the repose of his soul.

She then hangs a wreath of fresh flowers on the little cross that marks his grave, and glides slowly and sadly away.

CREMATION IN SIAM.

THE practice of burning the bodies of the dead is retained in Siam in full force to the present day, among all the principal families. The ceremony is magnificent enough, but fearfully expensive, and its continuance is an intolerable burden, but no one dares to drop it because it is "the old custom." The Bangkok *Recorder* contains descriptions of the burning of two Siamese nobles, one a brother of the Prime Minister of the Kingdom, who died June 11, and the other a half brother, who died a few weeks later. During all the intervening time, the bodies had laid in state in either respective homes. The whole period had been occupied in costly preparations for the ceremony. On a platform about eight feet from the ground had been erected a pyramid sixteen feet high surmounted by a splendid urn highly ornamented and gilt. Ove this was an immense and lofty white canopy, open at the four sides. The whole was profusely decorated with flowers and fancy articles.

On the day of the funeral the pyramid was chiefly removed, and a pile of firewood built in its place, on which the bodies were placed. The account proceeds:

"Within the enclosure on two sides of the dome were seated priests, princes, and noblemen, etc. On another side were the female mourners and friends, together with nearly all the European ladies residing in the city. On the fourth side, where his Majesty was to approach the dome, were the European gentlemen, comprising mariners, merchants, consuls, clergymen, etc. Without the enclosure on all sides were vast multitudes of both sexes and of all classes.

"The hour of five o'clock P. M. had now arrived, which was the time appointed for the ignition of the funeral pile. Presently the royal heralds announced the approach of the king by their trumpets and conch-shells. All eyes were consequently turned to the quarter at which his Majesty was to enter, and a few strains of 'God Save the King' from the brass band introduced him very quietly into the presence of the dead, where he seated himself, with a large number of his children, before ten or a dozen Buddhist priests, arranged in a line sitting on a carpet. These went through with certain rehearsals and incantations for the dead, barely audible, but not to be understood, while his Majesty poured sacred water from a little tea-pot into a basin, it being a symbol of blessings craved for the departed spirits as well as for all the remaining friends.

"The screen which had hidden the dismantling and humiliation of the bodies on the wood was now drawn aside. His Majesty then snapped an instrument peculiar to the Siamese, which ignited a little powder, and this a taper, which the king, having ascended the steps, applied to the funeral pile. Immediately the nearest mourners stepped up and placed each his wax candle and sandal-sticks under the wood, and then the princes and lords in rapid succession did the same, until all order of rank was lost in the desire to manifest the same respect for the dead before the flames should become too hot to admit of approach. The fire increased with unusual rapidity.

"There was no outburst of grief, but manifestly silent, solemn weeping among some of the mourners. We could not but weep with them when we considered that they were weeping without one ray of the glorious hopes which the Gospel affords to them who believe in Him who is the resurrection and the life."

CAPTAIN CAREW.

AT the siege of Tortona, the commander of the army before the town ordered Carew, an Irish officer in the service of Naples, to advance with his detachment. The General said to Carew: "Sir, I know you to be a gallant man; I have therefore put you upon this duty. I tell you in confidence, it is certain death to you all. I place you there to make the enemy spring a mine below you." Carew saluted the General, and then led on his men. He stood with an undaunted countenance; and calling to one of his soldiers for a draught of wine, he said, "Here, I drink to all those who bravely fall in battle." At that instant Tortona capitulated; and Carew escaped the destruction which he had so nobly displayed his readiness to encounter at the call of honor.

SCOLDS.—THE OLDEN TIME.

Degrading Punishment of Women.

OLD-TIME punishments, conceived and determined upon in aristocratic days, when the privileged classes made the laws and the poor were merely the governed, aimed not so much to check the increase of vice as to strike terror, and especially to degrade the unfortunate in the eyes of his peers. This was especially the case in punishments inflicted on women. The old Roman satirist says that there is no greater hardship in the hard lot of the poor than the fact that it makes the poor ridiculous in the eyes of those above them. Poor women in the "merrie days of old" were made to feel this deeply.

A woman whose tongue wagged too freely, especially in censure, was a scold, and if she was old and unattractive, was subject to punishments of the most degrading character, often cruel to the last degree as well.

Germany was not behind England or her colonies in her treatment of women.

Mulhouse, an Alsatian town, still preserves a heavy stone head affixed to a chain, which any woman convicted as a scold had to carry around her neck from the public square to one of the city gates and back again, unless another woman, equally unfortunate, was there to relieve her.

It is creditable to our advancement that women can no longer charge man with such acts; and shame will preserve us from ever reviving them.

Woe betided in those days the woman who was old and ugly if she resisted oppression, or spoke too loudly of her grievances. Termagants there are and were, doubtless, who so annoy neighborhoods as to require some check, but brute force of this kind seldom proves a corrective. Yet, the poor old woman in those days was glad, perhaps, to get off as a scold. The whisper that she was a witch would entail certain death.

On page 93 we have illustrated the Ducking stool, an instrument not unknown even in America. The last instance in England positively known was in 1845, when, according to the London *Evening Post*, a woman that kept the Queen's Head Ale House, at Kingston, was sentenced to be ducked in the River Thames, under the bridge, and actually underwent the severe penalty.

Cole, the antiquary, writing in 1780, describes a similar case, which he witnessed at Cambridge in his boyhood:

"The chair hung by a pulley fastened to a beam, about the middle of the bridge, and the woman, having been fastened in the chair, was let under water three times successively, and then taken out. The bridge was then of timber. The ducking stool was constantly hanging in its place, and on the back panel of it was an engraving representing devils laying hold of scolds. Some time after a new chair was erected in the place of the old one, having the same device carved on it, and well painted and ornamented."

OLD GIRL.—"*I should like thick braids in front, and curls and loops at the back.*"

This outrageous system, like the barbarous shower-bath in our prisons, when applied to an aged woman, often resulted in death. It seems to have fallen gradually into disuse during the early part of the last century, but a new instrument of torture, called the brank or bridle, came into use.

The instrument was an old one, however, and Chaucer alludes to it:

> "But for my daughter Julian,
> I would she were well bolted with a bridle,
> That leaves her work to play the clack,
> And lets her wheel stand idle."

The brank was opened by throwing back the sides of the hoop, and the hinder part of the band by means of the hinges. An official then forced the knife A into her mouth; this, as the witches' bridle shows, was sometimes a terrible instrument of torture. The hoop would then be closed behind, the band be brought down from the top to the back of the head, and fastened at E. A chain at D enabled the constable to drag her along; and the unfortunate presented the appearance given in our illustration. The Nuremburg bridle shows an ornamental, but no less cruel sample, in which every art was used to render the punishment painful, and at the same time ludicrous and shameful. It will scarcely be credited that the brank was used as late as 1824!

IN THE STREETS OF MADRID.

ALTHOUGH Madrid is a comparatively modern city, and has none of the ancient monuments or historic recollections that the traveler all most unconsciously looks for in European cities, still it is the capital, and, as such, draws into its life representatives of all parts and all classes of Spain. The wealthier have, indeed, become more French, in some respects, than Spanish, but nationality is always strongest in the lower classes, and it is to them we must look for the preservation of ancient costumes and habits.

A stroll through Madrid shows in the street-sellers a wonderful variety. From the Puerta del Sol, the centre of fashionable shops, you find the open-air dealers in all directions; the noisiest are the newsboys, though women and girls represent that energetic class. Towards nightfall they deafen you with the shouts of the names of papers: "*Que acaba de saler ahora,*" equivalent to "five o'clock edition." With their hoarse shouts blend the cries of the dealers in *cerillas*, little wax matches, the only kind used in Spain. Poorly clad, with rough *alpargatas*, or no shoes at all, their stock-in-trade is in a small box, supported by a belt around the shoulders. "*Ados y a tres cerillas!*" is the sharp cry; sometimes from the lips of a young girl not without Southern beauty, and evidently of a better class than her rivals in the trade. Then comes the *aguador*, or water-man, with his cask on his shoulder, or the more refined, who cries, "*El aguador! Agua y azucarillos!*" carrying, in one hand, a large water-jar, and, in the other, a tin or copper tray, with azucarillos and some large glasses; for the Madrid people are great water-drinkers, and prize highly the water of the Fuente del Berro. Then the Asturian porter, strong as a bull of the arena, and as honest as the sun; the *quita manchas*, ready to remove all grease spots with his lightning grease extractor; ambulant stationers, if the term is not a contradiction, crying, "*Papel de hilo, papel de Alcoy!*"

SCOLDS.—THE DUCKING-STOOL, A PUNISHMENT FOR SCOLDS.—SEE PAGE 91.

A loud-talking group will pass you, and dress and fragments of conversation tell you that is a party of bull-fighters and their friends talking shop, full of points of horse and bull, sword and gladiator—all so absorbed in their subject, and so lost to all going on around, unless the rustle of a silk dress calls up their politeness, when they make way at once with all the promptitude that the most exacting American lady could desire. In some square, where more space is given for the busy throng, you will find, in some nook, the street-barber plying his vocation in the open air, his tongue going glibly, and delighting a little crowd of loungers. You may meet, too, coal-weighers, with an apparatus of most uniquely primitive design and form.

Dealers in chestnuts, hazel nuts, and fruit meet you at every turn, none shy or afraid to announce their commodities and proclaim their excellence.

The beggars are a great feature in all the streets, and pursue you, with loud clamors for *cuartos*, in the name of Our Lady of Atoche. They lounge about in groups in the most public places, and thrust themselves before you with an insolent and, sometimes, threatening aspect that does not excite your feelings of benevolence, but begets a spirit of determined resistance to their appeals.

But one great characteristic of Madrid streets is the idlers, a crowd that disperses neither day nor night. Go where you will, you see men standing about from morning till night, wrapped in cloaks. The majority are, to tell the truth, an ill-looking set, have a low type of face, a slouching aspect, and an ill-mannered address if spoken to. They loiter in all the frequented places in Madrid, and are very much in the way. They scarcely speak to one another, and seldom seem to have energy enough to light a cigarette, scratching their fusees sometimes (as we have seen them) on the coat of a passer-by, in a contemplative, patronising fashion that takes a stranger rather aback.

A young Madrileño is content to lounge his life away in this fashion; and, if he has an income sufficient to keep him in "*cigaritos*," to pay for his weekly seat at the "*Plaza del Toros*," and to provide him the bare means of subsistence, he will do no work. He is ready, in case of an outbreak, or for a place under Government—neither would come amiss to him. It is all he seems fitted for, and, apparently, the height of his ambition. In the morning a lounge on the "Puerta del Sol," in the afternoon a walk or ride on the "Prado," in the evening to a café or theatre, varied occasionally by a bull-fight or a cock-fight—is the average employment of half the young men in Madrid. There is not much betting or "sporting," in our sense of the word, even at the bull-fights, and they seemed to us, on most occasions, to do what Englishmen alone have been accused of—"to take their pleasure sadly."

THE BRANK FOR SCOLDS.

THE KLAPPERSTEIN.

AN INDIAN ELEPHANT'S TOILET.

It is not usual for European or American residents in India to go around much afoot; indeed, after a short residence, the languor produced by the climate makes every exertion something to be avoided.

But, as I was a traveler rather than a resident, although my sojourns were often prolonged, I roamed about to see, for the simple reason that I went abroad to see.

When I was at Poonah, a British post about seventy-five miles southeast of the city of Bombay, I used frequently to stroll out early in the morning to see the sights—the Parsees

going to the river side to greet the sun at its rising, and other early risers.

From boyhood the elephant had been an attraction to me. I liked to study the huge mountain of flesh and intelligence. Hence, the reader will not be surprised that my early walks often led me to the spacious and strongly-built sheds erected for the elephants, of which a large number were kept by the cantonment.

The elephant shed, with the long rows of the animals in their separate stalls, is a sight in itself, but it was fun to see their daily toilet.

Elephants are fond of water, and from time to time are taken to a neighboring river, the Moola, to bathe. They know perfectly well when the time comes and where they are going, and seem to enter into it with the zest of schoolboys about to have their first swim of the season. Where a river is not within a convenient distance, the elephant must have his wash at home. He looks for it with the regularity of clockwork; and his mahout must be prompt and punctual, or he will incur the displeasure of his huge charge.

Most of the grooms are natives of Ceylon, but some are Europeans. I enjoyed greatly the humors of the burly elephant, who had rather a careless and, I fear, unsteady keeper. The elephant always expressed satisfaction when he came prompt and early, but was as surly as a bear if his attendant was behind time.

The keeper was a good-hearted fellow, and the elephant seemed so attached to him that he acted like one rather disposed to overlook the man's failings.

When the man came with pails and brooms to perform the toilet of his huge charge, the elephant at once got down to assist his attendant.

After liberally sousing him with water, to wet his hide pretty thoroughly, the man would mount his back and begin to scrub him well with his broom, to the great satisfaction of the huge creature, which would answer his chatty words with significant grunts or an occasional slight trumpeting.

The operation is, of course, rather more troublesome than currying down a horse, even considering the square feet of surface to be gone over.

When the body was well scrubbed, and the skin had a healthful glow, the mahout would jump down, and the elephant rose to have the last touches given to him.

Some of the native mahouts take pains to teach their elephants tricks. I saw one to which the keeper often led up his black baby, and then handed the elephant a small bottle of oil.

The animal at once proceeded to return the favor done him by his wash, by attending to the child's toilet.

It began to part its thick hair, as if his trunk had been a comb, and then carefully taking up the bottle dropped oil along the division made, and rubbed it on with the same useful member.

I was much laughed at for my propensity to gad about; but, after all, I would rather bear a little discomfort than return no wiser than I went, and I certainly learned something at the elephant stables of Poonah.

A Dandy of the Last Century.

A NEWSPAPER of 1770 gives the following description of a fop of that period: "A few days ago a dandy made his appearance in the Assembly Rooms, at Whitehaven, dressed in a mixed silk coat, pink satin waistcoat, and breeches covered with an elegant silver net, white silk stockings with pink clocks, pink satin shoes, and large pearl buckles; a mushroom colored stock, covered with fine point lace, hair dressed remarkably high, and stuck full of pearl pins."

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

ALL day long on vale and hill
The mist lay deep as night:
All day long in gloom and chill
The heavens were hid from sight.
All day long the sweet birds' song
Was hushed on every side;
The dreary day so passed away
Till came the eventide.

At eventide a pleasant breeze
Came breathing from the west;
It shook the drops from off the trees,
It swept away the mist.
The setting sun beamed out upon
The landscape far and wide,
And all around from sky to ground
Was light at eventide.

All day long, 'mid hopes and fears,
A pallid baby slept:
All day long, with prayers and tears,
Her watch the mother kept.
At eve the child awoke and smiled—
The joyful mother cried,
"All danger's past, he's safe at last!
There's light at eventide!"

COMMON OBJECTS OF THE TABLE.

GREAT would be the wonder if, in the present state of refinement, one ever gave a thought to that necessary adjunct of the dinner table the fork we use, as to what we should do without it; and yet its introduction dates only three centuries back. Neither the Romans nor Greeks have any name for it, and even Pollux does not mention it in his full list of necessaries for the table, the only fork (*kreagra*) noticed being one in resemblance to a hand, to fish meat out of the pot; this is also noted by Anaxippus. Beckmann in his *History of Inventions* says: "Equally inapplicable to our forks are the words *furca*, *fuscina*, *fuscinula*, and *gabalus*, which are given in dictionaries. The first two were undoubtedly instruments which approached nearly to our furnace and hay-forks."

Formerly food was cut into small pieces before being placed on the table, for the convenience of the diners, who, reclining on couches, could not use both hands with ease. Persons of rank kept a carver, who used the only knife placed on the table; this knife had an ivory handle, and in the houses of the rich was ornamented with silver. Posidonius relates: "The Gauls used to take roast meat in their hands and tear it to pieces with their teeth, or cut it with a small knife which each carried in his girdle."

Bread also was never cut at table. In former times it was not baked so thick as at present, but rather like cakes, and could easily be broken; hence mention is so often made of the "breaking of bread." The Chinese never use forks, but they have small sticks of ivory (called chopsticks), which are often of very fine workmanship, and inlaid with silver and gold. Two of these are placed before each guest, who uses them for putting into his mouth the meat which has been cut into small bits.

Had the Romans used forks they must necessarily have been found among the numerous remains of antiquity which have been collected in modern times. But Baruffaldi and Biörnstähl, who both made researches respecting them, assure us they were never able to find any. Count Caylus and Grignon assert the contrary. The former has given a figure and description of a silver two

pronged fork, which was discovered among rubbish in the Appian Way. It is of exceedingly beautiful workmanship and at one end terminates in a stag's foot. Beckmann says: "Notwithstanding the high reputation of this French author, I cannot possibly admit that everything of which he has given figures is so old as he seems to imagine."

Grignon found in the ruins of a Roman town in Champagne some articles which he considers as table forks, but he merely mentions them, without giving a description sufficient to convince one of the truth of what he asserts, which, in regard to a thing so unexpected, was certainly requisite. One fork was of copper or brass; two others were of iron, and he says, speaking of the latter, that they seemed to have served as table forks, but were coarsely made. It is, however, doubtful if he conjectured rightly in regard to the use of them. As far as Beckmann knows, the use of forks was first known in Italy towards the end of the fifteenth century, but at that time they were not very common. Galeotus Martius, an Italian resident at the court of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, who reigned from 1458 to 1490, relates in a book which he wrote about that prince, that in Hungary at that time forks were not used at table, as they were in many parts of Italy, but that at meals each person laid hold of the meat with his fingers, and on that account they were much stained with saffron, which was then put into sauces and soup. He praises the king for eating without a fork, yet conversing at the same time, and never dirtying his clothes.

Thomas Coryate, the traveler, saw them used in Italy, and in the same year used them himself in England; he says in his book called the "Crudities": "Here j will mention a thing that might have been spoken of before in discourse of the first Italian towne. J observed a custome in all those Italian cities and townes through the which j passed that is not used in any other country that j saw in my travels, neither do j thinke that any other nation of Christendome dothe use it, but only Italy. The Italian, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, do alwaies at their meales use a little forke when they cut their meate. For while with their knife which they hold in one hand they cut the meate out of the dishe, they fasten their forke, which they hold in their other hand, upon the same dishe; so that whatsoever he be that, sitting in the company of any others at meale, should unadvisedly touch the dishe of meate with his fingers from which all at the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the lawes of good manners, insomuch that for his error he shall be at least brow beaten, if not reprehended in wordes. This form of feeding j understand is generally used in all places of Italy; their forkes being, for the most part, made of yron or steele, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot, by any meanes, indure to have his dishe touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon j myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meate, not only while j was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since j came home, being once quipped for that frequent using of my forke by a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one Mr. Laurence Whitaker, who in his merry humor doubted not to call me at table *furcifer*, only for using a forke at feeding, but for no other cause."

The use of forks was at first much ridiculed in England as an effeminate piece of finery; in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays "your fork-carving traveler" is spoken of with much contempt; and Ben Jonson has joined in the laugh against them in "Devil's an Ass," Act V., Scene 4. *Meercraft* says to *Gilthead* and *Sledge:*

> Have I deserved this from you two? for all
> My pains at court, to get you each a patent.
> *Gilthead:* For what?
> *Meercraft:* Upon my project of the *forks.*
> *Sledge: Forks?* What be they?
> *Meercraft:* The laudable use of forks,
> Brought into custom here as they are in Italy
> To the sparing of napkins.

In many parts of Spain at present, drinking glasses, spoons, and forks are rarities; and in taverns in many countries, particularly in some towns of France, knives are not placed on the table, because it is expected that each person should have one of his own; a custom which the French seem to have retained from the old Gauls. But as no person would any longer eat without forks, landlords were obliged to furnish these, together with plates and spoons.

Dr. Johnson writes: "Among the Scotch highlanders knives have been introduced at table only since the time of the Revolution. Before that period every man had a knife of his own as a companion to his dirk or dagger. The men cut the meat into small morsels for the women, who then put them into their mouths with their fingers. The use of forks at table was at first considered as a superfluous luxury, and therefore they were forbidden to convents, as was the case in regard to the congregation of St. Maur."

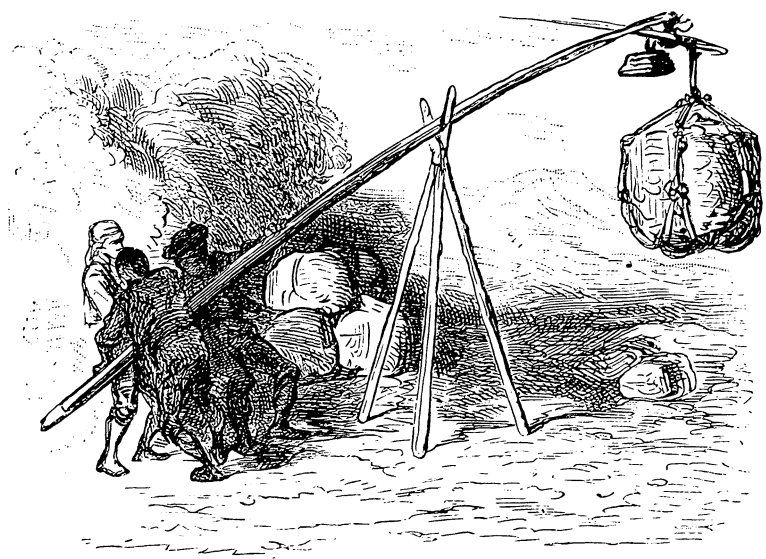
The English, Dutch, and French have adopted the Italian names *forca* and *forchetta*, given to our table forks, though these appellations, says Beckmann, in his opinion, were used at an earlier period to denote large instruments, such as pitchforks, flesh forks, furnace forks, because in the low German *forke* is a very old name given to such implements. The German word *gabel*, which occurs first in dictionaries for these large instruments, is of great antiquity, and has been still retained in the Swedish and Dutch. It appears to have been used for many things which were split or divided into two; at any rate, it is certain that it is not derived from the Latin word *gabalus*.

None of the sovereigns of England had forks till the reign of Henry the Eighth; all, high and low, used their fingers. Hence in the royal household there was a dignitary called the *Ewrar* or *Ewary*, who with a set of subordinates attended at meals with basins, water, and towels. The office of Ewary survived after forks came partially into fashion. We learn that when James the First entertained the Spanish Ambassador at dinner, very shortly after his accession, "their Majesties washed their hands with water from the same ewer, the towels being presented to the King by the Lord Treasurer, and to the Queen by the Lord High Admiral." The Prince of Wales had a ewer to himself, which was after him used by the ambassador.

About the first royal personage in England who is known to have had a fork was Queen Elizabeth, but, although several were presented to her, it remains doubtful whether she used them on ordinary occasions. From the inventory of Her Majesty's appointment in *Nichols' Progresses*, it would appear that these forks were more for ornament than use: "*Item*, a knife and a spoune and a forke of christall, garnished with golde sleightly and sparcks of garnetts, given by the Countess of Lincolne. *Item*, a forke of corall sleightly garnished with golde, given by Mrs. Frances Drury. *Item*, one spoune and forke of golde, the forke garnished with lyttle rubyes, two lyttle perles pendant and a lyttle corall, given by the Countess of Warwicke." These ornamental forks had doubtless been presented to the queen as foreign curiosities of some value, and were probably never used at table. As yet, and for a considerable time afterwards, forks were not in common use, a circumstance less attributable to ignorance of their invention than prejudice. So far was this prejudice carried by even educated persons, that one divine preached against the use of forks, as being an insult to

Providence not to touch one's meat with one's fingers. Forks came so slowly into use in Europe, that they were employed only by the higher classes at the middle of the seventeenth century. And even toward its close, few noblemen had more than a dozen forks of silver, along with a few of iron or steel. At length, for general use, steel forks were manufactured. These had but two prongs, and it was only in later times that the three pronged kind were made. In the early part of the eighteenth century, table forks, and, we may add, knives were kept on so meagre a scale by country inns in Scotland (and perhaps in some parts of England), that it was customary for gentlemen in traveling to carry with them a portable knife and fork in a shagreen case. The general introduction of silver forks is quite recent; it can be dated no further back than the year 1814. The extensive use of these costly instruments in the present age marks, in an extraordinary degree, the rapid progress of wealth and refined taste throughout the civilized world. No laboring man even of the present day would consider his table complete without his three-pronged forks. The silver fork or prong has now grown into four divisions, and to such perfection has the manufacture of silver and silver-plated goods been brought in America, that foreign-made articles are seldom, if ever, imported.

STREET SCENES IN MADRID.—GIRL SELLING CERILLAS.—SEE PAGE 92.



STREET SCENES IN MADRID.—WEIGHING COAL.—SEE PAGE 92.

LOVE AND PRELACY.

NEAR Rheims stood the convent of Avenet. It was amply endowed; and to its presidency, somewhere about the beginning of 1631, was appointed the Princess Benedicite de Gonzague, third daughter of Charles, Duke of Mantua and Nevers. The lady possessed no particular qualification for the post, save one—considered all sufficient at the time—high birth. She was exceedingly beautiful and just nineteen. Gossip dwelt particularly on the brightness of her eyes and on the fairness of her hands. And with these eyes and hands, and, of course, with their possessor, Archbishop Henri of Lorrain fell deeply in love during one of his flying visits of his See. On the strength of report, be it observed; for as yet he had never beheld the lady. Announcing in due form, by the issue of a long-winded pastoral, that — as was probably the truth— there were good grounds for believing in the existence of irregular practices among the convents of his diocese, he signified that it was his intention to make "visitation" of these places and restore order therein. The visitation took place accordingly, and was an imposing affair while it lasted. For the showy Henri of Lorrain delighted in the showy ceremonies of his church, and abated not one jot of them in this instance. Never was visitation so rigorously conducted, and the fame of the archbishop's severity,

STREET SCENES IN MADRID.—THE STREET BARBER.—SEE PAGE 92.

preceded him, exciting apprehension in the convents yet unvisited. Avenet was duly reached. The abbess and sisters were surprised to find the prelate, of whom they had heard terrible things, so youthful, so graceful, and so very handsome. The visitation of Avenet began, continued, and ended with more than usual severity. Having completed the general examination of the establishment, the archbishop signified that there remained certain matters of gravest import which he would prefer to discuss with the abbess in private. The abbess led the way to her sitting-room in evident trepidation. That something exceedingly compromising to herself had been detected she felt certain. Visions of deprivation—perhaps of confinement in a penal convent—flitted before her eyes. Nor was she at all reassured by the care which her companion took to secure the door of the apartment. The stern inquisitor stood silent for a few minutes, scanning the pretty abbess from head to foot. Her eyes were fixed on the ground. "Look at me," commanded the wily archbishop. The abbess obeyed timorously. "What beautiful eyes!" he exclaimed; "there at least report has not

STREET SCENES IN MADRID.—THE WATER-MAN AND ASTURIAN PORTER.—SEE PAGE 92.

deceived me." "But, monseigneur, what harm have my eyes done!" pleaded the lady, opening the said eyes very wide. "Show me your hands," ordered his Grace, paying no heed to the remark. Madame d'Avenet stretched out both hands, holding them close together and looking from them to the archbishop and back again, in a deliciously childish way. "Exquisite!" ejaculated the censor. "These scandal-mongers have not exaggerated their perfections one bit!" "But, monseigneur," sobbed the lady, "what harm have my poor little hands done?" "Stolen away my heart," sighed the prelate, carrying them to his lips. So closed the first and last visitation of his Grace at Rheims.

THE FORTUNE OF LAW.

ONE day I was chatting with an old schoolfellow of mine, who, though young, was an English barrister of some eminence, when the conversation turned upon his own career.

"People," he said, "give me credit for much more than I deserve. They compliment me on having attained my position by talent, and sagacity, and all that; but the fact is, I have been an extremely lucky man—I mean as regards opportunities. The only thing for which I really can consider myself entitled to any credit is, that I have always been prompt to take advantage of them."

"But," I observed, "you have a high reputation for legal knowledge and acumen. I have heard several persons speak in terms of great praise of the manner in which you conducted some of your last cases."

"Ah! yes," he returned; "when a man is fortunate, the world soon finds fine things in him. There is nothing like gilding to hide imperfections and bring out excellencies. But I will just give you one instance of what I call my luck. It happened a year or two ago, and before I was quite as well known as I am now; it was a trivial thing in itself, but very important in its consequences to me, and has ever since been very fresh in my memory. I had been retained on behalf of a gentleman who was defendant in an action for debt, brought against him by a bricklayer, to recover the amount of a bill, stated to be due for building-work done on the gentleman's premises. The owner refused payment on the ground that a verbal contract had been made for the execution of the work at a price less by one-third than the amount claimed. Unfortunately he had no witnesses to the fact. The man denied the contract, alleged that no specification had been made, and pleaded, finally, that if such contract had been entered into, it was vitiated by alterations, to all of which he was prepared to swear, and had his assistant also ready to certify the amount of labor and material expended. I gave my opinion that it was a hopeless case, and that the defendant had better agree to a compromise than incur any further expense. However, he would not, and I was fain to trust to the chapter of accidents for any chance of success.

"Near the town where the trial was to take place lived an old friend of mine, who, after the first day's assize, carried me off in his carriage to dine and sleep at his house, engaging to drive me over next morning in time for this case, which stood next on the list. Mr. Tritten, the gentleman in question, was there also, and we had another discussion as to the prospects of his defence. 'I know the fellow,' said he, 'to be a thorough rascal, and it is because I feel so confident that something will come out to prove it, that I am determined to persist.' I said I hoped it might be so, and we retired to rest.

"After breakfast the next morning, my host drove over in his dog-cart to the assize-town. We were just entering the outskirts, when, from a turning down by the old inn and posting-house, where the horse was usually put up, there came running towards us a lad pursued by a man, who was threatening him in a savage manner. Finding himself overtaken, the lad, after the custom of small boys in such circumstances, lay down, curling himself up, and holding his hands clasped over his head. The man approached, and after beating him roughly with his fist, and trying to pull him up without success, took hold of the collar of the boy's coat and knocked his head several times on the ground. We were just opposite at the moment, and my friend bade the man let the lad alone, and not be such a brute. The fellow scowled, and telling us, with an oath, to mind our own business, for the boy was his own, and he had a right to beat him if he pleased, walked off, and his victim scampered away in the opposite direction.

"The dog-cart was put up, and we presently went on to the court. The case was opened in an off-hand style by the opposite counsel, who characterized the plea of a contract as a shallow evasion, and called the plaintiff as his principal witness. What was my surprise to see get into the box the very man whom I had beheld hammering the boy's head on the kerb-stone an hour before! An idea occurred to me at the moment, and I half averted my face from him; though, indeed, it was hardly likely he would recognize me under my forensic wig. He gave his evidence in a positive, defiant sort of way, but very clearly and decisively. He had evidently got his story well by heart, and was determined to stick to it. I rose and made a show of cross-examining him till I saw that he was getting irritated and denying things in a wholesale style. He had been drinking too, I thought, just enough to make him insolent and restless. So, after a few more unimportant questions, I asked, in a casual tone—

"'You are married, Mr. Myers?'

"'Yes, I am.'

"'And you are a kind husband, I suppose?'

"'I suppose so: what then?'

"'Have any children blessed your union, Mr. Myers?'

"The plaintiff's counsel here called the judge to interfere. The questions were irrelevant and impertinent in the matter in question.

"I pledged my word to the court that they were neither, but had a very important bearing on the case, and was allowed to proceed. I repeated my question.

"'I've a boy and a girl.'

"'Pray how old are they?'

"'The boy's twelve, and the girl nine, I believe.'

"'Ah! well, I suppose you are an affectionate father as well as a kind husband. You are not in the habit of beating your wife and children, are you?'

"'I don't see what business it is of yours. No! I ain't.

"'You don't knock your son about, for example?'

"'No! I don't.' (He was growing downright savage, especially as the people in the court began to laugh.)

"'You don't pummel him with your fist, eh?'

"'No! I don't.'

"'Or knock his head upon the ground, in this manner?' (and I rapped the table with my knuckles).

"'No!' (indignantly).

"'You never did such a thing?'

"'No!'

"'You swear to that?'

"'Yes.'

"All this time I had never given him an opportunity of seeing my face: I now turned towards him and said:

"'Look at me, sir! Did you ever see me before?'

"He was about to say No again; but all at once he stopped, turned very white, and made no answer.

"'That will do,' I said; 'stand down, sir. My lord, I shall prove to you that this witness is not to be believed on his oath.'

"I then related what we had seen that morning, and putting my friend, who had been sitting behind me all the while, into the witness-box, he of course confirmed the statement.

"The court immediately decided that the man was unworthy of belief, and the result was a verdict for the defendant, with costs, and a severe reprimand from the judge to Myers, who was very near being committed for perjury. But for the occurrence of the morning, the decision would inevitably have been against us. As I said before, it was in a double sense fortunate for me, for it was the means of my introduction, through Mr. Tritten, to an influential and lucrative connection."

Wonders in Carved Work.

SOME curious sculptures are to be seen in China, on some of the singular stone bridges built in that country. The most remarkable of these is a stone bridge in the province of Fo-kien, which is three hundred and sixty perches long, and one and a half broad. It is of white stone, without any arches, and it is supported by three hundred pillars, with a parapet on each side. The parapets are adorned with figures of lions, at certain distances, and a variety of other curious sculptures.

Another stone bridge of the same description exists at Fu-choo, the capital of Fo-kien, the parapets of which are adorned in a similar manner with figures of lions and other animals. This bridge is one hundred and fifty perches long, and consists of one hundred lofty arches.

The most beautiful, and perhaps the most wonderful, marble structure which we shall have to describe is in India, and is to be seen at Agra, on the banks of the river Jumma. This is the Taj Mahal, erected in 1632 by the Great Mogul Shah Jehan. It is supposed to be the finest piece of Saracenic architecture in the world, and stands on a river terrace three thousand feet long. It cost seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, and twenty thousand men were engaged twenty-two years in its erection. Shah Jehan was himself imprisoned in it, and died and was buried there in 1666.

Turning to curiosities in wood, we will first notice a remarkable bridge almost entirely built of sandal-wood. This bridge is at Paredenia, in Ceylon, and consists of a single arch of two hundred and twenty-five feet span, or half as wide again as those of London Bridge. We are not informed of the date of its erection, but it was certainly built before the present century.

Chinese ivory balls are well known. They are carved in delicately fine open work, nine balls, one within another, each distinct, and every one but the innermost one, which is a mere ivory ball, carved in a delicate open-work pattern like the outer balls. As each sphere is separate, portions of the whole nine can be seen at once.

We have seen a Chinese ivory lantern, about a foot square, also carved out of one piece, and with fanciful pendant ornaments at the four upper corners, and a fanciful top. The four sides, where glass would be, were scraped so thin as to be semi-transparent.

The following specimens of miniature work were exhibited by an artist at Cologne, in 1842: In half a nut: a lady's dressing-case of thirty-six articles, amongst which were a pair of scissors, and a knife with two blades which opened and shut perfectly. In a nut: a cage containing a canary bird, which opened its beak, fluttered its wings, and perfectly imitated the song of that bird. In the kernel of an almond: a Dutch windmill for sawing wood; at each representation the mill actually sawed a piece of wood. In an egg-shell: an apartment magnificently carpeted, in which a lady opened a piano and played two airs; in the back part was a marble chimney-piece, with a clock upon it of bronze, representing Napoleon on horseback. In a walnut: an elegant coffee-house with all belonging to it. A lady is at the buffet; and two ladies playing a game of billiards. In a mussel-shell: a gastronome sat before a table, and seemed to eat with great appetite the bits for which he opened his mouth each time. And lastly in an egg: an automaton, who answered in writing any question asked him, traced drawings, added up any numbers proposed to him almost as quickly as asked, and presented the total.

Cardinal Richelieu.

A FIGURE at once elegant and imposing, a majestic bearing, features delicate, yet stern, and the eye of an eagle, such is the portrait of the great cardinal, which has been handed down to posterity. In society the terrible and relentless statesman was gay and spiritual; his conversation, from the extent of his knowledge and the depth of his mind, delightful, and at the same time diversified by bon mots and the gossip of the time. In the society of ladies he was the most polished of gallants; he was a constant frequenter at the Hotel Rambouillet; assisted aux thèses d'amour des Précieuses, and even spoke the jargon of the romances of the period. Judged by the petty canons of a superficial age, of which the littleness of soul is surpassed only by its inflated vanity, the grand, antique figure of this mighty statesman is not of a tyrant and wholesale murderer. But it is by the canons of his own time, and by the broad principles taught by universal history, not by those of milksop humanitarians, that Armand Richelieu and his deeds must be judged. It was a vast task he imposed upon himself—out of the anarchy into which his age had fallen to create order. His order, truly, was absolutism, but, nevertheless, it was the first link in the chain which led to liberty. He reformed with axe and sword. Yet he, before whose frown the haughtiest nobles and even the royalty of France trembled, he who held at his will the lives of millions, was transported with delight by the hand-clapping of a few toadies and groundlings. He was as much the fox as the lion, the dwarf as the giant; he could even cringe and play the sycophant unto abasement. He was as vindictive as he was ungrateful, and never forgave either slight or injury. His vanity descended to the absurd and undignified. Such was Armand Richelieu, statesman, churchman, and soldier.

Earthquake Investigations.

FATHER BERTELLI, an Italian monk, for several years past, has made a study of the tremblings of the earth, and more especially those which are so extremely slight as not to be perceptible save by pendulums placed in the fields of microscopes. In one year he recognized 5,500 of these movements; and graphically representing the same over many years by a curve, he finds that the line corresponds neither with the thermometric curve nor with the tidal phenomena, nor can it be brought into any relation with the distances or positions of the sun or moon. With the barometric curve, however, it is otherwise; and it appears that, in the large majority of cases, the intensity of the movements augmented with the lowering of the barometric column as if (as the investigator states) the gaseous masses imprisoned in the superficial layers of the earth escaped more easily when the weight of the atmosphere diminished.

PICTURES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.—PRAWN FISHING.

PICTURES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

The Prawn Fisher and Sweep of Savannah.

THERE are many sights and scenes in our fair Southern land that seem strange and unfamiliar to the Northern eye, and perhaps nothing is more noticeable than the peculiar employments to which the freedmen have betaken themselves, since emancipation imposed upon them the necessity of providing ways and means for their bodily sustenance.

A considerable extent of the Southern coast is bordered by a series of land-locked lagoons or sounds, separated from the ocean by narrow strips of sand, pierced at intervals by inlets. Of these sounds, Albemarle, Pimlico, and Warsaw are the chief, and together form a sheltered channel of navigation much traversed by vessels of light draft. Their waters swarm with many species of fish, while the rice marshes, which line their shores, are the favorite haunt of multitudes of aquatic birds. This is the paradise of the sportsman; and here, too, the negro fishermen turn an employment pursued in ante-bellum days as a mere pastime into a means of livelihood.

A favorite delicacy in Southern markets is the prawn, a small shell-fish, similar in appearance to the shrimps sold by the New York street venders—in fact, a sort of lobster on a small scale.

At certain seasons of the year the waters of these land-locked bays fairly teem with the tiny crustaceans, and then the negro fishermen are in their glory. Several methods are employed in prawn-fishing; pot-traps are set in the same manner as in eel-fishing; bag-nets are also sometimes used, but the scoop-net is generally preferred. Our illustration shows the last-mentioned manner of capturing these little shell-fish, as practised by the negro fishermen on Warsaw Sound and the Savannah River. One darkey lazily sculls the boat slowly along, while the other handles the clumsy-looking net with a dexterity and quickness that generally results in "a good haul."

The prawns are readily sold in the Savannah markets, and the dusky fisherman, having invested the proceeds in a liberal allowance of tobacco for himself, and a little tea, with perhaps a calico frock or a gay bandanna handkerchief for the partner of his bosom, returns to his rude cabin "down de bayou," there to revel and idle until an exhausted larder compels him to resume his warfare upon the finny inhabitants of the sea.

The other picture presented is an accurate portrait of a Savannah chimney-sweep, "taken from life," as the artists say, and the sooty climber is certainly a decidedly unique object.

In our Northern cities the trade of the chimney-sweeper is almost a lost occupation, although a rheumatic old darkey may occasionally be seen perambulating our streets shouting his musical cry of "Sweep-Ho!" The chimneys of modern houses are so built as to rarely need the cleaning — a fortunate circumstance, when we consider that their narrow flues could never admit of the descent of the historical small boy.

PICTURES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.—THE SWEEP OF SAVANNAH.

In the South, however, the case is different. The huge chimneys of many of the ancient houses, nearly large enough for the passage of a hogshead, require frequent cleaning, and here our negro sweeper finds abundant employment. We cannot, however, say much for his enterprize, since he employs a rude broom of birch switches, made by his own hands, instead of the convenient and serviceable telescopic chimney-sweeper employed by his Northern counterpart; while his dilapidated clothing would seem to indicate that, in common with most of his race, he has yet to acquire habits of industry and economy.

There are many such queer types of semi-civilization among the Southern negroes, and the study of their peculiarities affords great amusement to the observant traveler.

Savannah is becoming a very popular Winter resort, and such a selection is amply justified by the beauty of the city and surroundings, and the salubrity of the climate. A very charming Winter trip is that to the orange groves of Florida,

taking Richmond, Charleston, and Savannah *en route*, and those of our readers who may essay the journey will find it both enjoyable and beneficial.

FIRE-MAKING.

IF one were called on to define a special ability, trait, or characteristic that, more than any other, distinguishes man from what we loosely call "an animal," one thing done on one side, and never done on the other, which constitutes a complete separation, absolute and certain, between humanity and the brute, what would it be? Reason? But brutes reason; *that* is as demonstrable as that man does.

Man builds houses! So does the beaver, and, for that matter, the bee. Man has affection. Try to take away the young of your pet hen, and see if she does not demonstrate it strongly. Men use articulate language; but is it more intelligible to his fellow than that of the dove to his mate?

Man builds ships, and navigates them across the main. Are we not told that the squirrel, wishing to pass a river, launches a piece of bark, and, spreading his tail for canvas, sails to the opposite bank?

But who ever heard of beast or bird, orang or gorilla (our putative ancestors) making a fire? They will come to it for warmth sometimes, as Carlo, our dog, and Puss, our cat, will do. But they will not replenish it—and as for making it, why, they do not—never did.

Man, therefore, is not altogether what Plato—or somebody else—once described him to be: a two-legged animal without feathers; but he is, *par excellence*, a Fire-making Animal. Chiefest among his distinctions is his ability to make a fire!

His next great glory is that he is a cook. In other words, he does not relish raw meat, except, perhaps, in the case of canvas-back ducks—which, we are told, are sufficiently cooked by being carried rapidly through a warm kitchen.

Now, if we were to ask George Washington Jefferson Smith, or John Quincy Adams Jones—our latest contribution to the census of 1870, aged five years—how to make a fire, he would probably say, scrape a match, light the advertising sheet of the *Herald*, and put it under the grate.

This youth, precocious as he is—he has already had a love-affair or two, and has made some highly successful efforts at smoking a cigar—is yet ignorant of the fact that his proud progenitor was far from being a chicken when the first "lucifer" or "locofoco" match made its appearance. *He* remembers when a flint and steel and a piece of what some people called "spunk," but which he knew as *punk*—and knew how to get it, too, out of the decaying tree-trunks in the maple woods—when these were the means whereby the fire was lighted on cold Winter mornings—mornings on which it was his privilege, as the eldest son, to rise first and set the blaze agoing.

But that time is not far ago, and fire was kindled by man ages before. In fact, we can scarcely suppose the existence of men without fire, and without a knowledge of the means of producing it.

There are stories of a fireless people, but they are apocryphal. The best authenticated tale of the kind is that told by Commodore Wilkes, in his narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition. He says that when he visited Fakaafo, or Bowditch Island, in 1841, he found neither places for cooking nor signs of fire, and that the natives evinced alarm when they saw sparks from flint and steel, and smoke from cigars. But that is only negative evidence. And, besides, Mr. Hale, the philologist of the expedition, gives us a vocabulary of the language of these islanders, in which we find that they had a name for fire, *afi*, even if they did not possess it in fact.

But, after all, we come back to the inquiry, how did man come to know about fire at all? Did he get his first knowledge of it from the volcano or from the lightning? This problem the Greeks attempted to resolve in the fable of Prometheus, who stole it from heaven, where it was the special possession of the gods.

It does not matter much how the first knowledge of fire was obtained. We only know that all races and tribes of men possessed and possess the knowledge, although they have various ways of kindling the genial flame. And it is of these different ways that we propose to speak. Probably the friction of two pieces of wood was the original means of fire-making used by man; but it is a difficult process, as any one can prove to his own satisfaction by trying it. Whoever makes the attempt will probably succeed without much effort in getting a charred surface, and a considerable degree of heat. But to get ignition is quite another affair.

One of the simplest means of producing fire is, by what may be called the stick and groove method—*i. e.*, a blunt stick is run along back and forth in a groove of its own making, in a piece of wood lying on the ground, as shown in the engraving, No. 1. Mr. Darwin, the great naturalist, tells us that this is, or was, a common process in the Sandwich Islands, where a very light wood is used for the purpose.

Although a practised native could bring out the fire in a few seconds, Mr. Darwin himself found it rather hard work, but succeeded in the end. This process is common in all the South Sea or Polynesian islands.

Another, and more widely-diffused process, is what may be called "fire-drilling," represented in its simplest form in cut No. 2. This has been found, a little more or less modified, in every quarter of the globe. Cook found it in Alaska and Australia, and it was in use in Ceylon and Central America, among the Malayans and the Mexicans.

In the paintings of the latter people we find some striking illustrations of the process, as shown in cut No. 3. Captain Cook's account of it, as seen by him in Australia, leaving aside minor details, may be taken as a general description. He says:

"They produce fire with great facility, and spread it in a wonderful manner. They take two sticks of dry, soft wood, one eight or nine inches long, the other flat; the first they shape into an obtuse point at one end, and pressing it on the other, turn it nimbly between their hands, often moving them up and then down, to increase the pressure. By this means they get fire in less than two minutes, and from the smallest spark they increase it with great speed and dexterity."

As nations advanced, they improved on this process, and devised a contrivance on the principle of the common carpenter's brace, with which he works his centre-bit, as shown in cut No. 4. This mode is still in use among the *gauchos* of the Pampas of Buenos Ayres. One of these takes an elastic stick, eighteen inches long, against one end of which he presses firmly with his breast, placing the other end, which is pointed, in a hole in a piece of dry wood, then rapidly twirls it as the carpenter does his centre-bit.

The next advance on this process would obviously be to wind a thong or cord around the drill, and then, by pulling the two ends alternately, make it revolve rapidly—much faster than if rolled between the hands. In some parts of India butter-churns are worked in this way, instead of by the up-and-down dasher, which we still find in some parts of our

own country. Although they have simpler and easier processes, the Brahmins still use this mode of producing fire on sacred occasions.

Comparatively low in the scale of development, as evidenced in other matters, in the art of making fire the Esquimaux had mastered the process last described, and possessed it at the time of their first contact with Europeans. Davis, after whom Davis's Straits are named, describes how, in 1586, a Greenlander "beganne to kindle a fire in this manner: he tooke a piece of a board, wherein was a hole halfe throw; into that hole he put the end of a round sticke, like unto a bedde-staffe, dipping the ende thereof in traine-oil, and in fashion of a turner, with a piece of lether, by his violent motion, did speedily produce fire."

The cut (No. 5), representing two Esquimaux making fire, is taken from a drawing of the last century. One man holds a cross-piece to keep the spindle steady and force it well down, while the other pulls the thong. This apparatus takes two men to work it; but the Esquimaux had another, which one man could work unassisted, as shown in cut No. 6.

This was not only used in making fire, but, when the shaft was pointed with stone, as, for instance, green jade, for drilling holes in stone and wood. The thong being passed twice around the drill, the upper end is steadied by a mouthpiece of wood, having a piece of the same stone imbedded with a counter-sunk cavity. This, firmly held between the teeth, directs the tool. Captain Belcher says: "Any workman would be astonished at the performance of this tool on ivory; but having once tried it myself, I found the jar or vibration on the jaws, head, and brain quite enough to prevent me from repeating it." The same apparatus has been found in use in Alaska and the Aleutian Islands.

The next advance on this apparatus is obviously the mere thong or cord of a bow by which one hand can be made to do the work of two in driving the spindle. The bow-drill thus formed was used by the ancient Egyptians, as it still is by us, for certain purposes. Cut No. 7 represents the apparatus lately and possibly still used for making fire by the Sioux Indians of the Northwest.

There is another contrivance, used equally for drilling and fire-making, which may be described as the "Pump-drill." Cut No. 8 shows it as used in Switzerland and elsewhere, for drilling, armed with a steel point, and weighted with a wooden disk. As the hand brings the cross-piece down, it unwinds the cord, driving the spindle round; as the hand is lifted again, the disk acting as a fly-wheel, runs on and rewinds the cord, and so on. This apparatus is used in several of the South Sea Islands, only the spindle is armed with a hard stone, instead of a steel point, as shown in cut No. 9. It was also used among the Iroquois Indians of New York, and is thus described by Mr. Lewis H. Morgan, the historian of the Five Nations, who also gives a sketch of it (cut No. 10). He says:

"It consisted of an upright shaft, about four feet in length and an inch in diameter, with a small wheel set upon the lower part, to give it momentum. In a notch at the top of the shaft was set a string, attached to a bow about three feet long. The lower point rested on a block of dry wood, near which were placed small pieces of punk. When ready for use, the string is first coiled around the shaft, by turning the latter with the hand. The bow is then pulled downward, thus uncoiling the string and revolving the shaft toward the left. By the momentum given to the wheel, the string is again coiled up in a reverse manner, and the bow again drawn up, etc. This is continued until sparks are emitted at the point of the shaft, which are caught on the punk, which is thus ignited," etc., etc.

The natives of Tierra del Fuego (Land of Fire) ought to have had some means of making the flames from which their Austral country derives its name. And so they had, if we credit Magalhaens—from which the Straits of Magellan take their name. But they made fire by the possibly more advanced mode of percussion—that is to say, from a flint on a piece of iron pyrites, the spark being received on some kind of tinder. Iron pyrites was used in this way elsewhere, as, for instance, among the Slave and Dog Rib Indians, near the Arctic Circle. Both the Greeks and Romans used iron pyrites in the same way.

It is very well known that some varieties of cane, or bamboo, contain large proportions of silica, which is the same substance that, in another form, we call flint. If we may credit some accounts, in Sumatra, Borneo, and other islands of the Malayan Archipelago, fire is or was produced by striking or rubbing together splints of bamboo, the siliceous coating of the cane making ignition possible.

Lighting fire by means of burning-lenses, or concave burning-glasses, is by no means of modern origin. Pliny mentions glass globes (practically double convex lenses) with water put in them, which, when set opposite the sun, would so concentrate its rays as to set clothes on fire. He also mentions the use of concave mirrors in concentrating the rays of the sun so as to produce ignition. We need not refer in this connection to the story of Archimedes setting fire to the fleet besieging Syracuse, by means of these "burning-mirrors." We only know (or, rather, we are told) that the Inca of Peru, in his triple capacity of prophet, priest, and king, lighted the fires of his nation annually, on the occasion of the Winter solstice, by means of concave mirrors fashioned out of nodules of iron pyrites, which are capable of being polished to the brilliancy of silver or steel. It was in this way, if we may credit that aggregation of fables called Ancient History, that the vestal virgins lighted the eternal fire it was their duty to keep forever burning in the fane of Vesta, on the banks of the Tiber. If these virgins allowed the eternal fire to go out, they were well whipped by the priests, "whose custom it was to drill into a board of auspicious wood till the fire came, which was carried to the temple in a brasier."

Although the Incas professed to be sons of the Sun, the latter did not always shine on the festival given in his honor, and then the lightning of the new fire by his direct action became impossible. In such case the fire was kindled by friction.

The last mode of fire-making, by means of friction matches, is spreading all over the world, and the primitive methods are now preserved only by the most savage tribes. Among the Indians on some of the upper waters of the Amazon, among the recesses of the Andes, I was surprised to find boxes of matches bearing the all too familiar revenue stamp of our own country.

It is remarkable that in the Bible, in which we have so many references to primitive customs, the erection of stones, cave-burial, etc., we find no reference to fire-making.

A CHIEF JUDGE of Bagdad, in the reign of the Caliph Hâdee, was a noted instance of that humility which distinguishes true wisdom. His sense of his own deficiencies often led him to entertain doubts, where men of less knowledge and more presumption were decided. It is related of this judge that, on one occasion, after a very patient investigation of facts, he declared that his knowledge was not competent to decide upon the case before him. "Pray, do you expect," said a pert courtier, who heard this declaration, "that the Caliph is to pay for your ignorance?" "I do not," was the mild reply; "the Caliph pays me, and well, for what I do know; if he were to attempt to pay me for what I do not know, the treasures of his empire would not suffice."

PRIMITIVE MAN'S CONQUEST OF FIRE.

"THE FIX MR. FERRARS WAS IN."

"A FOOL," said Mr. Bob Ferrars, desperately. "Yes, a fool! Oh, confound a fool, you know!"

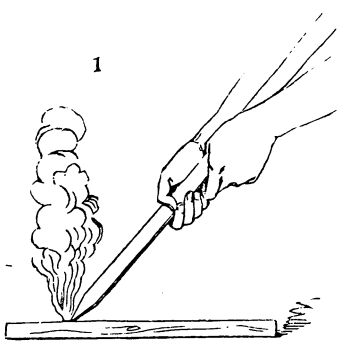
The above remarks being offensive ones, had they been addressed to an inoffensive individual, might have appeared doubly unpleasant, but taking into consideration the simple and significant fact that they were addressed to Mr. Bob Ferrars himself, *by* himself, one's indignation at such forcible language is naturally modified. How is the disinterested reader to know that Bob Ferrars' observations were incorrect as well as forcible?

The fact was that Mr. Robert Ferrars was in what is vulgarly termed a fix. Hence his anathema.

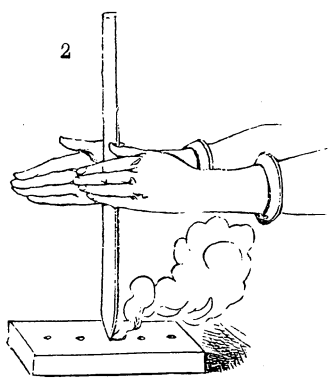
"Yes, confound a man that's made a fool of himself!" proceeded Mr. Ferrars, with modest cheerfulness. "And if it comes to that, I suppose I am the individual in question." And putting his rather vagabond-looking pipe into his mouth again, he replaced his heels upon the mantel in their previous graceful position, and proceeded to take a bird's-eye view of his surroundings.

And rather queer surroundings they were upon the whole. But his manner of apostrophising them will be their best description.

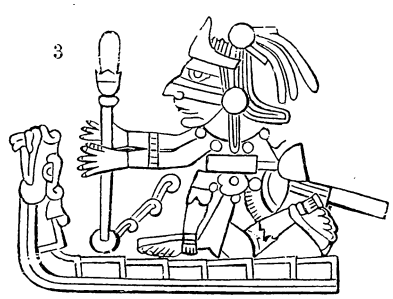
"Palatial sort of a mansion to think of bringing a wife to, ain't it?" he said. "Nice sort of reception-room for a bride—this. One airy attic on the sixth floor, lighted by one flat window on the roof, with an extensive view of the neighboring chimneys, and a lovely aviary of draggled sparrows. Furniture of the most gorgeously Oriental description. Item, one chair; item, one barrel; item, one crazy wooden bedstead; the whole bearing the unmistakable impress of wealth, luxury, taste, and refinement. By Jove! why couldn't I have stayed at home, that one day at least? Why didn't I have the sense to inquire where she was? Why didn't I go to the —— ?"



FIRE-MAKING—SANDWICH ISLAND PLAN.

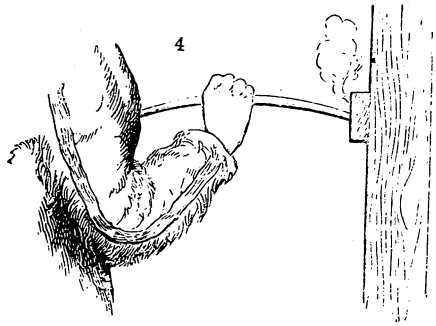


FIRE-MAKING.—DRILLING PROCESS.



FIRE-MAKING.—ANCIENT MEXICAN FIRE-DRILL.

"If yer pleasir," piped up a voice at his elbow—"if yer pleasir, missus sent me up 'ere to see if I could ketch yer at 'ome, and 'ud like to know if yer've got that trifle o' rent about yer, which she's a-waitin' to pay the milkman—if yer pleasir."



FIRE-MAKING.—GAUCHO METHOD.—SEE PAGE 102.

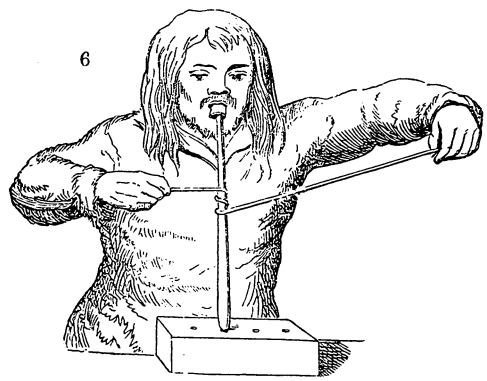
Mr. Bob Ferrars turned with a start.

A small girl, apparently any age, from fourteen upwards, was standing at his elbow. A queer-looking small girl, with a horribly dirty face, and a frightfully smutted apron, and withal having her mop of hair fastened on the top of her head with a jagged old comb. Goodness! what a dilapidated small girl she was!

"Hallo, youngster!" said Bob. "Where did you come from?"

"From the kitchen," piped the voice again; and if yer pleasir ——"

But Mr. Ferrars stopped her.



FIRE-MAKING.—SIMPLER ESQUIMAUX PLAN.

"I say," he put in, "I never saw you before. What is your name?"

"Am'ble, sir;" was the answer. "If yer pleasir."

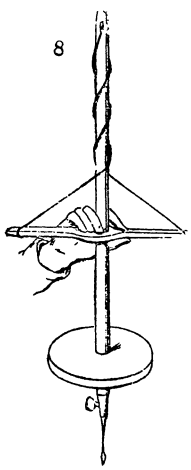
"Amiable?" returned Mr. Ferrars, tranquilly. "Inviting name that. Amiability I take to be one of the most important of virtues. Without it we become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Which last is a quotation from Scripture, my young friend. And the cymbal is an obsolete musical instrument."

"Yes, sir," began the dilapidated Mite again; "but if yer pleasir, missus ——"

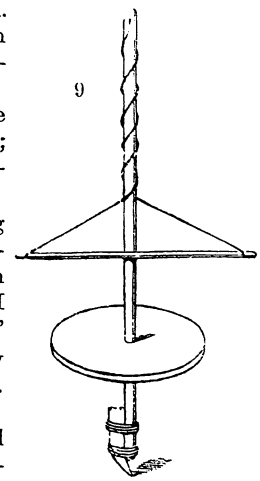
"Pardon my seeming impoliteness," interposed Mr. Ferrars, with great suavity; "but, I say, where do you live?"

"Nowheres, sir; on'y I'm a-stayin' here now. I'm a Foun'lin, sir."

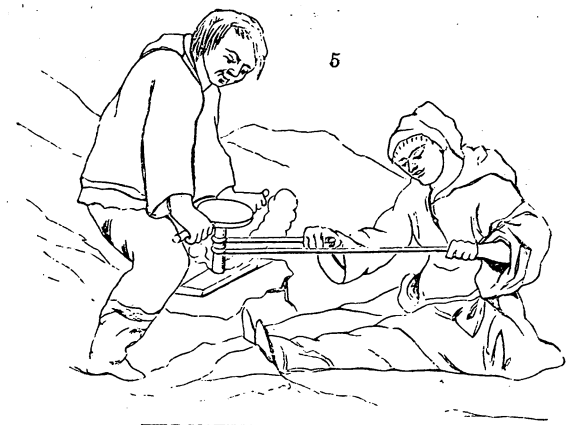
"Foun'lin," queried Mr. Ferrars. "*New*-foun'lin, may I ask?"



FIRE-MAKING.—SWISS PUMP-DRILL.



SOUTH-SEA PUMP-DRILL.

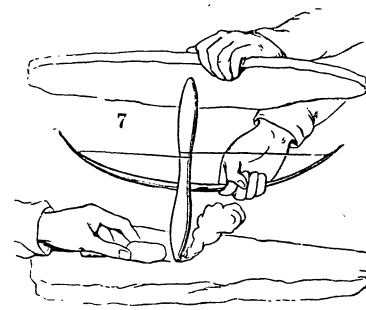


FIRE-MAKING.—ESQUIMAUX PLAN.

"Dunno what yer mean, sir," replied the Mite; "but missus is a-waitin', sir, an' ——"

"Ah! about that trifle of rent, my dear," interrupted Mr. Ferrars, carelessly. "To be sure. I had forgotten it. Pray excuse my inadvertence. You may tell your mistress that I will attend to the matter immediately, and at the same time be sure to inquire whether she would prefer to have it in gold or notes. I'm going round to my bankers' this morning, and will accommodate myself to her wishes."

It was rather a melancholy joke to jest about bankers, and gold, and notes, with empty pockets, but to this inconsistency, jovial-spirited, rollicking Bob, a joke could not be robbed of its relish under any circumstances; consequently, when the dilapidated Mite giggled, and showed two rows of milk-white teeth as a redeeming point to contrast with her unseemliness, he actually laughed too—a jolly, hearty, outright, downright laugh.



FIRE-MAKING.—SIOUX METHOD.

"I haven't got a picayune, my amiable Foundling," he said next. "I suppose you know that."

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

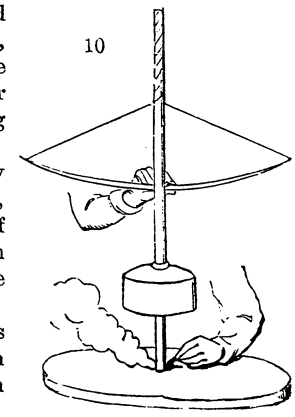
"Wait a minute," he said, and then began to empty his pockets. "Not a cent, Foundling," he added, looking rather puzzled. "Well, just tell her I'll try to pay it this evening. If I can't, she will have to wait. It is not necessary to tell her that, however. It mightn't be discreet."

"Yes, sir," answered the edified Foundling, and slipped out of the room. Bob looked after her, scarcely knowing that he did so.

"She has got a pretty foot," he commented, half-mechanically, "if it wasn't for the heathen of a shoe. Poor little soul."

Then he lighted his pipe again, and began to smoke furiously, with a reflective face.

"I am in a bad fix,"



FIRE-MAKING.—IROQUOIS METHOD.

he said; "and I can't see any better plan at present than to think it over."

And as to the merits and demerits of the "fix" in question, let the reader judge. Mr. Robert Ferrars, Jr., was a banker's son, which was (or had been) the very worst thing in the world for him. He had been brought up like a prince of the blood, educated to extravagance and idleness, and then—thrown on the world without a sou to call his own. To be brief: Ferrars, Sr., having indulged in speculations, had at last discovered a slight discrepancy in his arrangements, which was nothing more nor less than an embarrassing inequality between his income and his liabilities; and having made such discovery, he had—very discreetly, though perhaps rather incorrectly—absconded to parts unknown, taking all his wordly goods with him, and, with true parental forethought, leaving his only son but a blasted name and ruined prospects. To be plainer still, Ferrars, Sr., had proved himself a scoundrel, and left poor Bob to bear the blame and disgrace he himself had earned.

And even this was not the worst. If he had been a free man, Robert Ferrars would doubtless have borne the ignominy bravely, and gone to work to retrieve his honor with that unconquerable light-heartedness and a wonderful muscle-biceps as sole capital. But he was not free. Just before the crash come he had met his fate in the form of a pretty, loving little creature, with a face like a mountain daisy, and generosity enough to be willing to sacrifice her whole life to him under any circumstances. But Bob was not the man to accept such a sacrifice; and, besides this, there was another obstacle in the way. Bella was the fortunate possessor of a very sensible but very irascible papa, and when Bella's papa heard what a cool-blooded, dishonorable scoundrel Bella's papa-in-law in prospective had shown himself, he whisked Bella off to a far-away city before she had time to hear a whisper of the truth, and then he sent for Bob. Mr. Robert Ferrars came—humble, yet proud—disgraced, yet honest—and to Bella's papa's surprise it was he who opened the subject in hand.

"Look here, Mr. Van Ressler," he said, "I know why you sent for me, and what you are going to say; and, by Jove! I don't blame you for intending to say it. Still there was no need of going to the trouble. I should have come without being sent for. I love Bella too well to injure her, and if I married her now I should act like a rascal—as it runs in our family to act, you know—and I don't mean to do that. *Ergo*, I renounce my claims to my darling for the present."

Mr. Van Ressler stared at him. Bear in mind, he was irascible as well as sensible. And the last clause raised his ire, though he could not deny that this son of a villain was a very straightforward young man.

"You do, eh!" he said. "Well, that's all right and fair enough, but what do you mean by 'for the present'?"

"I mean I don't intend to give Bella up forever, though I don't lay any claims to her now. I am going away from here as soon as possible, but I am coming back some day, and if no one else has been before me—as, of course, there are a hundred chances to one some one will have been—I shall come here for my sweetheart."

"Go to Jericho," said Mr. Van Ressler, forcibly.

Now, to say the least, this was impolite, but I regret to say it was the old gentleman's favorite expletive, and Mr. Robert Ferrars was aware of the fact. He had heard him say it often enough before, so he only bowed.

"Thank you," he replied, "but it remains for me to prove whether I intend going there or not. In the meantime, I will write to Bella, and tell her all about the matter. I won't trust myself to see her, poor little thing! she would be sure to cry on my shoulder, and make gelatine of me instead of muscle, and what I want now is muscle."

So there was an end of the matter. He wrote to his poor little sweetheart, and bade her farewell, telling her the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and what was far more deserving of credit in the son of a rascal, he trusted the letter to Mr. Van Ressler, and never even asked for her address, so that he would be utterly without clue if he felt inclined to falter. Then he went to a city a thousand miles away, and looked about him."

Week first, he lived at a first-rate hotel, like an honest fellow as he was, spending nine hours of the day in searching for employment; week second, he went over the same programme, and found his finances getting low; week third, he moved to a garret in a shabby boarding-house—the very garret in which we find him; week fourth, he sold his watch, and began to live on the proceeds, still without meeting success; week seventh, he began to subsist on his wardrobe, and so subsisted until he had sold all but his shabbiest coat. Men of not half his merit or education stepped over his head into position, simply because they had been clerks and book-keepers all their lives, and "knew the ropes." Alas, for those who do not "know the ropes"!

He had just lived through three months of this when we first encounter him, and in this, his last week of the third month, he had made an astounding discovery. Instead of running away from his pretty Bella, he had run toward her; trusting to chance to guide him, he had by chance arrived at the very place to which her father had sent her, and only four days ago he had met her face to face.

In a queer way, too.

Of course he was not going to starve, if he could help it—this stalwart hero of mine; and, singular as it may appear, he neither intended to beg, borrow, nor steal; so, finding himself in a strange city, without friends, money, or bread, and with no prospects of getting better work, he had the straightforward rashness to take the first job that presented itself, which job was the trifling one of holding a gentleman's horse, the owner of said animal giving him a curious scrutinizing glance before he tossed him the bridle.

"I am going into this jeweler's place here," he said, "to meet some ladies, so I may not be out for some time. Keep a tight hold on him, he is easily startled."

And so Mr. Robert Ferrars had stood, with his usual cheerful *bonhommie*, erect at the horse's side, until a carriage drove up to the pavement, and three ladies alighted. One, a handsome, matronly woman; another, a handsome girl, evidently her daughter; and the last, a pretty little creature, with a face like a mountain daisy—Bella Van Ressler, in fact!

One start, and then Bob recovered himself. She did not see him, so he pulled his hat over his eyes, and turned away.

"She wouldn't know me if she saw me," he said, something actually like a little moan rising in his throat. "Poor Birdie! She would only be frightened, in her timid way, if I were to speak to her, looking like this. Oh! by Jupiter! this *is* hardish."

But being only a great-hearted, blundering fellow, Mr. Robert Ferrars was not so wise after all. What did he know about women?

In the course of half an hour the party reappeared—the owner of the horse, mamma, the pretty daughter, and Birdie, as Bob had always called her.

"Look at him," the gentleman was saying, in an undertone; "queer sort of a job for a fellow like that, seedy as he is."

The lady looked, the handsome fellow looked, Birdie herself looked, shyly, and then broke out into a sweet, thrilling, little scream.

"Oh, goodness!" she cried out, her dear little thrushlike voice fluttering in her throat. "Oh! it *is* him, Aunt Caro—yes, it is. Oh, my poor darling! Rob——"

And there, right under the eyes of the astonished trio, Birdie gave a soft little gasp, and fainted.

Mr. Robert Ferrars was himself in a second; he even helped them to carry her back into the jeweler's establishment. His pluck never failed him. He must get out of the way, or he knew he could not withstand Birdie, and by this time he had discovered that he could not deceive her either.

He touched his hat respectfully to the owner of the horse.

"Thank ye, sir," he said, on reception of his pay. "Sorry to 'ave made the young lady hill, sir. Mistooked me for some hother party, sir, but I'm honly just hover from Hengland, sir, so I can't be 'im. Good-day, sir."

Then he turned homewards with a bit of a groan, and dashed into his room, and was seen no more for that day, at least.

Bread must be earned, however, and he was obliged to go out again, and out he went, keeping a bright look-out for a little figure and an innocent pink face, with sweet eyes; and whether it is to be adduced to the bright look-out or not, he saw no more of Birdie. And this was the fix Mr. Ferrars was in when the small tatterdemalion applied to him for the wherewithal to pay the milkman.

Day after day passed on after this—even week after week—and matters assumed no brighter aspect. Through being brought up an idle gentleman, and not "knowing the ropes," this once *débonnaire* Bob Ferrars had only managed to pick up odd jobs enough to pay his rent and half-feed himself, and he was beginning to look pale, though he still trusted in the most sanguine manner, even at this late day, to the muscles-biceps. He had made a friend, however, in spite of his misfortunes, though the friend in question was only a dilapidated Mite. He had made a friend of the Foundling.

He could not help being good-natured and jovial, and, as there was no one else to be good-humored with, he was good-humored with the Foundling. When he met her on the stairs, he sang out, "Hallo, youngster! good-morning;" when she came into his room for anything, he gave her as jolly a smile as he could muster without warning, and once or twice, when he encountered her carrying heavy buckets of water or coal, he exercised the muscles-biceps, and carried them for her. Consequently, the Foundling conceived an affection for him. She blacked his boots on the sly, and tidied up his garret, and, whenever she could snatch the time, lighted his poor fire, so that he would find his kettle boiling when he came in. At first Bob did not quite understand it, but, one day, coming in tired and hungry, he found the Foundling on her knees before his grate, broiling a rasher of ham. Of course his surprise expressed itself in the usual way:

"Hallo, youngster!" he said, "what's up now?"

"Pleasir," said the Foundling, in fear and trembling—"pleasir, nothin', sir."

Bob came to the fire, with his chill hands in his pockets, and looked down at her.

"What are you doing?" he asked, good-naturedly.

"Broilin' a slice'er 'am, sir," replied the Foundling. "It's fur you, sir—pleasir."

"What?" cried Bob, huskily. "Why's that, youngster?"

The Foundling deserted her task to give vent to her feelings in a gush of tears, half fear, half amiable imbecility.

"Don't be mad, mister," she said; "I thort yer'd like it, maybe. Yer never eats nothin' but bread, I knows by the crusses; an' bread's mighty dry eatin'. So, pleasir, I bought a bit o' 'am, and this 'ere's it I'm a brilin'. An' don't be mad, mister; yer've bin mighty kind ter me—yer never chaffs me, nor turgs my hair, nor throws yer boots at me, nor—nor nothin'; an'— Don't be mad, mister."

Then the wrangling Bob gave way utterly, for the first time. He slipped down on a chair, and dropped his face into his hands with the same little groan his meeting with Bella had forced from him.

"Oh, Lord!" he said; and then he began to cry like a child.

Then the Foundling overflowed, also, after the usual pathetic manner of small vagabonds.

Bob was the first to get over it. He lifted his head, after awhile, as if a thought had suddenly struck him.

"Look here, youngster, he said, "who is it that chaffs you, and pulls your hair, and throws their boots at you?"

"The other floors," answers the Foundling. "First floor, he throws his boots at me, and second floor, he throws his'n; third floor, he twigs my hair, and fourth, he chaffs—chaffs orful, mister," looking up at him with swift piteousness.

Bob ground his teeth.

"Snobs!" he burst out. "Well, can you give them a message from me, youngster?"

Foundling nods.

"Very well, then; just tell them that you have got a protector in the sky-parlor, and that if he hears of them again he'll knock their confounded teeth down their respective throats."

Foundling acquiesced with joy, and then recurred to the ham again:

"Won't yer 'ave it, sir!" she asked, timidly.

Bob sprang up, and patted her on the head.

"Yes, I will," he said; "I'm not such a snob as to refuse it yet, thank Jupiter. We'll eat it together, Foundling."

And they did eat it together, to the Foundling's delighted abasement, Bob utterly refusing to let her wait upon him, as she proposed doing.

She was a sharp Foundling this. She had actually begged a scrap of old table-cloth from her mistress, and hemmed and washed and ironed it; and there she had it spread on the barrel in a trice, with Bob's plates, and a couple of knives and forks borrowed from the kitchen; having completed which gorgeous preparations, she reviewed her handiwork with exultation.

"It looks more'n white," she said, beaming. "I likes white things, somehow. Mebbe it's 'cause I ain't used to 'em."

Bob patted her shoulder once more—a trifle nervously this time. His mouth was twitching again.

"Yes, it does look nice," he said. "All right, Foundling: fall to."

And the Foundling fell to with secret ecstacy.

It was not the last meal they shared together, by any means, during that never-to-be-forgotten Winter. Their friendship increased daily, and, finding out that the Foundling was not too well taken care of, Bob always shared his luck with her—when he met any—which was but seldom.

What with heart-ache, suspense, humiliation, and hard-living, by the end of the Winter the muscles-biceps gave way a little. He was not so strong as he had been, and having caught cold he began to have a cough. Then he gave up Birdie.

"She will never know, bless her innocent soul!" he would say, sometimes; "and all the better. Better think me a rascal than grieve her poor little heart out over me. Some better man will get her, that's all."

But one raw day in March he was out looking for luck, as usual, in the shape of odd jobs—he was too shabby by this time for anything else, even if he had known "the ropes" as well as the best of them—when he turned a corner just in time to see a gentleman dismount from a horse before a warehouse door.

"Want a job—" the individual was beginning, when he

stopped, and stared Bob in the face. "Oh! it's you, is it?" he said. "The English fellow who frightened Bella! What's the matter now—climate not agree with you? Here—hold my horse for a few minutes, if you want something to do; and take care of him; he's more skittish than ever."

Bob touched his hat, and took the bridle without a word.

LITTLE KITTEN.

He felt as if he had come to the end of his tether now. Perhaps this very man was the one who was to gain what he had lost—the "better man," who was to rival him with Birdie. What a fool he had been to think he would ever retrieve the past; such a disgrace was not to be wiped out in one man's life. You see, he was losing his spirits; and no wonder.

He could not help thinking of her as he stood there in the raw, chill morning air, beggared, outcast, bankrupt, perhaps holding her lover's horse for a miserable pittance. He thought of the first time he had picked out her sweet, mountain-daisy face from the midst of a crowd of overdressed belles in a ball-room; he thought of how he had once seen her stop in the street and speak to just such a beggar as himself—her soft, innocent eyes as full of pity as a morning-glory of dew; he remembered the night he had told her he loved her, and how she had hidden her blessed little face on his coat-sleeve, and cooed her pretty, loving answer like a dove. His heart heaved within his breast fiercely for a moment, and then throbbed more slowly than ever. He could not stand *that* memory. He held the horse with a light hand as he pondered; he looked neither one way nor the other. He had just reached the stage when surroundings become absurdities in their contrast of triviality with wretchedness. What did he care about the passers-by? They were nothing to him—less than nothing now, when he was trying to make up his mind to give up his darling forever.

THE FIX MR. BOB FERRARS WAS IN.—"SHE WAS A SHARP FOUNDLING, AND HAD BEGGED A SCRAP OF OLD TABLE-CLOTH, WASHED AND IRONED IT, SPREAD IT ON A BARREL WITH BOB'S PLATES AND A COUPLE OF KNIVES AND FORKS, AND THEN REVIEWED HER HANDIWORK WITH EXULTATION."

So, in his abstraction, he neither saw nor heard the rattle of certain wagon-wheels dashing by at unusual speed and with unusual commotion. But the horse heard it and started restlessly, and so, giving the bridle a jerk, roused Bob all at once. He looked up, and in a second more saw the animal rearing high above his head, with fiery eyeballs, and frantic hoofs beating the air viciously. He flung out his free hand, and tried to grasp the bridle nearer the bit, but it was no use; he flung all his strength into his entangled arm, and tried to hold the mad creature in some check. Then he saw his blunder, and tried to free himself; but the beating hoofs were too quick for him in their frantic air-pawing; there was a loud cry of terror from the bystanders, something crashed against his side, and he fell, gasping.

"It's all over," he panted. "Birdie——" And then there was another crash; this time upon his head. In a second he was blind with blood; the street and the shrieking, hurrying people danced before his eyes, red with blood, too, he thought; and then all was blotted out.

* * * * * * *

He stirred a little on his pillow, he caught his breath faintly, he opened his eyes and saw—the Foundling standing on a stream of sunshine, which somehow reminded him of Spring time. It did not look like Winter—that stream of sunshine—and besides the air was absolutely balmy, and he smelt flowers. Where were the flowers, and where did they come from? This was what his languid brain crept round to at last, and even this simple mental effort wearied him. He would ask the Foundling. So he began to speak, but found, to his surprise, that he could not utter a word above a whisper, and was obliged to content himself with a single word.

"Flow—ers?" he managed to say, faintly.

But even this seemed to cause his small protegé great delight, though it appeared that she was under the necessity of restraining herself, for she fairly wrung her hands in endeavoring to control her excitement, and then only succeeded so far as to burst forth in an insane stage whisper, her words tumbling one over the other:

"Yes, sir—if yer pleasir," she said. "In ther winder, sir. Yer better now, sir. Ah, I'm so glad!" Then he remembered all about it.

"How—long?" he faltered.

"Yes, sir—pleasir. Two weeksir. But yer better now 'n. Ah, 'm so glad!"

He shut his eyes wearily, simply because he was too weak to keep them open; but, strange to say, a queer little muffled sound from the door startled him as he did so. But he would not open them again it seemed, so he lay without trying, inhaling the fragrance of the flowers he could not see, and feeling the warm sunshine in a curious, not unhappy languor, considering all things.

It was strange that he should have lived through it, and wakened to life after ten weeks of death. Happier men would have died; but he—a disgraced, broken-spirited outcast—lived. For what? Not for Birdie, and he had cared for nothing else.

Were those tube-roses he smelt? Birdie had always loved tube-roses, but how could such flowers get here?

Wandering mentally from thought to thought, in this weak languor, he lay from day to day, until he began to regain his strength a little. He was even too weak to inquire where his food came from; but it was always there, and the Foundling was always on hand with something delicate and tempting to bolster him up.

He was dimly conscious, too, of muffled whisperings outside the door, and a recurrence of the queer little sound he had heard at first; but no one ever came in but the Foundling; and though that small person was in the most elevated of repressed spirits, she never explained what gave rise to them. She waited on her friend indefatigably, however, and kept the bare room in a wondrous state of neatness; and, strange to say, had always a bouquet of flowers upon the table, which flowers Bob discovered, when he was able to think about the matter, were not common market-house purchases, but rare, hot-house blossoms.

"Pleasir," she said, one day, "a distrik visitor brought 'em. She's a-comin' to see yer when yer strong enough to talk. She come to see yer afore, when yer was deliriums."

But though he was grateful enough, Bob could not honestly say that he cared very much about seeing even the best of district visitors. The stronger he got the more his spirits failed him, till at last he was almost ready to wonder what Birdie would say if she heard of his wretchedly-dressed body being washed ashore amongst the river slime, at some of the bridges. But this was only at the worst, and in spite of it he got better slowly, until one morning the Foundling came into the room with a new bouquet, and, instead of carrying it to the vase on the table, walked straight to his bedside, and, with a frantic attempt at composure, delivered herself, with the most distinct enunciation, of these remarkable words:

"If yer pleasir, the distrik visitor's come, 'n she's a-waitin' outside for yer to calm yerself, 'n she says, says she, 'Please tell him her name it's Birdie.'"

The poor fellow burst into a low cry that was fairly wild, and then he began to tremble. He heard the queer little sound outside and knew it for what it was—knew it for nothing less than a muffled little sob of loving anguish.

"Ah, Foundling, my poor girl!" he cried out, "Why did you let her know? It will only be worse now for us both ——"

But he was not allowed to finish. The door flew open, and the poor little ex-district visitor burst in, and, rushing at the shabby bedstead, knelt down by it and flung her sweet young arms about the patient's neck, sobbing piteously, clinging piteously, and kissing his eyes, and forehead, and hands all in a wild, loving gush of pity and joy.

"Oh! my dearest!" she cried, "Oh, my own love! Did you think I could let you go? did you think you could hide yourself from me? did you think I would let you die while I could watch over you and pray to God for you? Oh, my own cruel darling, how could you—how could you!"

Bob had caught her in his arms, but he was as pale as death. "Darling!" he cried, "my own sweet love, I dare not let you stay here."

"Dare not!" she echoed, sobbing, "you dare not send me away. No one shall ever send me away. *I* am yours if every one else gives you up—my own. They may take your money, and your home, and everything else, but they can't take *me*." And then she sobbed afresh, clinging still with her soft hands.

But at length she lifted her face to look at him, all flushed and tear-wet, but more like a mountain daisy than ever.

"It was this good girl who told me," she said, smiling at the bewailing Foundling. "I should never have known where you were but for her. She knew me somehow, and when she thought you were dying, she came to me for help, and—and I came and found my darling;" with another burst. "And she has helped me to take care of you ever since, and I shall love her always for that. And I was afraid to let you see me at first for fear it would make you ill, and so I sat on the door-mat outside for days and days, just to be near you and hear you move, but now I shall stay with you always. Yes, forever and ever."

"But, my dearest," argued Bob, mournfully, "your father?"

She stopped him in a second.

"Papa!" she said. "I am waiting for him now. I sent

Cousin Hu—it was Cousin Hu's detestable, frightful horse that kicked you—to tell him all about it. Cousin Hu says you are a brick, darling, and so you are if a brick means anything brave and beautiful, and lovable. And I wrote to him, to come and see you, and help you, and—and I told him that if he would not make you happy, he could not part us again, for I intended to stay with you whether you wanted me or not. And starve if you starve—and die if you die." (Sobs again.) "And if you don't want me, I shall ask the lady of the house to let me be a servant like Amabel, here. And I'll pay her to let me be one. Yes, sir; I am very determined. You don't know me yet, but papa does—to his cost."

Argument was useless. She would not listen to a syllable of it—this tender little she-dragon. She kissed him, and cried over him, and bewailed his wrongs, and anathematised Cousin Hu's horse with such delirious pathos that Bob was so happy that he shed a few secret tears himself in the very weakness of joy.

Then she got up and scolded herself for exciting him, and then sobbed again sweetly, and kissed the Foundling until she was obliged to wash her face by reason of a strongly-marked sweat on her round dimpled chin. And, of course, after this she must sit near him, and hold his hand on pretence of letting him go to sleep, thereby putting sleep entirely out of the question.

She was sitting thus, cooing over him like a brooding dove, when the Foundling reappeared in a fresh state of breathless excitement.

"Which of yer, pleasir? I think its 'im, mam," she said; and then slid out, and ushered in the paternal Van Ressler with a disturbed, but by no means stern, face; upon seeing whom, Bella rushed at him, and being met half-way, and clasped very close, cried for the thirtieth time upon his portly shoulder.

"Look at him, papa," she sobbed. "Yes, just look at him, and look at this room, and think what he has suffered, because he was brave and honorable, and so determined to keep his word to you. He has held horses, papa. (Yes, my darling has held horses!) And—and he has run errands. (Oh! just think of my love running errands!) And he has starved, and been cold, and had no one to take care of him. No one, papa, and I so near and so wicked as not to know and find him out!" The paternal Van Ressler made his way to the bed as well as he could in his entangled condition; and when the bandaged head and hollow but heroic eyes met his view, he burst forth into a gush of something uncommonly like sympathy.

"Good heavens! my dear boy," he said, "I never thought it would come to this."

"But it did," cried Bella. "And he had his ribs bro-bro-broken, and his head ki-ki-kicked. And they did something awful to his skull with silver, papa. Oh, my poor dearest!"

But Bob looked up at him with a half sad smile.

"I tried to keep my word like a gentleman, sir," he said, "but my poor little love found me out—just in time to save me."

The paternal Van Ressler groaned.

"Oh, Lord!" he ejaculated. "What a blundering, asinine old villain I have been! Never mind that, my poor fellow, never mind the past. You have proved yourself to be the right metal. Hu has told me all about it, so I take that folly back. Just get better, and I will give you Bella, and help you to begin the world. I can afford to do it, and I will. Only get better, or I shall feel like a murderer."

And, accordingly, with these inducements Mr. Robert Ferrars did get better, though his recovery was but a slow one; and when he recovered he took the Foundling and went home with Bella to Bella's papa. He would not have left the Foundling on any account. She had led him back to happiness through her faithfulness to him, even if it was only by chance. And when Bella was his wife, and with Mr. Van Ressler's assistance and his own honest willingness to work, he had begun to square accounts with the world again, he was fonder than ever of his affectionate protegé.

He educated her, and helped her to a happy life, and Birdie would not have been forced to part with her under any circumstances, for in the midst of her happiness the tender little soul could never quite forget the past, and never failed to shed a few pathetic tears when anything occurred to recall to her mind the terrible "fix Mr. Ferrars was in."

A HUNT WITHOUT A HUNTSMAN.

"NOW, Randall, tell us a story. It's your turn now," said the major, as he sat at the head of the mess-table, beaming with good humor.

The table itself glittered with costly plate, and the cutglass decanters flashed back the light from their golden wines, while the officers of the —th Hussars, one of the "crack" corps at that time on duty in India, sat around the table in full enjoyment of the conviviality.

"Ours" was an expensive regiment to live in, and most of its members were men of family and fortune.

The first, each man was proud of; the second, like Don Cesar de Bazan, they were doing their best to spend.

And generally they had a respectable amount of success in their laudable undertaking.

Our colonel was a prince of the blood, and he had more money than he could run through with, but the lieutenant-colonel (who commands in all British regiments) was living at the rate of twenty thousand a year on an income of fifteen.

The consequence was that he had been forced to exchange and go home, some months before, to retrieve his affairs from utter ruin, and, until the arrival of his successor, Major Sir Charles Kennedy had assumed command.

This evening being the Queen's birthday, we had indulged in a little jollification, and it was agreed that every officer in turn was to make a speech, sing a song, or tell a story.

"Captain Randall's story!" cried little Lord Houghton, a newly-fledged cornet, recently joined, but already half-drunk.

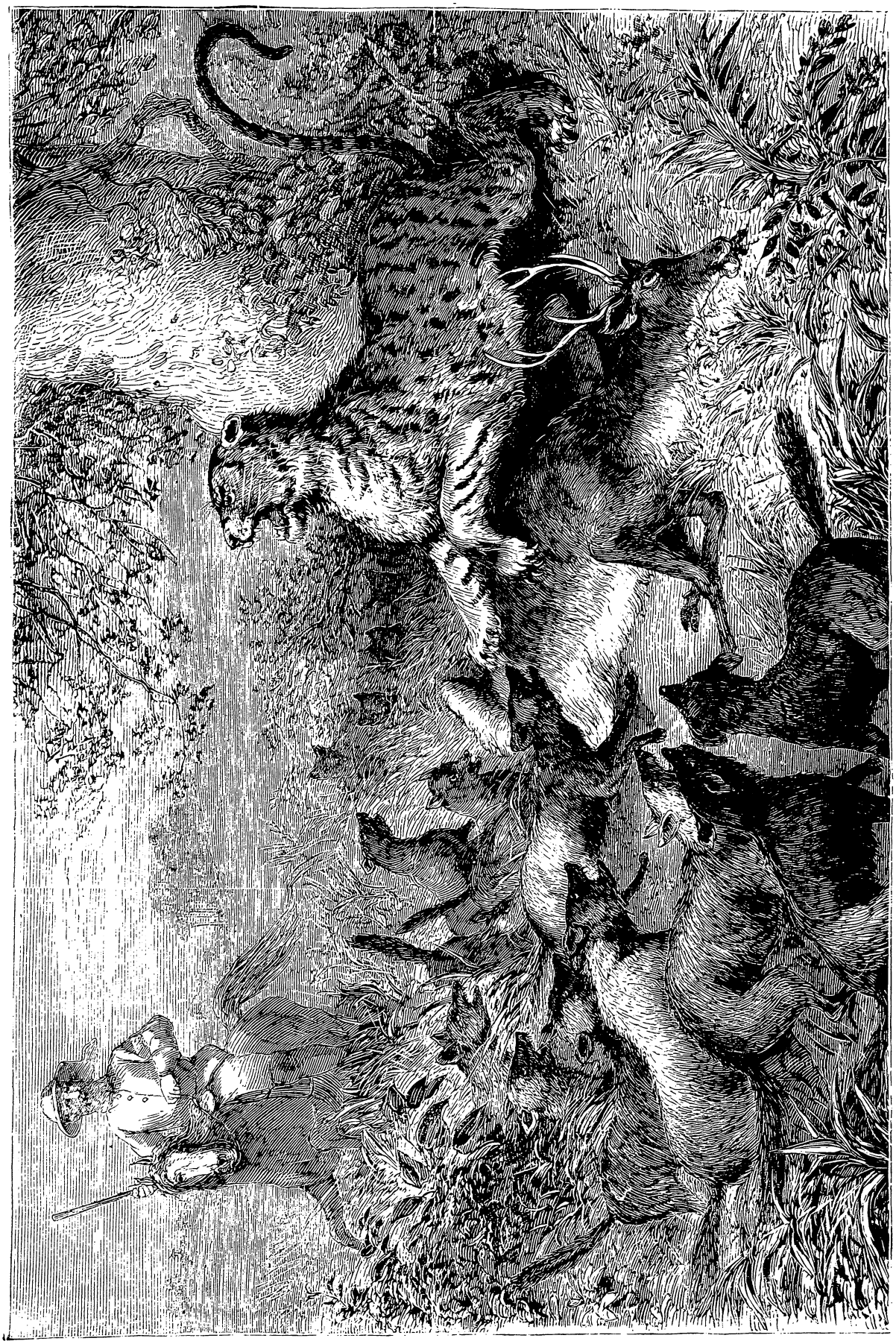
"Story! story!" was echoed from all parts of the table.

Captain Randall arose to command silence. He was the only one among us who had not been "born in the purple," and had actually risen by the force of a desperate bravery from the position of a high private in the regiment to a commission.

This is a very rare thing in the English army, and still rarer is it to see such an officer rise higher than the position of adjutant or riding-master.

But Randall was evidently a gentleman all over, both in manner and education, and somehow or other had contrived to win the respect of the rich and haughty patricians around him, till he had become the most popular officer in the regiment. And yet he was of course a poor man, but equally proud. He never accepted a seat in Lord Houghton's drag without the latter feeling that the captain was conferring a favor on him; and his single black horse was more envied in the regiment than the dozen or so kept by other officers.

Captain Randall, then a tall, slender, wiry-looking gentle-



A HUNT WITHOUT A HUNTSMAN.—"JUST AS THE POOR STAG FELL, ALMOST UNDER A TREE, A FINE ROYAL TIGER SPRANG OUT FROM A THICKET, AND POUNCED UPON HIM."

man, of near forty, with a magnificent dark brown beard flowing over his decorated breast—he wore five service medals and the Victoria cross—rose to his feet in answer to the universal cry.

"Gentlemen," he began, "you appear to be very anxious for a story from me, and I might get off much easier by making a speech."

"No, no! we've had enough speeches—hic," interrupted little Lord Houghton.

Randall smiled.

"I'm afraid *you* have, Houghton, my boy; but if I tell you a story you'll go to sleep, perhaps."

"No we will not," chorused the table.

"Well, then, if you *must* have a story, I'll tell of a curious incident I once witnessed out in the upper country, close to the edge of Nepaul. Will that do?"

"All right, old fellow."

"Fire away, Randall."

"Tip us your story, my boy."

Such were the exclamations that came from various parts of the table.

Men began to take out their cheroot-cases, and settle down for a quiet ending to the uproarious jollification of the early part of the evening.

Captain Randall emptied his wine-glass, lighted a cheroot for himself and thus commenced:

"You know, boys, that Nepaul's a wild sort of a country, and very thinly inhabited. Well, I'd a six months' furlough at one time, soon after I was commissioned"—Randall was never a bit ashamed of having been in the ranks—"to enjoy myself, and go home if I wanted to. But I've no one that *I* care to see at home now. All my associations are here.

"So I concluded to spend my time in exploring the less-known parts of India, and enjoy myself thus, while gathering information at the same time."

"What a learned old chap you will be in—hic—in time!" observed little Houghton, solemnly, at this juncture.

THE BLACK CHARGER OF HERNANDO.—"THEN SHE TOOK HIS PRECIOUS ARMOR AND LAID IT SAFELY BY, AND SHE CARESSED THE GALLANT BLACK CHARGER, AND LED HIM AWAY TO HIS FRESH LITTERED STALL."—SEE PAGE 115.

"Oh, stop your noise!"

"Go to bed, Houghton."

"You are drunk, you little moke."

"How can we hear Randall?"

Poor little Houghton subsided.

Randall laughed.

"Houghton, I'm afraid your mother would not approve of your conduct to-night, my child; but never mind, I appeal to to-morrow morning; that will be my best avenger.

"Well, boys, to make a long story short, I went to Nepaul with an old German friend of mine, a naturalist, and we enjoyed a splendid trip.

"Richter accumulated specimens in ornithology and entomology, and *I* shot the *big* brutes for him to classify.

"At last the hour drew near for us to go back, or at least for *me* to return to duty.

"I can tell you that I was very sorry for it when the time came, and for the last week I was out constantly drinking deep draughts of inspiration from nature.

"One day I rode out alone on a little *tattoo*—you know what they are—rough country ponies, as strong as young elephants. I left Black Prince at our bungalow, for I didn't expect to have much running to do, but I took my double-rifle with me, and rode out to find a tiger.

"There was no need to look far in that wild country, for tigers were plentiful enough. I rode on through the forest, which was all alive with birds in the early morning. The globules of dew sparkled like diamonds on every bush, and the brilliant little mountain-finches flitted across the path, while glorious peacocks every now and then whirred up ahead, and both golden and silver pheasants were to be seen occasionally.

"I rode slowly, with the bridle hanging on the pony's neck, allowing him to trot on at his own will.

"We rambled on through the shady woods, listening to the gay caroling of the birds, frequently interrupted

by the plaintive cry of the soaring shaheen falcon, far overhead.

"Insensibly I got further and further into the forest, the pony following a devious path that wound about with apparent caprice, turning aside here and there. We crossed several tinkling brooks that rippled over the pebbles merrily enough; and, at last, the forest began to grow more open, and I could see open glimpses of country before me.

"The pony kept gallantly on, tossing his shaggy, stubborn-looking head, and ambling away at a great rate.

"Then we suddenly turned a corner in the path, around the bole of an immense tree, and a beautiful landscape burst on my sight.

"As far as the eye could see the country sloped gradually away, open, and dotted with little patches of cover, while the silver threads of several streams meandered along till they converged into one river, a tributary of the Ganges.

"The graceful herds of spotted axis-deer were browsing here and there, and I could see gigantic argulahs and cyrus-birds stretching their long necks after the fishes, as they stood knee-deep in the nearest streams.

"Far away in the distance were the heavy forms of a herd of wild elephants, lazily browsing on the branches of a clump of trees, and yet in all the vast landscape there was not a solitary sign of human habitation.

"Involuntarily I drew rein and gazed in silence.

"The pony was not so much impressed as myself, for he kept fidgeting about.

"I hardly noticed his uneasiness, so absorbed was I in the beautiful scene before me, when he suddenly made a bolt, and jumped out of the shade of the trees, where I had been resting, with a terrified snort.

"Almost at the same instant a large stag burst out of the woods at full speed, and dashed past me within a few feet, his antlers laid flat on his back, and his whole body straightened out in his desperate haste.

"I had hardly time to wonder at the singularity of the occurrence, when I heard a low, whimpering noise, as of an eager pack of hounds before they open cry, and a crowd of reddish-dun dogs poured out of the woods, and were after the stag in hot pursuit.

"My pony reared and snorted with terror, as the whole of the pack, at least sixty in number, swept by us at full speed, opening cry something like foxhounds, but lower.

"In a moment they had passed us without taking the least notice, and were hard on the haunches of the stag.

"As soon as they passed, my pony seemed to catch the infection of the chase, and dashed after them at full speed, almost leaping out of his skin in his mad efforts.

"I did not try to stop him. I had heard before this of the dholes, or wild hounds of India, and of their great sagacity, and I was not sorry for the opportunity of seeing a sight seldom or never granted to European eyes.

"They ran splendidly, exactly in the style of foxhounds, whom they strongly resemble in form and size; but all were of one uniform red-dun color.

"The stag was evidently exhausted, and made for the water.

"A part of the pack observing this, and to all appearance directed by a leader, began to make a circuit, running harder than ever, to cut him off.

"The rest slackened their pace, and the stag was leaving them.

"But the poor stag did not know the wiles of his enemies. Finding he was distancing the main pack, he ran more slowly, being almost tired out.

"Then the wary old hounds got ahead of him, and the whole pack closed in, front and rear.

"I had kept back at a sufficient distance to view the chase without interrupting it, and I saw the poor hunted beast swerve from his course at right angles.

"But here he was again met, for the pack that was left behind had been inclining in that direction, and, finally, ran him down, after repeated turns, almost at the edge of the woods.

"I had followed so closely all the time, that I saw the first dog spring at the stag's throat, and there would soon have been nothing left of him, if a new adversary had not suddenly arisen.

"Just as the poor stag fell, almost under a tree, a fine royal tiger sprang out from a thicket, and pounced upon him.

"Here was fun! Would the dholes allow the tiger to take away their prey without a fight, as the jackal would, under similar circumstances?

"The great brute stood above the stag, lashing his tail, with his eyes darting fire, and roaring furiously.

"The pack of dholes kept closing in around him. I rode up without hesitation. I was safe enough from the tiger, with my double-rifle, and I did not think that the dogs would attack me.

"And I had resolved to see the fight. It soon began.

"The dogs circled around the tiger, till they formed a large ring, in dead silence, but exhibiting no fear whatever. I could not help thinking that I was glad they were not after *me*.

"Suddenly an old dog gave a short howl.

"The whole circle rushed at the tiger like enraged fiends.

"In a moment, it seemed, so quickly was the thing done, the tiger was covered and hid from view by a mass of furious hounds. Then came a wild struggle.

"At one minute the tiger would shake himself clear of his opponents, and strike with his paws right and left, covering the ground with the dead and dying; at another he would be down on his back, overwhelmed by numbers tearing away at him on all sides.

"At last he showed the white feather, and, turning, tried to escape. But this was not so easy. The pack of dholes, nearly frantic with excitement, were upon him ere he had gone a step, and again the battle began.

"By this time, I began to see which way it would end.

"The wild hounds were losing fearfully, but the tiger was covered with blood, and only fighting to escape.

"Again and again he shook off his fearless enemies, and tried to climb a tree. Before he could rise two feet from the ground, the dogs were on him, pulling him down again.

"At last the contest drew to a close. The tiger had fallen, and the sharp teeth of the dogs were tearing at his bowels. He fought still, but more feebly. Every stroke of his paw was the death-blow of a wild hound, and, if they came near his head, he would grasp one with his terrible jaws, and throw him away dead in an instant. But it was seldom he got an opportunity. The sagacious brutes, grown wary by the sight of repeated deaths, kept out of the reach of his formidable weapons of offense, and still kept working away at the lower part of his body.

"He was almost gone now. And then the pack retired out of reach for a minute, and suddenly made a simultaneous rush once more, which terminated the contest.

"I did not wait any longer. I was satisfied. The tiger was killed, and the plucky hounds went to work at their two victims.

"I was not over-anxious to cultivate their acquaintance, so *I* did not offer to rob them of their prey. I took warning from the fate of the tiger.

"But next morning, when I revisited the scene, the bones of the tiger and stag were picked clean, and the skeletons only of twenty-three wild hounds remained.

"Whether the pack ate their own dead brethren, after the manner of wolves, I am unable to say, but I suspected the jackals and the white ants to be at the root of the matter.

"I returned to Cawnpore, in due time, to the regiment, and I can truly say that I never enjoyed a leave as much as I did that one spent in Nepaul.

"That's all, boys."

"Thank you, Randall, said the major. "I believe you're the first white man I've seen who had actually met those dholes at work."

"There are not many niggers, neither," returned Randall. "Some of you fellows take that little lord to bed. He's drunk."

Little Lord Houghton was fast asleep.

The Black Charger of Hernando.

POOR, indeed, was Hernando, the old knight, who had spent all in the service of his country. He had nothing to call his own but his stout armor, his high-couraged black charger, and his bold lance; and with these he was ever in the thickest of the fray against the Moors. But at last his turn came; and, in return for the losses he had caused them, the Moors contrived to surround and slay him.

Now, when his black charger knew that his master was wounded to death, like a valiant steed true to his Christian master, he turned and bore him out of the fight to a lonely dell, where a pious hermit might minister the last consolations of religion to his parting soul. But a sordid Moor, seeing the helpless dying man thus borne along, determined to possess himself of his stout armor and his bold, black charger; he followed, with fruitless attempts to arrest the gallant beast, until it pleased him to stop before the hermit's cell, where it waited patiently while they lifted the sacred burden down—the hermit and the Moor together; for the Moor desired to possess himself of the outer shell of his armor, and the hermit, the inner shell, namely, his body, that the kernel—that is, his soul—might go up holy and clean before God. Then his soul had scarcely passed away, when the Moor stripped him of his armor, and packed it all safely on the back of the black charger, and prepared to lead him home, for he was afraid himself to mount him. But the black charger no sooner perceived his dear master's remains safe in the care of the hermit, to bury them, and his armor safe in his own, than he started off at his wildest speed, leaving the Moor, who had ventured to lay his infidel hands on the reins, to measure his length in the dust. And on and on he went, nor stopped till he reached Hernando's hillside home.

Doña Teresa, his wife, had never ceased every day to look for her Hernando's return. And when she saw his black charger, bearing his empty armor, she knew at once all that had come to pass; and, like a noble Christian spouse, she had the strength to thank God that her Hernando had spent his life in the service of his religion and his country. Then she took his precious armor, and laid it safely by, and she caressed the gallant black charger, and led him away to his fresh-littered stall.

Then every day she tried the armor on the young Hernando, and made him bestride the black charger, that he might be a valiant slayer of Moors like his father.

Now young Hernando was slight, and young Hernando was pale. And he shrank from the cold, hard armor, and the tall, snorting steed. But his mother Teresa was brave, brave as became a Christian spouse, and she listened not to his fears; but bade him be of good heart, and put his trust in Christ.

And, at last, the day came when she bade him go forth, and do battle to the Moors. Young Hernando's heart beat high, for his spirit, indeed, was willing; and he burned to add his name to the long traditions of prowess which his mother told him of his house. But his arm was all untried, and he shrank from the thought of pain, for the young, tender flesh was weak. But he would not belie his mother, so he crossed the bold, black charger; and the noble charger snorted when he felt that once more he bore a Christian to the battle. By night they traveled on; and by day they slept in the shade. In the morning, when the sun began to dawn, they rose, and set out on their way; and, as they crossed a plain, young Hernando saw a tall Moor coming toward them. And his heart smote him for fear; and he would gladly have turned out of the way. But he bethought him it became not a Christian to shrink away before a Moor; so he nerved him with what courage he might, and rode on steadily along his way.

Now, when the bold black charger scented the pagan hound, he snorted, and shook his mane, and darted to the encounter. So young Hernando was borne along, and found himself face to face with his foe. Then his father's shield rose to protect him; and the lance lifted up his arm; and the black charger rode at the Moor; and the lance cast him down from his seat. Then the sword leapt from its scabbard, and, planting itself in young Hernando's grasp, struck off the pagan's head.

So Hernando tied the head to his saddle, and bound the body upon its mule. Thus he rode on to the town—to the town of Royal Burgos. And when the people saw him bestriding the bold black charger, the grizzly head hanging from his saddle, and the headless body following behind, bound fast to the African mule, they cried:

"All hail to the victor! All hail to young Hernando who conquered the pagan Moor!"

And so they brought him to the king, and his ghastly burden with him, and the headless rider behind. And the king rose and embraced him, and the queen held her fair white hand, and gave it to the youth to kiss. And she said:

"A youth so comely and valiant should have armor rich and bright, and a steed with a shining coat."

So she called a page to bring a suit of polished steel, and a horse from the royal stables, and present them to young Hernando. Then they took off his ancient armor, and laid it on the old black charger, and Hernando donned the new, and sprang into the saddle of the horse from the royal stall.

Now the bold black charger was grieved to be thus set aside, so he snorted and turned his head, and rode back to Doña Teresa. When Doña Teresa saw him ride back with the empty armor, she thought that her son was dead, and rejoiced as a Christian mother, that the Moors had sent him to glory. So she laid up the ancient armor, and caressed the bold black charger, and led him to his fresh-littered stall.

Young Hernando meantime feared, as he sat on the fiery steed; for in his far-off hillside home he had but that black charger tried. Nor had he learnt to handle the weapons they gave him to bear.

But the king, who had seen him come in bearing along such goodly spoils, took him for a practised warrior, and gave him a work to do which needed a valiant heart.

"Now keep this pass," he said, "for the rocks are narrow and high, and one at a time, as the enemy comes, with your sword you will strike them down."

Young Hernando durst not say "Nay"; for his spirit within him was bold, though his young tender flesh was weak. And as he watched there alone, with only the moon for guide, "Oh, had I my old black charger, and my father's armor!" he cried. And the bold black charger felt, as he stood in his far-off stall, that his master's son was in danger, and he snorted to get away. And Doña Teresa knew when she heard him snort and snort there was work to do far away. So she bound the armor on him, and away he fled like the wind, nor stopped till he reached Hernando.

"To me! my bold black charger! To me! 'tis yet in time. To me!" And he mounted the charger bold, in his father's armor clad.

Then stealthily came the Moors, all creeping through the pass, and Hernando's lance and Hernando's sword laid them low on the ground that night. And when the king came up, Hernando sat at his post, and his prostrate foes around him.

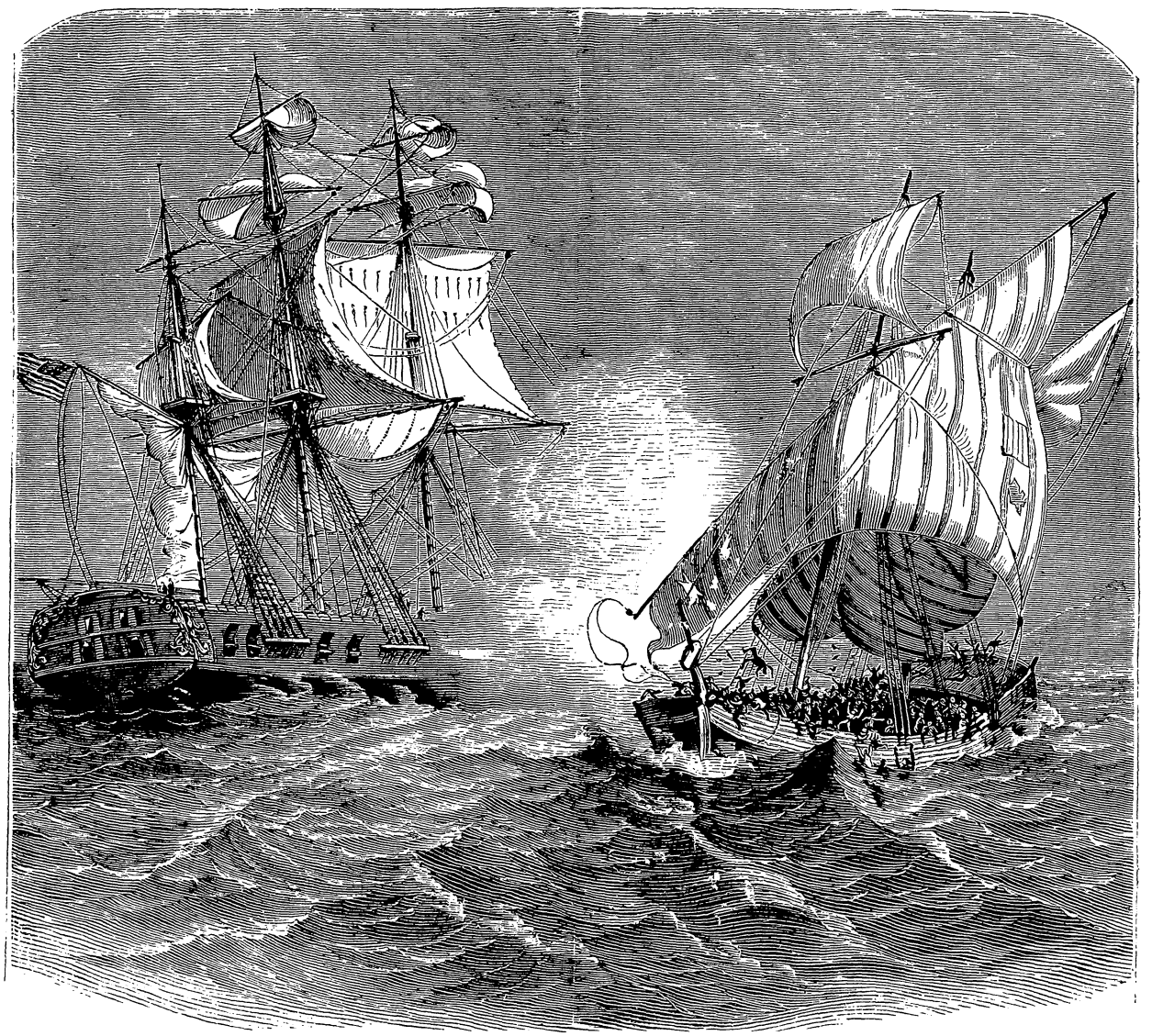
When the king saw he had done so bravely, he would have given him a new suit of armor, and a new bright-coated steed. But Hernando said:

"Good king! pray leave me my father's armor, and my father's charger bold, for I am but a stripling, and my hand and my arm are weak, but my father's arms and my father's steed alone put the foe to flight."

So the king let him have his will; and as he found him so brave and successful against the Moors, he sent him to carry a message of encouragement to Don Diaz, to whom the Moors had laid siege. Now, as he came back from the errand, he was crossing the lonely plain, when, anon, it was covered with horsemen—Moorish horsemen, arrayed in their might. He knew that his trust was sacred, and he might not endanger the letter he bore by encountering so overpowering a host. But 'twas vain that he tried to turn, for the bold black charger refused; but, as if he had been spurred, with his might he dashed right into the pagan midst. The lance sprang in Hernando's hand, and pierced through the Moorish king. Then the host, dismayed, exclaimed:

"This one rider, alone in his strength, no mortal man is he: it is one of their Christian saints come down to scatter the Prophet's band."

So they turned and fled apace, and on the black charger rode behind; and Hernando's lance and Hernando's sword laid low the straggling host.



CATCHING A CORSAIR.—"IN AN INSTANT A DOZEN DEEP-MOUTHED CANNON PROTRUDED FROM AS MANY PORTHOLES, AND BELCHED FORTH A STORM OF IRON HAIL, WHICH TORE THROUGH THE CORSAIR, STREWING HER DECK WITH DEAD AND WOUNDED."

A CANINE AFFLICTION.—THE KING CHARLES.—SEE PAGE 118.

And such fear had fallen on all the Prophet's children that day, that on bended knee they sent to sue a truce of the Christian king. And to purchase a term of rest, they set all their captives free, and with tribute and with hostages made peace with the Christian king.

So young Hernando rode home—to his home by the steep hillside. And Doña Teresa came out to greet her boy on his gallant steed. And with her fair Melisenda walked, who a gentler greeting gave; she was his bride betrothed, and she knew that now peace was made, they would lovingly live together, in that far-off hillside home.

And they stroked the bold black charger, and led him to his fresh-littered stall. And 'tis said that while yet the land was blighted by *one* strange Moor, that bold black charger never died; but whenever the fight raged high, or the Christian host needed aid, there he bore his rider to turn the day. But where he died or when he fell, no mortal ever knew.

CATCHING A CORSAIR.

THE horrible massacre of prisoners, a few years since, by the bandits of Greece, brings to mind the effective service against the pirates of the Grecian Archipelago rendered by the late Commodore Lawrence Kearney, of the United States Navy, in the early part of the present century. So successful were his efforts, that he received highly complimentary mention in the British Parliament.

There were many adventures which befell the officers of his ship, the old sloop-of-war *Warren*, while engaged in this service, some of which were very exciting, as will appear from the following relation:

There was considerable excitement in the hamlet which lies at the head of the little land-locked bay of Milo, one morning, when the *Warren* appeared off the entrance of the harbor with the evident intention of coming into port.

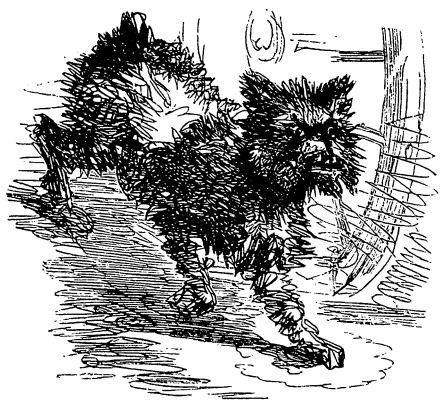
There was a light breeze blowing from seaward, and as the ship headed in, with all sails set, the sunlight gleaming on the broad field of white canvas, the picture was grand and beautiful.

In a few moments the rumbling of chains was heard, then the sullen splash of the anchor, and as if without an effort she folded her wings and swung round to her moorings, with nothing aloft but the delicate tracery of rigging and spars, from which the nimble sailors were fast hurrying to the deck.

Before night a great change had taken place in the appearance of the vessel. Yards had been sent down, masts housed, and a general dismantling, as if for a long stay in port, and a thorough overhauling of the ship had taken place.

It was not altogether idle curiosity which caused the inhabitants of the hamlet to watch so closely the proceedings on board. In the first place, the stay of a man-of-war in port is always a source of profit; and, in the next, the movements of the dreaded *Warren* were of too much importance to the pirates to escape the closest espionage by their agents and spies.

The signs of an intention to remain some time in the harbor were, therefore, gratifying in a double sense, and before night a swift felucca had sailed from the other side of the island for one of the pirates' rendezvous in an adjacent island with the welcome news. That night there was music



A CANINE AFFLICTION.—THE "HAMIABLE HANIMAL."

A CANINE AFFLICTION.—"HAMIABILITY."

A CANINE AFFLICTION.—"BEING USEFUL ABOUT THE HOUSE."

and rejoicing on shore, in which some of the sailors, who had gotten "liberty," uproariously joined.

It was late before the inhabitants retired to rest, and the first who arose next morning naturally turned their thoughts upon the war-ship. Where was she? In vain they gazed over the harbor, rubbed their eyes, and looked again. She was nowhere to be seen.

With the midnight land-breeze, her spars and rigging replaced, she had spread her canvas, flitting away like a shadow!

The hamlet was soon astir, and in the wonder and surprise of its inhabitants, it was hours before the thought occurred to send to the pirates advice of the occurrence. It was too late, however, to avail them.

Upon the information of the previous day, an expedition had sailed, and already one of their largest and best manned war feluccas was hovering on the path of the merchant-ships bound for Smyrna.

It was late in the afternoon that a large, heavy-laden ship was descried from the deck of the corsair. Her sails were old and patched, her sides stained with iron-rust, her yards carelessly trimmed, her rigging badly set up, and all the evidences about her of a long voyage and a rich cargo.

The felucca, which was to windward, at once bore away for the merchantman, and as soon as the former's intention was perceived and her character suspected on board the latter, alarm was manifested in her movements. She was got before the wind, and sail after sail slowly set, as if she were short-handed. It appeared all too late, however, for the swift keel of the corsair glided two knots to the merchantman's one, and in little more than an hour she was close upon the latter's quarter. To the pirate's peremptory summons to "Heave to!" a hoarse, indistinct reply was bellowed through an old, battered trumpet, by a rough-visaged, gray-headed old seaman, who shook his fists in seemingly impotent rage at the intruder.

This pantomimic defiance was answered by a shout from the pirates, who now swarmed their deck, armed to the teeth. The helm of the felucca was put up, and she came rapidly down to lay the prize aboard; but just as she was abreast, and before the vessels touched, a wonderful change had taken place in the ship!

Boarding nettings were triced up in an instant from her bulwarks, and her old, strained side seemed to open as if by magic, while a dozen deep-mouthed cannon protruded from as many portholes, and in an instant belched forth sheets of flame and a storm of iron hail, which tore through the hull, rigging and sails of the corsair with terrific effect, strewing her deck with the dead and wounded, and leaving her but a wreck, incapable of resistance or escape.

The survivors, who now saw the "Stars and Stripes" floating from the peak of the seeming merchantman, understood at once that they were in the grasp of the terrible Kearney, and made signs of submission.

The boats of the *Warren* soon rescued the corsair's crew from the sinking wreck, and taken in irons to Smyrna, the pirates were delivered over to the Turkish authorities.

This was but one of many bold and successful stratagems by which, with a single vessel, Captain Kearney almost cleared the Archipelago of pirates, earning the thanks of Turks as well as Christians, rendering his name famous, and conferring honor upon the naval service of the United States.

A CANINE AFFLICTION.

"Muzzle your dogs."—CITY ORDINANCE.

FRANK LESLIE: You will pardon me for intruding my sorrows upon your indulgent ear, but I speak from an overcharged heart, and am sure that I appeal to a sympathetic chord in yours. I am dying of dog on the brain. I came down to breakfast one morning about four weeks ago in my usual happy and genial frame of mind; *mens sana in corpore sano.* I know that to have been the case, for in coming down I stumbled over a pitcher of water which a careless chambermaid had left on the stairway, plentifully deluging a new pair of Spring pants, and making my brightly lacquered boots the color of a carman's. Undoubtedly I made an exclamation—human nature would not be human nature if she forbore exclamations under such wet circumstances; and the exclamation may have been a strong one, but it was all to myself; and I walked into the breakfast-room and smiled on Mrs. Spitzboozy, and pinched the cheeks of the little Spitzboozies, as if nothing had occurred, and as if I were not standing in two feet of water. I am habitually an unruffled and temperate man, and this circumstance shows that on that morning I was particularly so.

Mrs. Spitzboozy was sitting at the head of the table, and, as she passed me my first cup of coffee, said:

"Did it ever occur to you, dear, that we haven't a dog?"

I knew, of course, that we never *did* have a dog, and thanked heaven for it; but whether it had ever occurred to me or not I was not quite sure, and, not wishing to commit myself before I knew at what Mrs. Spitzboozy was driving, I answered, hastily, "No!" I was pretty safe in the assertion, for I had never given the subject a moment's thought one way or the other.

"Well, dear, we *ought* to have a dog. He will be such a pet for the children, you know—besides, a dog is so useful about the house."

Of what earthly use a canine brute, yelping in the parlors, and tripping up people as they came down-stairs, could possibly be in a man's house, in town, I did not know; but Mrs. Spitzboozy had asserted that *she did*, and I had only to confess my ignorance, and insert "Buy a dog for Mrs. S." in my memorandum.

"Send him up before dinner, dear—and you'd better buy a silver collar, and have "Spitzboozy" engraved upon it, in case we should lose him, you know!"

The dying accents of Mrs. Spitzboozy's canine solicitation fell upon my ears as I came down my stoop, like the howl of Cerberus upon the tympanum of the pious Æneas. I secretly determined that if the dog ever should be lost, and anybody *should* bring him back, I'd have an action of trespass against him. But the dog was inevitable; Mrs. Spitzboozy had said one would be useful about the house, and whatever was useful in a domestic point of view, Mr. Spitzboozy was bound to furnish. I walked meditatively down town, till I reached Trinity churchyard. A man was leaning against the railing, with a basket full of dogs. There were five of them—delicious little creatures, with no ears, nor tails, nor eyes, as far as I could see. They were about three inches long, each, and the man said they were of the King Charles breed. As Mrs. Spitzboozy did not state the breed which would be most useful about the house, nor give any particulars in regard to the *size*, but merely stated that a dog was needed in the house, and as it appeared to me that the King Charles breed in its present state would at least be as quiet as any other, for some time to come, I gave the man five dollars for one of the execrable little snub-nosed brutes, and told him to take it home. I congratulated myself that this was a *chef-d'œuvre* of domestic strategy. Mrs. Spitzboozy was certainly provided with a dog, and a very good dog, and I was assured of my comfort because, thank heaven, the little mottled villain wouldn't be able to be useful about the house for a long time yet; and if it *should* happen to die—but it was hoping against hope to anticipate such a happy consummation.

I walked about my business as cheerful and happy as usual, and nobody who spoke with me would have known that I was suffering because of a dog in the house. I met Mrs. Spitzboozy in the hall as I reached home that evening. The King Charles had just arrived, and a servant was holding the delicate little creature in his hands.

"How could you send home such a foolish little thing?" inquired Mrs. Spitzboozy.

"Why, my dear, that's a King Charles!"

"It looks as much like a cat as like a dog," said Mrs. Spitzboozy, "and very little like either."

"To be sure, my dear, he won't be useful about the house at present, but he will be a great pet for the children, and then he'll grow, I'm confident he will."

"But this is not the sort of dog I meant, Mr. Spitboozy. We want a shaggy dog with a tail and eyes—a dog that knows how to bark!"

Here was the upshot of my strategy! All I had got by it was the superaddition of a barking qualification to the other requirements of a useful dog. I invariably got the worst of of it whenever I tried tactics with Mrs. Spitzboozy.

I saw nothing canine that answered the requirements of Mrs. S. that day or the next. But the day after I was driving with a friend in the upper part of the island, when a white and black example of the *genus canis* flew from behind a fence, and commenced howling and yelping around the horse's feet in the most pertinacious and extraordinary manner. In vain the whip-lash flew around his sprightly legs; the tuneful animal persisted in the music; it was the most dogmatic bark I had ever observed.

I drew up the horses. Here was the animal for Mrs. Spitzboozy—an animal that knew how to bark! As I stopped, the sonorous brute bolted behind a fence, and squatting spitefully upon his haunches, sat bolt upright and stared at me. I viewed him with a critical eye, for I was becoming a connoisseur in dogs. He was certainly shaggy, for every hair stood out straight and stiff, as if it had been driven in with a mallet, and he had a tail doubtless, though *that* wasn't much to brag of, and there was no question about his eyes; but the crowning excellence of that dog was his voice; such a glorious bark! I knew he would realize Mrs. Spitzboozy's fondest wishes.

I informed my friend that I was about to purchase the animal.

"You're going to buy that yellow cur, Spitzboozy? Nonsense!"

I was spared any more of my friend's painful criticisms, by the arrival of the owner, who appeared to be a traveler—a foot traveler.

"Will you sell me your dog, sir?" I inquired, rather timidly, for I did not know but the man had become attached to him (I had heard of such things), and would be loth to part with him.

"Sell that hamiable hanimal—that hanimal as has followed my tracks, and shared my wittles for nine precious long weeks! Sell that useful and woracious brute! Yes!"

"What is your price?" I asked.

"Well, sir, there was a time when three-and-sixpence wouldn't ha' bought a lock of his precious hair, but he's a little less waluable now, on account of the high price of provisions, and that beautiful dog can be took off my hands for two shillin'!"

I was surprised at the cheapness of the animal, and charitably gave the man a dollar, the surplus being meant as a reward for his candour and honesty.

With some difficulty the playful brute was caught, and placed in the bottom of the wagon. My friend kept his heel on his head all the way home, to repress the little exuberance of spirit which he seemed disposed to manifest.

"There," said I, "Mrs. Spitzboozy," as I entered the parlor, and pointed to my last purchase, which was nosing impertinently in every corner of the hall, uttering all the while little detached snarls; "there is the dog you want; that animal has the finest bark you ever heard!"

"Doesn't he look dirty, dear? I am afraid he's cross; he hasn't a pleasant expression!"

"Not a particle of it, Mrs. Spitzboozy. He followed a man nine long weeks, and became greatly attached to him, which shows that he is a dog susceptible of human feelings, Mrs. Spitzboozy, and that your suspicions do him great injustice!"

Just then there was a prolonged yelp, followed by a diminutive squeal, in the hall, and we both ran out to see what was the matter. The "hamiable hanimal," in the progress of his investigations, had discovered the King Charles, who was lying in the bottom of the hat-stand, and having seized him by the nape of the neck, was making mince-meat of his royal highness in double quick time.

"Don't touch him, dear!" said I,

"But he will kill the little creature!" said Mrs. Spitzboozy.

"Then, for God's sake, don't touch him!"

"For shame, Mr. Spitzboozy!" and my wife's humanity lent vigor to the little foot, which sent the carnivorous brute yelping to the farther end of the hall.

I informed Mrs. Spitzboozy at breakfast next morning that a friend of mine had a dog which I thought would suit her; but as I had succeeded so badly in my selections, I would have him sent to the house before purchasing him, that she might judge of him herself. Mrs. Spitzboozy said that was an excellent plan.

I stopped at my friend's house on my way down town, and looked at the animal. He was a large thick-boned brute, of a dubious tan-color. My friend said he was a watch-dog—distantly related to the St. Bernard breed—and that he should never, never think of selling him, but he was going to give up his house in town, and had no need of a watch-dog. It struck me that this animal would be useful about the house; and in the hope of satisfying Mrs. Spitzboozy, I was about to pay for him at once, when the prudential plan we had agreed upon, of submitting the next dog-purchase to her inspection, occurred to me, and I asked my friend to send him up to the house, and let Mrs. P. have a sight at him. He promised to do so.

As I ascended my stoop in the evening, I felt a little annoyed, to be sure, at what I regarded a very fair prospect of turning my house into a dog-kennel; but I was sustained by the consciousness of having tried to gratify Mrs. Spitzboozy, and so turned my latch-key with an eminently happy and contented feeling. I had scarcely opened the door, when a savage face, and a peculiarly white row of very sharp teeth, showed themselves at the opening, and I was greeted with a growl that made me slam the door again with extraordinary energy. At the same moment, a window opened above, and Mrs. Spitzboozy put out her head.

"Is that you, dear?"

"Yes."

"Well, do kill that dog."

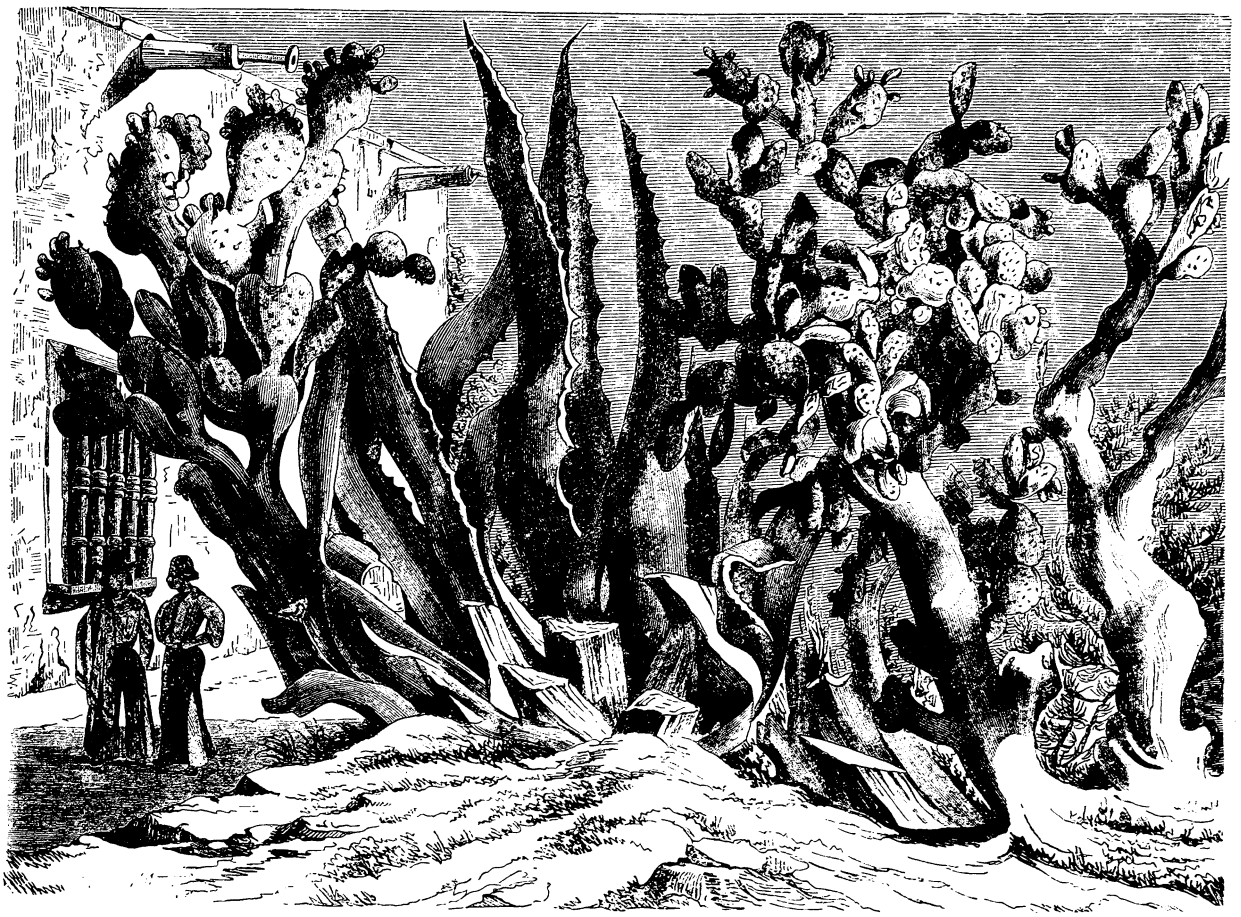
"Is that *my* dog? Have you bought that savage brute?"

"Yes, dear; and we are all up-stairs. Nobody dares go down. The cook hasn't been able to get to the kitchen for three hours, and there is no dinner ready. That fearful animal stands at the foot of the stairs, and won't allow any one to go by him."

"He hasn't killed the King Charles, and the other scraggy thing, has he?"

"Oh, no, they're up here with us, half frightened to death."

KING ALFRED AND THE ORPHAN.



VEGETATION IN CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO.—SEE PAGE 122.

"He hasn't been making himself useful about the house, then, Mrs. Spitsboozy?"

I procured a revolver of a neighbor, and, opening the street door, shot Mrs. Spitzboozy's purchase in the eye. The distant relative of the St. Bernard breed rolled over dead at the foot of the stairs. I was sorry to do it; but while I paid the taxes I concluded I had the first right of possession to my own premises.

Since that day Mrs. Spitzboozy has said nothing about any *new* dogs. I have abandoned the dog business, except that I am making efforts to dispose of the stock I have at present. I find it difficult, and fear that I shall have to wait till warm weather, when the dog ordinance is in force, and then turn the animals unmuzzled into the street.

Meanwhile, Mr. Editor, if you know anybody who has a fancy for canine curiosities, I have two which are in the market—one a King Charles, the other a nondescript—both family dogs, and very useful about the house.

KING ALFRED AND THE ORPHAN.

KING ALFRED was sitting one day in his palace, dispensing justice, and surrounded by his barons, or thanes, as the nobles of the country were called in those days, when, as his eye glanced over the assembled group, he observed that the place of one faithful servant was vacant; and, in answer to his inquiries as to the cause of the absence of the Earl of Holderness, the king was informed that the noble thane and his lady had both died some short time previous. Before the monarch could express his grief, his informant, the warrior Wulph, proceeded to ask Alfred to confer on him the estates of Holderness (that part of Yorkshire lying between the mouth of the Humber and the German Ocean) as a reward for prowess in war. Instantly, another noble, the wise Thurstan, spoke:

"Nay, king, it would be more just to bestow them on me. For dost thou not remember how, when, at thy command, I crossed the sea, my wisdom was of more avail at the Danish court than all the warlike skill and bravery of Wulph?"

At that moment a door at the far end of the room opened, and a pale, toil-worn woman entered, leading by the hand a lovely boy, whose flaxen hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion plainly showed his Saxon origin. With difficulty she pressed through the throng of anxious and excited nobles, until she stood before the monarch himself. Then, bending low, she said:

"Oh, gracious king, I ask that justice may be done to this boy, the only child of the late Earl of Holderness and Lady Alice. He has no father now to defend him, no mother to care for him; but, orphaned and utterly friendless, he looks to thee for protection. His is the orphan's claim—O king! regard it."

Here she was interrupted by one of the thanes, who angrily exclaimed:

"His claim, forsooth! What! dost thou think, then, that our king needs the services of babes such as that? No. In these troubled times, when our Danish foes are threatening us on all sides, we want men with active bodies, stout arms, and brave hearts. If the lands of Holderness be given to that child, even though he were the lawful heir, say what could he do to guard his country?"

The little fellow lifted his bright blue eyes to the stern speaker, and replied:

"*I would pray to God in heaven!*"

The good King Alfred, than whom a nobler or better

never sat on England's throne, looked earnestly first at the upturned face of the boy, then upon his thanes, who were anxiously awaiting the royal decision, and, rising, said, slowly and solemnly :

"The king will gladly give all praise and due reward to the faithful thanes who have served him so well in times of need ; but the estates of Holderness must be restored to this child, for they are his by birthright, and his claim—the orphan's claim—is before all others. His father is God, who reigns in heaven."

VEGETATION IN CHIHUAHUA.

THE luxuriant vegetation of the tropics is seen in Chihuahua, on our southwestern border. Those who see the cactus at a florist's, or an agave, a maguey or pulque-plant in the conservatory of some gentleman of wealth and taste, can form but a feeble idea of the size that some species attain on their native soil. The immense pulpy leaf shoots out till man looks like a dwarf beside it. Even the varieties of grass tower up as if in mockery, and the pitahaya lifts its tall stems like gigantic candelabra in the temple of nature. From the maguey the Indians obtain their favorite drink, pulque. The centre of the plant is cut out, and in the hollow left the sap collects, which, fermented, becomes a powerful liquor. The mesquite (*prosopis glandulosa*), a very common plant in all this region, is also highly useful. Though a shrub rather than a tree, there are woods of it. The seed, or bean, is eatable, and the pod, which is bitter-sweet, is most refreshing to a traveler making his weary way across the parching plains where it thrives. It seems placed there by Providence for the relief of men, and even of the antelopes and other animals which resort to it. The Indians use the plant as their favorite fuel, and also employ it for thatching their lodges.

Some of the agaves furnish a fibre which the Indians, from time immemorial, have used for mats, nets, and even for clothing of a coarser style.

These plants cover the plains for miles, and when a traveler is pressed and compelled to quicken his pace, impelled either by hunger or by some hostile band of Indians, these thorny specimens of the vegetable world form a terrible barrier, and garments and flesh suffer fearfully.

THE TIRED STREET-MUSICIANS.

PHILANTHROPY has at last moved to save from their life of misery, too often a mere apprenticeship to crime, the young who from sordid motives have been forced to earn a living as street-musicians, acrobats, or other performers. The Italian consuls joined in the effort, and the inhuman traffic in the young, so long a disgrace, has been broken up. Mr. Bergh, who has done such good service to humanity by organizing the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has since been instrumental in the formation of a similar society which has the still higher and nobler view of saving young boys and girls from misery.

Who can look on this picture without in mind traveling to the far-off home where they first saw the light: the little Italian village, whence they were lured by some device, or obtained from parents whose poverty was blinded by the golden promises of the wretch who sought merely to gain little slaves whom he could use and abuse at his option in some far land where the cry of childish misery would be unheeded? Such a picture now in real life will call for an investigation, and investigation leads to relief.

Poor children, how much their little weary feet have traveled! how poorly are they supplied with the food needed at this time to give promise of future usefulness by healthy and vigorous frames!

SCENE IN A MARKET-PLACE AT AUGSBURG, GERMANY.

(*Continued from page* 128.)

and long maintained a quarrelsome existence. The old feeling has not altogether subsided, and there is a different look in the two great divisions of the town. It came, at last, into the kingdom of Bavaria, increasing in this way the Catholic party. But even now, though there are 25,000 Catholics to 14,000 Protestants, the latter possess the greatest wealth and exercise the greatest influence.

It is now the capital of the circle of Swabia and Neuburg, and is the seat of various superior administrative, judicial, and clerical boards. In Augsburg is published the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, one of the foremost political and literary journals of the world, issued by the great house of Cotta.

The fine public library shows by its constant increase the intelligence and culture of the place, and is especially rich in manuscripts.

Augsburg is a considerable commercial and financial centre of influence and of trade.

It is a quiet city ; no bustle, no activity—a city where an American would die in six months, or, at least, become a hypochondriac. Scarcely a vehicle is to be seen in the streets, and people go along as if time were eternity. The market-place itself, which, in most places, shows stir and movement, the cackle of women's tongues, the loud disputes between exorbitant sellers and overreaching buyers, is here, calm, philosophic, still. In fact, how could women with such sleeves gesticulate? such a dress requires calm sobriety—and the head-dresses defy anything like a coquettish toss. All marvellous combinations of hair, real or acquired, would be lost beneath the caputal sugar loaf.

AN OLD EARL FITZWILLIAM.

A FARMER called on the late Earl Fitzwilliam, to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his lordship's hounds had during the Winter frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed that in some parts he could not hope for any produce.

"Well, my friend," said his lordship, "I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury ; and if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained I will repay you."

The farmer replied that, anticipating his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought, as the crop seemed entirely destroyed, £50 would not more than repay him. The earl immediately gave him the money. As the harvest approached, however, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field which were the most trampled, the corn was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and, being introduced, said :

"I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood."

His lordship immediately recollected the circumstance.

"Well, my friend, did not I allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?"

"Yes, my lord ; but I find that I have sustained no loss at all ; for where the horses had most cut up the land, the crop is most promising, and therefore I brought you the £50 back again."

"Ah," exclaimed the venerable earl, "this is what I like ; this is as it should be between man and man."

He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him several questions about his family, how many children, and what was the age of each. His lordship then went into another room, and, on returning, presented the farmer with a cheque for £100, saying :

"Take care of this, and when your eldest son shall become of age, present it to him, and tell him the occasion which produced it."

The conduct of the farmer was most honorable to himself; and the conduct of his lordship was no less becoming, for, in doing such a noble act of generosity to an excellent character, he at the same time adopted a most effectual means of transmitting a lesson of integrity to another age, and of stamping the deed with his approbation.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

THIS institution was founded by John Jacob Astor, who died in New York in 1848, leaving a legacy of $400,000 "for the establishment of a public library in the city of New York." From this bequest was erected what is known as the "south building" of the present structure, on the east side of Lafayette Place, between Fourth and Eighth Streets.

This building is 65 feet wide, 105 feet deep, and 70 feet high. Its main hall is used as a reading-room, and was first opened to the public on January 9, 1854. Two years later, Mr. William B. Astor, eldest son of the founder, donated to the Astor Library a piece of land adjoining this building, and erected thereon the present "north building" of the library, which we illustrate, and which is of the same dimensions as the other. These two buildings have a capacity of 200,000 volumes, and at present contain about three-fourths of that number.

In addition to his donation already mentioned, the late Mr. William B. Astor presented considerable sums of money to the library at different times, his latest gift while living being made in 1866, and amounting to $50,000. The entire sum which, during his life, he added to his father's munificent bequest, amounted to about $250,000, to which a codicil of his will adds the sum of $200,000.

John Jacob Astor was born at Waldorf, near Heidelberg, July 17, 1763. He was the youngest of four sons of a farmer, and his boyhood was passed on his father's farm. In 1769, he followed one of his brothers to London, where he remained in the latter's service, in the business of a musical instrument maker, until 1783, when, with a stock of musical instruments, amounting in value to a few hundred dollars, he sailed for America, designing to speculate in the business with which he was best acquainted.

Meeting on the voyage, however, a furrier, with whom he formed an acquaintance, and from whom he learned much concerning the fur trade, which inclined him to consider it worth favor, Mr. Astor exchanged his stock in New York for furs, and began to devote himself to disposing of these, with a view to building up a business of his own.

So successful was he in his new occupation that, in a very few years, he owned several ships, by means of which he established a prosperous European trade—sending his furs abroad, and receiving in return the products and manufactures of foreign countries.

In the beginning of the present century Mr. Astor was worth about $200,000. He now began to devise grand schemes of profit, and, with a view to their execution, established a trading port at Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia River, whence he purposed supplying the civilized world with furs. His well-formed plans failed, from a variety of antagonistic circumstances, and he made only losses. The history of this enterprise will be found written at length in Washington Irving's "Astoria."

Mr. Astor now turned his attention to the purchase of real-estate in the city of New York, having early divined the vast future progress of the metropolis, and the certainty of its real-estate becoming greatly advanced in value. In fact, the rapid growth of the city was commensurate with his anticipations, and his wealth became fostered and increased by this means alone, until, at his death, in 1849, Mr. Astor was estimated to possess a fortune of about $30,000,000.

In the meantime, an elder brother—Mr. Henry Astor—had come to New York, engaged in the business of a butcher, become wealthy, followed his brother's example by purchasing large tracts of land, chiefly on the east side of the city, and, at his death, had bequeathed his property to his nephew, Mr. William B. Astor, who, at the time he inherited the bulk of his father's wealth, was estimated to be worth $6,000,000 in his own right.

The latter gentleman—and whose death, on the 26th of November, produced a marked impression throughout the country, as well as in the locality where he lived and died—was born in September, 1792, and was 56 years of age when he inherited his father's property.

Already a millionaire, Mr. Astor also inherited and encouraged those habits of care and judgment in managing a large financial interest, whose practice by his father had preserved for him the interest to manage.

Devoting himself to his life-long task with that degree of labor and assiduity which alone could result in success, Mr. Astor, nevertheless, permitted none of the projects which his father had at heart to languish, but found time amid his multiplied business engagements to extend a fostering care over each of them.

And thus the "Astor Library," in New York, and the "Astor House," Waldorf—the latter a benevolent institution founded by John Jacob Astor, in a codicil to his will—were firmly established on the foundation laid by their original benefactor; while, particularly in the case of the former establishment, and thanks to his fine intellectual perception, æsthetic tastes, and a liberal education, the world has reason to be grateful to the son, in as full a degree as to the father, for liberal and judicious expenditure in its behalf. Established and sustained through the wise generosity of these two members of the Astor family, the library which bears their name is at once an honor to their memory and the intellectual position of the country.

Much of its usefulness is, of course, owing to the judicious and experienced intelligence of the late Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell, the learned bibliographer whom the elder Astor selected with wise foresight to dispose of his munificent legacy with the best practical wisdom looking towards its future benefit to the city it was designed to do much towards educating and refining. Dr. Cogswell was for many years Superintendent of the Library, and in that capacity organized its system of classification, purchased the bulk of its contents, and completed his arduous labors by compiling the catalogue of the institution. Having done all of this, he retired from his directorship, and presently laid him down to die in his home at Cambridge, Massachusetts, followed by the affectionate and respectful mourning of all who knew him—all of whom loved and admired him.

Following Dr. Cogswell, the superintendence of the library fell in the hands of Mr. Francis Schroeder, formerly, and for many years, United States Minister to Stockholm. On his retirement, Dr. E. R. Straznicky, the first assistant librarian, was advanced to the position, and still holds it. Dr. Straznicky was for many years Secretary of the American Geographical Society, and is a gentleman of large acquirements, and particularly a distinguished linguist. He is assisted chiefly by Mr. Frederick Saunders, the well-known and graceful Essayist, and by Mr. Arthur W. Tyler, a young, but highly-considered authority in theological literature.

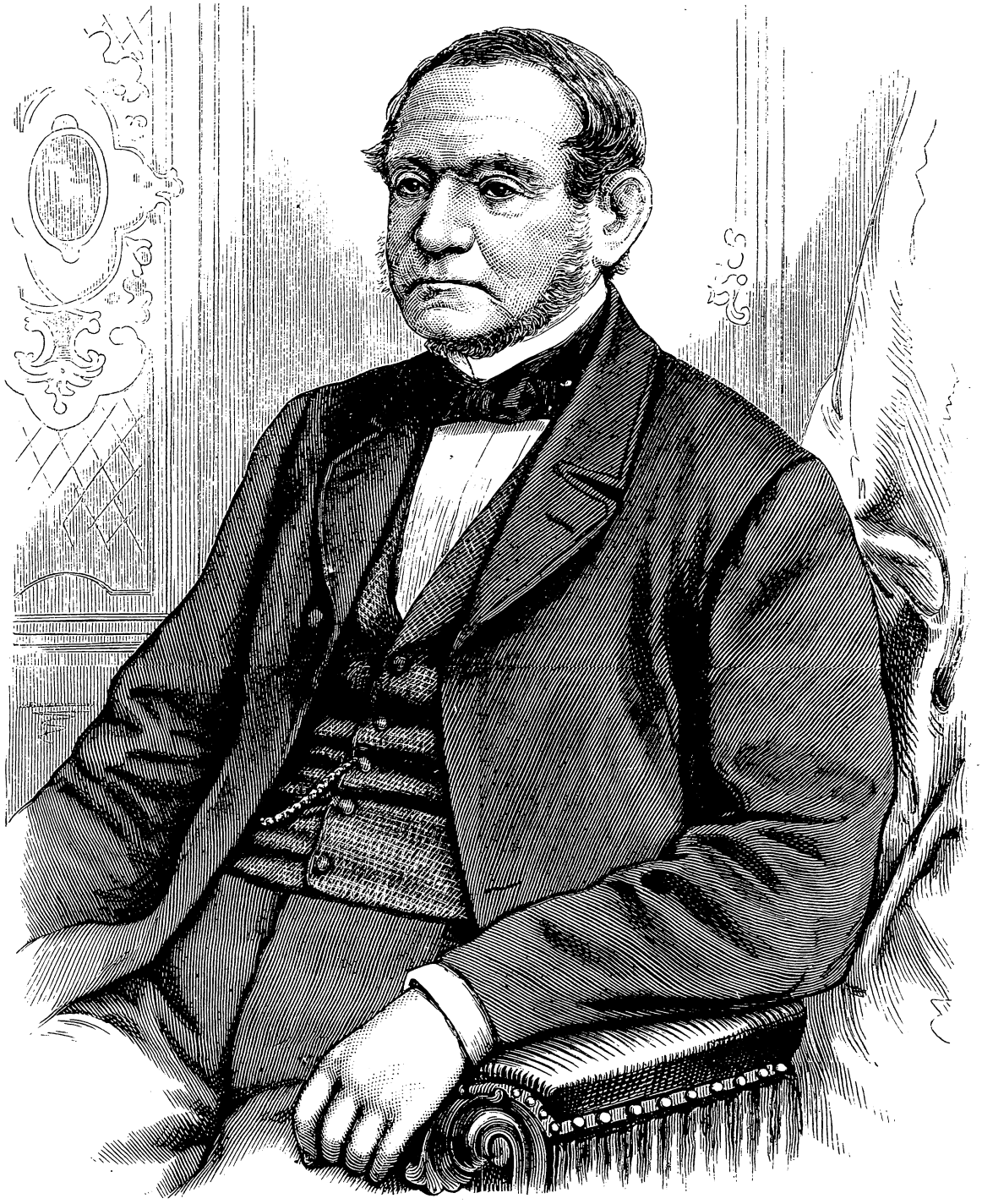
The Astor Library contains in the neighborhood of 150,000

THE NORTH ROOM, ASTOR LIBRARY, LAFAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK.

volumes, and is divided by its two buildings into two grand classes—Literature in the north and Science in the south building. The minor classification of both these grand divisions is after the system of the French bibliographer, Brunet, and is at once minute and comprehensive.

As a working-library, for students or authors, the Astor is, perhaps, unequaled by any other of its size in the world. It is sufficient to state on this point that the "History of Civilization," projected by Henry Thomas Buckle, could have been written in its alcoves.

Being a reference-library, the Astor is chiefly useful through the aids it furnishes to writers and instructors. Yet it is filled daily with readers for pleasure as well as for study. In fact, many of these readers are themselves a study, and very much can be learned concerning human nature, by considering carefully, and at length, the characteristics, habits, and topics of thought, of the hundreds, male and female, who daily spend hours in poring over novel or recondite literature in the reading-halls of the great and beneficent institution which owes its existence and its usefulness to the princely Astors.



THE LATE WILLIAM B. ASTOR.

CHINESE PRECEPTS.—Be not ashamed of bad food and coarse clothing. Do not buy useless things. Be not over fond of feasts. Do not learn to imitate the rich and great.

SCIENCE.

INHABITANTS of the planet Mars can make the tour of their world dry-shod, or in forty days, if they have accomplished rapid transit. The land is not divided off in islands, as with us, the amount of water being barely enough to form lakes.

NARROW gauge railways are meeting with considerable favor in Switzerland. The longest road of this class now in course of construction is that from Geneva to Lausanne, along the Jura Mountains. Its length is fifty-five miles. Narrow gauge railways have been introduced in Zurich.

SILK culture is increasing so rapidly in South America that the Government of Brazil contemplates offering subsidies to scientific cultivators of the worm. The climate is well adapted to the industry, and the country possesses an abundance of the Palma Christi, a plant upon which the worm feeds with avidity.

PURE glycerine should not produce, when locally applied, a burning sensation, which it always does when the fatty acids are not all extracted. But even absolutely pure glycerine, when undiluted, is a water-extracting body. It should, therefore, when used as a cosmetic, or for medical application, be always diluted with water.

THE proprietors of a furnace in Vinton County, Ohio, by using a patent separator for working and cleaning coal, have succeeded in producing an excellent article of coke from the hill coals found in that region. The consequence is, that the experimenters expect to produce by the use of this fuel a superior quality of iron at a reduced cost.

M. LEON SAY has proposed to one of the commissions of the French Assembly that a prize of 200 francs should be offered for the discovery of a process by which it may be possible to determine immediately and practically the amount of alcohol in any mixture, no matter how composed. The commission voted unanimously in favor of the proposal, and M. Dampierre was charged to draw up a report on the subject.

MR. T. MELLARD READE, C. E., F. G. S., has read an interesting paper before the Liverpool (England) Geological Society, containing a series of novel investigations on the action of tides on the sea-bottom. He expressed his conviction that the diurnal and semi-diurnal movement of the tides, acting down to the profoundest depths of the ocean, account for the preponderance of life in it over that exhibited by the fauna of the Mediterranean.

A SMALL boulder, bearing all the distinguishing marks of a meteoric stone, was found in Wyndham County, Conn., recently. It is in the form of an oblate spheroid, the longest diameter being nine inches, the shortest six inches. About one-third of the entire mass, probably split off either by explosion in the atmosphere or by collusion with the earth when it fell, is wanting. The weight of that portion that remains is 19¼ pounds. The external surface, of a dark-brown color, is very smooth and even, with the exception of slight indentations here and there. The elementary composition is felspar, with a small intermixture of metallic alloy, probably nickel and iron.

LIFTING POWER OF PLANTS.—A good deal of interest has been felt by scientific men in the experiments made by Professor Clark, of the Amherst Agricultural College, on the lifting power of growing plants, and one of the results which has attracted as much attention as any is his discovery that the greatest weight lifted by a growing pumpkin in the course of its development is nearly two and a half tons. The lifting power of plants, however, is well known to be very great. Dr. Carpenter relates the case of a paving-stone, weighing eighty-three pounds, which was raised an inch and a half from its resting-place by a mass of fungi which grew underneath it. A still more remarkable story may be here recorded. A man who owned a cask of sweet wine placed it in an empty cellar in order to allow it to mature; but, when he went to examine it several years afterwards, it had risen from the floor of the cellar to the ceiling, having been borne upward, as it were, on the shoulders of the fungi, with which plants the cellar was filled.

SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES.

ANTIMONY.

THE story goes that a Benedictine monk, named Basil Valentine, who lived about the time of Luther, at Erfurt, and was fond of scientific researches, gave metallic powders to some hogs, the effect of which was to purge them thoroughly and then to fatten them. He wrote a book called the "Triumphant Chariot of Antimony," in which occurs the following curious passage:

"Let men know that antimony not only purgeth gold, cleaneth and frees it from every peregrine matter, and from all other metals, but also (by a power innate in itself) effects the same in man and beasts. If a farmer purpose in himself to keep up and fatten any of his cattle—as, for example, an hog—two or three days before let him give to the swine a convenient dose of crude antimony, about half a drachm, mixed with his food, that by it he may be purged; through which purgative he will not only acquire an appetite to his meat, but the sooner increase and be fattened. And if any swine labor with a disease about his liver, antimony causeth it to be dried up and expelled."

In the kindness of his heart, Valentine thought what a good thing it would be to give some of this fattening powner to his fasting brethren. Unfortunately for the success of the theory, all who partook of it died; hereupon the poisonous mineral was called *anti-moine*, or *antimony*—destructive to monks. There is probably more fancy than fact in this narrative; but as it serves to lighten the tedium of a lecture on this metal, it will no doubt retain its place in our books, and be told to all future generations as a capital joke upon Valentine.

The compounds of antimony were known to the most ancient races, and it was used by the women of the East chiefly for staining the upper and under edges of the eyelids, so as to increase the apparent size of the eye. It is said of Jezebel that she "put her eyes in sulphuret of antimony," as the passage literally means, when Jehu came to Jezreel; and the ancient Greeks called the ore *broad eye*, from this custom.

The alchemists entertained great hopes of the new metal. As they called the acid that could dissolve gold *aqua-regia*, or royal water, so they named antimony *regulus*, or little king, because it so easily attacks and renders brittle, and thus destroys gold. It was also called the wolf among metals, on account of this property of devouring the harmless lambs of the flock. Although the compounds were so long known, the metal itself was not prepared until about the same time as Columbus discovered America. There is something interesting in this coincidence, as the narrative of the great navigator's exploits would have reached but a small portion of the inhabitants of the globe, if it had not been for the invention of movable types made from antimony and lead, with which to print the story. And to cite another freak of invention, we will state that the shafts of the steamships that cross the ocean rest in bearings largely made of antimony—and thus commerce and letters owe a great debt to this metal.

We sometimes find antimony in a pure state directly upon the surface of the earth, but this would be too good fortune to be lasting, and in actual mining very little is obtained from such a source. We meet with it in combination with arsenic—in fact, the two metals, arsenic and antimony, appear to have a great affection for each other, and are often found together. Their habits are very much alike, and they are mutually enemies of mankind, as they are violent poisons. The principal ore of antimony is a sulphide called stibnite, and from this it is chiefly made. The ore is roasted, and afterward fused with potash and charcoal; and sometimes purified by being dissolved in acid, and precipitated by water, and again fused so as to produce what is, even to the present day, called the regulus of antimony.

The metal is very brilliant, highly crystaline, and can be pulverized the same as a mineral; from which it can be inferred that we cannot draw it out into tubes or wires, or hammer it into sheets, as we can copper and many other metals.

(To be continued.)

RECIPES.

BREAKFAST CAKES.—Three cups of milk, three eggs, three cups of flour and a little salt. Bake in earthen cups, half filled. A quick oven.

APPLE JELLY.—Cut the apples in quarters—do not pare or core them; dip each quarter into clear water, and put them in a jar, and place them in the oven to cook until quite tender. Strain off the juice, as usual, and boil with a pound of sugar to a pint of the juice. The most delicious jelly will be the result, with the full, pure flavor of the apple.

PLUM PUDDING.—Quarter of a pound of fine chopped suet; the same of grated bread crumbs, currants, raisins, and flour; add two tablespoonfuls of molasses and half a pint of milk; mix all well together and boil in a mold for three and a half hours. This pudding will be found inexpensive, but, if served with a good sauce, most delicious.

PICKLE AND PRESERVE JARS.—Remember that pickle and preserve jars should always be washed in cold water, dried thoroughly, and kept in a dry place. If they are washed in hot water, it cracks their glazed surface, making them porous, and therefore unfit for use; since one of the great points in pickling and preserving is thoroughly to exclude the air.

VEAL FRITTERS.—Take some thin slices of cold roast veal and trim them in a circular form. Beat them with a rolling-pin to make them very tender, and season them with a little salt and pepper and some powdered nutmeg. Also some grated fresh yellow rind of lemon peel. Make a very light batter of eggs, milk and flour, in the proportion of four well-beaten eggs to a pint of milk and a large half-pint of sifted flour; the eggs beaten first, and then stirred gradually into the milk in turn with the flour. Have ready a frying-pan, nearly full of boiling lard. Drop into it two large spoonfuls of the batter. Then put in a slice of the veal and cover it with two more large spoonfuls of the batter. As the fritters are fried, take them up with a perforated skimmer and drain them.

RICE PUDDING.—Rice pudding is certainly very familiar, but we give a new recipe, which those who have tried it pronounce excellent. It is peculiar from the fact that it contains neither raisins, butter, nor water. Take two quarts of new milk, five ounces of rice, and five ounces of sugar, flavor according to taste, and add a little salt. Place the mixture where it will heat slowly, and stir occasionally while the rice is swelling. When the milk is boiling hot, place the pudding in a moderate oven and bake for one hour, or until the rice is quite soft. Do not stir the pudding after placing it in the oven, but try it to ascertain if the rice is done before removing it. Serve cold. This is certainly a very simple pudding, but it is much preferable to the more elaborate recipes containing fifteen or twenty ingredients.

WESTPHALIAN CROQUETTES.—These are very simple and easily made, but at the same time they will serve as an additional dish in the case of an emergency. Mix a little grated ham with some mashed potatoes, two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, and add butter, salt and pepper to suit the taste, and make into croquettes.

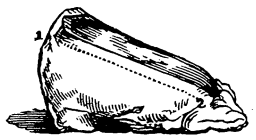
BISCUIT PUDDING.—Pour a pint of boiling cream or milk over three penny Naples biscuits grated; cover it close when cold, add the yolks of four eggs, two whites, nutmeg, a little brandy, half a spoonful of flour, some sugar; boil this one hour in a china basin; serve it with melted butter, wine, and sugar.

STEWED OYSTERS.—An ancient matron furnishes the following recipe for stewing oysters, and adds that, if any other mode is adopted, the oysters will be simply spoiled: Take half a dozen medium-sized oysters, freshly opened, and place them in a lined saucepan with their own liquor, and pour over them about a gill and a half of boiling water. Let the vessel stand over the fire for a moment only, and skim the froth rising to the surface. Then remove from the fire, and pour the contents from the pan into a heated dish, being careful to retain all particles of shell or other sediment. Rinse out the pan and return to it the contents of the dish, add a lump of fresh butter about the size of a walnut, a half a water-cracker grated very fine, a little cayenne pepper, a few grains of whole allspice, and a little salt. Return the vessel again to the fire, and add a gill of fresh cream, and as soon as the oysters are cooked through, but before they are shriveled, remove them.

AN EXCELLENT AND VERY CHEAP SOUP.—Have a quarter of a pound of fat bacon cut into dice, peel and slice two good-sized onions, or three small ones, and put both into a stewpan, with one ounce of dripping; fry them gently until slightly brown, then add two ounces of turnips, two ounces of carrots, and one ounce of leeks, and one ounce of celery; cut them thin and slanting, fry for ten minutes, and fill up with seven quarts of water, and, when boiling, add a pound and a quarter of split peas, and let them simmer for two or three hours, until reduced to a pulp, which depends on the quality of the pea; then add two ounces of salt, half an ounce of sugar, quarter of an ounce of mint, mix one-half pound of flour in twelve ounces of water to a thin batter, pour into the soup, stir it well, boil one-quarter of an hour, and serve.

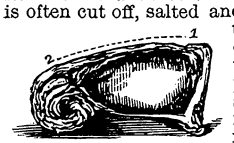
BEEF CARVING.

AITCH-BONE OF BEEF.—A boiled aitch-bone of beef is not a difficult joint to carve, as will be seen on reference to the accompanying engraving. By following with the knife the direction of the line from 1 to 2, nice slices will be easily cut. It may be necessary, as in a round of beef, to cut a thick slice off the outside before commencing to serve.

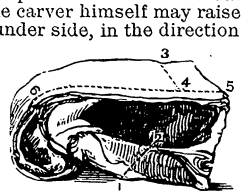


BRISKET OF BEEF.—There is but little description necessary to add, to show the carving of a boiled brisket of beef, beyond the engraving here inserted. The only point to be observed is, that the joint should be cut evenly and firmly quite across the bones, so that, on its reappearance at table, it should not have a jagged and untidy look.

RIBS OF BEEF.—This dish resembles the sirloin, except that it has no fillet or undercut. As explained in the recipes, the end piece is often cut off, salted and boiled. The mode of carving is similar to that of the sirloin, viz., in the direction of the dotted line from 1 to 2. This joint will be the more easily cut if the plan be pursued which is suggested in carving the sirloin; namely, the inserting of the knife immediately between the bone and the meat, before commencing to cut it into slices. All joints of roast beef should be cut in even and thin slices. Horse-radish, finely scraped, may be served as a garnish; but horse-radish sauce is preferable for eating with the beef.



SIRLOIN OF BEEF.—This dish is served differently at various tables, some preferring it to come to table with the fillet, or, as it is usually called, the undercut uppermost. The reverse way, as shown in the cut, is that most usually adopted. Still the undercut is best eaten when hot; consequently, the carver himself may raise the joint, and cut some slices from the under side, in the direction of from 1 to 2, as the fillet is very much preferred by some eaters. The upper part of the sirloin should be cut in the direction of the line from 5 to 6, and care should be taken to carve it evenly and in thin slices. It will be found a great assistance, in carving this joint well, if the knife be first inserted just above the bone at the bottom, and run sharply along between the bone and meat, and also to divide the meat from the bone in the same way at the side of the joint. The slices will then come away more readily. Some carvers cut the upper side of the sirloin across, as shown by the line from 3 to 4; but this is a wasteful plan, and one not to be recommended. With the sirloin, very finely-scraped horse-radish is usually served, and a little given, when liked, to each guest. Horse-radish sauce is preferable, however, for serving on the plate, although the scraped horse-radish may still be used as a garnish.



ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

WHY are pianos the noblest of manufactured articles?—Because they are grand, upright, and square.

TEACHER: "What is the definition of flirtation?" Intelligent young pupil: "It is attention without intention."

A SCHOOLBOY says that when his teacher attempts to show him "what is what," he only finds out which is switch.

IT is said that the reason Sweden never has to send abroad for cattle, is because she always keeps her Stockholm.

HOOK AND EYE.—Coleman being once asked if he knew Theodore Hook, answered, "Oh, yes; Hook and *Eye* are old associates."

THE boy's first really great lesson in acting usually takes place upon meeting his mother in search of the pantry key, which lies securely at the bottom of his trousers pocket.

WILSON, the celebrated vocalist, was upset one day in his carriage, near Edinburgh. A Scotch paper, after recording the accident, said: "We are happy to state that he was able to appear the following evening in three pieces."

MR. JOHN BROUGHAM, happening to be seated by the side of Coroner Connery, and feeling thirsty, said to that gentleman, "What will you drink?" "A little claret," responded his friend. "Claret!" exclaimed Mr. Brougham; "claret for a *coroner!* why, there's no *body* in that!"

ON A SMOKER.

My weed's to ashes turned, and, lo,
Out of my ashes weeds do grow!
Then to my widow thus I say,
"You take to weeds—I'll turn to clay!"

HOW TO DRESS A CALF'S HEAD.—Take your head and rub in a thick lather all over the face, then pare off with a sharp instrument. Wipe well with a clean towel, and place pieces of starched linen about half-way up the cheek. Lard the crown with any kind of grease—a few drops of oil may be an improvement—and your calf's head will be dressed in the most approved style.

THE BUTT END.—A farmer once hired a Vermonter to assist in drawing logs. The Yankee, when there was a log to lift, generally contrived to secure the small end, for which the farmer rebuked him, and told him always to take the butt end. Dinner came, and with it a sugar-loaf Indian pudding. Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest part, giving the farmer a wink, and exclaimed, "Always take the butt end!"

A LADY was telling a friend from the country of a very grand party she had given recently. "We had two generals, one judge, a popular author, and a play-writer." "Yes," chimed in her wicked son, "and there was a deputy-sheriff too, who said he wanted to see dad, and they went out before supper, and dad has not come back yet." When that youth went to school the next day with his head all tied up, he told the boys he had a dreadful toothache.

AT one of the railroad depots, the other day, a lady walked up to the ticket-window and smilingly said, "I know just how women are, and I don't propose to bother any one. Answer me a few questions, and I'll sit down and say nothing till train time. How far is it to Grand Rapids? What's the fare? When does the train leave? When do we arrive there? Where do they check baggage? Which track will the train start from? How can I get to Muskegon from Grand Rapids? How far is it? What's the fare? Do I change cars? Is there a palace coach on the road? Shall I get a lay-over ticket? Can I check my baggage clear through? Is there a conductor to this road named Smith? Do you allow dogs in the passenger cars? And can a child ten years old go for nothing?" Having been answered, she kept her promise to sit still, and the depot policeman had not the least trouble in seeing her off.

FULL OUTFIT.—An officer in the army, who was going abroad to join his regiment recently, made all his purchases at a famed up-town establishment where the boast is that everything can be had there cheap and of the best. The customer was such a large buyer that the proprietor, contrary to usage, stepped forward to thank him, and to express a hope that the officer was perfectly satisfied, and had been able to find everything that he required. The captain thanked the proprietor, and answered, 'Nearly all." "Not all," was the quick query of the proprietor—"not all? I hoped, sir, we could find you everything." "Why, it is a little out of your line!" "Out of our line? Not at all, sir." "Oh, you are quite sure of that, are you?" "Quite certain, sir." "Well, then," continued the captain, laughingly, "I want a wife!" "Step this way, sir;" and the astonished military man followed. He went through strange labyrinths, and up and down stairs innumerable. *En route* the proprietor communicated these facts: About three or four months prior a beautiful, highly-educated girl, of good family, who had lost her parents, and with them all resources, applied to him for employment. He had, after listening to her story, though she was a novice to business, been touched by her friendless situation, and gave her employment, and he had found her a worthy and exemplary girl. The captain saw and admired. He bought of her, and introduced himself. He came often, bought more, and, upon inquiry, found all particulars to have been truthfully stated. His manners and appearance pleased the girl, and, when he told her the story of how his last want had been mentioned to the proprietor of the establishment, it ended in a hearty laugh on both sides—but after the laugh they were married within three days, and she is now on her way to India.

THE LITTLE STREET-MUSICIANS—FOOT-SORE AND WEARY —SEE PAGE 122.

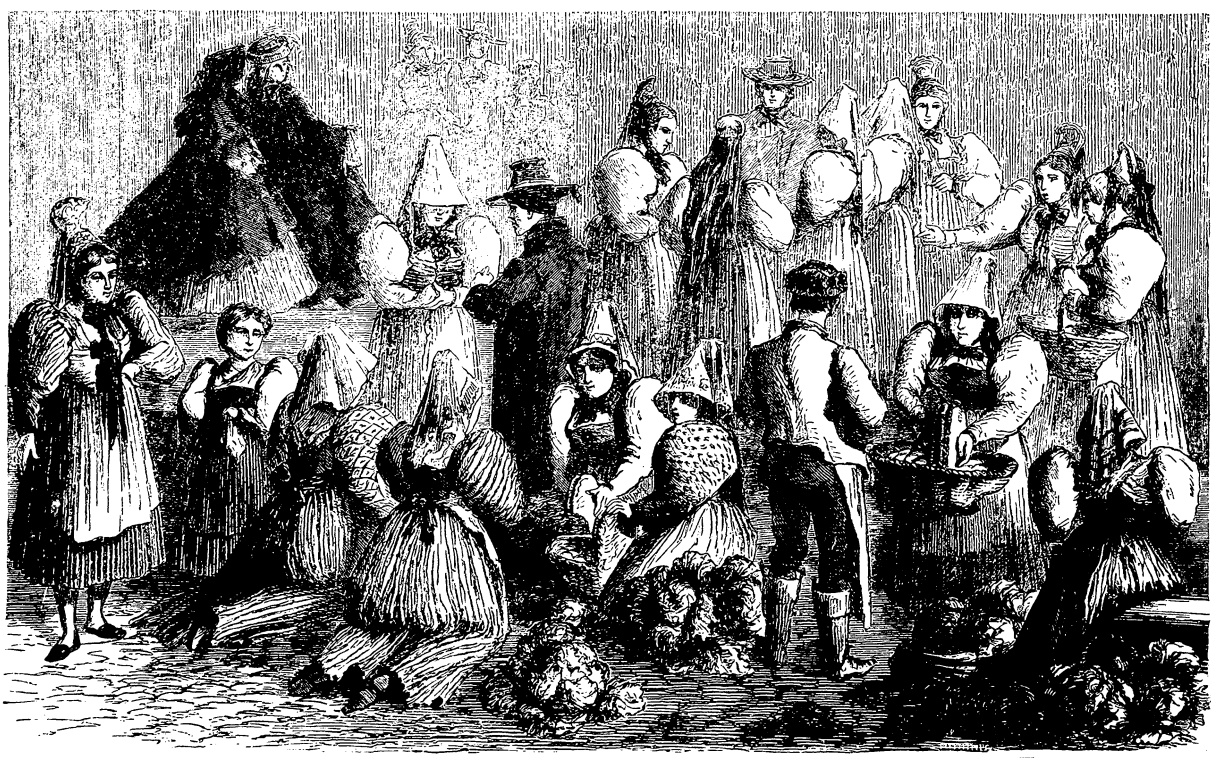
Scene in the Market-place at Augsburg, Germany.

AUGSBURG! Yes, everyone knows about Augsburg, for everybody has heard of the celebrated Confession of Augsburg. Yet we warrant most will make a frank confession that they know little more about either document or city than the name. When they look into the market-place by means of our telescope, they will further confess that the dresses are quaint enough, and the women's sleeves preposterous.

Augsburg is a German city with a Dutch look, so completely is it surrounded by the waters of the Lech. It is a venerable place, that boasts of having delivered Germany, 900 years ago, by routing the Huns.

At the Reformation the city divided into two camps—the votaries of the old faith and the new—adopted different hats, dresses, coffee-houses, physicians, brewers, and cemeteries,

(*For continuation, see page* 122.)



SCENE IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT AUGSBURG.

DEAR, DEAR MOTHER, HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. I.—No. 2. FEBRUARY, 1876. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

TURKEY: ITS PAST CONDITION AND PROMISED REFORMS.

CONSTANTINOPLE, the ancient Byzantium, was founded in 667 B.C. Lying upon the Thracian Bosphorus, its position was at once secure and enchanting. It commanded the shores of Europe and Asia; it had magnificent facilities for trade, and was surrounded by picturesque and varied scenery. In 440 B.C. Byzantium revolted from Athens, though it afterwards returned to an alliance with that city. Under Alexander the Great it retained for some time a certain degree of independence, but later was tributary to the Gauls, and finally attached itself to Rome. In 196, A.D., it was captured by Severus and destroyed, but afterwards rebuilt; and in 330, A.D., was made, by the Emperor Constantine, the capital of the Roman Empire, and called after his own name.

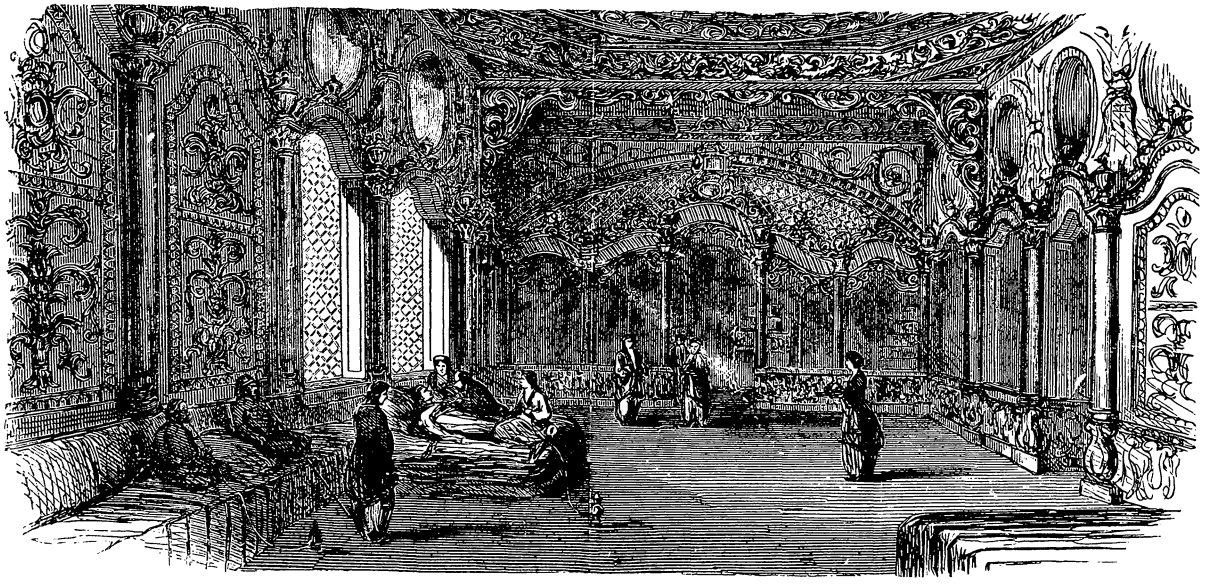
TURKISH CITIES, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

It continued to be the residence of the Roman and afterwards of the Byzantine emperors until 1453, when it was taken by the Turks, since which time it has been the capital of Turkey and the principal residence of the Sultan.

On no spot in the world are the customs of the people in all eastern and western countries so blended in proportions as in this city. Nowhere else are seen the European hat, bonnet and chignon, and the Turkish fez, turban, and yashmach.

The male Turks are now generally dressed in European costume, excepting the fez, which is still worn. The ladies and the clergy are almost the only classes who have preserved the ancient costume, and there are few sights more picturesque than to see a group of women, as they appear in Constantinople, clad



A TURKISH SICK-ROOM.

in fabrics of every imaginable color, and made of the customary material.

The city itself is built on hilly ground, and with its numerous gardens, cypresses, mosques, palaces, minarets and towers, it presents a very splendid appearance as seen from the side of the Golden Horn. But a nearer approach reveals the characteristics common to every eastern town: narrow, crooked, filthy streets, and miserable houses of wood and clay; although, since the Crimean war, the city has been greatly improved in this respect. Great fires, which took place in 1865, 1866, and 1870, swept away square miles of old wooden houses on both sides of the Golden Horn, and on these spaces handsome stone buildings have been erected in the modern European style.

Constantinople contains many magnificent buildings, of which the mosque of Santa Sophia, the grandest ecclesiastical building in the Levant, is the most attractive. This was formerly a Christian church, and is built in the form of a Greek cross, 269 feet long by 243 broad, with a flattened dome 180 feet above the ground. Outside the building is colored with alternate bands of pale red and yellow, and displays little of the magnificence within, where rich golden mosaics, porphyry columns supporting figures of arabesque patterns, metallic ornaments, richly carpeted floors, and other glittering and showy display in various materials, altogether present a very sumptuous appearance. The mosque of Sultan Achmet is also one of the attractions of the city. It has six minarets, each with two galleries. It is considered the finest specimen of a purely Turkish building in Stamboul.

But the greatest attraction to strangers in Stamboul is the bazaar, a collection of passages covered with stone-barreled vaults. On each side are wooden closets, like very large wardrobes, only they open in the middle, horizontally. The merchant pulls up the upper half of the doors, which forms a sort of canopy over his head, and is used for the suspension of choice articles. He lets down the lower half, which can be supported by posts in the ground; he then sits down upon it, surrounded by his wares. This, however, is only one description of a shop, and there is great variety in their construction. Sometimes the bazaar is held on each side, in which case there is an arch supported by pillars.

The bazaars are given up to different trades, as the drug, jewelry, slipper bazaar, etc., each being generally congregated in one street by itself. Thus, near the mosque of Sultan Solyman, there is a row of shops tenanted by the makers of inkstands and penholders; near that of Biazid is another occupied by the braziers.

Another remarkable feature in Stamboul is the number of fountains of all shapes and sizes, from a simple arch to serve to keep off the sun, to the elaborate affair like that of the Seraglio Gate, consisting of a square edifice with circular towers at the entrance, the use of which is to enable persons outside to supply cups of water to passers-by. The more important fountains are generally covered with a coating of marble and decorated with surface ornament, comprising representations of vases filled with flowers, or dishes with fruit. These fountains, when carved in stone, are most elaborately colored and gilt; but when of marble, they have only a little gilding and but little color.

As to the population of Constantinople and its various suburbs, they are motley indeed! Of the Asiatic tribes, as a rule, one sees only a mere rabble walking, and but rarely a lady. The throng of horsemen, cabs, and broughams is enormous, and the rush of travel is coincidently great. The Turkish women still wear the yashmach, though completely modified. It consists of a coarse linen fold, swathing the brow, also covering the mouth, leaving full one-third of the face for the women of the people; and with a vail of the finest kind, and somewhat in shape like that customarily worn by ladies in Europe and America, for the use of those of higher rank. From this, all that can be seen in the throng is an occasional pair of black eyes shining out, a dusky brown complexion, round faces; occasionally the outline of exquisite features is perceived through some carriage window; but of the customary female figure no other idea can be imagined than that of a shapeless bundle of white clothes loosely hidden by a long blanket-like cloak with broad sleeves—usually a dark green, deep crimson, or sickly yellow, and, more rarely, a white and red check plaid.

The population of Constantinople and its suburbs has been variously estimated. In 1873, it probably contained about 800,000 inhabitants, of whom about one-half were Mohammedans, one-fourth Greeks and Armenians, one-eighth Franks, and one-eighth Jews. There are more than three hundred mosques, some public libraries—both Turkish and Greek—of which that of the seraglio is particularly rich in the treasures of Oriental literature; and there are several Turkish and European printing-presses.

The public baths and coffee-houses are exceedingly numerous and much frequented. Some of the peculiar manu-

factures of the East are carried on, as in leather, carpets, etc., but the manufactures of Western Europe abound in the markets. Constantinople is now connected by railroad with the interior of the northwestern part of Asia Minor. The railroad which runs from Stamboul to Bellova was opened on the 17th of June, 1873, and passes through one of the richest parts of Europe. It will be connected with Western Europe by a branch line crossing the Danube.

One of the peculiar sights of Constantinople is the dancing dervishes. To see thirty-four of these strange fanatics of different sizes, ages, and degrees of corpulency whirling about in a sort of waltzing step, which their naked feet perform skilfully to the sound of the music of a reed flute, is certainly a strange exhibition, particularly when one reflects that it is all done in the interests of religion. The howling dervishes have their habitation across the Bosphorus, over in Scutari. Here the process consists of fierce invocations not unlike those to be heard in a Methodist camp-meeting; and is heard in the midst of a thick, stifling incense, the quaint, wild ejaculations of "Oh, Mediator!" "Oh, Beloved!" "Oh, Advocate!" "In the day of judgment," etc., sounds certainly strange enough, and much unlike the performance of human beings; the dervishes at length howling out their "*La illah—illah la!*" as if they were turning into wolves; while the motion of bending and gesticulating, which is performed to music at the same time, becomes mechanical, and sometimes almost epileptic.

The Turkish shopkeepers all sit upon their platform counters robed and turbaned, looking as if they had been acting stories from "The Arabian Nights" in private theatricals the night before, and had not yet had time to change their clothes. They are always sitting cross-legged, generally smoking, and half-dozing. Donkeys pass and bump up against the door-post, thieves run by pursued by angry soldiers with drawn and flashing sabres, the "Sick Man" himself rides past, sad and hopeless, with the ambassador at his elbow; but nothing moves the calm, self-possessed shopkeeper in his white-and-green turban.

In fact, the Turkey shopkeeper is the type of the Turk in general, of whom the nineteenth century one is the same as that of the seventeenth century—reticent, stolid, incapable of fret or worry, and as qualified to return to his Asian tent to-day as he ever was.

Travel through the narrow streets of Constantinople is one of the most difficult imaginable kinds of peregrination. The continuous stream of ox-carts, water-carriers, and oil-carriers, ass-drivers, bread-sellers, carriages with Turkish ladies, pack-horses, children, and Circassian loungers, with praying dervishes at every step, dogs, innumerable melon-stalls, and beggars—altogether this furnished a whirling maelstrom of difficulties terrible to men and impossible to women.

Pipe shops are among the most common in Constantinople, where cherry stems from Asia Minor, and jasmine saplings from Albania, with their small red tea-cups of a bowl, the latter crammed with the choicest tobacco of Salonica, furnish the chiboque that the Turk so loves. Opposite to these will be found coffee shops, where men can lunch off a cup of coffee without milk or sugar, and the puffs of a narghile. Next, perhaps, comes the maker of vermicelli, followed by a print shop, and that by a baker's establishment. Fez shops are also numerous, for turbans decrease, though slowly. The fez is of a deep crimson in color, having at the top a little red stalk, to which the heavy blue tassel is tied.

Tailors are uncommon, as are stationers and booksellers. The jewelers have their establishments chiefly in the bazaars, where they sit, sorting heaps of seed pearls, or weighing filagree earrings, with vailed ladies looking on, and black duennas in yellow boots in waiting.

As we have already mentioned, the dogs of Constantinople are a prominent feature of the population, as they say 80,000 of the canine species are domiciliated in the different quarters of the city. They are fierce and quarrelsome; but troublesome as they are, are tolerated as scavengers, since they clear away the offal, as the hyenas do elsewhere, or the buzzards at Aspinwall. If a horse or camel dies, or even one of their own number, the carcass is not left to taint the air, but is taken into possession by these animals, who pick the flesh from it, leaving only the bones. They are a fierce race, but, if unmolested, will not attack you in Constantinople; but they are dangerous if met in the open country, though even here they will fly from a stone.

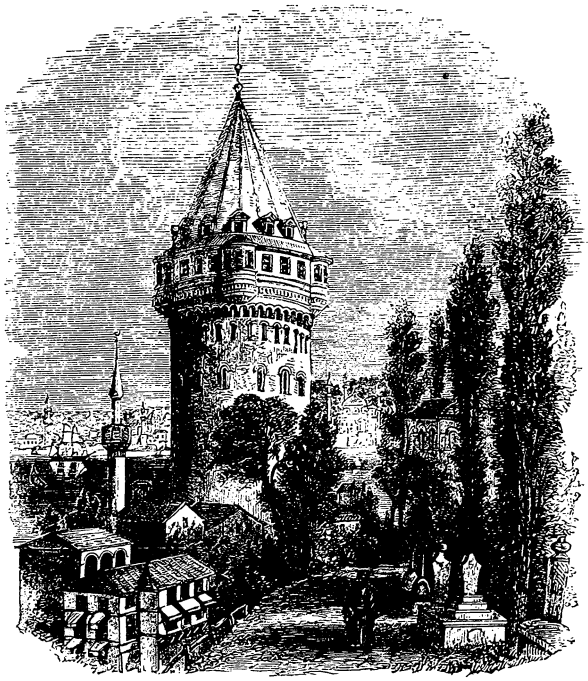
The pavement of the city is roughly put together—the pedestrian hobbles and the equestrian stumbles. In regard to lighting, the yellow lamps swung across the streets serve only to make the darkness visible, and render it necessary to carry a light for your own comfort and protection. These lamps even are only to be found in the European suburbs of Pera and Galata. The genuine Osmanli thinks nobody should be out of his own house after nightfall.

Scutari, which is across the Bosphorus and in Asia, will be remembered as the locality of the hospitals during the Crimean war. It is from Scutari that the caravans depart for the desert. Here there is a picturesque object called Leander's Tower, or, by some, the Maiden's Tower, which has a legend attached to it. According to this legend, one of the Sultans had a lovely little daughter, of whom he was so fond that he was anxious to know what the Fates had in store for her in the future. Through the intervention of astrology, the child's nativity was cast; and the reply was, that, if she survived her sixteenth birthday, her life would be long and happy. But she must beware of all serpents. The Sultan, accordingly, caused a tower to be erected, in which was centred everything that could be procured for her accommodation and delight, and she was placed within it, not to leave until the time was fully passed.

The eventful day arrived, the fair princess was dressed handsomely, awaiting her father's coming, who was to release his child from the prison in which paternal love had immured her. She was looking for the Sultan when she perceived a small basket, covered over with fresh leaves,

A TURKISH WOMAN ABROAD.

WOMEN AT A FOUNTAIN IN CONSTANTINOPLE.



THE TOWER AT GALATA, NEAR CONSTANTINOPLE.

standing on a ledge which surrounded a pretty garden that had been contrived for her, such offerings being common among people who felt interested in her fate. With girlish pleasure she ran to fetch the gift, and, reaching it, sat down to examine its contents. When the Sultan came, he rushed up, surprised at not being met by the princess—and found her evidently arrayed for the occasion, but seemingly asleep. He called to her, "My child!" No answer. An asp that dropped from the basket revealed that hers was the sleep of death. The serpent had been concealed among the flowers. This story will be recognized by our readers as almost identical with one common to all modern fairy books—the "Sleeping Beauty."

The interior of Turkey comprises a heterogeneous population of different races. The Turks there are the Osmanlis and Turkomans. Then there are Sclaves, Romans, Arnauts, Syrians, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Arabs, Druses, Gipsies, Tartars, Circassians, Kopts, Nubians, Berbers, etc. Of these the Greeks and Armenians are traders. The Turkomans and Kurds are herdsmen and nomads. The Sclaves, Romans, and Albanians are the chief agriculturists in Europe, and the Osmanlis, Armenians, Syrians and Druses in Asia.

The Government of Turkey is a pure despotism. The sovereign, who is commonly styled Sultan, being also entitled Padishah, Grand Seignor, and Khan. But, though nominally absolute, his power is much limited by the chief of the Ulemas, who has the power of objecting to any of the Sultan's decrees, and frequently possesses more power over the people than his sovereign. Next in rank is the Grand Vizier, after whom come the members of the Cabinet or Divan, being the Presidents of the Supreme Council of State.

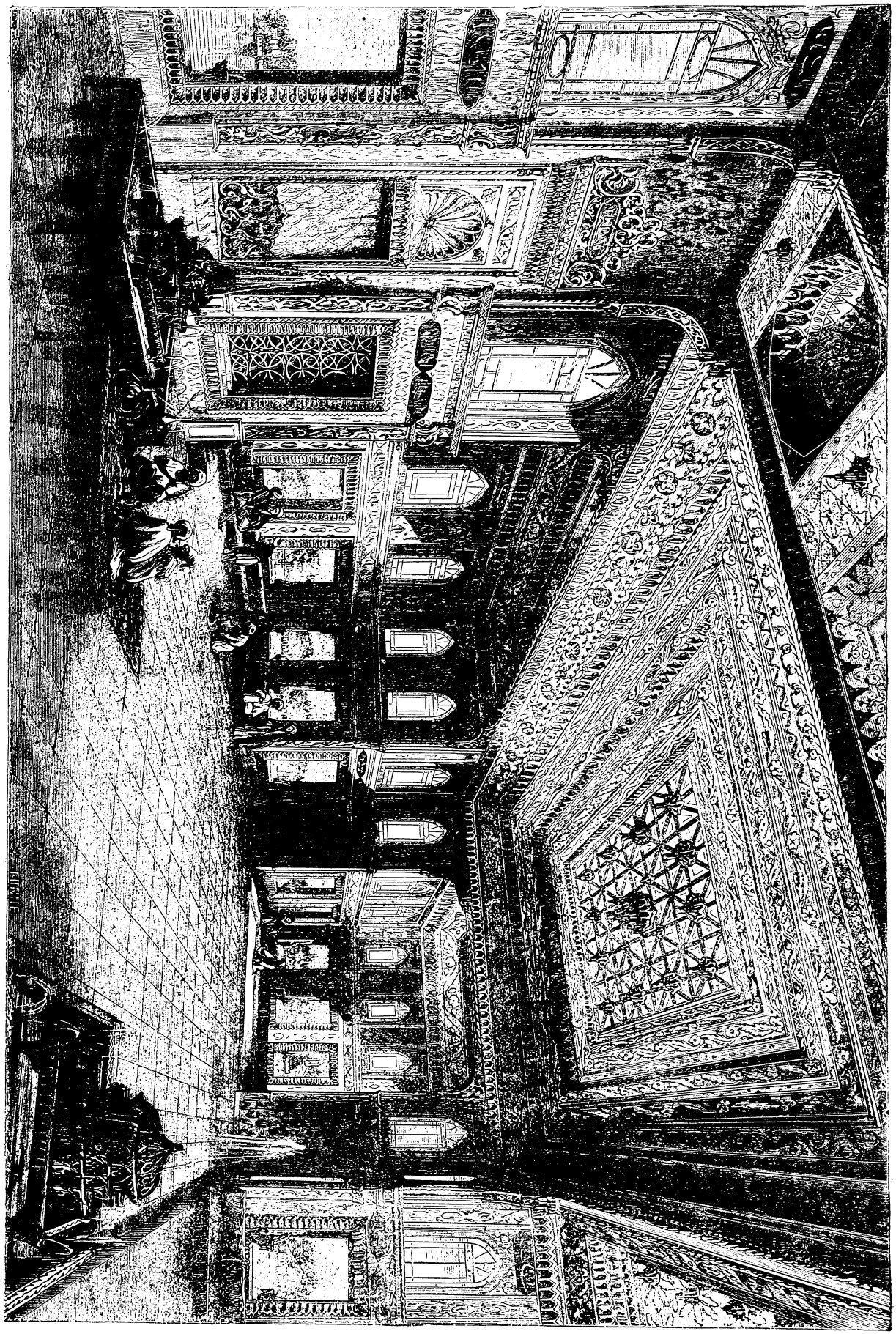
The Provincial Government no longer has power of life and death, and the introduction of stated tax collections has greatly diminished their power of practising extortion on those under their rule.

The established religion is Mohammedanism, but all other sects are recognized and tolerated; and of late years a Moslem has even been free to change his religion at pleasure, without becoming liable to capital punishment, as was formerly the case.

The term "harem" has been greatly misunderstood by foreigners in its true signification among the Turks. It means simply the domestic fireside or "home," and is as sacred in the Oriental usage as are these other terms among us. The Koran, which is both moral and social law among the Osmanlis, affords to each believer a plurality of wives, and consequently, to themselves, the following out of this ordinance is not even incorrect—much less improper.

Oriental women are judged

HOWLING DERVISHES AT THE TOMB OF A SHEIK.



THE INTERIOR OF THE SUMMER SALOON OF THE SULTAN'S HAREM.

by their Western sisters to be subjects of pity, in that their movements are, to a certain extent, under regulation and circumscribed. While the condition of inaction, which they are presumed to sustain, is, in the highest degree, objectionable to these others; yet, when all is said and done, it is at least questionable if the European or American woman, with her thousand-and-one worries and annoyances, her ambition for "woman's rights," and her excited interest in the affairs of men, is personally any more comfortable in her life or any happier than the women of the harem.

In Turkey the recognized condition of the female is that of subserviency to man. Satisfied with this condition, she is content to do the bidding of her lord and master, at the same time shouldering whatever responsibility there may be as to human affairs upon him. Among the Turks, as says a recent writer, "the man is considered the *vital* principle, and the woman the *material*."

We, who are inclined to give to the sex a higher standing among human beings, may rail at this philosophy, but we cannot justly say that those who practice it are not consistent, or even wise, in accordance with other customs which prevail in their midst.

That the Turks seclude the females of the family from the public is rather evidence of a desire to protect them from scandal than of abstract jealousy. And yet it is the fact that Turkish ladies can go about unattended by gentlemen, and protected only by a strong public sentiment of respect for their sex.

To salute or accost a lady in public is, among the Turks, an act of manifest rudeness; even members of the same family restricting themselves on such occasions.

As a rule, Turkish ladies are modest and refined in their deportment, and among foreigners do not evince curiosity as to differences of costume or habit, unless specially invited so to do. Their own costume consists of long flowing robes, and they wear the hair either long or cut short, according to taste. Sometimes the fez is used for a head-dress, sometimes the turban. The dress is invariably cut high, though sometimes left open at the neck. Full trousers are worn, and frequently a Cashmere shawl or light gauze scarf is fastened about the waist by a belt ornamented with gold and jewels. Of the latter species of adornment Turkish ladies are particularly fond, and jewelers find ample employment in attending to their caprices in this matter. The complexions of Turkish women are generally fair, owing to the constant use of the bath and their seclusion. Their features are regular, with "almond eyes," dark and lustrous. Beauty spots, or moles, are prized among them, and they frequently tip their fingers and toes with the stain of the *Henna*.

Polygamy is by no means as common in Turkey as is supposed; indeed, this custom is falling greatly into disuse. The abolition of the Circassian slave-trade has done much to change the habits of the country in this regard, and Turks are constantly becoming more and more addicted to restricting themselves to one wife.

Turkish ladies are by no means so confined to the harem as is generally supposed, being frequently met riding in the public streets in European carriages, while in the vicinity of Constantinople there are numerous watering-places which are favorite resorts.

Harem life has in recent years been made known to the world through the books of certain English and other ladies, who have been employed by high Turkish officials as governesses and teachers; so that gradually the many foolish notions which have obtained abroad in relation to the domestic concerns of the Turks are being dispelled.

The Turks are generally brave, simple in their mode of life, intelligent, religious, and thoughtful. They are, however, bigoted, cruel in warfare and not uncommonly in peace, hard task-masters, and deceitful to Christians, whom they contemn. Altogether, they derive the special qualities of their character from their religion, and from the esteem in which this is held among them, as the only true religion afforded to man.

THE HISTORY OF TURKEY.

Midway between Asia and Africa, having the Black Sea upon the north and the Mediterranean Sea upon the south, lies Turkey. In one sense, the centre of the hemisphere which contains it, this country, by its geographical position as well as its political import, is, so to speak, the "hinge" of the eastern continent.

Comprising in Europe 196,770 square miles, with a population of nearly seventeen millions, and in Asia 664,272 square miles, and a population about equal to that in Europe, there are to be added to the area, 1,036,350 square miles in Africa, having a population of eleven millions; making a grand total of about two millions of square miles, and forty-four millions of people. This entire country, including all dependencies, is known as the Ottoman Empire.

And the significance borne by its geographical situation has been, almost since its first existence as an empire, sustained by its political import in the affairs of Europe and Asia. For this reason, and equally—whether we consider it in its palmy days and under monarchs whose achievements have become matters of high consideration in the history of the world, or at the present time, when, as the "Sick Man," it challenges no less the attention of humanity everywhere—Turkey may not improperly receive the title which we have ventured to give to it: that of the hinge of the eastern continent. Shorn, by the exigencies of war and the devastation of foreign hosts, of much of its ancient dominion, the Ottoman Empire at present comprises, besides Turkey in Asia and Turkey in Europe, the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, Servia and Montenegro in Europe; Egypt, with Nubia, Tripoli, and Tunis in Africa, and a part of Arabia, including the holy cities of Mecca and Medina in Asia.

Although bordering upon the confines of European civilization, Turkey has but little in common with the genius of that spirit of progress which has advanced, in so marked a manner, the condition of the western portion of the eastern hemisphere. It is only, in fact, since a very recent date, that western civilization has made any steps towards a foothold among this remarkable people. To trace the history of such a people from its origin in eastern Asia, beyond the time of its progress westward, even to the conquering of Greece and endangering of Austria, and from this period down to its assumption of its present dwarfed proportions, is a task which almost seems impracticable in the limited space of a magazine article.

The Osmanlis, as they are termed, are of Tartar origin; and even yet the Tartar peculiarities are to be found, though softened and embellished, in the genuine Turk of Constantinople—and this not alone in person and demeanor. Their style of architecture is that of the Tartars, while many national characteristics will at once suggest themselves to the traveler or sojourner among them, as asserting and repeating the peculiarities of their ancestors. The myth, or tradition, from which the Osmanlis date their descent, is original and peculiar. They claim to come in a direct line from Turk, a son of Japhet, who is said to have taught his subjects the arts of working in metals, of writing, and of computing time. From this first progenitor, we are told, descended great kings and princes, the last of whom introduced monotheism, and established his capital at Samarcand. The name of this prince was Oguz; and from his great-grandson, Osman, we have a powerful dynasty and a name, of which Abdul-Aziz is the present representative. This Oguz lived in the thirteenth century, and his tribe inhabited the steppes lying east of the Caspian Sea. Down

upon their heritage came swarms of Mongolian invaders from the northwest, and the comparatively small body of Oguzian Turks were swept before them like the sand of the desert before a storm. They are said to have numbered at that time but fifty thousand souls; and, borne onward before the Tartar invasions, they fled westward to the mountainous region of Armenia. The death of its chief divided this tribe; and it was not until the time of Osman that its adherents were again united in an independent power, located at that time in Phrygia. But from this small beginning, by means of an aggressive policy closely followed by successive sovereigns, the Turks gained a foothold in Europe, even, at length, establishing themselves in Greece.

War was, in fact, the business as well as the delight of the earlier Sultans, and it would seem almost that they had conceived the possibility of extending their conquests over all Europe. The Byzantine Empire was reduced, the great confederacy of the Slavonian tribes of the Upper Danube were defeated, with dreadful slaughter, late in the fourteenth century; and under Bajazet I., in the beginning of the next century, the Turks ravaged Servia, Wallachia, and Moldavia; this tempest of conquest being finally given pause by the defeat and capture of the Sultan Bajazet himself by Timur-Beg, the Mongolian, vulgarly known as Tamerlane, who routed the Turks after a long and obstinate contest at Angora, July 20, 1402.

Bajazet was followed by Mohammed I., and he by Amurath II.; and under these monarchs the irrepressible inroad of the Tartar conqueror proved a sufficient quietus to the spirit of Turkish conquest for nearly half a century. In the meantime, however, there was war with the Venetian Republic; and, under the latter Sultan, the conquest of the Greek Empire was completed by the reduction of Macedonia and Greece proper. After these came Mohammed II., who, storming Constantinople in 1453, destroyed the last relic of the empire of the Cæsars; and after him, again, was Bajazet II., who pushed the boundary lines of the Turkish Empire far north of the Black Sea to the east, even to the mouth of the Don, and including in his conquests portions of Dalmatia, and Otranto in Italy.

But the greatest of all the Turkish Sultans was born in 1496, and under the title of Solyman II., surnamed "The Magnificent," succeeded his father, Selim I., in the government of the Ottoman Empire. Solyman reminds us, in the magnificence of his projects and the vigor of their execution, of the greatest conquerors and statesmen alike who have lived —Alexander, Atala, Genghis-Khan, and Napoleon. He exterminated the Egyptian Marmalûkes; he attacked Hungary, and captured Belgrade; he drove the Knights of St. John from Rhodes, attacked Buda and Pesth, and, by treaty with France, first opened the commerce of the Levant to the French flag.

During his reign the Ottoman Empire was at the height of its power and splendor, and then no ship belonging to a nation hostile to the Turks dared to navigate the Mediterranean, so completely did his ships crowd that sea. But not alone in war was Solyman great and worthy of renown. Among the Turks he is known by the title of the law-giver. Under his judicious administration, property which had been unjustly confiscated was restored to its owners; officials who were found unfit for the discharge of their duties were removed from office; mosques were raised, educational institutions were established, justice equitably administered, and toleration prevailed. At that time Turkey was as well governed as any of the Christian States of eastern Europe, and far better than its Muscovite neighbor.

After Solyman came Selim II.; and the most remarkable event of his reign occurred in the first collision between the Turks and the Russians. Singularly enough, in the light of recent events, this collision was brought about by an attempt on the part of Selim to cut a canal between the Don and the Volga which should allow the passage of ships from the Black Sea into the Caspian. With this brilliant idea in his mind, Selim sent five thousand men to cut a canal, and eighty thousand more men to protect them while doing it. But the conception was destined to go no farther. Unfortunately for the plans of Selim, the possession of Astrachan formed part of his programme, and an attack upon this town brought down upon the enterprising Turks the vengeance of the Russians—a people till then comparative strangers to southern Europe, though destined at a later period to become much more familiar in that locality—and the result of whose opposition to the canal scheme was its summary discontinuance under pressure; all of which shows that Russia constitutionally objects to foreign canals when these may perchance be utilized to her disadvantage.

Under Amurath III. the prestige of the Turks had perhaps reached its highest point of importance. They dictated to the Poles whom they should choose as their king, they received the first English Embassy, fought a successful war with Persia, and held a long contest with Austria. But in this last, although the Turks gained advantages and even penetrated within forty miles of Vienna, they afterwards suffered terrible reverses, and were at length compelled to evacuate all Hungary and Transylvania. It is about this time, or in the beginning of the seventeenth century, that symptoms of the decline of Turkish prowess and power first manifest themselves. Yet, in the East, the Osmanlis conquered Mesopotamia, Kurdistan, and Armenia, and presently captured from the Poles their conquests, and from the Venetians all their strongholds in the Ægean Sea.

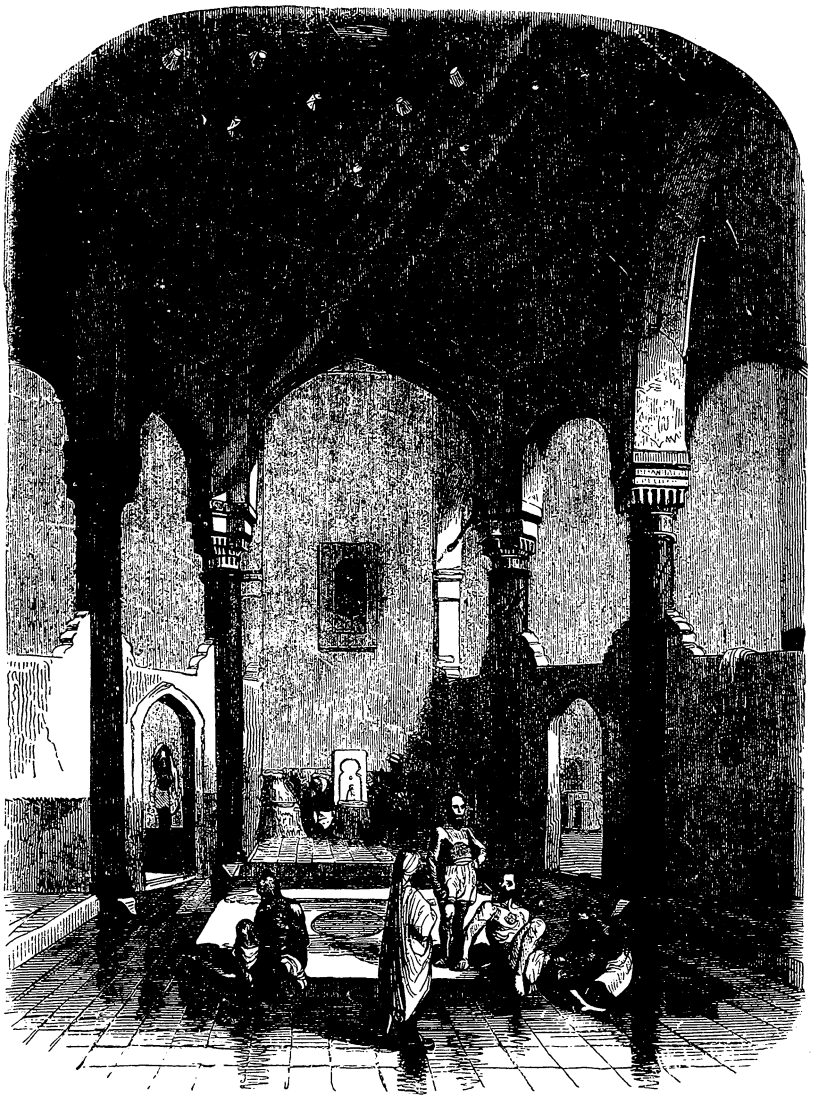
Time and space will not permit of a close consideration of the following reigns down to that of Mahmoud II., in the beginning of the present century. Their history is that of constantly changing fortunes on the part of Turkey; leaning, however, always towards that decadence which eventually came to cast the shadow of failure, and almost of oblivion, over the previous conquests and successes of this extraordinary empire.

The name of John Sobieski, and his defeat of the Turks at the siege of Vienna, furnish prominent episodes in the early portion of this period; while wars in Hungary, and against Austria, Persia, and Russia occupy the major portion of Turkish history at the same time. In fact, it is probable that, but for political complications in western Europe, Turkey would have become a dependency of Russia before the period which we are now about to consider.

Mahmoud II. found the Ottoman Empire fast falling to pieces. Many of her most important provinces had passed, after unfortunate wars and still more unfortunate treaties, into the hands of Russia. The Turkish character did not stand high in the general estimation of Europe. The Greeks were in a state of insurrection, and had gained sympathy throughout the West. The interior condition of his realm was even worse. Subordinate officials ruled despotically in Asia Minor, in Lebanon, in Egypt, in Constantinople. And, since the latter city was at this time governed, in fact, by the Janissaries, it becomes necessary for us to consider especially this remarkable military organization.

The Janissaries formed a force originally organized by Orchan, the Osmanli Sultan, in 1330. They were young Christian prisoners compelled to embrace Mohammedanism; and, being more perfectly disciplined by Amurath I., became, in his reign, a well-ordered host of about ten thousand men, specially educated from childhood to a military life. The children of Christians, captured during the conquests of the Turks, were taken at the age of twelve years and trained to forget their country and their religion, and to know no

other parent than the Sultan. On reaching manhood, they were guaranteed special privileges, and, eventually, their ranks were filled by conscription from among the natives. Originally designed as a guard to the Sultan's person, this force became augmented until they numbered four hundred thousand men. In times of peace they acted as a police force, they served on foot, generally formed the reserve of the Turkish army, and were noted for their wild impetuosity in attack. Their dress consisted of a long gown with short sleeves, which was given them annually by the Sultan at the feast on the first day of Ramadan, and, in lieu of the turban, they wore a cap with a long hood, which hung upon their shoulders. Their arms consisted of a sabre and a carabine, though in time of peace, at Constantinople, they only carried a long staff. In Asia, they bore a bow and arrow and poniard. In early times they fought with darts, arrows, and hatchets, though the sabre was their favorite weapon. They rarely married, believing that a married man made a worse soldier than a bachelor. The discipline observed among the Janissaries conformed in many things to that used in the Roman legions, and, like them, they became formidable to their masters as their strength increased.

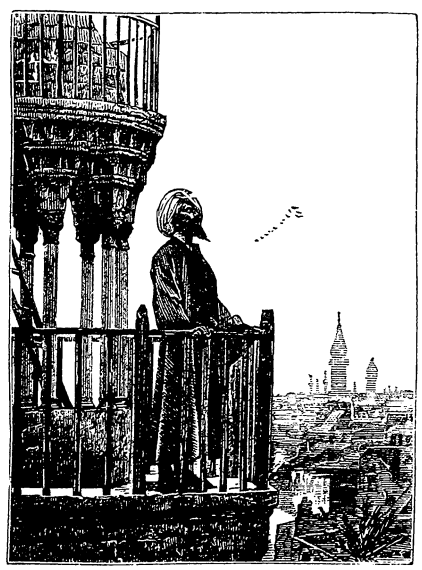


TURKISH BATH.

They deposed Bajazet II. in 1512. They procured the death of Amurath III. in 1595. They robbed Osman II. of his empire and his life in 1622, and two months later dethroned Mustapha, whom they had made his successor. In 1649 they deposed the Sultan Ibrahim, whom they strangled, and in 1730 they deposed and imprisoned Achmet III., and advanced Mahmoud I. from prison to the throne in his stead.

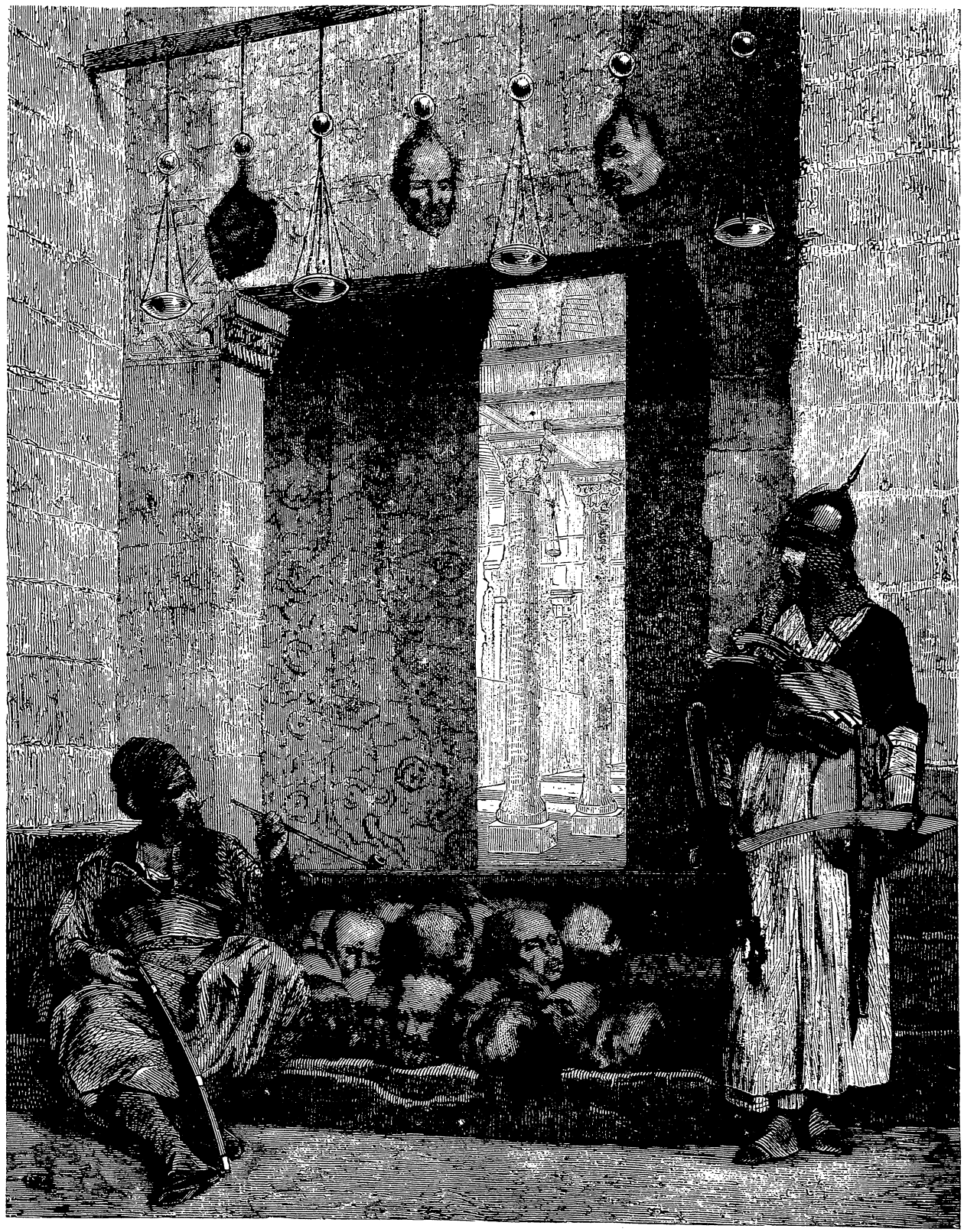
Bearing the burden of this history, the Janissaries came under the authority of Mahmoud II., and it is little wonder if this monarch trembled at the fate which he might properly reason would be in store for him, should he not succeed either in placating or destroying this vast and ungovernable body of men, trained to the art of warfare, and accomplished in all the *technique* of insurrection. This Sultan seems to have early formed his conclusions as to his necessary action under the circumstances. He proceeded as follows:

Issuing an order incorporating the Janissaries with new troops which he had raised, and commanding them to adopt the same dress and arms, he was, as he had expected, peremptorily refused obedience. He next assembled all of them, whom he could immediately control, in the square of Atmiedan in Constantinople for review. The sides of the square had been lined with the Sultan's new levies, and also with masked batteries, and no sooner had the Janissaries assembled than the avenues to the square were closed, and, at a signal, the whole mass of men were shot down with dreadful slaughter. It is said that they displayed that heroic valor for which they had been always distinguished, and that the Sultan Mahmoud shed tears for the loss by his own order of so many of his finest and bravest troops. But there was no alternative. He must either reign or die; and, as he chose the former course for himself, the latter only remained for the Janissaries. Eight thousand of them are said to have perished in this bloody attack; and the proclamation which immediately followed, declaring the Janissary force forever dissolved, completed their destruction. Not fewer than fifteen thousand were executed, and more



THE MUEZZIN CALLING TO PRAYER.

than twenty thousand were banished. This occurred a few years after the revolt of Greece, which was commenced in 1821, but whose independence was not secured



THE MASSACRE OF THE JANISSARIES.

until the battle of Navarino in 1827—that country not being recognized by Turkey as a separate kingdom until April, 1830. Neither the successful revolt of the Greeks, nor the triumph of the Russians in gaining by the Treaty of Bucharest the country between the Dniesta and the Pruth: not all the external tribulations sustained by Turkey, together with the internal commotion of the Janissaries, could swerve Mahmoud from his original design: which was to raise his country out of the slough of despond

into which she had fallen, and bring her once again into her proper place among nations. He established thorough reforms in every department of the administration, progressed far in his plans for granting his subjects civil and religious liberty, modified and reduced the taxes, formed a militia, established schools, abolished the export duty on grain, and generally conceived and sustained measures of sound policy which tended largely to consolidate the newborn prosperity of Turkey. The conduct of this monarch is the more to be commended not only in contrast with that of many of his predecessors, but especially because of the fact that it was persisted in, in the face of the disastrous war with Russia on the one hand, and that of the revolt of Egypt—except so far as the present nominal dependence of that country is concerned—on the other.

After Mahmoud came Abdul-Medjid, with the main events of whose reign our readers are doubtless tolerably familiar, the chief of these being the Crimean war; a contest brought on by an attempt, on the part of Russia, to obtain the exclusive protectorate of the members of the Greek Church in Turkey. This war continued during 1853–55, and resulted in the victory of the Turks, joined with the allied powers of France and England, being distinguished by the siege of Sebastopol, and the battles of the Alma, Inkerman, and Balaclava. By the Treaty of Paris which followed, Turkey regained a portion of territory north of the Danube, extending between Moldavia and the Black Sea, and along the coast to the mouth of the Dniesta. Abdul-Medjid, although not a very energetic man or monarch, proceeded in the path of reform entered upon by his predecessor. His efforts to give freedom to all religions, and his chivalrous act in refusing, at the risk of losing his throne, to give up Kossuth and the other political refugees to the menaces of Austria and Russia, will cause his name to be remembered in the annals of humanity. He was the thirty-first sovereign of his race, and the twenty-eighth since the taking of Constantinople.

In 1861 he was succeeded by his brother Abdul-Aziz, the present Sultan. Under Abdul-Aziz, the situation of Turkey, though constantly threatened, has not ceased to be generally tranquil. Probably the chief element of interest in this reign has been the frequent raising of new loans, the eleventh of these having been in 1872, when the foreign indebtedness of Turkey amounted to nearly ninety millions sterling, and the internal debt to about forty millions. The recent insurrection in Herzegovina has also attracted considerable public attention. This country is a province situated between Croatia, Bosnia proper, Montenegro, and Dalmatia. Originally a dukedom, it fell into the hands of the Turks in the fifteenth century, and was for two centuries thereafter the battle-field between the Christians and Mohammedans.

Aided by Montenegro, and possibly Austria, the rebels of Herzegovina have succeeded thus far in offering such resistance to the Turks that the definite conclusion to the revolt in any given time is uncertain. The war, meanwhile, has been prosecuted with great severity on both sides—the Turks devastating the country of the unhappy Bosnians, while the latter are enabled only to continue a desperate guerrilla warfare, encouraging murder and violence. It is proposed by Turkey to divide the rebellious province into its former subdivisions—Bosnia and Herzegovina—both to be governed by a Christian governor; this, doubtless, in deference to the sentiment of western Europe. Under this administration each province would have a local legislature, the delegates to be chosen by each race and religion, according to numbers. Oppressive taxes would be abolished, and revenues collected legitimately by duties on luxuries, while freedom of worship and security of person would be guaranteed. Should all of this charming programme be carried out, the Great Powers would, unquestionably, so far as they are concerned, remain satisfied. But, unfortunately, Abdul-Aziz, though himself, doubtless, a man versed in good intentions, is incapable of sustaining these by any vigorous acts; and, inasmuch as the subordinate officials in power in Turkey and the Mohammedans throughout the country are bigoted and unscrupulous, and hate the Christians, moreover, with a deadly hatred, it is easy to imagine that such plans, even if honestly designed, would never reach consummation.

Having thus traced the history of the Ottoman Empire in its more noteworthy particulars, and in accordance with our limited space, we may turn now to those personal and national characteristics which go to make up the individuality, so far as that exists, of the Turkish people. Bearing in mind, however, that the population of Turkey comprises elements from very many races, whose union, while existing in the form of political and social cohesion, has never reached homogeneity.

In the history of Turkey we have the peculiar situation of a distinctively Asiatic people brought into immediate and close contact with all the elements of Western civilization for a period covering centuries. And yet, through the peculiar exigencies of necessary diplomacy and the political combinations of sovereigns, we find this people retained, as it were, in a condition of practical isolation from their nearest neighbors. That this is an anomaly in history, is shown by the far different condition of that other Asiatic people—the Japanese—who, even in the little intercourse, extending over only a few years, which they have held with the European and American people, have assumed to themselves and developed very many Western ideas, and conformed to Western customs. And this difference, as regards Turkey, is, doubtless, only owing to that geographical position which has made her inimical to the jealous consideration of each of the great European powers. Turkey, conquered by any other European power, would afford, to a far greater extent than is offered by the Suez Canal, a key by which to control and unlock the vast wealth of eastern and southern Asia. That each of these other powers should appreciate this pregnant fact, and guard jealously against such a conquest by any one of them, is not remarkable. What may be the conclusion of the historical paradox to which we have referred, is, doubtless, a question which will require not many years for its solution.

Meanwhile, however, Turkey must remain the "Sick Man." Threatened by the power of Russia on the one hand, and sustained by the still greater power of the Rothschilds on the other; harassed by internal disturbances and oppressed by external manifestations, she must remain the same combination of mysterious fragments, whose flimsy union has thus curiously brought her into a condition both of antagonism and harmony with the purposes and interests of her present guardians.

MOHAMMED AND MOHAMMEDANISM.

Inasmuch as the Koran is at once the law and the creed of all Mohammedan nations, it is essential, in order rightly to understand the Turkish character, that we should have a clear conception of the nature and tendencies of their religious faith.

Mohammedanism takes its name from Mohammed (Arabic, "The Praised"), who was the founder of Islam, the native term by which the religion, prescribed by the Koran, is known. Mohammed was born about the year 570 A.D., at Mecca. His father was a poor merchant, and Mohammed is said to have been handed over by his mother to a Bedouin woman, and nursed by her in the desert.

In his infancy, the prophet is alleged to have been subject

to fits, which were ascribed to the influence of demons. His early years were passed in tending the flocks of the Meccans, though he is said to have accompanied his uncle on his caravan trips to southern Arabia and Syria. When still a young man, Mohammed entered the service of a rich widow, and accompanied her caravans, possibly as a camel-driver, to the fairs.

At about this time the fortunes of the embryo law-giver were suddenly and unexpectedly changed by his marriage to the rich widow, whom he served—the offer, as is said, coming from her. It was not until his fortieth year that Mohammed's life became of importance to the world and religion. At this time he is said to have been a man of middle height, lean, but broad-shouldered, and strongly built. His eyes were large and coal-black, a long beard added to the dignity of his appearance. His presence is said to have been imposing.

At this time Christianity had penetrated into the heart of Arabia from Syria and Abyssinia. Judaism likewise played a prominent part in the peninsula, chiefly in the northern part, being introduced by emigrants after the destruction of Jerusalem. Besides these major religious elements, there were numerous sects—the first outcropping of the disturbances effected by Christian proselytism. These were Sabians, Mandæans, etc., who managed to sustain a considerable religious ferment, and produced numerous men of power who preached against the ancient Pagan creed.

The times were, in fact, ripe for a radically new departure in religious belief; and with the times appeared the man. Mecca was at this time the centre of the pilgrimages of the Arabian tribes attending sanctuaries which had been held carefully in charge by the very tribe to which Mohammed belonged. Ruminating over many things, as he doubtless had ample time to do, it seems to have occurred to Mohammed that there was opportunity for the introduction of a new faith which should dispense with idolatry on the one hand, and with Judaism and Christianity on the other. According to his own account and the belief of his followers, it was on the 23d night of the month Ramadan that the angel Gabriel came down from the presence of God and purified the heart of Mohammed. Gabriel, it seems, commanded him to preach the true religion and to spread it abroad by committing it to writing. Afflicted, as the prophet was, by constitutional epilepsy, it is easy to determine the origin of the numerous visions with which he was presently favored, and under whose influence a something, not clearly known to himself—something like the ancient *Dainion*—moved him at times, so vehemently, that during his revelations his eyes became blood-red, he foamed at the mouth, streamed with perspiration, and is said to have roared like a camel. Under these influences he heard voices impressing him with religious teachings which at first, however, he did not seek to disseminate out of his own family. In four years he had made but forty proselytes.

The Koran, as asserted by him, had been projected from the upper to the lower heaven, in readiness for use by the prophet. It was delivered to the world in verses consisting originally of brief rhymed sentences. With these for his text, Mohammed now inveighed against the superstition of the Meccans, exhorting them to a pious and moral life, and to believe in Allah, the All-mighty, All-wise, Everlasting, Invisible, All-just but merciful God, of whom Mohammed was the prophet.

It appears from his personal history that Mohammed was acquainted with both the Jewish and the Christian doctrines, and that he was familiar with the legendary poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures, but that his knowledge of the New Testament was confined to a few apocryphal books. It is conceded, however, that he considered Jesus and Moses as the greatest prophets in religious history—after himself! Doubtless from this knowledge, which, at least, included the magnificent imagery which appears in the early enunciations of both the Jewish and Christian law-givers, Mohammed derived many of his own poetical and beautiful ideas which were embodied in the Koran.

It is related that, at first, the Meccans did not object to the preaching of the new prophet. They esteemed him a common poet or soothsayer, who, moreover, was probably a little out of his mind, in their esteem. But, as his success in making converts increased, he began to appear dangerous, and soon fierce opposition arose against him. Many of his converts suffered terrible punishment; and, at last, Mohammed himself was forced to fly to a fortified castle belonging to a relative. Now troubles began to come upon him. His faithful wife, and his uncle—a man powerful in his day—both died. And after this came poverty. Later he married again, and afterwards increased the number of his wives, so that, at his death, he left nine of them.

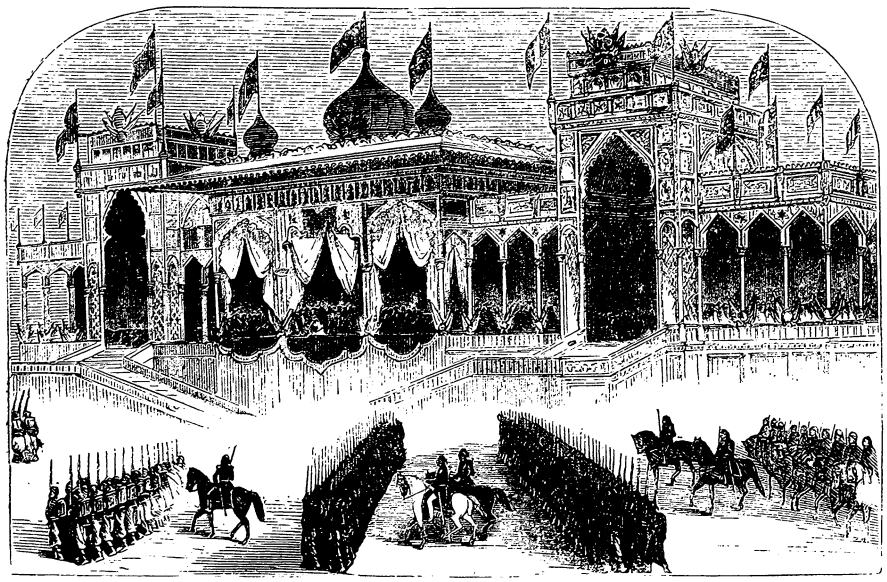
His preaching continued to bear harvest, and, as numbers of his new adherents came from Medina, Mohammed conceived the idea of locating himself in that city. Accordingly, in 622 A.D., he made the celebrated Hegira, preceded by about one hundred families of his converts.

From this period dates a future of success and importance in the history of the prophet. Formerly a despised impostor, he now assumed the position of judge, law-giver, and ruler of the city of Medina, and over two powerful Arabian tribes. The Hegira has been considered of sufficient importance to date from, in the Mohammedan calendar.

Towards the end of the tenth year of the Hegira, Mohammed conducted a pilgrimage of forty thousand Mussulmans to Mecca, and there, on Mount Arafat, instructed them in important laws and ordinances, exhorting his believers to righteousness and piety, and recommending them to protect the weak, the poor, and the women, and to abstain from usury. He died on the 8th of June, 632 A.D.

The personal character of Mohammed has been sharply criticised, and, as is believed, unjustly. He is said to have been at times deceitful, cunning, revengeful, cowardly, and addicted to sensuality. There is, however, much to be said in his favor. His amiability, his faithfulness toward friends, his tenderness toward his family, the frequent readiness to forgive an enemy, the extreme simplicity of his domestic life—these are favorable qualities, which are amply testified to by those who knew him best. Melancholy of temperament, nervous to a degree often bordering on frenzy, a poet of the highest order, he had the weaknesses of a poet in excess. Although preaching the abolition of superstition, he believed in omens, charms and dreams. That he was an impostor, however, is now not generally believed. A man of varied characteristics, of strong personal magnetism, possessing undoubted genius as the simple preacher of a religion, pure, humane, and not priest-ridden, Mohammed must ever occupy a position before mankind as an extraordinary, and, in many particulars, exceptional being.

The religion known as Mohammedanism takes lofty ground in its assumptions! Starting with the theory that it is the only orthodox creed existing from the beginning of the world, it is asserted, in its behalf, that all children are born in its faith, and only removed therefrom by the false teachings of parents or guardians. It is claimed to be of divine origin, eternal and uncreated, and that the first transcript of its doctrines rests near the throne of God on a table of vast dimensions called "The Preserved Table." On this are also written the divine decrees, past, present, and future; and to those who object to the eternity of the Koran on the ground that much of it was adapted to the circumstances of Mohammed's attainments, and not a little to the gratification of his personal wishes, it is answered that these things were predestined from all eternity. The



A REVIEW OF TURKISH TROOPS AT CONSTANTINOPLE, IN HONOR OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

out; it being further predicted that He will come again upon the earth to establish everywhere the Mussulman religion, and to be a sign of the day of judgment.

It is very evident that Mohammed borrowed his ideas from the Jewish legends, and from the new Christian theories, with an admixture of Persian traditions; and this process is worthy of comment as displaying remarkable shrewdness on the part of the prophet, inasmuch as, by its means, he avoided running counter in the main to any of the prevailing religious doctrines of the age, directing his attention more particularly to the abolition of what he deemed a factitious and false symbolism and the worship of unauthorized gods. Beyond this, his design seems to have been at once a judicious and a virtuous one—that of disseminating lofty and religious aspirations, and the prosecuting of good works. In fact, by this ingenious scheme, Mohammedanism was dovetailed into all preceding doctrines, but proclaimed as the greatest of them all—the keystone to the magnificent arch of religious belief which had been in process of formation since the foundation of the world.

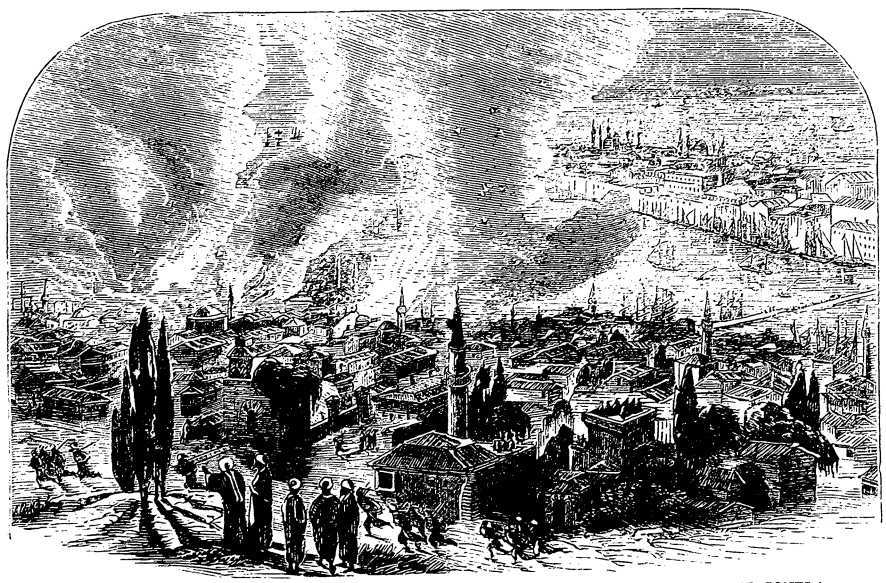
Thus, while the Koran admits the existence from first to last of some two to three hundred thousand prophets, among whom three hundred and thirteen were apostles, it distinctly denominates six, as especially commanded to proclaim new laws and dispensations. These were Adam, Noah,

revelations of the Koran, as has already been stated, were made in single verses, and as soon as a chapter had been collected from these and taken down by amanuenses, the whole was read over by the followers of the prophet and committed to memory.

The fundamental principle of the entire work is contained in the two articles of belief: "There is no God but God; and Mohammed is God's apostle."

Next to a belief in God, that in angels forms a prominent dogma; while Jesus is referred to, but as a prophet and apostle who was superseded by Mohammed, as the Koran superseded the Gospel. Meanwhile, the crucifixion is said to have been suffered by deputy; Christ having been taken up to God before the decree was carried

THE VISIT OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE TO THE GRAND BAZAAR AT STAMBOUL.



THE GREAT FIRE OF JUNE 6TH, 1870, IN THE ENVIRONS OF CONSTANTINOPLE—THE CONFLAGRATION AS IT WAS SEEN FROM THE HEIGHTS OF GALATA.

Abraham, Moses, Jesus and Mohammed. By this means, we have a complete body of belief resting in its various orders, the one upon the other, like the steps of a ladder; with the Father of Mankind at the foot, and the Prophet of Islam at the summit.

The Koran propounds a belief in the resurrection and final judgment. It likewise embodies the classical theory of transmigration of souls. It comprises a conception of paradise, which is the happy hunting-ground of the Indians of North America over again. And, finally, the prophet himself believed—although in this he has not been altogether followed by succeeding theologians—that at the last day, both soul and body will be raised from the dead. The end of all things is predicted, as also that its coming shall be recognized by certain signs, nearly all of which are taken from the legendary part of the Hebrew Talmud or Midrash. These are the decay of faith among men, the advancement of the meanest persons to the highest dignities, wars, seditions and tumults, and consequent dire distress, so that a man passing another's grave shall say, "Would to God I were in his place!" Then the sun shall rise in the West, Constantinople will be taken by the descendants of Isaac, the Antichrist will come, and be killed by Jesus. There will be a war with the Jews, eruption, a great smoke, an eclipse, Mohammedans will return to idolatry; the Kaata, or sacred stone, at Mecca, will be destroyed by the Ethiopians; beasts and inanimate things will speak; and, finally, a wind will sweep away the souls of those who have faith, even if equal only to a grain of mustard-seed, so that the world shall be left in ignorance. After this shall come the last day. Then forty years of oblivion, followed by the resurrection.

A TURKISH BAZAAR.

Next, the day of judgment, when the righteous shall enter paradise, and the wicked hell; both, however, having first to go over the bridge Al Sirat, laid over the midst of hell, finer than a hair, sharper than the edge of a sword, and beset with thorns on every side. Upon this uncomfortable thoroughfare the righteous will proceed with ease and swiftness; but the wicked, probably overweighted by their sins, will be precipitated headlong into hell—a place divided by the Koran into seven stories or apartments, respectively assigned to Mohammedans, Jews, Christians, Sabians, Magians, idolaters; and the lowest of all to the hypocrites, who, outwardly professing religion, in reality had none.

There appears to be even a purgatory in the scheme of Mohammed—since paradise is divided from hell by a partition, in which a certain number of half-saints find place.

Paradise itself appears to be chiefly tenanted solely by God's mercy, and not by good works or merits. It is also alleged that the poor will enter therein five hundred years before the rich; and—*horribile dictu*—that the majority of the inhabitants of hell are women! Further than this, paradise is recommended to the faithful as a purely material elysium. Here, as it appears, the senses are to be given all that they crave. Feasting in gorgeous and delicious variety, costly and brilliant garments, and ravishing odors, these are among the attributes of this brilliant and delightful place. Every believer will have eighty thousand servants, and seventy-two girls of paradise, besides his own former wives, if he should wish for them. A large tent of pearls, jacinths, and emeralds is to contain this rather liberal family. Three hundred dishes of gold shall be set before each guest at once, and the last morsel will be as grateful as the first. With this enormously increased capacity, we need not be surprised that wine, which will then be permitted to Mussulmans, will flow copiously and without inebriating. Those who desire children shall have them, and see them grow up within an hour.

A separate abode of happiness, it is said, will be reserved for women; but there is considerable doubt thrown over the nature of the enjoyment which is to be furnished for them. Prayer is an important element in the practice of the religion of Islam, and to this is added invariably a partial ablution, which is performed with water when that is

convenient, but with sand or dust when it is not. The times of prayer are sunset, nightfall, daybreak, noon and afternoon. These times of prayer are announced even to the present day in Mussulman settlements by the Muezzins, from the minarets or towers of the mosques, bells not being permitted by the Mohammedan religion. While praying, the face of the worshipper should be turned in the direction of Mecca. Women, although not strictly forbidden to enter a mosque, yet are not practically allowed to pray there, lest their presence should be hurtful to true devotion.

After prayer, in importance, stands the duty of giving alms. Of this there are two kinds—legal and voluntary; though the former has now been practically abrogated. The second is, according to law, to be given once every year, and rates between two and a half and twenty per cent. of the annual produce. Besides these, a special custom enjoined upon believers, is to bestow a measure of provisions upon the poor at the end of the sacred month of Ramadan.

The duty of fasting, and that of pilgrimage to Mecca, complete the positive injunctions, by ordinance, of the religion of Islam.

The prohibitory laws include those against drinking wine and other strong liquors; games of chance, which are considered so wicked that a gambler's testimony is considered invalid in a court of law; usury—even interest-taking being severely condemned—and idolatry.

Polygamy is allowed, but restricted to the having as many wives as the individual can comfortably take care of; and even further, in the explicit words of the Koran, four wives and a certain number of concubine slaves is as far as a Mussulman may legally go. A Moslem man may marry out of his creed, but a Mohammedan woman cannot, under any circumstances, marry an unbeliever. Divorce is a comparatively light matter with the Mohammedans; mere dislike is a sufficient reason for a man to dissolve conjugal ties, and his saying, "Thou are divorced," and paying part of the wife's dowry, is all that is required from him by the law. A wife, on the other hand, is bound to the husband forever, unless she can prove flagrant ill-usage or neglect of duty on his part; and even then she forfeits a part, or the whole, of her dowry.

A woman disobedient to her husband may be declared rebellious, and her husband is not bound by law to care for her.

The law is very lenient toward debtors. Insolvency and inability to work for the discharge of the claim dissolve all further obligations. The most concientious performance of private contracts is, however, recommended.

Murder is punished with death, or the payment of a fine to the family of the deceased, according to their own pleasure. Theft is severely punished; while infidelity, or apostacy from Islam, is a crime to be visited by the death of the offender, if he have been warned thrice without recanting. Finally, the complete body of Mussulman divinity, and which most distinctly reflects the intention of the author, and the least changed in the course of time, is the ethics of the Koran.

Herein injustice, falsehood, pride, revengefulness, calumny, mockery, avarice, prodigality, debauchery, mistrust, and suspicion are inveighed against as ungodly and wicked; while benevolence, liberality, modesty, forbearance, patience, endurance, frugality, sincerity, straightforwardness, decency, love of peace and truth, and, above all, trusting in God and submitting to his will, are considered as the pillars of truth, piety, and the principal signs of a true believer.

Whatever is to be the judgment of mankind as regards Mohammedanism, in comparison with the other religions of the world, its effects during the first centuries of its propagation must be admitted to have been helpful and advantageous to civilization. It has been justly alleged that the Mohammedans may be said to have been the enlightened teachers of barbarous Europe from the ninth to the fifteenth century. Classical literature would have been irredeemably lost had it not been for the home it found in the schools of the unbelievers of the Dark Ages. Arabic philosophy, medicine, natural history, geography, history, grammar, rhetoric, and poetry were the precursors and foundation of all that has been done in these sciences and arts under the guidance of succeeding doctrines.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THE wordy and weak discussions which have filled up the time of the so-called "Social Science Conventions" have not availed to fix public attention upon social evils more strongly than before they were uttered. The few suggestions made for reform, and the correction of acknowledged existing evils, have been of the most impracticable kind, and showed most glaringly superficiality of thought in those who uttered them. If there be not now, it is high time there ought to be such a thing as social science.

It is painfully evident that society is in some respects going from bad to worse. We will not say that on the whole it is deteriorating; but granted even that it is growing in virtue and increasing in knowledge, that its sanitary condition is improving, and its moral health better than in the dark ages—all this is not enough.

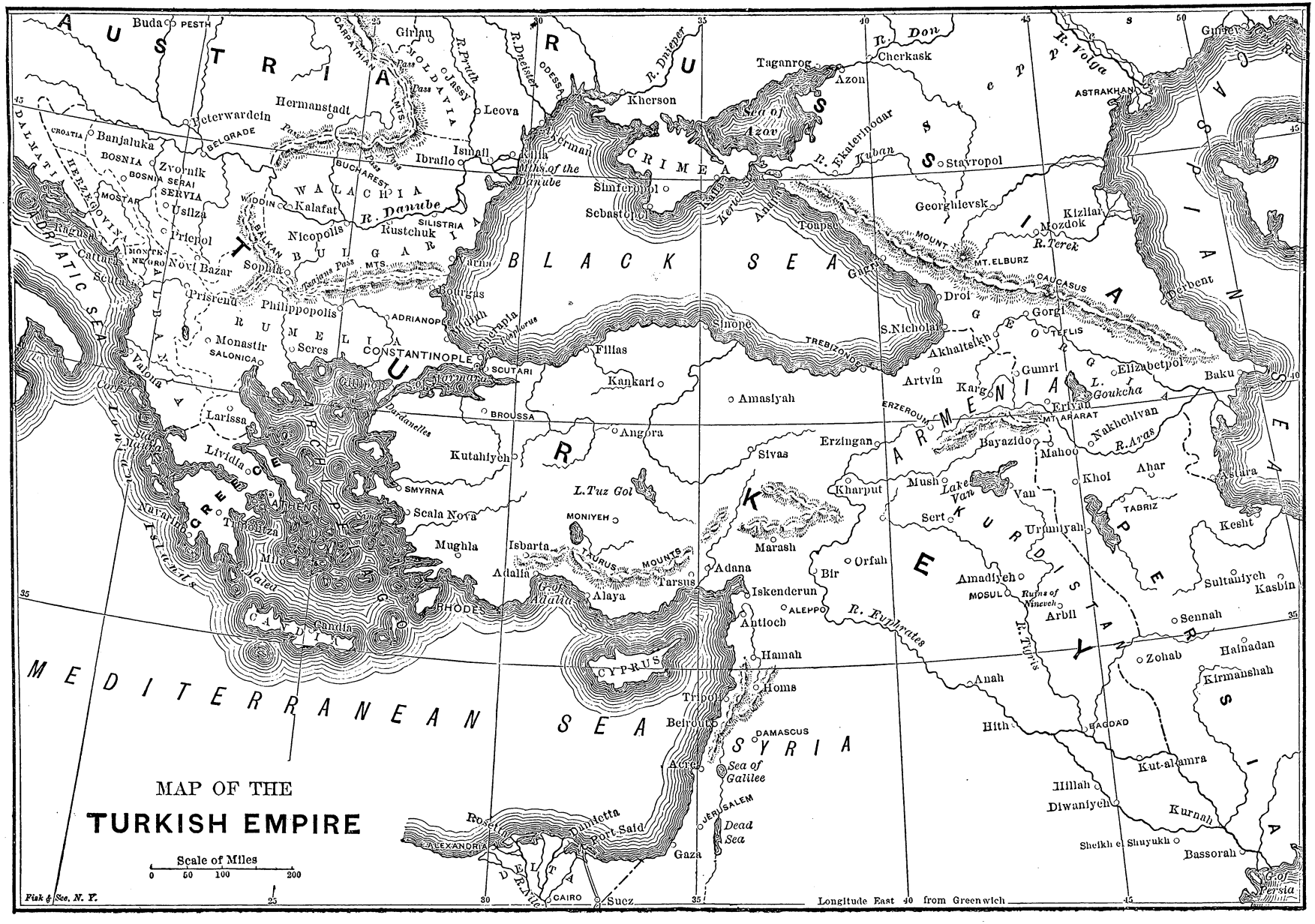
It is sad to reflect that whatever progress has been made, or is now making, is the result of bitter experience to those who have gone before us, and whose blood and tears have stained the pages of history for ages.

Is there no way to adjust society on immutable principles? Must all progress be in the future as in the past secured by experiment? And must what we call social science be for ever a mass of ill-assorted facts culled from history? Surely there is some more solid basis than this for social organization.

Did we want proof that nothing like social science exists among us, it is found in all that surrounds us. Very little that passes current in society will stand the test of reason. Our eating, our working, our dress, and even our sleeping, are alike performed with a general disregard to physical law. Pauperism has become a profession. Disease, though on the average, perhaps, not so deadly as it was a century ago, if not more general, is still not less diffused. Perfectly healthy people are the exception, not the rule. The professions of law and medicine still find enough in the misery and crime of humanity to amply sustain them. The administration of justice too is often a mockery, and legislation has become a matter of barter and sale. The drones of society are on the increase, and honest hard-working producers are compelled to contribute to their support.

Could these things be if social organization had been reduced to a science? Blackstone, in his "Commentaries," has laid down some general principles upon which all society must be based, and any departure from which is a step toward anarchy; but these principles underlie the civil rights of people united in a national compact. They leave untouched great and fundamental physiological and biological laws, the disregard of which has burdened society with the greatest evils under which it now groans.

Until some prophet arises capable of grappling with this subject from a physical and biological, as well as a political, point of view, and tells us how society may be constructed in harmony with all the conditions of pure living, regardless of creeds, conventionalities, or traditions, let us not flatter ourselves that such a thing as social science exists. A heterogeneous mass of facts does not constitute a science, any more than a rude heap of stones, and sand, and lime may be called a temple.


MAP OF THE
TURKISH EMPIRE
Scale of Miles
0 50 100 200
Fisk & Sco. N. Y.
AUSTRIA
RUSSIA
TURKEY IN ASIA
BLACK SEA
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
CASPIAN SEA
ARMENIA
KURDISTAN
SYRIA
ARABIA
TURKEY IN EUROPE
CRIMEA
WALACHIA
MOLDAVIA
SERVIA
BOSNIA
CROATIA
DALMATIA
HERZEGOVINA
ROUMELIA
BULGARIA
ALBANIA
GREECE
CANDIA
CYPRUS
Buda
PESTH
Hermanstadt
Leova
Jassy
Kherson
Taganrog
Azon
Cherkask
Sea of Azov
Simferopol
Sebastopol
Kaffa
Arabat
Toupsa
Georghievsk
Stavropol
Kizliar
Mozdok
Astrakhan
Banjaluka
Zvornik
Ibraila
Ismail
Kilia
Mouths of the Danube
Usitza
Pricnol
Novi Bazar
Kalafat
Nicopolis
Rustchuk
Silistria
Sophia
Philippopolis
Prisrend
Monastir
Seres
Salonica
Adrianople
Constantinople
Scutari
Gallipoli
Dardanelles
Sea of Marmora
Varna
Burgas
Sinope
Fillas
Kankari
Amasiyah
Angora
Kutahiyeh
Broussa
Smyrna
Scala Nova
Mughla
Isbarta
Adalia
Gulf of Adalia
Tarsus
Alaya
Adana
Iskenderun
Aleppo
Antioch
Hamah
Homs
Tripoli
Beirut
Damascus
Acre
Sea of Galilee
Jerusalem
Dead Sea
Gaza
Alexandria
Rosetta
Damietta
Port Said
Cairo
Suez
Larissa
Lividia
Athens
Thermopylæ
Negropont
Candia
Rhodes
Marash
Orfah
Bir
Kharput
Mush
Lake Van
Van
Sert
Urumiyah
Tabriz
Khoi
Ahar
Astara
Kesht
Sultaniyeh
Kasbin
Amadiyeh
Mosul
Ruins of Nineveh
Arbil
Sennah
Zohab
Halhadan
Kirmanshah
Anah
Hith
Baghdad
Kut-al-amra
Hillah
Diwaniyeh
Kurnah
Sheikh el Shuyukh
Bassorah
Gulf of Persia
Erzingan
Sivas
Erzeroum
Mt. Ararat
Bayazido
Mahoo
Nakhchivan
R. Aras
Akhaltsikh
Teflis
Gumri
Artvin
Karg
Lake Goukcha
Erivan
Elizabetpol
Baku
Gorel
S. Nicholai
Drol
Derbent
Mt. Elburz
Caucasus
R. Terek
R. Kuphrates
R. Tigris
R. Danube
R. Dniester
R. Pruth
R. Dnieper
R. Don
R. Volga
R. Ekaterinoslav
R. Kuban
Gulf of Kaffa
Strait of Yenikale
Strait of Kertch
Strait of Constantinople
Strait of Gallipoli
Strait of Dardanelles
Gulf of Smyrna
Gulf of Volo
Gulf of Lepanto
Gulf of Arta
Gulf of Corinth
Gulf of Venice
Gulf of Cattaro
Adriatic Sea
Mt. Olympus
Mt. Athos
Mt. Pindus
Mt. Parnassus
Mt. Taygetus
Mt. Ida
Mt. Lebanon
Mt. Hermon
Mt. Sinai
Mt. Carmel
Mt. Tabor
Mt. Gilboa
Mt. Ebal
Mt. Gerizim
Mt. Olivet
Mt. Zion
Mt. Moriah
Mt. Nebo
Mt. Hor
Mt. Seir
Mt. Ararat
Mt. Elburz
Caucasus
Taurus Mounts
Balkan Mts
Carpathian Mts
Pass of Kalafat
Pass of Bucharest
Pass of Ibraila
Pass of Jassy
Pass of Targuina
Pass of Thermopylæ
Pass of Dardanelles
Longitude East from Greenwich
25
30
35
40
45
50
55
60
65
70
75
80
85
90
95
100
105
110
115
120
125
130
135
140
145
150
155
160
165
170
175
180
185
190
195
200
205
210
215
220
225
230
235
240
245
250
255
260
265
270
275
280
285
290
295
300
305
310
315
320
325
330
335
340
345
350
355
360
365
370
375
380
385
390
395
400
405
410
415
420
425
430
435
440
445
450
455
460
465
470
475
480
485
490
495
500
505
510
515
520
525
530
535
540
545
550
555
560
565
570
575
580
585
590
595
600
605
610
615
620
625
630
635
640
645
650
655
660
665
670
675
680
685
690
695
700
705
710
715
720
725
730
735
740
745
750
755
760
765
770
775
780
785
790
795
800
805
810
815
820
825
830
835
840
845
850
855
860
865
870
875
880
885
890
895
900
905
910
915
920
925
930
935
940
945
950
955
960
965
970
975
980
985
990
995
1000
1005
1010
1015
1020
1025
1030
1035
1040
1045
1050
1055
1060
1065
1070
1075
1080
1085
1090
1095
1100
1105
1110
1115
1120
1125
1130
1135
1140
1145
1150
1155
1160
1165
1170
1175
1180
1185
1190
1195
1200
1205
1210
1215
1220
1225
1230
1235
1240
1245
1250
1255
1260
1265
1270
1275
1280
1285
1290
1295
1300
1305
1310
1315
1320
1325
1330
1335
1340
1345
1350
1355
1360
1365
1370
1375
1380
1385
1390
1395
1400
1405
1410
1415
1420
1425
1430
1435
1440
1445
1450
1455
1460
1465
1470
1475
1480
1485
1490
1495
1500
1505
1510
1515
1520
1525
1530
1535
1540
1545
1550
1555
1560
1565
1570
1575
1580
1585
1590
1595
1600
1605
1610
1615
1620
1625
1630
1635
1640
1645
1650
1655
1660
1665
1670
1675
1680
1685
1690
1695
1700
1705
1710
1715
1720
1725
1730
1735
1740
1745
1750
1755
1760
1765
1770
1775
1780
1785
1790
1795
1800
1805
1810
1815
1820
1825
1830
1835
1840
1845
1850
1855
1860
1865
1870
1875
1880
1885
1890
1895
1900
1905
1910
1915
1920
1925
1930
1935
1940
1945
1950
1955
1960
1965
1970
1975
1980
1985
1990
1995
2000
2005
2010
2015
2020
2025
2030
2035
2040
2045
2050
2055
2060
2065
2070
2075
2080
2085
2090
2095
2100
2105
2110
2115
2120
2125
2130
2135
2140
2145
2150
2155
2160
2165
2170
2175
2180
2185
2190
2195
2200
2205
2210
2215
2220
2225
2230
2235
2240
2245
2250
2255
2260
2265
2270
2275
2280
2285
2290
2295
2300
2305
2310
2315
2320
2325
2330
2335
2340
2345
2350
2355
2360
2365
2370
2375
2380
2385
2390
2395
2400
2405
2410
2415
2420
2425
2430
2435
2440
2445
2450
2455
2460
2465
2470
2475
2480
2485
2490
2495
2500
2505
2510
2515
2520
2525
2530
2535
2540
2545
2550
2555
2560
2565
2570
2575
2580
2585
2590
2595
2600
2605
2610
2615
2620
2625
2630
2635
2640
2645
2650
2655
2660
2665
2670
2675
2680
2685
2690
2695
2700
2705
2710
2715
2720
2725
2730
2735
2740
2745
2750
2755
2760
2765
2770
2775
2780
2785
2790
2795
2800
2805
2810
2815
2820
2825
2830
2835
2840
2845
2850
2855
2860
2865
2870
2875
2880
2885
2890
2895
2900
2905
2910
2915
2920
2925
2930
2935
2940
2945
2950
2955
2960
2965
2970
2975
2980
2985
2990
2995
3000
3005
3010
3015
3020
3025
3030
3035
3040
3045
3050
3055
3060
3065
3070
3075
3080
3085
3090
3095
3100
3105
3110
3115
3120
3125
3130
3135
3140
3145
3150
3155
3160
3165
3170
3175
3180
3185
3190
3195
3200
3205
3210
3215
3220
3225
3230
3235
3240
3245
3250
3255
3260
3265
3270
3275
3280
3285
3290
3295
3300
3305
3310
3315
3320
3325
3330
3335
3340
3345
3350
3355
3360
3365
3370
3375
3380
3385
3390
3395
3400
3405
3410
3415
3420
3425
3430
3435
3440
3445
3450
3455
3460
3465
3470
3475
3480
3485
3490
3495
3500
3505
3510
3515
3520
3525
3530
3535
3540
3545
3550
3555
3560
3565
3570
3575
3580
3585
3590
3595
3600
3605
3610
3615
3620
3625
3630
3635
3640
3645
3650
3655
3660
3665
3670
3675
3680
3685
3690
3695
3700
3705
3710
3715
3720
3725
3730
3735
3740
3745
3750
3755
3760
3765
3770
3775
3780
3785
3790
3795
3800
3805
3810
3815
3820
3825
3830
3835
3840
3845
3850
3855
3860
3865
3870
3875
3880
3885
3890
3895
3900
3905
3910
3915
3920
3925
3930
3935
3940
3945
3950
3955
3960
3965
3970
3975
3980
3985
3990
3995
4000
4005
4010
4015
4020
4025
4030
4035
4040
4045
4050
4055
4060
4065
4070
4075
4080
4085
4090
4095
4100
4105
4110
4115
4120
4125
4130
4135
4140
4145
4150
4155
4160
4165
4170
4175
4180
4185
4190
4195
4200
4205
4210
4215
4220
4225
4230
4235
4240
4245
4250
4255
4260
4265
4270
4275
4280
4285
4290
4295
4300
4305
4310
4315
4320
4325
4330
4335
4340
4345
4350
4355
4360
4365
4370
4375
4380
4385
4390
4395
4400
4405
4410
4415
4420
4425
4430
4435
4440
4445
4450
4455
4460
4465
4470
4475
4480
4485
4490
4495
4500
4505
4510
4515
4520
4525
4530
4535
4540
4545
4550
4555
4560
4565
4570
4575
4580
4585
4590
4595
4600
4605
4610
4615
4620
4625
4630
4635
4640
4645
4650
4655
4660
4665
4670
4675
4680
4685
4690
4695
4700
4705
4710
4715
4720
4725
4730
4735
4740
4745
4750
4755
4760
4765
4770
4775
4780
4785
4790
4795
4800
4805
4810
4815
4820
4825
4830
4835
4840
4845
4850
4855
4860
4865
4870
4875
4880
4885
4890
4895
4900
4905
4910
4915
4920
4925
4930
4935
4940
4945
4950
4955
4960
4965
4970
4975
4980
4985
4990
4995
5000
5005
5010
5015
5020
5025
5030
5035
5040
5045
5050
5055
5060
5065
5070
5075
5080
5085
5090
5095
5100
5105
5110
5115
5120
5125
5130
5135
5140
5145
5150
5155
5160
5165
5170
5175
5180
5185
5190
5195
5200
5205
5210
5215
5220
5225
5230
5235
5240
5245
5250
5255
5260
5265
5270
5275
5280
5285
5290
5295
5300
5305
5310
5315
5320
5325
5330
5335
5340
5345
5350
5355
5360
5365
5370
5375
5380
5385
5390
5395
5400
5405
5410
5415
5420
5425
5430
5435
5440
5445
5450
5455
5460
5465
5470
5475
5480
5485
5490
5495
5500
5505
5510
5515
5520
5525
5530
5535
5540
5545
5550
5555
5560
5565
5570
5575
5580
5585
5590
5595
5600
5605
5610
5615
5620
5625
5630
5635
5640
5645
5650
5655
5660
5665
5670
5675
5680
5685
5690
5695
5700
5705
5710
5715
5720
5725
5730
5735
5740
5745
5750
5755
5760
5765
5770
5775
5780
5785
5790
5795
5800
5805
5810
5815
5820
5825
5830
5835
5840
5845
5850
5855
5860
5865
5870
5875
5880
5885
5890
5895
5900
5905
5910
5915
5920
5925
5930
5935
5940
5945
5950
5955
5960
5965
5970
5975
5980
5985
5990
5995
6000
6005
6010
6015
6020
6025
6030
6035
6040
6045
6050
6055
6060
6065
6070
6075
6080
6085
6090
6095
6100
6105
6110
6115
6120
6125
6130
6135
6140
6145
6150
6155
6160
6165
6170
6175
6180
6185
6190
6195
6200
6205
6210
6215
6220
6225
6230
6235
6240
6245
6250
6255
6260
6265
6270
6275
6280
6285
6290
6295
6300
6305
6310
6315
6320
6325
6330
6335
6340
6345
6350
6355
6360
6365
6370
6375
6380
6385
6390
6395
6400
6405
6410
6415
6420
6425
6430
6435
6440
6445
6450
6455
6460
6465
6470
6475
6480
6485
6490
6495
6500
6505
6510
6515
6520
6525
6530
6535
6540
6545
6550
6555
6560
6565
6570
6575
6580
6585
6590
6595
6600
6605
6610
6615
6620
6625
6630
6635
6640
6645
6650
6655
6660
6665
6670
6675
6680
6685
6690
6695
6700
6705
6710
6715
6720
6725
6730
6735
6740
6745
6750
6755
6760
6765
6770
6775
6780
6785
6790
6795
6800
6805
6810
6815
6820
6825
6830
6835
6840
6845
6850
6855
6860
6865
6870
6875
6880
6885
6890
6895
6900
6905
6910
6915
6920
6925
6930
6935
6940
6945
6950
6955
6960
6965
6970
6975
6980
6985
6990
6995
7000
7005
7010
7015
7020
7025
7030
7035
7040
7045
7050
7055
7060
7065
7070
7075
7080
7085
7090
7095
7100
7105
7110
7115
7120
7125
7130
7135
7140
7145
7150
7155
7160
7165
7170
7175
7180
7185
7190
7195
7200
7205
7210
7215
7220
7225
7230
7235
7240
7245
7250
7255
7260
7265
7270
7275
7280
7285
7290
7295
7300
7305
7310
7315
7320
7325
7330
7335
7340
7345
7350
7355
7360
7365
7370
7375
7380
7385
7390
7395
7400
7405
7410
7415
7420
7425
7430
7435
7440
7445
7450
7455
7460
7465
7470
7475
7480
7485
7490
7495
7500
7505
7510
7515
7520
7525
7530
7535
7540
7545
7550
7555
7560
7565
7570
7575
7580
7585
7590
7595
7600
7605
7610
7615
7620
7625
7630
7635
7640
7645
7650
7655
7660
7665
7670
7675
7680
7685
7690
7695
7700
7705
7710
7715
7720
7725
7730
7735
7740
7745
7750
7755
7760
7765
7770
7775
7780
7785
7790
7795
7800
7805
7810
7815
7820
7825
7830
7835
7840
7845
7850
7855
7860
7865
7870
7875
7880
7885
7890
7895
7900
7905
7910
7915
7920
7925
7930
7935
7940
7945
7950
7955
7960
7965
7970
7975
7980
7985
7990
7995
8000
8005
8010
8015
8020
8025
8030
8035
8040
8045
8050
8055
8060
8065
8070
8075
8080
8085
8090
8095
8100
8105
8110
8115
8120
8125
8130
8135
8140
8145
8150
8155
8160
8165
8170
8175
8180
8185
8190
8195
8200
8205
8210
8215
8220
8225
8230
8235
8240
8245
8250
8255
8260
8265
8270
8275
8280
8285
8290
8295
8300
8305
8310
8315
8320
8325
8330
8335
8340
8345
8350
8355
8360
8365
8370
8375
8380
8385
8390
8395
8400
8405
8410
8415
8420
8425
8430
8435
8440
8445
8450
8455
8460
8465
8470
8475
8480
8485
8490
8495
8500
8505
8510
8515
8520
8525
8530
8535
8540
8545
8550
8555
8560
8565
8570
8575
8580
8585
8590
8595
8600
8605
8610
8615
8620
8625
8630
8635
8640
8645
8650
8655
8660
8665
8670
8675
8680
8685
8690
8695
8700
8705
8710
8715
8720
8725
8730
8735
8740
8745
8750
8755
8760
8765
8770
8775
8780
8785
8790
8795
8800
8805
8810
8815
8820
8825
8830
8835
8840
8845
8850
8855
8860
8865
8870
8875
8880
8885
8890
8895
8900
8905
8910
8915
8920
8925
8930
8935
8940
8945
8950
8955
8960
8965
8970
8975
8980
8985
8990
8995
9000
9005
9010
9015
9020
9025
9030
9035
9040
9045
9050
9055
9060
9065
9070
9075
9080
9085
9090
9095
9100
9105
9110
9115
9120
9125
9130
9135
9140
9145
9150
9155
9160
9165
9170
9175
9180
9185
9190
9195
9200
9205
9210
9215
9220
9225
9230
9235
9240
9245
9250
9255
9260
9265
9270
9275
9280
9285
9290
9295
9300
9305
9310
9315
9320
9325
9330
9335
9340
9345
9350
9355
9360
9365
9370
9375
9380
9385
9390
9395
9400
9405
9410
9415
9420
9425
9430
9435
9440
9445
9450
9455
9460
9465
9470
9475
9480
9485
9490
9495
9500
9505
9510
9515
9520
9525
9530
9535
9540
9545
9550
9555
9560
9565
9570
9575
9580
9585
9590
9595
9600
9605
9610
9615
9620
9625
9630
9635
9640
9645
9650
9655
9660
9665
9670
9675
9680
9685
9690
9695
9700
9705
9710
9715
9720
9725
9730
9735
9740
9745
9750
9755
9760
9765
9770
9775
9780
9785
9790
9795
9800
9805
9810
9815
9820
9825
9830
9835
9840
9845
9850
9855
9860
9865
9870
9875
9880
9885
9890
9895
9900
9905
9910
9915
9920
9925
9930
9935
9940
9945
9950
9955
9960
9965
9970
9975
9980
9985
9990
9995
10000

VISIT OF CEREMONY TO A HAREM.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

IN THE YO-SEMITE VALLEY.

SOUND! sound! sound!
O colossal walls, and crowned,
In one eternal thunder!
Sound! sound! sound!
O ye oceans overhead,
While we walk subdued in wonder,
In the ferns and grasses under
And beside the swift Mercéd.

Fret! fret! fret!
O ye sounding banners, set
On the giant granite casties
In the clouds and in the snow.
But the foe he comes not yet—
We are loyal, valiant vassals,
And we touch the trailing tassels
Of the banners far below.

Surge! surge! surge!
From the white Sierra's verge,
To the very valley blossom.
Surge! surge! surge!
Yet the song-bird builds a home,
And the mossy branches cross them,
And the tasseled tree-tops toss them
In the clouds of falling foam.

Sweep! sweep! sweep!
O ye heaven-born and deep,
In one dread-unbroken chorus!
We may wonder or may weep,
We may wait on God before us;
We may shout or lift a hand,
We may bow down and deplore us,
But may never understand.

Beat! beat! beat!
We advance, but would retreat
From this restless, broken breast
Of the earth in a convulsion.
We would rest, but dare not rest,
For the angel of expulsion
From this Paradise below
Waves us onward, and . . . we go!

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE PINK COUNTESS.

By Joaquin Miller.

Chapter I.

THE ONE FAIR WOMAN.

"The one fair woman of the whole wide world."
—Browning.

"Others for others, but she for me—
The one fair woman beneath the sun."
—Hay.

UCCESSFUL men live in the age in which they are born. Great men live in advance of it. Poets and painters belong to no age. They fit in nowhere on top of the earth. They are more out of place than the other great men in the world's gallery of statuary. This young man, whom we shall name Murietta in order that his real name may be concealed, was of this class.

In the year 18—, the world applauded this young artist, Murietta, and pronounced him a genius of the very highest order.

As the world is nearly always wrong, it is safe to say that in this case it was at least partly so. In justice to the young artist, who was being borne as it were on the shoulders of his seniors, and held up to the full gaze of the great, I may say that he himself half suspected that the world lied. Yet he was not so terribly displeased after all at the falsehood.

In the year 18— the world denounced the young artist Murietta as an impostor, a libertine, and a fraud of the very worst stamp.

As the world, if we may repeat the expression, is nearly always wrong, perhaps it was mistaken again. As for young Murietta, he was this time himself perfectly certain that the world lied. But this time he was certainly displeased and troubled too. And sad as it was, and certain as he was in this conviction, in truth I must say that this time he stood almost alone in his belief.

His had been an eventful story, which we may come upon further on. Boy as he was, he was scarred all over by battle. He had lived the life of a man in his boyhood. His heart lay broken in bits and scattered like clay all over the world where he had wandered. With all that, he had never yet met the one great woman of his life, the one whom somehow he felt all the time was standing somewhere in the world by his path of life, waiting till he should come that way.

Woman, full, complete, and perfect woman, was to him the whole wide world. He would follow her, worship afar off, wait and watch if by some chance he might be able to do her service. His soul, and sense of duty to woman, was that of a knight of old. Murietta was born out of his time. Amid the revolutions of his land, he had grown up in the field and camp almost without culture, and was what the world, with its usual felicity for fitting a man in his proper niche, was very happy to call a half-savage.

That the young new-risen star was a little rough in his appearance and blunt in expression, is true. But his voice was low and soft, his manner gentle, engaging, almost child-like, certainly timid, shrinking, shy of the gaze and attention of men. He stood alone, mantled in the gloom of his individuality.

A soldier by chance and fortune, yet his figure was lithe and light as that of a woman. His was a striking face for that age. Men were always saying, "Why, I have seen that face before!" In fact, it was a face that men would paint, would see, without knowing it. Artist as he was by nature, his face, half hidden in blonde and abundant hair that hung to the shoulders, was such a face as painters would paint and men would buy and hang on their walls, and yet know not why. And still it was not beautiful, not by any manner of means. It was a sympathetic face, full of affection and full of truth, of resolution, self-will, defiance, doubt. That is, sometimes.

Faces change so. Let a face be backed by blood and mettle, let the soul be tempered by experience and made mellow as a ploughed field by troubles that have torn it up, let it be made charitable of the sins of others by a sense of its own sins—and you have a face that will win you, plain as it may be, and a face that will wear as many changes of expression as the wind and weather.

This man had come upon his art by instinct. He had fancied, or perhaps really seen, things of beauty; he knew they were hiding back behind his canvas, that some day they would come out from there, stand before him, droop, lean, reach, live, look him in the face, and talk back to him and answer the solitude of his soul. In his solitary hours he had seen them, distant, dim, faint, and far away. They seemed to be afraid to draw near.

By devotion, self-denial, adoration, love for the beautiful, and a sincere and simple life, he made him familiar with their ways, and then they came, and he made them his friends for ever.

With all his love for woman, as I have said, he had never yet seen the one certain destiny of his life. Yet he knew she lived. He knew perfectly well that she would come, as the figures and faces of beauty had come on his canvas. And he knew he would recognize her when she came. He pictured her a tall and silent woman, dark and half mysterious; strong, moving a world, yet scarce moving a hand, a central figure, a sun with a thousand stars that moved as she moved, that knew no light but hers.

The first year, the one and only year, of his glory was gone. The young artist was no more a wonder. People began to measure their praise, to doubt, to damn with a definition of qualities. Soon made, soon marred. All sudden growths, as a rule, are the story of Jonah's gourd.

At last, without design, without desiring such a thing now, at a time in fact when he almost wished his dream of her to be and remain for ever but a dream and fancy, he met this one fair woman face to face in one of the highest social circles of London society.

He had heard her name without knowing it or caring for it. He had been dreaming all day, was dreaming still. He did not see her till he stood before her in the gorgeous saloon, splendid with all the magnificence of modern art and civilization, and set about by beautiful women and noble men, and she the one chief centre stone in the shining casket.

Then he lifted his eyes to hers, dark and deep and thoughtful, and full of fire. Their light startled him. He wakened from his dream, shrunk back embarrassed, stammered some strange words that he himself did not understand, and in the whirl and movement of the company took refuge at once, and was perhaps at once forgotten by this wonderful woman. At least she betrayed no consciousness, no emotion, no interest whatever.

Possibly she had not heard his name. Possibly she had heard too much of it. Possibly she, too, had been dreaming like himself that night, and did not waken at all. All these and a thousand other possibilities poured through the young man's brain from that day forth. He did not dare to see her again. Yet dreaming or awake he saw nothing but her, heard no sound but her voice—a voice that was so full of soul, of song, of sympathy, so refreshing, soft, and mellow; like the fountain of Trevi.

Murietta, as I have said, knew certainly that he would on one day meet this woman. Knowing this by some sort of intuition, a sort of revelation that belongs to certain natures cursed or blessed with intense sensibility, he had been content to wait, to go on silently and in a satisfied sort of way with his work, without once considering what he should do when the time came.

No doubt if he had been asked, or if he had asked himself, he would have replied confidently that he should at once address her, tell her the truth briefly, freely, frank and bold as a soldier, and possess her.

As it was, however, he did not address her at all. He ran away. He began for the first time in his life to fear. He could not exactly tell what it was that he feared; but he felt himself tremble in the presence of woman, of man, alone, in crowds, and all the time impressed with the fear that something dreadful was about to happen. Strange horrors began to pour in upon him from a hundred quarters. He had done nothing at all but hide himself away and try all the time to get that one face from between him and his old loves and beautiful princesses on the canvas. It was impossible. He was now miserable beyond expression. Men began to note his change of manner and of mind. His enemies were delighted; his few, very few friends shook their heads and left him nearly alone.

This could not go on with a mind like his. One day in a mood of desperation he resolved to ask who she was. Strange enough, he had not dared mention her name to any one since that night. When at last, pale, excited, trembling, he found the man who could tell him what he sought to learn of her, he found his tongue tied and his mouth dry as if he had had a fever. He wanted to take this man by the collar and lead him into a dark place and turn his face to the wall, and make him tell him there, with his eyes held down and in a voice that only he could hear, who she was and what her name and history.

That, I should say, is love—love, deep, self-denying, indescribable.

To his relief, the man led up to the subject of his heart, and told him all about her while he stood by the fire in early Autumn, and looked out through the window at a man, with a tray on his head and a little bell in his hand, hawking his wares.

The tale was soon told, or at least so much as the man chose to relate, and the artist still stood looking out of the window. The friend set down his glass and laid his hand on his shoulder. The artist started.

"I was looking at the man with the tray and bell. Very singular; very pretty; 'twould make a picture."

The friend stooped a little and looked through the window; but no man with a tray was to be seen. In fact he had gone on half an hour before. But to the artist he was still there, ringing his little brass bell up in his own right ear, as if to be certain he made a great noise to attract the little people to buy his wares.

The men looked each other in the face. The artist was pale and embarrassed.

"You are ill. You must stop work. Do you know what your friends say?"

"My friends?"

"Aye, your friends—the world?"

"No."

"Shall I tell you?"

"Well, yes, since we had as well hear one falsehood from the world as another."

"But it will offend you?"

"I have passed that phase."

"I fear it will annoy you."

"Nonsense. You annoy me by your insinuations. Speak plain."

"Well, then, my dear fellow, you must stop work."

"Is that what the world says?"

"Well, no, not exactly, but——"

"But, but, but!"

The artist drew up his hands and wrung them nervously as he looked at his so-called friend.

"But—but! Well?"

"They say you—you—that you are ill—and——"

"And—and!" This time the hands clutched the shoulder. They shook the man, and they shook these words from out between his chattering teeth.

"And that you—you—are—that you will go mad—insane!"

The artist shook off his friend and found his way into the street.

"Cabman. India Docks."

"Right."

The Italian flag was fluttering from the masthead of a ship steaming as if just about to start. It bore the word "Genoa."

"Genoa! Genoa? why not? That is in Italy. And *she* is in Italy."

Down the stormy channel around the rocky gates of Hercules, and up the choppy, ugly Mediterranean, and they drew in upon the isolated city of palaces.

At his hotel the good consul sought Murietta out; but he was still sad and thoughtful.

"You will dine with me?"

"No."

"You will at least call and spend an hour—see my family."

"No, no, no. I am not in a mood to see happy people."

Then suddenly turning to the consul after a moment's silence—

"Consul, do me a favor."

"With pleasure, if it is in my power."

"Then take me to see those that are unhappy! the miserable. I was born to that estate. I belong to that class."

The consul hesitated.

"I am miserable to-day; take me among my kind to-day! To-morrow I shall be more cheerful."

They passed up the narrow crowded streets with mighty marble palaces on either hand, up past many fountains, up many steps, under many arches, around a spiral stairway of marble, till suddenly they stood before the Jardin Nero with its tropical flowers, its fountains, its birds, its beasts, and its thousand happy children and beautiful women.

The consul turned his back to this, and led across the shady walk to the beautiful public drive, with its double rows of trees, its fountains, its bands of music, and its whirl of carriages that follow one another around and around on this delightful drive overlooking the sea, that seems to have been, fashioned from a half-leveled mountain.

"There!"

"Folly, folly! I asked for the unhappy. You bring me to this whirl of gaiety—this giddiness of delight!"

"You asked for the miserable. Here they are! There they sit in those carriages! There are the truly unhappy! and so it is the wide world over."

Murietta grasped his hand. He looked him in the face as if he would look him through.

"You have uttered a great truth. I knew it before. I have felt it often before, but dared not say."

Around and around the carriages whirled two and two, and then in double line in meeting, they drove four deep, and the horses took in the spirit of the splendid sunset scene, and bent their necks and tossed their manes and stepped as if they scarcely touched the ground. A group of peasants in gay and beautiful dress with their glorious hair about their shoulders danced below an acacia tree in

the sprinkle of the fountain, while the officers in splendid uniforms moved leisurely up and down, bowed to the black-eyed women seated here and there in twos and threes, and the black-eyed women blushed behind their fans in return; and all the time the fountains plashed and played in the gold of the sloping sun, while the bands played martial airs and then low and tender melodies.

The carriages were largely those of foreigners. They were filled with beautiful women and men who wore a look of more care certainly than was consistent with the scene. There was a fearful rivalry between many of these splendid equipages.

This one had the best horses in Genoa, but that one had a carriage that shone with gold and silver; then this carriage bore the most beautiful woman in the world, while that one claimed a special glory because it bore the Crown Prince of Italy.

Chapter II.

THE LADY IN PINK.

MURIETTA stood there looking at, and yet not half beholding, the scene before him. He was devouring the thought that the consul had given him as if his soul had been hungry. He was turning it over, testing it, trying to prove that it was false, and yet at every turn of the gay equipage finding evidence of its truth.

From the first there was one carriage, however, that had a special attraction for him. A little boy, with long light hair like gold and sunshine woven together, sat on a front seat dressed in blue velvet, and looking down at the happy peasant children, as if he would like to join them and be happy too.

Beside this boy sat or lounged a great six-foot seaman-looking fellow in a white vest, pea-jacket, and sailor hat, which he was constantly lifting, and sometimes to people who did not respond, and a swagger in his air that spoke as plain as words could speak that his place and position in the world, whatever it was, was about as unsteady as the deck of a ship. Yet he had a powerful face, powerful for wickedness. He certainly had a chin like Dante. He as certainly had an eye like the devil. One hand was constantly employed in lifting his hat; the other kept a sort of reach and regard for the little boy at his side.

As this carriage whirled past, the consul lifted his hat to the very beautiful blonde lady dressed all in soft shades of pink or rose, who sat with her husband on the back seat; and the big man with the big chin lifted his hat in return and bowed twice to the consul.

The beautiful lady smiled with an expression of sadness that was even painful, but only smiled. The husband, a handsome, graceful, Italian-looking gentleman, with a small hand and a small weak nose, and a small head which was slightly bald, lifted his hat also, with that ease and composure which shows at least the gentleman bred and born.

"Beautiful!" said the consul.

"Sad!" sighed the artist.

The two walked on together.

But Murietta could not forget that face. It was the face of a child. The eyes were large and liquid, yet soft and timid as those of a baby. Her complexion was rose and alabaster. She seemed to blush to her shoulders as she breathed. With her pure pitiful face, sad and sweet and lonesome, with its touch of tenderness for her little boy with hair so like her own, she to Murietta was by far the most beautiful of all the beautiful women of Genoa.

"Who are they?"

"It's a sad story."

"I knew it was sad. Let me imagine it. It will give me food for to-night whilst prowling through the silent city."

The sun had set on Genoa. The pretty dancers had disappeared, the bands had broken in pieces, and here and there a man, with a great brass instrument coiled about him, stood bantering, cap in hand, with some fair woman.

The two men were leaving the garden as the carriage with the sad pretty face above the soft rose robes was passing. The consul bowed. The fair woman half turned her head to the man beside her, and he reached his arm and touched the footman. The footman turned his head to the coachman, and the carriage stopped.

The consul stepped up towards the carriage door, shook hands with the gentleman, and then took the extended hand of the big man with the big chin, while the little boy only looked down from the carriage at the doves that strutted about and pecked in the dust near to the wheels and the horses' feet.

"Glad to see you, dear consul," said the big man with the big chin as he clutched the hand in his. "Glad to see you," continued the deep bass voice. "I am a man who carries his heart in his hand, you know. A rough but honest sailor. Glad to see you looking so well, 'pon my word."

The lady looked in the consul's face with her great, sad child's eyes, so full of wonder all the time, and then she looked at his companion, who had held back as if to escape an introduction.

"My friend Murietta—the Countess Edna."

The lady smiled sadly, sighed as if from habit, and bowed as the artist lifted his hat and held it poised in the air. Then he shook hands with the gentleman at her side who was introduced as "Count Edna," and was about to withdraw.

"You are not of the family of Murietta, the artist?"

The artist blushed and bowed in the affirmative.

The consul said something in a half whisper, and then the lady again reached her hand. The gentleman at her side was over civil; and, while the great captain by the little boy, who had just been introduced, was declaring that he was a man who carried his heart in his hand, and was only a rough but honest sailor, the polite gendarme came with his finger to his cap, motioned the carriage to proceed, and the two parties were separated.

The day was done, and the consul and the artist were walking on together toward the Hôtel Italie.

"The poor count has a sorry time of it indeed," observed the consul.

"And why? He certainly seems the happier of the two."

"Ah! you do not understand. He is a poor Italian, of illustrious family, who has married this American heiress. She, it is believed, is mad. She tells strange things of the count and his companions. Well, then, there is a history!—a sort of story which nobody knows much about; for the count is so affectionate, so faithful, and so careful of his wife's good fame, that he would die rather than reveal it. Still, I am partly in his confidence; and he has hinted at enough to make at least a dozen men miserable."

"Well, she at least is miserable."

"She is mad!" added the consul, emphatically.

Murietta put his hand to his brow. He began to wonder if the consul had heard what his enemies had said of him. He looked in the face of his friend, and drew a breath of relief.

"And that big man with the little boy?"

"A sort of keeper, and a friend of the good count's."

"And are they long in Genoa?"

"Oh, so-so! for the season of a few weeks like all travelers. And they too, like all the English-speaking people, are at the same hotel with yourself."

THE INTERIOR OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL AT ROME.

Murietta shrugged his shoulders, and wished them almost anywhere else.

"Whatever she is, I am not in a mood to meet her. As for the count, he is too soft. I should despise him."

As Murietta turned the corner in the street, he laid a finger of his left hand in the open palm of his right, and said emphatically, "Honest men don't tell you that they carry their hearts in their hands." Then they parted.

CHAPTER III.

THE COUNTESS EDNA.

IF this fair sad-faced lady, the Countess Edna, was beautiful as she sat in the carriage, she was tenfold more so as she moved in her rich Italian dress down the hall to the *salle* that evening to dinner.

Murietta was there before she entered. He had his face

on his upturned palm, and was moody and silent, and dissatisfied with Genoa. He had not seen her enter, although he had been looking straight in that direction. When he first saw her, she was walking, or rather gliding, moving as if on waves, coming noiselessly, save the rustle of her trailing pink garment straight upon him. He rose to his feet, and her husband, who followed, very gently seated her at the table only a remove or two away.

Again Murietta fell into his mood, let his head fall on his upturned palm in an abstracted *abandon* that had been rudeness in any other than this careless land of repose, and fell to thinking of her he fain would find.

There was the prettiest little laugh, and the beautiful countess turned her head just a little, and Murietta turned to look, admire, and listen.

The big admiral sat opposite, bowed to Murietta low, reached his hand as if he held his heart in it—and then turned to look with a sort of hungry expression at his prisoner.

The Count Edna sat beside his lady, and beyond her sat the red-faced, fat, very proper English clergyman, in black clothes, with his napkin tucked up under his chin.

The lady had been speaking to this clergyman, and he had evidently been talking of or quoting the Italian poets.

"Dante!" laughed the lady, "ha! ha! it was Dante who wrote all about hell, was it not?"

The clergyman bowed profoundly.

"Well, was Dante ever married?"

The clergyman laid down his knife and fork, and rolled his eyes about, and lifted up the lower part of his napkin and threatened his mouth with it, and held it there theologically and in silence.

The count sighed, and looked down the table for sympathy. A very long spinster in gold spectacles away down the table said, "Poor lady," loud enough for all to hear, and the hungry admiral whipped out a book and wrote something under the shadow of his enormous chin.

"Because," continued the countess, as if she had not heard or seen a thing that passed, though she heard, saw, felt all, and more than all—"because I want to read Dante once more, and must inform myself on this point, for I have no confidence in authors who get their information and ideas of hell second-hand!"

As the dinner advanced the big admiral melted away under the influence of Italian wine, and withdrew, taking the count in tow. The man sandwiched in between the artist and the countess was fairly absorbed by the literary lady in gold spectacles, and finally drawn out to her side; and thus Murietta found himself at last almost alone by the very woman he had wished to avoid.

He had expected her to begin and wear him out in a dozen ways at once. On the contrary, she sat silent, as far as he was concerned, and only addressed herself to the little sunshine of a boy by her side.

"Yes," at last she answered to the old stereotyped question every traveler puts to his fellow-traveler by way of breaking the ice—"yes; she liked Genoa well. It had such a history—had been such a brave old crusader!"

"And then it discovered us!" added the artist.

The count and the lady's keeper had not returned. The little boy had been led away by a servant; and Murietta could do no less than offer the countess his arm. They entered the great parlor, and sat by the window alone overlooking a portion of the great city. It was white and splendid in the mellow moon.

"Look," said the lady, pointing to a great palace all covered with beautiful frescoes. "Does it not look as if the palace had been filled full of splendid pictures, and was now boiling over and spilling down on the outside?"

Her face was glorious with enthusiasm. But she stopped suddenly. She felt, rather than saw, that she was being watched. Murietta turned his head.

There stood the count in the doorway under the shadow of the enormous chin. Both men were glaring hard at the two who sat by the window, out of the dark of the doorway, and both men were drunk.

She leaned towards Murietta as if continuing the conversation.

"I have something to say. Ah! I *must* say it, and say it soon. Do not—do not run away from me. They all run away—all of them—whenever I begin to tell them how it is. I am prisoner. I am watched! I have talked to you to-night to prove to you that I am not mad. Am I mad? Do you think I am mad? Will you some day tell me? Will you some day sit still and hear me? Oh, I am so alone!"

She almost hissed these words into his ear. She had risen as she spoke, and now reaching her hand timidly, she said "Good night!" and was gone, through the door, into the hands of the count and under the shadow of the enormous chin.

Murietta paced his room that night. He was perfectly certain he had never seen so much beauty, so much quiet dignity, such devotion to art, and clear good sense in any one woman before. He was certain something was wrong. He had wished to avoid her. He was a knight by nature; but he did not care for a tilt now. The more he thought of the situation of things, the more he was perplexed and annoyed.

At last he drew back his foot, kicked an ottoman with all his might, said "Confound that woman!" and went to bed.

To bed, but not to sleep. The indescribable beauty of this woman was before him all the time. She seemed to be less of earth than of heaven. And then the sad and untold story of her life—the mystery. The weak, quiet count; the strong and stormy old admiral. Yet this was not the woman of his heart. He did not love this woman. He wished it was her as he tossed in his bed. Had it been her he had risen up and possessed her. He arose next morning with a fever.

The Countess Edna still lingered at breakfast in the coffee-room, and Murietta was not at all annoyed to see her there, bright and beautiful, as he entered. There was no cloud lowering over this sun in the shape of the count, no shadow of the great chin; and the little woman sat there sideways at the table in her light pink clothes, her little feet in pink slippers on a footstool, and seemed tranquil as the morning. Her lap was full of morning papers, which she perhaps had never meant to read, for they were tumbled promiscuously with magazines and little paper-covered novels right and left before her on the table.

She smiled her recognition, subdued and in silence, and turned her eyes to the chair opposite. Murietta hesitated. At another time when the sun shone less brightly, or his heart beat less lightly, he had not hesitated at all, but would have gone straight on to the little table away back in the corner, and stowed himself there out of sight as was his habit. But now he stood still and looked inquiringly around.

The lady lifted her eyes to his. She took hold of him as if he had been a prisoner. She led him with her eyes silently and gently to the place opposite, and as he bowed helplessly before her, and said, "With your permission," set him down there a captive to her beauty.

"Yes, the count was out on the bay with little Sunshine and the big admiral."

"Dear, dear, dead old Genoa!" The artist said this, half to himself and half to the lady, as he looked at the crumbling frescoes on the great palace wall opposite, for he did not wish to think of that ugly man the admiral on a morning

of such matchless beauty. The great brown eyes were wide open as if with wonder. The little pink feet tapped impatiently on the ottoman, and the papers rustled in the lap with the dress, and against the ruffles of soft pink and rose.

"No, no, no! Genoa is not dead. It seems to be taking a second growth. There are factories and machine-shops growing up about the outskirts of the town; and now and then a new palace or hotel is creeping up from the crowded mass of buildings within the walls. You can well imagine, however, that once the city slept. You can see where it stood still for nearly a thousand years—until the wonderful little Corsican came down the Alps and awakened all Italy with the thunder of his cannon. And since then there has been no sleep! but it has gone on steadily step by step—politically, socially, and materially—till the country stands in nowise in the rear of nations."

Murietta began to be troubled in his mind again. The pretty Italian actor, dressed for his part, and perfect in it, as if he had been all night at rehearsal, came sailing in here with two very bright and shining instruments lifted high in his hands, and held by two black and crooked handles. He came sidewise and bowing up to the table by Murietta, and bowing again, tilted his instruments, and at one and the same time turned a little cataract of boiling chalk and water, and a little cataract of burnt beans, misnamed coffee, into a great white coffee cup, and bowing again tilted back his instruments, lifted them in the air on a level with his head, and bowed himself back and sidewise with such artistic perfection that Murietta almost expected to see the curtain come down, and was a little disappointed that there was now a storm of applause from the frescoed ceilings and walls around.

"And I suppose you have 'done' Genoa?" he observed to the countess.

"No, no, not 'done' Genoa at all. Genoa is like Rome, inexhaustible!" she said. "One cannot well tire of looking at the old, old palaces, built Heaven knows when! One sees them still roofed with Roman tile, and on the side next the sun as red and bright as ever, but on the other slope gray and mossed, and made velvet, as if for the feet of Time. And then, within, the walls are made alive with masterpieces of painting; and some are hung with implements of war—trophies that were won, and banners that were borne in triumph through the Holy Land."

Again the papers and the ruffles rustled, and the little pink feet tapped restlessly on the gorgeous ottoman.

"Then there is a museum of antiquities—the collection, unlike those of our country and of England, made up mostly from older lands than Italy—as if these people counted theirs but a new country, and only the Orient gray enough to give them relics worth preserving. What a curious collection it is indeed! The implements of war are all gnawed and bitten by the teeth of Time; and the stained and yellow statuary is broken up as if it had been overthrown and ground and ground beneath the wheels of his chariot."

"We had an earthquake here last month; do you like earthquakes?"

The curtain was raised, or at least two actors entered here, bowing gracefully, dressed in splendid stage array, and bearing aloft a tray in each right hand, as they glided sideways towards the table. The china and the teaspoons met in convention on these trays, talked for a moment in an undertone, the stray bits of bread gathered themselves together as these graceful actors moved their hands over the linen. The trays lifted up light as balances; the graceful actors bowed, and, edging sideways, were gone, and the curtain seemed to come down and the piece was over.

"You have been to Nervi?"

The brown eyes, so soft, so childlike, so lonesome, so hungry for love, so wishful for just one friend, man or woman, brother, sister, mother, any one—they lifted to his timidly. Then as if half frightened they turned aside, and the lady laughed as if to divert herself, and tapped the ottoman and passed the regiment of novels all up and down with her little babylike right hand.

"Well, you must go to Nervi. I will tell you all about it. It is a little resting-place five or six miles down the line of the sea, and I often go out there for a day or two to see the patient, simple peasants at their work. The drive is the only really pleasant one around Genoa. You pass right under the little mountain where we first met—you look surprised. Well, you will find the road to the eastern gate of Genoa leads right under and through the little, half leveled mountain, on which that beautiful drive and garden with the trees is built. Then you pass through a great moss-grown gate that opens from the old and crowded city, and you pass many Madonnas fastened up in the walls of houses and over doors. And before these lamps are always burning, and the peasants never pass them without crossing themselves and lifting their tattered hats."

She stopped, looked away, and seemed to forget her narrative.

"Well?" said Murietta, as if to call her back to her subject.

"There are soldiers mounted on the mighty walls of the city, which is at least twenty miles in length; and you rarely pass the gate without having an officer peer into your carriage and pull at the robes, or whatever he likes to lay hands on.

The pretty actor entered, walked across the stage, let down the colored curtain, against the sun, and withdrew as she continued:

"And here as you drive on are our little lean and ever-patient friends the mules, in long dusty caravans, climbing up and down and around the rocky hills. Everything—milk, meat, bread, wine, pigs, chickens, children, old men, old women—all things, animate or inanimate, belonging to the peasantry, seem to climb up out of the dust into the baskets that hang from the sides of my thoughtful but not always silent little friends. I met one of these little fellows, not much larger than a Newfoundland dog, not long ago as I came into town. The two little bare-headed and bare-footed boys, who were on their way to the mountains to get a load of wood, had climbed into the baskets, and there they lay curled up like kittens and fast asleep. It was a very warm day, and the solemn little donkey was taking it very slow, and letting his long ears flop and flag as if they had wilted in the sun; but he did not stop nor bump the baskets against the walls, nor do anything to disturb the little sleepers."

"Babes of the woods! How I should like to paint them!" mused the artist.

"I am bound to say they are all very lazy," she continued. "You see them asleep by the roadside—asleep among the grape-vines—asleep on the great stone walls. It is my opinion that when an Italian is not singing an opera, or acting a piece, he is asleep. On this pleasant drive to and from Nervi, I must tell you there are two institutions that you cannot avoid, and with which you must not quarrel. One is an old demented beggar, who fancies that he is an officer, and insists on inspecting your carriage for contraband goods. A penny, however, will satisfy him that it is all right, and he will let you pass. The dear old fellow has learnt that from the real officers; such a satire, is it not? The other institution is a one-legged beggar with matches. Now there is no use in trying to drive away from this man. I have tried it, and there is not a horse in all Genoa that can escape him. He is the liveliest Italian I ever saw. It is safe to say that he can outrun any

two-legged peasant to be found on this grape-clad slope of the Apennines."

The soft tones stopped at last; the little pink feet played their tattoo again, and the nervous little dimpled right hand began to set the regiments of novels in motion as if a battle was about to begin.

The brown eyes opened wide and clear and candid, and she looked to Murietta as if he could rise up in spirit and march in through those beautiful broad, opened doors and enter her soul, and sit down there and rest perfectly satisfied that there was nothing but good, but peace, but charity, but sympathy, hope, and faith, and love.

"I will go to Nervi, lady." He leaned over the table on his arms as he spoke, and looked full in her face with his old enthusiasm and frankness. "I will go to Nervi. I will go as if on a road that a saint had traveled. I will lift my hat as I pass the places you have named. Your little peasant boys, your beggars, even the little mules, shall have all the road as for me, for I will turn aside and let them pass. I will see in each one of them an immortal picture. Your custom-house officer shall take me a prisoner, and your one-legged beggar——"

The lady turned white as the marbles on the mantel. Her eyes fell, she did not look around. She knew that *he* was there, and the blood went back to her heart in such floods that it beat and beat as if there was indeed to be a battle.

The enormous man with that dreadful chin was standing in the door, and the mild-eyed count, with his weak nose as red as a priest's, was standing under his shadow, watching the beautiful woman and the enthusiastic artist.

The warm blood of Murietta flowed also. But it was not with fear. He saw the situation of things but imperfectly, yet he saw enough to know perfectly well that there was a wrong, and that a woman was the sufferer.

A man has no right to ask to know more. This to a man should be enough to ensure his action. But it is not enough in this day of shops and shoddy. The creature man, the coward, must first know that he, his name, his position, his money, his all, is not only safe, but that he is to be paid for his services as a sort of upper servant is paid, and then he works. Bah! Out upon the time!

Murietta did not move. He did not even draw back his eager face, but sat there the same as if no one had come upon the scene.

The beautiful lady, pale as a California lily, sank and settled down, as if she would disappear in the rosy folds of her robe.

"Lady," the artist went on as if he still spoke of the drive to Nervi—"lady, do not fear, do not move unless you desire. No hand shall touch you, no tongue shall insult you here."

"Oh sir, you do not know what you say. You do not know what you promise. You do not know a thing about it. Ah, if you only knew! Now—now—now——" she put her little hands to the side of her head as if in pain—"Ah, I have wasted time! I was coming to it, you know. I was going to tell you. I wanted to prove to you that I was all right—that—that—you——"

"Will you come?" called the count, at the same time lifting his hat civilly.

"Come, come, it's past meridian," thundered the admiral.

The lady rose, smiled sadly, bowed, looking back, and went out a prisoner.

Why did they not come in? and why did she go away?

Chapter IV.

GOOD-BYE, BEAUTIFUL LADY!

Murietta, finding himself left alone, after loitering an hour or two about the hotel, went to his friend the consul.

The consul was a good man, which is a new thing in an American officer abroad. The consul was also a politician and a politic man, which is not a new thing at all. In fact, had he not been a politician he had not been a consul.

The consul shook his head and laughed.

"My dear boy, this is no new thing. Pardon my liberty, but the lady does not suffer. She tells, or tries to tell, some sort of a story to every one who will listen to it. At least, so I hear," added the consul in a sort of foot-note, for he was a politician, and did not like to be positive or say anything that meant an open assertion.

"Has she ever told anything to you?"

"No, nothing."

"And you have known her and you like her?"

"Yes," bowed the consul.

"And you have known her long and like her much?"

"Like her? yes, exceedingly. She is a good woman, as good as she is beautiful, and that is saying much! but she is really, you know——" The consul touched his forehead, tapped it with his fingers, and shut his eyes.

"Yes, I understand what you mean. But may you not be mistaken? May not she be a prisoner? May not this husband be a jealous little monster? an old man of the mountains?"

The merry consul laughed again, rose up, reached a cigar, struck a match, and with his cigar between his teeth, and the light still burning in his fingers, which he held around it like a lantern, said:

"Murietta, look here! You are an artist, an enthusiast, and a dreamer. Half the time you are asleep, the other half you are altogether too much awake. You do things in a wild and unreasonable way. Now you listen to me. I do not sleep, I do not dream; I am always awake. Level head, you see."

He tapped his bald head with his finger after throwing away the match, and seated himself by the side of his friend.

"I see," said Murietta, though he did not exactly see what he meant.

"Well, I make no mistakes. Now let me tell you what to do. Will you hear me? will you take my advice?

"Yes, that is——"

"That is, what?"

"Well, when I see anybody in trouble, I am not to be persuaded to let them suffer; you may take my word for that."

"Suffer! Do you suppose a lady with a hundred thousand francs, a husband, a titled gentleman of culture, who is with her as if he was her shadow, can be allowed to suffer? No, no, my boy, depend upon it you are in the wrong. You have no experience with women—no *sava*, as your Mexicans would say. Besides, you cannot afford to mix up in this matter, even though there should be the least bit of tyranny."

"And why could I not afford it?"

"Well, what would the world say?"

"That for the world, and all it can say and all it can do." Murietta sprang to his feet and snapped his fingers, as if he was snapping the cap of a pistol in the face of the world. "In the teeth of the world I have lived thus far, and in the teeth of the world I shall die! Let me have the good opinion of myself, and I will whistle in the face of men and win them at my feet."

He threw away his cigar, came up and stood before the consul. The flame that had shot up, beautiful as it was, was dying out. It had been too intense. His mind had been strung to a sort of madness that morning, and now, in the presence of the cool and clear-headed friend, it was tempering down.

"Well, you will pardon me. I am sorry. I want only to

serve the lady, not to annoy you. I see that you are wiser in these things than I. Besides, what can I do for her?"

"Listen. Will you do as I advise?"

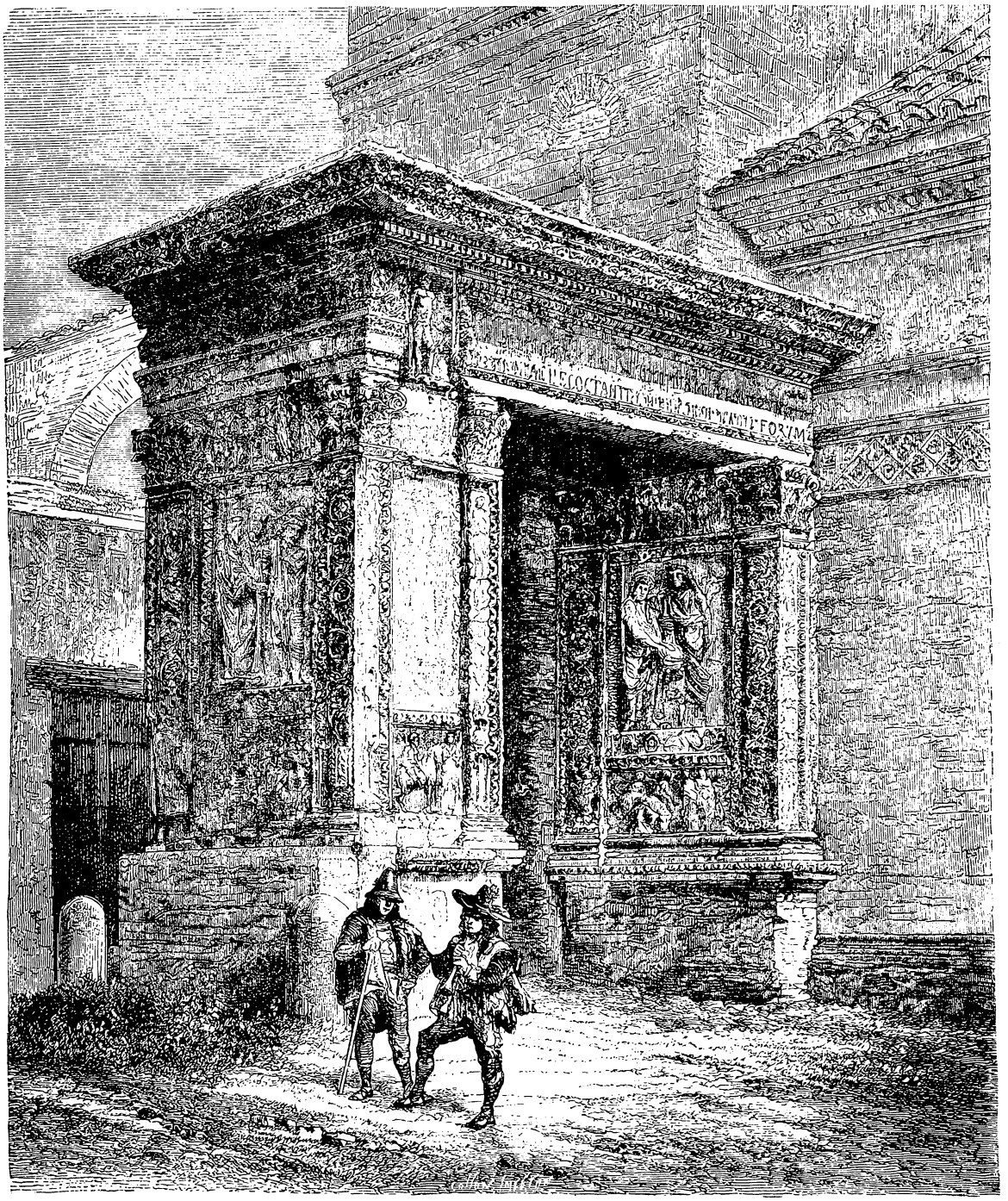
"Yes."

"Well, you will *do* Genoa to-day and to-night. At dawn to-morrow there is a ship goes out for Naples. A glorious sea, and a glorious sail it will be. You, my friend, are not now the man to reach a hand into any man's or woman's affairs. You would only spoil all. Wait, if you must interfere, for a more convenient season."

The artist thought a moment, thought of the old trouble, the days before he left the British Isles—and this confirmed him. He reached his hand.

"You are perfectly right and I trust you. I will go on the ship that leaves Genoa for Naples to-morrow morning."

That night Murietta stood by the old city wall above the sea, and watched the sun go down on Genoa. Away to the left the sea and sky were one unbroken curve of blue; but to the west the sun wedged in between the two and lit it up like a far light in some vast and eternal temple. And then it fell like a sinking isle of fire, and it was night in the city of the Holy Grail.



THE MONEY-CHANGERS' ARCH AT ROME.

The artist did not retire. He did not even return to his hotel. He passed the night wandering through the dark mysterious streets of Genoa. As morning approached he touched the high wall to the north. The sea winds blew and faned the stars into a tender light.

Looking up the Apennines and beyond the wall, Murietta saw a thousand—nay, ten thousand—lights on the mountain sides that looked down upon the city from the cottages of

men who trimmed the vines or tended goats upon the hills. Higher and higher the eye followed the loftier Apennines, further and fainter shone the little lights from the grape-growers' doors, until the mountain-tops were lost in the distance and the cottage lights were lost among the stars.

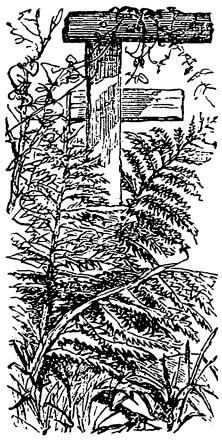
The sun came suddenly over the hill, blew out the little lights of the cottages and the little lamps up in the purple heavens—and it was morning in Genoa!

"Good-bye, beautiful lady!" The dreamer stood on the deck of the ship as she foamed through the opaline sea, and looked sadly back and kissed his hand and said—

"I am a coward."

Chapter V.

ROSES IN HER PATH.



FROM man and from woman Murietta wished to fly. Nature opens her arms, her heart to man, when weary of his follies and of his kind. He found an old man—a sort of American missionary—for a guide, and made haste to ascend Vesuvius. At the hermitage they stopped, dismounted, and turned to look on the world below. Ships on the bay blew in and out, white as seagulls' wings, and their sails seemed scarcely larger. The great city of Naples seemed drawn up close to the base of the mountain. The sea seemed to be almost under them.

Suddenly some clouds blew in between them and the sea. These clouds were below them. The thunder growled as if it had been a monstrous beast shut up in the caves of broken lava.

Then there was lightning. Then the clouds rolled black and dense, and tumbled like seas of the north.

Then the lightning wove and wound below them as if running threads of fire and gold in this woop and warp of storm and darkness. Then stab, stab, stab! the lightning struck at the earth as if angry; and the thunder boomed, and then the great white rain, high-born, beautiful rain, poured down below them, and then all was light and bright as Summer morning.

Out of this rain rode a lady. She had a better horse than was to be had of the brigands below, and she sat it as if she had been born in the saddle. She led her party, and an old man, a tall man with a severe face who might have been her father, rode at her side.

Murietta mounted and rode on as he saw her ride out of the cloud and rein up one of the terraced curves of the tortuous road below, for he had no desire to be disturbed that day by the presence of strangers.

Peasants were coming down in parties, bearing wood on asses all along the road, and baskets of flowers on their heads. Wild, splendid-looking women they were, and polite as if bred at court. Right and left were high-heaved masses of lava in all conceivable shapes, and over these ugly masses ivies were climbing and twining tenderly, as if to hide them from sight. Nature had been on a spree, and, now penitent, was trying to cover up what she had done.

Here and there the smoke came curling up through fissures in the road. And over there, to the right, the smoke curled up as if from many wigwams. Yet all over this grew roses and grapes, and olives and oranges, and fruits of the four parts of the world.

A beautiful peasant girl aroused the artist from his pensive mood with the present of a beautiful pink rose from the basketful which she bore on her head.

The artist handed her a franc. Then the grateful girl reached him the whole basketful, for he had given her thrice the price of it. He took the fragrant and beautiful basket of roses up before him, smiled, and wondered what in the world he could do with it.

There had been some delay, and, fearing lest the party led by the lady might be drawing very near, he looked back down the road over his shoulder. They were indeed very near, but he could not see the lady well for the walls and trees by the tortuous road.

What shall be done with the roses? He must ride on or the strange lady will be upon them. He lifted a handful and breathed their fragrance, and then let them fall in the road. A thought came like an inspiration. The doctor was in advance awaiting him.

"I will scatter roses in the path of that stranger. In the way of that lone, brave woman, whoever she may be, I will strew roses and wish that they shall have never a thorn. Here on this mountain of fire, in this strange land, in a pilgrim's path, a pilgrim shall scatter roses."

And then the man rode on slowly and lifted the roses by the handful and scattered them in the pleasant Roman road, in the path of the strange woman, while the pretty peasant girl, who seemed to understand and sympathize with the sentiment and admire his strange fancy, ran beside him, showing her pretty teeth and shaking out her abundant hair.

The artist emptied the basket, handed it to the girl, but did not dare look back lest he should see the strangers. He put spurs to the little pony, rode on, and joined the sedate doctor of divinity or missionary.

After two hours' pleasant journey they touched the base of the great ash-heap or cone, dismounted, left their horses in charge of boys stationed here for that purpose, and began at once slowly to ascend.

The other party came up as the two ascended the cone, and one of the gentlemen was carried up in a chair by eight of these reformed brigands; but the lady laid hold of ropes, and, tucking her dress prettily up under her pretty waist, came boldly on at the head of her party.

Naples seemed to be nearer than ever; and the ships sailed right up against the base of Vesuvius as it seemed, and wound and wove over the bluish bay in a dreamy sort of way that seemed almost supernatural, and is certainly indescribable. To the right and left lay little white towns dotted over the plains, and below them the white houses looked like flocks huddled together and at rest.

Away, away at sea the little fishing boats, with their snowy sails, looked like swarms of swallows blowing idly in the sun.

Another hour up this field of plowed land set up on its edge, and the ground grows very warm to the feet. Then you come upon little seams and puffs of smoke curling lazily out from under the clods beneath you. Then you begin to smell sulphur, and coal, and tar, and turpentine, and almost every other concoction that you can conceive of.

It is certainly very hot as you draw nearer to the crater; and the plowed land seems to be plowed a great deal deeper, and to be sowed and planted with fire—which seemed to be coming up in a first-rate crop, for Murietta stopped at a little crevice by the way and coolly—if one may be allowed to say coolly in this case—lighted his cigar.

And now after two hours and a half, suddenly and almost before they expected it, they stood by the great crater of the New Vesuvius.

The first view of this chasm of smoke and fire is awful in the extreme. Broad and bottomless, round and vast, boiling and seething, it seems alive and full of pent-up strength.

You can hear the monster breathe. You stand, you lean over, you look down, down into the monster's open mouth—

the monster that has swallowed up cities and even seas—and you are mute and dumb with awe and wonder. You feel a fascination and desire that you hope never to feel again. It is an impulse, almost irresistible, to leap into this awful fiery mouth of restless mother earth, and become a part of the grand spectacle before you.

The yellow smoke curls lazily about the rim of the crater at your feet; but the opposite side of the vast round and hollowed mountain, half a mile away, stands up before you clear and fair as pictures on a wall.

It is sometimes perfectly clear of smoke and flame. At such times you see an unbroken perpendicular wall away down, almost a mile down into this mountain, made light and bright with fires from below, and you see little mountains of flame and sulphur at the very bottom.

Surely here are colors that no man has named

Chapter VI.

ON THE MOUNTAIN OF FIRE.

AS they were about to descend, there came up out of the smoke a very, very beautiful lady, with a party of English and American tourists.

She seemed to lead them, for she came on, dimly seen through the smoke, ahead of all the party. How tall and superb she seemed as seen through the curling smoke that wreathed about her form as she advanced, as if she was borne in a chariot of fire!

At first only this lady was visible; and Murietta stood contemplating her from a distance with awe and wonder. How tall she was! how gracefully she moved! She seemed to ride on the rising clouds of smoke that curled about her dark mantle. She came on but slowly up the steep and stupendous field of fire, and Murietta felt an almost irresistible desire to go down and lead her to the summit.

At last through the smoke he saw dimly behind her the faces of others. Only their faces were seen through the clouds of smoke, and it gave them a weird and unearthly appearance. Their feet and forms were hidden in the smoke that curled up from out a thousand pores and fissures of the earth; but their faces lifted above this and they seemed to be floating in the air. They looked, back there in the dim, drifting, shifting clouds, as if they were spirits following always after, and attending on the tall and wonderful woman in black who was just now emerging from the smoke, and turning the crest of the pyramid.

Murietta had resolved to go forward and offer her his arm. He took a step forward as she emerged from the smoke. Then he saw her face fairly and fully for the first time, and stepped back, turned his head, and hurried away to one side. His heart beat with a mad and intense delight.

It was Annette, the one fair woman. At last he had again looked upon the one woman of all the world for whom he had waited, and the woman who had visited him for years and years in his dreams.

She stood at last, as he shrunk back into the smoke up on the topmost rim of the pyramid in the full light, leaning on her staff, resting there, looking down into that matchless and magnificent panorama of colors and the awful commotion of the elements.

She was silent as before. Her brows lifted, a hand passed back the splendor of midnight hair that blew loosely about her shoulders, but she did not speak.

How fitting it was that she should stand alone! Murietta clasped his hands and bent his knees till they touched the steep side of the mountain where he stood, and he lifted his face in gratitude.

This to him was the most perfect moment that he had ever known. It was a moment large and full and rich to overflowing. He felt that it was such a time, such a scene, such a combination of grandeur and beauty and splendor, so much of history, of love, of poetry—the past, the present, the future—as he had not found before, and would probably never know again. It was such a scene, he thought, as his soul had aspired to from the first dawning of his adoration for things that are divine.

Still clasping his hands, he held his head, and said softly to himself:

"I—I scattered roses in her path. It is a good omen. I scattered roses in your path, O beautiful and divinest of women, without knowing that it was you! Some day I will tell you this, and you will look at me and will not be displeased."

The lady moved. He was afraid he would be seen. He hastily arose and fell back further in the smoke and down the mountain almost out of sight. He had sooner dared go into the presence of the Madonna had she stood there on the crest of the mountain invoking the Deity.

The doctor and guide came down and stood with him as if ready to descend.

Murietta looked up once more. The beautiful woman was moving along the rim of the mountain now in the midst of her party.

"I scattered roses in her path," he kept saying to himself, and thanking heaven for the happy thought and the happy opportunity that had led him to do this little service for the only woman he had ever really loved, or now could ever love.

He was the happiest man in all that happy land of happy people. Never had the sun looked down so soft and golden and glorious as it did now. Never had fair Italy seemed half so fair as at this hour. His heart was full of gratitude, and all things seemed fair and good, and full of hope and happiness.

"I scattered roses in her path," he said, and peered among the clouds of smoke that curled about his face as if they had been blowing curtains, as if to see her still more perfectly.

Then the clouds blew low and close to the ground, and left him quite unvailed before her. He turned hastily and half frightened down the mountain, as if he had stolen into Paradise and was afraid of being seen.

"I scattered roses in her path!" he said again, and still kept watching her, and retired slowly down the mountain, and deeper into the smoke, as if to be certain he could not be seen.

"I scattered roses in her path. Will she follow me down here? Perhaps she will come directly down this way! Then I shall be covered with confusion. Possibly I shall leap down this precipice into the chasm of St. Sebastian. Oh, if it would please her, if rather she would weep and think of me, I would leap into the depths of Vesuvius!"

"I scattered roses in her path!" Poor man, she had not seen him or thought of him at all. Such is life—such is love.

No one attempted to go around to the other side of the crater again that day. The smoke was now rolling dark, thick, and threatening, and the new comers decided to return to the plain.

Seeing that the fair lady was about to return, and from some unexplained timidity fearing above all things to meet her then, Murietta led the way, and descended by a more steep and direct route, the great ash-heap moving with them as they strode down in steps that had amazed the giants.

There is nothing more exhilarating and exciting than this descent. It is much like going down a very precipitous mountain after a deep fall of snow, when the new snow moves down the mountain in little avalanches with you. In less than fifteen minutes they were mounted and on their return to town.

"I scattered roses in her path. It is a good omen."

That night as he slept he could see only this tall, dark woman towering above the smoke and fire of Vesuvius, and all the time he kept thinking of and thanking God for the roses.

It is remarkable how constantly, and all the time, one turns to look at Vesuvius when in this part of Italy. You see people—people who were born in Naples, perhaps—standing in the street staring up at the gray and grizzled mountain. No matter on which side of the bay you find yourself, it is the last thing you look upon at night on going indoors, and the first thing in the morning. You know you will be lonesome without it when you go away.

The next day they went down to the bay, the doctor and Murietta, to look at the little town of Pozzuoli, where St. Paul was landed when brought to Rome. How beautiful! how peaceful! What a touch of tenderness in all things! And yet Murietta found himself, as they stood together on the broken piers of twenty centuries ago, looking away across the bay at the curling smoke of Vesuvius.

Yonder upon the hillside still steamed the hot bath of Nero. There, but a stone's-throw away, was the spot where he had his mother butchered. There was the headland where Æneas had landed after deserting Dido, and from that little hill to the right Pliny had witnessed the eruption of Vesuvius, and waited in vain for the return of his uncle.

The sun, that had stood in high mid-heaven all day, like a warrior with lifted shield, now settled his shield on his low left hand. Lower and lower he let it fall, and settle, and sink, till it touched the sea. The sun had set on Vesuvius.

Again Murietta found himself gazing at the rising column of smoke. The great gray column grew and grew from the summit of the mighty mountain, taller than a cedar of the Sierras—and then it branched and branched away and blossomed into stars.

While he stood gazing at Vesuvius, watching the sun go down, and drinking in the scene with all the thirst and eagerness of a poet's or a painter's longing, unsatisfied soul, another party had silently come upon the pier; and they, too, stood still and reverential, as if awed by the scene and the story of the holy place.

At last the winds blew in and fanned the stars till they shone like torches, and Murietta reluctantly turned to go.

He turned, and there with her party, right in his path, before he had time to retreat or escape in any manner, stood the lady he so earnestly and devoutly worshipped.

She seemed full of the scene before her. She gathered her blown garments closer about her, and stepped even a step nearer. Murietta's heart beat as if he was about to take part in his first battle.

She was looking away at the sea, and did not speak or notice him, although he could distinctly hear the rustle of her robes. He could almost touch the hem of her garments with his hand. Then she turned a little, and looked down the coast in the direction of Naples, at the three little islands.

How earnest her eyes were! what a glow and glory in her beautiful face as she looked on the spot where Brutus took his last farewell of Portia, and turned his iron breast to the battle front! What could she have been thinking of?

Murietta bowed his head as if he had stood in a sacred temple and the high-priest stood before him. He did not even dare lift his eyes for fear he would disturb her and break her meditations.

She turned at last to look out to sea, and as he lifted his face their eyes met. His hat was in his hand, and he bowed and tried to speak, but he could only stammer inaudibly, and his voice trembled like his half-extended hand.

She did not answer; she did not lift her hand towards his: she did not even smile, nor bend her head, nor make any sign whatever.

She only stepped a little to one side to let him pass from the pier.

Murietta did not lift his eyes again. He could have gone into battle and died with perfect delight; he would have smiled at death. He could have leapt into the warm, soft sea-water, and ended it all there and then; but lift his eyes! he could not have done it for the kingdom of Naples. He felt that every one of that strange party was looking at him—laughing at him, and he felt as if he had been crushed beneath a weight.

On, over the broken pier; on, up the dusty road; on, past the little town—the doctor hurrying after—the man strode, almost ran, with his head held down, and his heart as if it was a great stone in his breast.

He reached his hotel, and sent for the landlord.

"Landlord, what is the best route to reach Barcelona?"

"Barcelona! Barcelona? Ah! you may take the train here, pass through Rome, through Florence, Turin, the Mont Cenis tunnel, and so through France down to the sea. But you may find it besieged by land, and in that case you had better go by water."

"Well, well, the best way—I will go by water, then."

"To Barcelona? Do you know they are fighting there?"

"Are they, landlord? Are they fighting—fighting sharp—killing each other by the regiment?"

"Ah, indeed they do kill!"

"Good! I will go to Barcelona to-morrow."

Chapter VII.

IN THE ETERNAL CITY.

LONG before the sun had risen Murietta stood all ready for the voyage; for he had not slept, had not even cared to take off his coat again in Naples.

How ugly all things seemed that morning in the gray dawn! There were shrill ugly voices calling in the street that he had never heard before. The island of Capri, away out yonder, looked like an ugly humped camel pushed away into the sea. Vesuvius was not beautiful; it was terrible and ugly, an instrument of destruction—the mouth of hell—hell with the lid off.

The ship, after all, was not to go that day. There was cholera on shore, and ships of war at sea, and the Italian captain hesitated about taking in the coast of Spain at all.

Murietta could not remain in Naples. He would leave Naples that day if he left it on foot, and barefooted at that. What would be the time to the seat of war by way of Rome? Not long, but you would have to remain over night at Rome.

This to the artist was particularly unpleasant. Rome was a sort of shrine—a temple into which he did not care to enter without his mind at peace and his heart pure and his hands clean. He thought of all this, and was more and more perplexed. At last, throwing off the load of indecision which was crushing him, he drove to the station, took his ticket for Rome, and Naples, good and bad, was as a dream.

This artist, this enthusiast, was about to enter Rome. How much this shrine had been to him it is hard to say.

It was much more than all the world besides in art and beauty, in tradition, and in the history of the world. To him there had been, there could be, but one Rome.

He had talked with his sister and his brother, when playing on the shores of the Pacific in the shadow of the linden trees, of this Eternal City, and had said to them, "I shall some day see Rome." And they had said, "When you see Rome think of us, for we shall then be dead."

And it was so. He was about to enter Rome, and they were dead, and he was thinking of them.

He sat alone, wrapped up in a corner, angry that all men around him were laughing, smoking, drinking at every station, getting in and out, coming and going with a flow of spirits that was like a sunny stream. The man was growing selfish. He was sad that his fellow-men were glad.

Yet who could blame him? How his heart had gone out to this one woman! How patiently, how devotedly he had loved her, looked up to her, worshipped her, waited before her as if she had been divine—and then to be forgotten, to be unnoticed and unknown!

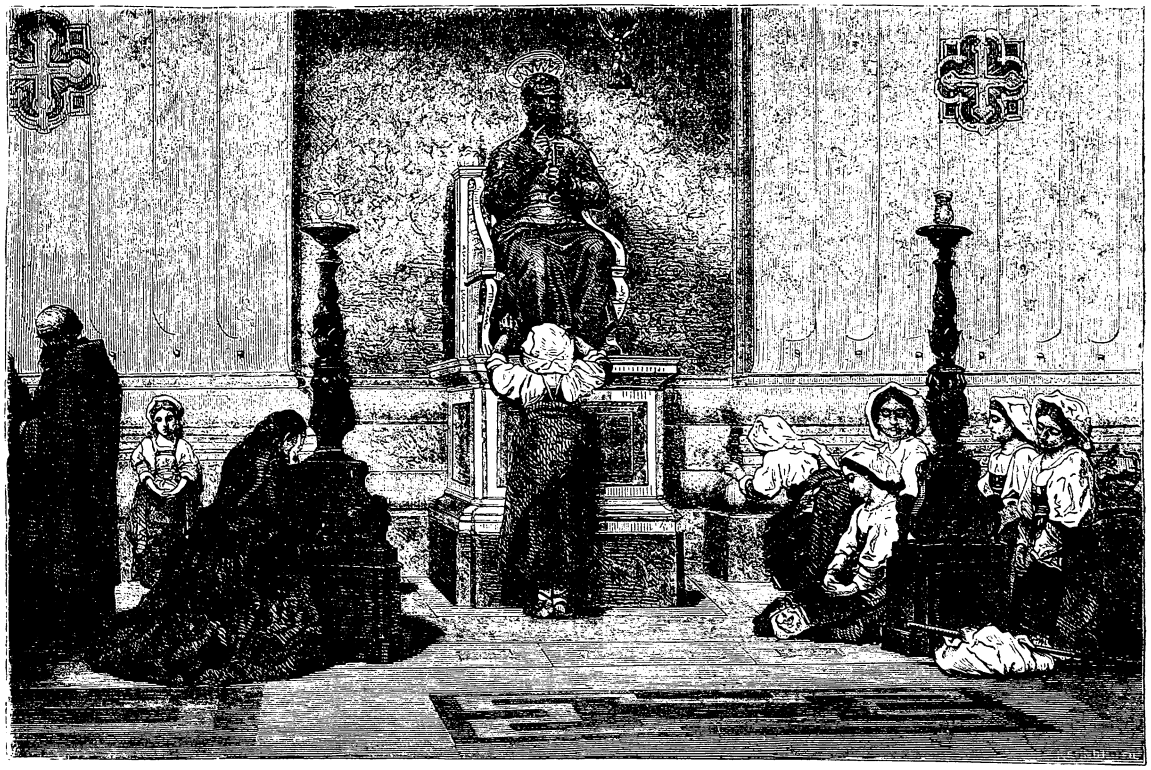
"I scattered flowers in her path and she despised me." And sitting wrapped up he fell asleep, and dreamed a hideous dream.

He dreamed that he entered the walls of Rome, and there somehow, and before he hardly knew it, and in fact in a moment he could not recall, he committed some great sin. What that sin or crime was he did not really know. He only felt the intolerable weight of his crime, and knew that he was trying to escape from the city. He never before had felt how terrible a thing it was to do wrong. This crime lay upon his soul like a nightmare, and could not be shaken off.

All the time he was thinking, too, how he had promised to enter Rome barefooted and bareheaded, and think of scenes and faces that were no more. He thought he had entered Rome thoughtless, and loud, and full of merriment, and that this was, perhaps, his punishment. He promised himself that if ever it was permitted him to enter the Eternal City again, he would stop, leave the train at the last station, and, taking his shoes in his hand, and a pilgrim's staff, walk with bared head into the hoary presence of the past, where Time sits by and wags his beard at Rome.

Then he thought he tried to escape from the city, and went disguised to the People's Gate, opening toward Ponte Molle and Florence, and, mixing with the tide of passers-by, thought to pass out unnoticed. A heavy hand reached out, and fell like a thunderbolt upon his shoulder. He turned his face in his terror, looked up, and saw an enormous chin, and heard a voice thunder, "I am a man who carries his heart in his hand. A rough but honest sailor. Come with me."

He followed this fearful man a little while, and then losing himself in the crowds of people, crossed the city, and was passing out of the gate that St. Peter passed when attempting to escape crucifixion. He was almost out; another step and he would be free. His heart leapt with hope; he looked sharp round, lifted his foot, was about to spring forward, threw up his hands with delight, and—



PILGRIMS AT THE FOOT OF THE STATUE OF ST. PETER, IN ROME.

"I am a man who carries his heart in his hand. A rough but honest seaman." The hand came down, and the great chin overshadowed him, and led him back as before.

Again he loosened himself from this hard horny hand, and again got lost in the crowd, and again attempted to pass the gates of Rome.

This time it was Porta Pia opening to the rising sun. There were not so many people passing this way, for it seemed to Murietta that it was night, and people who pass here live far out against the mountains and in and under Tivoli, and rarely keep their road at night, save in their high wine carts, drawn by white oxen or mules, fairly mailed in shining harness of brass and copper.

Murietta was desperate. He thought he climbed up into one of those carts, with its hundred jingling bells hanging about the little rookery, where the driver sits all the time asleep, and stowed himself in between the empty wine-kegs.

The bells jingled and rang, and rang and jingled, and the

cart drove up under the gate. Murietta was again glad, for this time he certainly would escape. Then the cart stopped, and then all the bells stopped, and that wakened the sleeping driver, and the custom-house man put out his long sharp rod, and the cart again began to move, and the bells to jingle as before. Murietta fairly buried his nails in his clenched hands in his anxiety. He felt the perspiration streaming from his face. He crouched his head down like a coward, and shut his eyes tight lest he should see the man with the mighty chin hanging over him like a nightmare.

The bells jingled and clashed, and clashed and jingled —and a hand fell on Murietta's shoulder, and shook him and shook him, and a voice shouted as only an Italian can shout when excited.

The artist sprang up and attempted to loosen his hands from the folds of his cloak, and strike the man before him —for he still thought himself in the hands of the admiral of Genoa.

"Signor! Signor! How you do sleep! It is Rome, Signor—and you must pass out here, and you must pass in here and be purified there after passing through Naples, for Naples is a place of plagues, and of all the curses of the flesh." And here he pushed Murietta through a door into a place so full of smoke and infernal smells that the man fancied he had not wakened at all, but had been seized upon and carried off by the big man with the big chin directly to hell, where he was to suffer for his fearful crime.

Murietta was growing wild. He would have shrieked; but the smoke and the smells stifled him, and he could only cough and catch his breath. He began to feel about in the dusk and dense smoke, but he found himself borne along with the crowd, and heard people behind and before, and the voices of the officers giving directions to their men.

At last they were shot out of a great wide door, as if out of the mouth of a mighty cannon. The smoke curled about them as they came out, and clung to their clothes and wreathed out and about and in their hair. They were shot out of the big cannon right into a row of yellow omnibuses backed up to the step, and these omnibuses began to shoot down hill, and to rattle over the stones of Rome.

Murietta had been shot into an omnibus. This omnibus shot down one of the seven hills and shot him into a hotel. He had taken no heed; chance had thrown him there. The responsibility was with chance. He came out in the moonlight, stood irresolute a moment, called a cab, and then said, "Coliseum!"

Chapter VIII.

A SCENE IN THE COLISEUM.

UNDER the Arch of Titus, with the images of the golden candlesticks brought from plundered and overthrown Jerusalem, and then down a steep and stony road the distance of a rifle-shot, and the man with the string of fire-crackers stopped snapping his silk, looked back over his shoulder at Murietta, waved his hand towards a structure that towered there like a dome of Yosemite, and Murietta got out of the little basket-trap, handed the silent man with the silk and fire-crackers a franc, and, passing through an arch that a ship might sail under, stood in the Coliseum.

This entrance was at the west. The moon was just then trying hard to get up high enough in the east to look into the arena. There were many people passing slowly and silently around.

On the left hand a party was just arranging to go up with the guide and mount the topmost wall to the north. They were lighting torches, and laughing and talking so loud that Murietta knew that the American was abroad and in Rome.

There was a great black cross in the centre of the little half-a-mile circle of leveled ground, and there were people coming and passing before it, and kneeling in circles around it, and rising up in silence, and passing out, bowed and penitent and silent, as they had entered.

All the time the moon to the east was sliding around and climbing up and peeping over the loftiest and strongest wall that now stands up to tell us of the mighty builders of old.

The party to the left began their ascent, and now and then you could see their torches through the broken arches, and you would hear an owl beat his wings against the wall as he flew about blinded and awakened. You could hear the American shout now and then in a sort of war-whoop of triumph as he gained some great height and got a particularly good view of Rome and the Campagna outside the walls of the city.

The moon at last seemed to get her chin up over the edge of the wall, and peeped in like a great round-faced country girl full of curiosity.

A little party of priests in black came by, walked across the ground sacred to the Christian Martyrs, and did not even whisper. Then a Capuchin monk, bare-headed and in sandals, with a rope around his waist binding to his thin and emaciated frame his one long brown garment, the only thing he is permitted to wear, walked slowly from station to station around the edge of the arena, and said a prayer at each as he passed.

What a pitiful face was his! He was literally starving to death. If these Capuchin monks in sandals and brown robes bound up with hempen cords do not get to heaven they will be losers indeed, for earth to them can only be a torment and crucifixion.

You have seen pictures of these pious men where they are made merry with wine, red-faced and riotous with good living, fat from over-feeding, and sitting drunk at the wine-tap in their cellars.

The Capuchin monks have no wine-cellars. Their cellar is a wooden basket or box which they carry on the arm, and lifting the lid from door to door, they take home whatever men have left from their breakfasts or dinners or suppers. They eat what others refuse to eat. They have no store-house. They are are not permitted to lay in store. They live from day to day, depending on the charity of the world.

When these men rise at four o'clock in the morning and go shivering to prayers in this one brown garment, often two or three years old and threadbare and full of rents, they do not know what they are to have for breakfast, or where that breakfast is to come from.

You may listen all day and you will not hear one of these brown men speak. You may look a lifetime, perhaps, and you will not see one of them smile.

The mournful Capuchin kept on his silent and solitary round of penance, and the people came and went from under the shadow of the great black cross in the centre of the sacred ground, while away up yonder, almost against the stars, a Comanche savage, in the garb of a Christian, shouted his delight at having at last attained the topmost rock of the Coliseum.

Then through the eastern arch, looking out toward the gate of St. John Lateran, there came a party of peasants who had just entered here on their way to market. They had made a long journey on foot from the hills away out yonder twenty miles across the Campagna, and were very

tired. They huddled up close together and seemed half afraid. Perhaps this was their first visit to Rome, for the peasants of the mountains had ever a terror of this city.

There were old men and young men, old women and young women, and they all bore loads on their backs in great baskets, precisely as do the Mexican peasants and the California Indians. These baskets are pointed at the bottom, and broaden out towards the top. You see these same baskets in Como, in the Tyrol, and in Switzerland.

There was something beautiful in the trust and faith and sense of security with which these half-wild people of the mountains gathered about this cross, and bowed their heads and invoked their God.

The women had their hair in pretty braids, but the long, black, and bushy hair of the men fell down in gloomy folds about their shoulders and it pushed up in great shocks about the brows, as if determined to push the black and brigandish hat, feather and all, from the head of its proud and artistic owner.

The feet of all were bound in sandals made from the skins of the buffalo bull of the Pontine marshes, and the legs were wound up in some kind of cloth and bound in a plaid work of many colored stripes. How beautiful were these women kneeling there, crouching close to husband, parent, or lover, as if in fear that the old story of Romulus and the Sabines might be repeated!

Go out yonder to Tivoli, an old town, old when Rome was young, that overlooks the Campagna and that overlooks Rome, that looks over Rome and on and into the Mediterranean Sea, although twenty miles to the east of Rome, and ask any peasant there — no matter how wild and savage he may be, how ignorant or stupid — about Rome and the people of Rome.

The hands of the peasant go up, and he prays for deliverance. Rome to him is a sort of purgatory. No, no, no, he would not go to Rome for the world! The men of Rome are robbers, the women have neither virtue nor beauty. And then if you have a little time and a very little money to spare to buy ten cents' worth of wine, he will sit with you till the bottle is finished and will tell you, word for word, of this Rape of the Sabines. He will tell it to you with all the earnestness and mystery and emphasis of a Hamlet. He will leave his marble bench at least a dozen times before the bottle or the story is finished to play the piece, to show you just exactly how bad the people are in Rome, and how they do these things.

What is very remarkable about this, and most amusing, is the fact that he tells it as if it happened only within the last year or two.

No wonder these weary peasants kneeling before the cross, as the moon still kept climbing up and reaching out and peering over as if to get a good look at them, huddled up close together, and kept looking from under their dark brows at any strange footstep that came near, with all the look of a wild beast for the first time brought to look into the face of man.

Murietta kept close in the shadow of the mighty wall and out of the full of the moonlight, and yet stole up as close to these people as possible, for to him they had a strange interest. He looked on their picturesque dress and their savage beauty with something more than the interest of a painter To him they were but a counterpart of the people with whom he had spent most of his life. They were to him in some sense brothers—men who knew not civilization or its sins, men who lived close to the earth, women who blossomed down in the lowliest fields, and he felt he loved them with all of a brother's affection.

The moon kept climbing and climbing, and peering in and peeping over, till it looked right straight down on the group of gathered worshippers kneeling under the shadow of the great black cross, and made a picture that any man might remember, carry with him around the world, hang on the walls of his heart, and wear it there! and though fire and flood might sweep away all that he possessed in the world, still that picture should remain and rest and refresh its possessor whenever he chose to open his heart and look in again.

Higher and higher the moon climbed up till her great round face reached high over the wall, and she seemed to reach and lean and look and peer as if for something back in the shadow that she could not see. Higher and higher she climbed, and looked and leaned and reached her face above and over the walls, and down as if she would twist her head from her shoulders. Up! up! up! over the wall and down. And then she saw her! and then she touched her with her fingers, and the lady rose up and came forth into the full light, and moved in silence towards the cross, with her head held down in her hands, her maid following after, and a man back yonder in the corner of the Coliseum with his enormous chin just visible in a bar of moonlight that fell through a rent in the eternal wall. A little slender man stood beside him—a shadow, an echo.

Murietta started. He stepped back into the shadow of the wall, and the beautiful countess went on, slowly on, with her hands to her bended face, towards the cross and the supplicants before it. This woman did seem so beautiful, she seemed so sad, so weirdly beautiful and pitiful—the scene was so strange, so inspiring, so full of soul and sentiment, so complete—that Murietta leaned against a jutting spur of the wall and grew tranquil from the greatness and perfection and fullness of the occasion.

He heard a sob as the woman passed, and in the moonlight streaming full on her face he saw something glistening like diamonds from her fingers. She was weeping as if her heart would break.

The big man came out from the shadow, and the little man came also, and they stood there scowling on the scene before them.

"Come, enough of this nonsense to-night."

The man with the big chin had tried to say this in a subdued voice, but the roar of the lion was only subdued to a growl, and his voice sounded as if it had been that of a lion of old lying there, waiting for the blood of a Christian, growling that he had been kept waiting a moment for his prey—and the peasants trembled.

"Come, enough of this nonsense to-night," said the echo.

But the count spoke in a kinder tone, a sort of softened echo, and he even lifted his hat as he spoke. The admiral frowned, and then the count took down his hand, and tried to frown also and look terrible.

"Come! Come away from among these beasts; you'll get fleas on you."

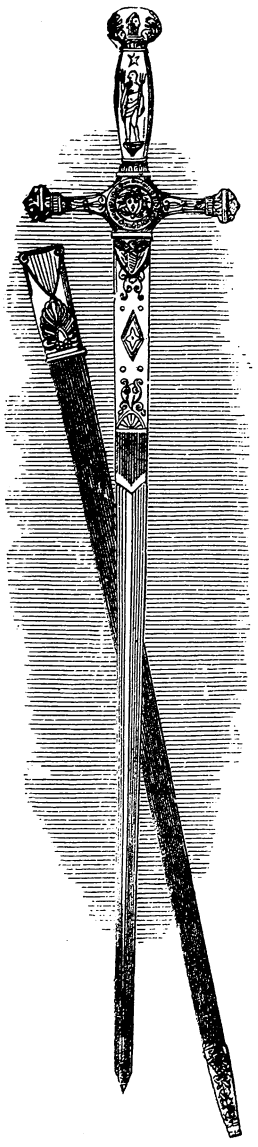
The peasants, startled, huddled together a moment, prayed devoutly, and then began to rise and resume their loads.

"Come away, will you? You'll get fleas on you," said the little count; and the countess, also startled by the terrible voice, rose up, turned her face from the men without answering or even looking in their direction, and walked rapidly, with her head down and her face half concealed, towards the entrance.

"That's the way to do it," growled the admiral to the count as the two followed after her.

"That's the way to do it, I suppose," said the count, and they followed the countess through the archway, and the three were gone.

Murietta was full of emotion. Here was something to do better than go to battle. Here was a woman certainly suffering, certainly being persecuted to death, a sort of dreamer possibly who had not any practical sense, and so, perhaps,



THE SWORD OF NAPOLEON.

knew not how to proceed to extricate herself from the toils that held her in her prison. This man professed to be anxious to confront death. He slackened his pace a moment and reflected. "If I am to die were it not as well," he said to himself, to "die for this woman in peace, as to die for a strange land in battle?"

All of the best part of Murietta's nature was being aroused again.

Here is a man to be punished—a woman to be avenged! But how? What will be the result? The result! He laughed at himself, and began to despise himself that he could stop to ask the result or weigh the danger when a lady needed his help. He walked on out, mechanically following the long line of peasants on their way to market.

All roads lead to Rome. The carriage drove off in advance; the peasants followed, and then Murietta came on slowly after. He stopped as he came up to the Arch of Titus. There was an old woman on the left, under the shadow of the arch, rattling a little tin cup with a few centimes in it, and calling out, "Blind! blind! blind."

He stopped, after stepping up close to her with some pence in his hand, and stepped back. There was an old man on the other side of the arch who seemed not only to have his eyes, but to be very comfortable as well as something of a merchant, for he had roasted chestnuts and apples for sale.

Murietta turned and gave this man the pennies, and passed on almost cursing the wretched old woman with the tin box. At length he said, "No, no, no! I loved her in a grand, proud way. I did not persecute her. I stood far off, content to know that she lived and was happy. I did not even speak to her. I scattered roses in her path. And what came of it?"

He set his teeth together as he said this, and set his face and his heart against woman as he slowly sought his hotel.

(To be continued.)

THE SWORD OF NAPOLEON.

Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton has said, "The pen is mightier than the sword," but it is the sword that has produced effects that have retained a more lasting impression upon the world. Even the influence of the pen is due in no small degree to the power of the sword; as, for instance, where would have been now the influence of the classic pens of ancient Rome if the sword of Cæsar and the Roman Legions had not opened the way for it?

There are thus swords which are historical. Who would not like now to look upon that which Alexander wore when he cut the Gordian knot, or Cæsar drew when he crossed the Rubicon? The Punic sword of Hamilcar or Hannibal would be of as much interest now, if we could but grasp it, as the pen of the mightiest writer. In modern times no sword surpasses in historical interest that of Napoleon. From the time it first blazed with genius at Toulon, till its light flickered and went out at Waterloo, it was a brand of living flame.

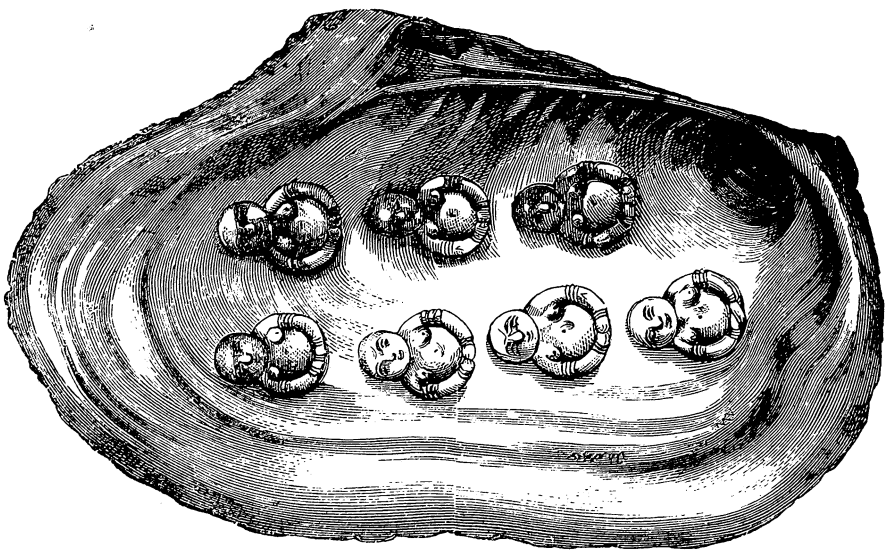
In the collection of arms at Windsor Castle, there is preserved with scrupulous care this interesting relic of the Emperor. "The hilt and guard of the sword are of ormolu, beautifully chased, the style of ornamentation being in the classic taste which arose after the first Revolution: the head of Medusa, the thunderbolts of Jupiter, figures of Neptune, etc., being amongst the enrichments. The blade is engraved for a short way below the hilt, and gilded, and a small shield-formed part is blue. The scabbard is of black leather, the chape, etc., being of ormolu." A sword of similar character to this was taken at Waterloo, and is now in the possession of the descendants of the Duke of Wellington.

CHINESE ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

Pearls are concretions found in several kinds of molluscs. These shell-fish deposit on the interior surface of the shell the pearly substance in the form of a slimy secretion from the exterior of the mantle. If a grain of sand, or any other foreign substance, lodges between the mantle and the shell, it produces an irritation of the delicate tissues, and the mollusc deposits the pearly matter around it for self-protection. Advantage is taken of this in China for the production of pearls of various shapes and dimensions.

This manner of producing pearls is only practised in the Celestial Empire, in the neighborhood of Ning-po, and, until very lately, but very little was known of the manner in which they were formed, the account which was first published, it seems, by Sir Joseph Banks, being looked upon as an imposition upon that distinguished naturalist, and was then permitted to be forgotten.

It appears that the Chinese engaged in this business gather the mussels in the month of May and June. They are brought in bamboo baskets a distance of twenty or thirty



CHINESE ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

THE SCHOOL-TEACHER AT BOTTLE FLAT.—"'MORNIN', MARM,' SAID TOLEDO, RAISING A MOST SHOCKING HAT, WHILE THE REMAINING COMMITTEEMEN EXPEDITIOUSLY RANGED THEMSELVES BEHIND HIM, SO THAT THE TEACHER MIGHT NOT LOOK INTO THEIR EYES."—SEE PAGE 162.

miles from the Lake Ta-hu, in the province of Kiang-cu of Chi-keang.

Care is taken to select large and healthy specimens, and a few days are allowed them in their new depository, so that they may recover from the effects of transportation before they are brought into service. This accomplished, the mussel is taken out of the reservoir in which it is kept and carefully opened with a small knife or spatula, great care being taken not to wound the fish. The matrices for nuclei upon which the artificial pearl is to be formed are then

introduced between the pallium or fleshy part of the fish and the inner part of the shell, and the mollusc is then returned to the reservoir.

These matrices are made of various forms and of different materials. Sometimes, as in the specimen given in our engraving, copper images of Buddha, cast in molds, imitations of fish, flowers, and amulets. Sometimes pellets of clay are strung together on threads and introduced, but the best matrices are said to be made by introducing fragments of mussel-shell which, in time, become round and smooth, and resemble very closely the genuine pearls.

These foreign substances being introduced literally into the flesh of the animal, it is found that the irritation from these foreign substances increases the pearly secretion of the fish, and the matrices are rapidly covered with a layer of nacre or "mother of pearl." When these ornaments are sufficiently coated to answer the purposes of trade, they are cut off from the shell and used as decorations, or in any way that may suit the fancy of the proprietor. The operation seldom fails of success, and affords the means of livelihood to a considerable number of people. Large quantities of the shells with the matrices adhering to them are carried to the port of Ning-po, and are bought by foreigners as curiosities. The shell, which we give in an illustration, has upon its interior surface, as will be seen, quite a number of little copper figures of Buddha; they are well covered with the pearly secretion, and at a distance seem to be wrought out of the mother of pearl, yet possess a polished surface that indicates it could not have been given by any artificial means. The art is a new evidence of the ingenuity and cunning of the Celestials. Should the outside barbarians ever get into the empire, there is no doubt that many inventions that "beat the Yankees" will be found common among those most peculiar people.

THE SCHOOL-TEACHER AT BOTTLE FLAT.

IT certainly *was* hard. What was the freedom of a country in which the voice of the original founders was spent in vain? Had not they, the "Forty" miners of Bottle Flat, really started the place? Hadn't they located claims there? Hadn't they contributed three ounces each, ostensibly to set up in business a brother miner who unfortunately lost an arm, but really that a saloon might be opened, and the genuineness and stability of the camp be assured? Hadn't they promptly killed or scared away every Chinaman who had ever trailed his celestial pig-tail into the flat? Hadn't they cut and beaten a trail to Placerville, so that miners could take a run to that city when the Flat became too quiet? Hadn't they framed the squarest betting code in the whole diggings? And when a 'Frisco man basely attempted to break up the camp by starting a gorgeous saloon a few miles up the creek, hadn't they gone up in a body and cleared him out, giving him only ten minutes in which to leave the creek forever? All this they had done, actuated only by a stern sense of duty, and in the patient anticipation of the reward which traditionally crowns virtuous action. But now—oh, ingratitude of republics!—a school-teacher was to be forced upon Bottle Flat in spite of all the protest which they, the oldest inhabitants, had made!

Such had been their plaint for days, but the sad excitement had not been productive of any fights, for the few married men in the camp prudently absented themselves at night from "The Nugget" saloon, where the matter was fiercely discussed every evening. There was, therefore, such an utter absence of diversity of opinion that the most quarrelsome searched for provocation, but the effort proved fruitless.

On the afternoon of the day on which the opening events of this story occurred, the boys, by agreement, stopped work two hours earlier than usual, for the stage usually reached Bottle Flat about two hours before sundown, and the one of that day was to bring the hated teacher. The boys had well-nigh given up the idea of further resistance, yet curiosity has a small place even in manly bosoms, and they could at least *look* hatred at the detested pedagogue. So about four o'clock they gathered at The Nugget so suddenly, that several fathers, who were calmly drinking inside, had barely time to escape through the back windows.

The boys drank several times before composing themselves into their accustomed seats and leaning-places; but it was afterward asserted, and Southpaw—the one-armed bar-keeper—cited as evidence, that none of them took sugar in their liquor. They subjected their sorrow to homeopathic treatment by drinking only the most raw and rasping fluids that the bar afforded.

The preliminary drinking over, they moodily whittled, chewed, and expectorated; a stranger would have imagined them a batch of miserable criminals awaiting transportation.

The silence was finally broken by a decided-looking red-haired man, who had been neatly beveling the door-post with his knife, and who spoke as if his words only by great difficulty escaped being bitten in two.

"We ken burn down the school-house right before his face and eyes, and then mebbe the State Board 'll git our idees about eddycation."

"'Twon't be no use, Mose," said Judge Barber, whose legal title was honorary, and conferred because he had spent some time in a penitentiary in the East. "Them State Board fellers is wrong, but they've got grit, ur they'd never hev got the school-house done after we rode the contractor out uv the Flat on one of his own boards. Besides, some uv 'em might think we wuz rubbin' uv it in, an' next thing you know'd they'd be buildin' us a jail."

"Can't we buy off these young uns' folks?" queried an angular fellow from Southern Illinois. "They're a mizzable pack of shotes, an' I b'leeve they'd all leave the camp fur a few ounces."

"Ye—es," drawled the judge, dubiously; "but thar's the Widder Ginneys—*she'd* pan out a pretty good schoolroom-full with her eight young uns, an' there ain't ounces enough in the diggin's to make *her* leave while Tom Ginney's coffin's roostin' under the rocks."

"Then," said Mose, the first speaker, his words escaping with even more difficulty than before, "throw around keards to see who's to marry the widder an' boss her young uns. The feller that gits the fus Jak's to do the job."

"Meanin' no insult to this highly respectable crowd," said the judge, in a very bland tone, "and inviting it to walk up to the bar, and specify its consolation, I don't b'leeve there's one uv yer the widder'd hev." The judge's eye glanced along the line at the bar, and he continued softly, but in decided accents—"Not a cussed one. But," added the judge, passing his pouch to the barkeeper, "if anything's to be done, it must be done lively, fur the stage is pretty nigh here. Tell ye what's ez good ez ennything. We'll crowd around the stage, fust throwin' keards for who's to put out his hoof to be accidentally trod onto by the infernal teacher ez he gits out. Then satisfaction must be took out uv the teacher. It'll be a mean job, for these teachers hevn't the spunk of a coyote, an' ten to one he won't hev no shootin' irons, so the job 'll hev to be done with fists."

"Good!" said Mose. "The crowd drinks with me to a square job, and no backin'. Chuck the pasteboards, jedge—— The—dickens!" For Mose had got first Jack.

"Square job, and no backin'," said the judge, with a grin. There's the stage now—hurry up, fellers!"

The stage drew up with a crash in front of The Nugget, and the passengers, outside and in, but none looking teacherish, hurried into the saloon. The boys scarcely knew whether to swear from disappointment or gratification, when a start from Mose drew their attention again to the stage. On the top step appeared a small shoe, above which was visible a small section of stocking far whiter and smaller than is usual in the mines. In an instant a similar shoe appeared on the lower step, and the boys saw, successively, the edge of a dress, a waterproof cloak, a couple of small gloved hands, a bright muffler, and a pleasant face covered with brown hair, and a bonnet. Then they heard a cheerful voice say:

"I'm the teacher, gentlemen—can any one show me the schoolhouse?"

The miserable Mose looked ghastly, and tottered. A suspicion of a wink graced the judge's eye, but he exclaimed in a stern, low tone, "Square job, an' no backin'," upon which Mose took to his heels and the Placerville trail.

The judge had been a married man, so he promptly answered:

"I'll take yer thar, mum, ez soon ez I git yer baggage."

"Thank you," said the teacher; "that valise under the seat is all."

The judge extracted a small valise marked "Huldah Brown," offered his arm, and he and the teacher walked off before the astonished crowd as naturally as if the appearance of a modest-looking young lady was an ordinary occurrence at the Flat.

The stage re-filled, and rattled away from the dumb and staring crowd, and the judge returned.

"Well, boys," said he, "yer got to marry *two* women now to stop that school, an' you'll find this un more particler than the widder. I just tell yer what it is about that school—it's agoin' to go on' spite uv any jackasses that wants it broke up; an' any gentleman that's insulted ken git satisfaction by——"

"Who wants it broke up, you old fool?" demanded Toledo, a man who had been named after the city from which he had come, and who had been from the first one of the fiercest opponents of the school. "I move the appointment uv a committee of three to wait on the teacher, see if the school wants anything money can buy, take up subscriptions to git it, an' lay out any feller that don't come down with the dust when he's went fur."

"Hurray!" "Bully!" "Good!" "Sound!" "Them's the talk!" and other sympathetic expressions, were heard from the members of the late anti-school party.

The judge, who, by virtue of age, was the master of ceremonies and general moderator of the camp, promptly appointed a committee, consisting of Toledo and two miners, whose attire appeared the most respectable in the place, and instructed them to wait on the schoolmarm, and tender her the cordial support of the miners.

Early the next morning the committee called at the schoolhouse, attached to which were two small rooms in which teachers were expected to keep house.

The committee found the teacher "putting to rights" the schoolroom. Her dress was tucked up, her sleeves rolled, her neck hidden by a bright handkerchief, and her hair "a-blowin' all to glory," as Toledo afterward expressed it. Between the exertion, the bracing air, and the excitement caused by the newness of everything, Miss Brown's pleasant face was almost handsome.

"Mornin', marm," said Toledo, raising a most shocking hat, while the remaining committee-men expeditiously ranged themselves behind him, so that the teacher might by no chance look into their eyes.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," said Miss Brown, with a cheerful smile; "please be seated. I suppose you wish to speak of your children?"

Toledo, who was a very young man, blushed, and the whole committee was as uneasy upon its feet as if its boots had been soled with fly-blisters. Finally, Toledo answered:

"Not much, marm, seein' we hain't got none. Me an' these gentlemen's a committee from the boys."

"From the boys?" echoed Miss Brown. She had heard so many wonderful things about the Golden State, that now she soberly wondered whether bearded men called themselves boys, and went to school.

"From the miners, washin' along the crick, marm—they want to know what they ken do fur yer," continued Toledo.

"I am very grateful," said Miss Brown; "but I suppose the local school committee——"

"Don't count on them, marm," interrupted Toledo; "they're livin' five miles away, and they're only the preacher, an' doctor, an' a feller that's j'ined the church lately. None uv 'em but the doctor ever shows themselves at the saloon, an' *he* only comes when there's a diffikilty, an' he's called in to officiate. But the boys—the boys hez got the dust, marm, an' they've got the will. One uv us 'll be in often to see what can be done fur yer. Good-mornin', marm."

Toledo raised his hat again, the other committee-men bowed profoundly to all the windows and seats, and then the whole retired, leaving Miss Brown in the wondering possession of an entirely new experience.

"Well?" inquired the crowd, as the committee approched the creek.

"Well," replied Toledo, "she's just a hundred an' thirty pound nugget, an' no mistake—hey, fellers?"

"You bet," promptly responded the remainder of the committee.

"Good!" said the judge. "What does she want?"

Toledo's countenance fell.

"By thunder!" he replied, "we got out 'fore she had a chance to tell us!"

The judge stared sharply upon the young man, and hurriedly turned to hide a merry twitching of his lips.

That afternoon the boys were considerably astonished and scared at seeing the schoolmistress walking quickly toward the creek. The chairman of the new committee was fully equal to the occasion. Mounting a rock, he roared:

"You fellers without no sherts on, git. You with shoes off, put 'm on. Take your pants out uv yer boots. Hats off when the lady comes. Hurry up, now—no foolin'."

The shirtless ones took a lively double-quick toward some friendly bushes, the boys rolled down their sleeves and pantaloons, and one or two took the extra precaution to wash the mud off their boots.

Meanwhile Miss Brown approached, and Toledo stepped forward.

"Anything wrong up to the schoolhouse?" said he.

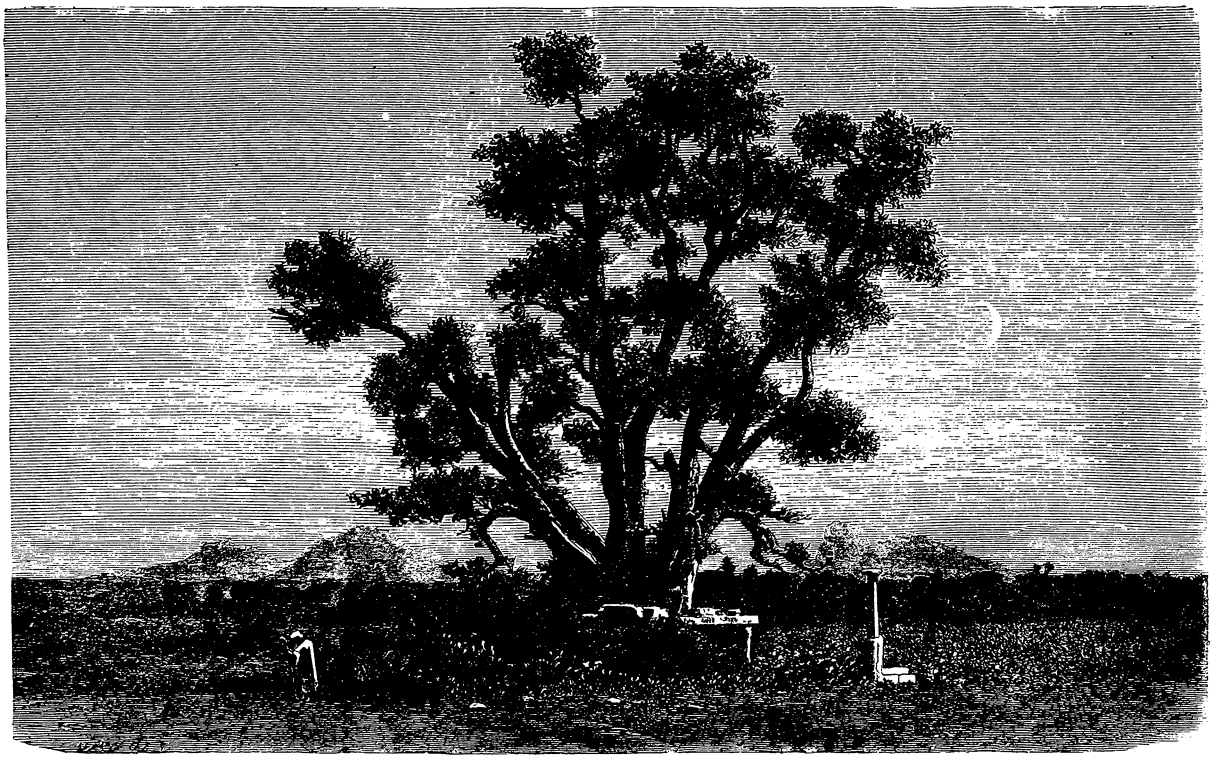
"Oh, no," replied Miss Brown, "but I have always had a great curiosity to see how gold was obtained. It seems as if it must be very easy to handle those little pans. Don't you—don't you suppose some miner would lend me his pan and let me try just *once?*"

"Certainly, marm; ev'ry galoot ov 'em would be glad of the chance. Here, you fellers—who's got the cleanest pan?"

Half a dozen men washed out their pans, and hurried off with them. Toledo selected one, put in dirt and water, and handed it to Miss Brown.

"Thar you are, marm, but I'm afeard you'll wet your dress."

"Oh, that won't harm," cried Miss Brown, with a laugh



KANDY AND THE TEMPLE OF THE DALADA.—THE SACRED TREE OF BUDDHA.—SEE PAGE 167.

which caused one enthusiastic miner to "cut the pigeon-wing."

She got the miner's touch to a nicety, and in a moment had a spray of dirty water flying from the edge of the pan, while all the boys stood in a respectful semicircle, and stared delightfully. The pan empty, Toledo refilled it several times; and, finally, picking out some pebbles and hard pieces of earth, pointed to the dirty, shiny deposit in the bottom of the pan, and briefly remarked:

"Thar 'tis, marm."

"Oh!" screamed Miss Brown, with delight; "is that really gold-dust?"

"That's it," said Toledo. I'll jest put it up fur yer, so yer ken kerry it."

"Oh, no," said Miss Brown, "I couldn't think of it—it isn't mine."

"You washed it out, marm, an' that makes a full title in these parts."

All of the traditional honesty of New England came into Miss Brown's face in an instant; and, although she, Yankee-like, estimated the value of the dust, and sighingly thought how much easier it was to win gold in that way than by forcing ideas into stupid little heads, she firmly declined the gold, and bade the crowd a smiling good-day.

"Did yer see them little fingers uv hern a-holdin' out that pan?—did yer see her, fellers?" inquired an excited miner.

"Yes, an' the way she made that dirt git, ez though she was useder to washin' than wallopin'," said another.

"Wallopin'!" echoed a staid miner. "I'd gie my claim, an' throw in my pile to boot, to be a young 'un, an' git walloped by them playthings of Hans's."

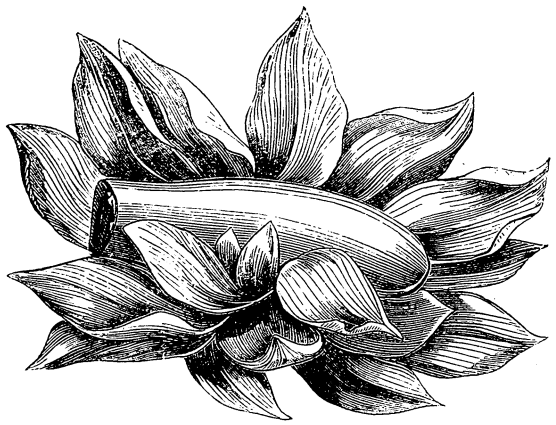
"Jest see how she throwed dirt an' water on them boots," said another, extending an enormous ugly boot. "Them boots ain't fur sale now—them ain't."

"Them be durned!" contemptuously exclaimed another. "She tramped right on my toes as she backed out uv the crowd."

Every one looked jealously at the last speaker, and a grim old fellow suggested that the aforesaid individual had obtained a trampled foot by fraud, and that each man in camp had, consequently, a right to demand satisfaction of him.

But the judge decided that he of the trampled foot was right, and that any miner who wouldn't take such a chance, whether fraudulently or otherwise, hadn't the spirit of a man in him."

Yankee Sam, the shortest man in the camp, withdrew from the crowd, and paced the banks of the creek, lost in thought. Within half an hour Sam was owner of the only store in the place, had doubled the prices of all articles of clothing contained therein, and increased at least six-fold the price of all the white shirts.



KANDY AND THE TEMPLE OF THE DALADA.—THE DALADA, OR SACRED TOOTH OF BUDDHA.

Next day the sun rose on Bottle Flat in his usual conservative and impassive manner. Had he respected the dramatic proprieties, he would have appeared with astonished face and uplifted hands, for seldom had a whole community changed so completely in a single night.

Uncle Hans, the only German in the camp, had spent the preceding afternoon in that patient investigation, for which the Teutonic mind is so justly

noted. The morning sun saw over Hans's door a sign, in charcoal, which read, "SHAVIN' DUN HIER"; and few men went to the creek that morning without first submitting themselves to Hans's hands.

Then several men who had been absent from the saloon that night before struggled into camp, with jaded mules and new attire. Carondelet Joe came in, clad in a pair of pants, on which slender saffron-hued serpents ascended graceful gray Corinthian columns, while from under the collar of a new white shirt appeared a cravat displaying most of the lines of the solar spectrum.

Flush, the Flat champion at poker, came in late in the afternoon, with a huge watch-chain and an overpowering bosom-pin, and his horrid fingers sported at least one sealring each.

Several stove-pipe hats were visible in camp, and even a pair of gloves were reported in the pocket of a miner.

Yankee Sam had sold out his entire stock, and prevented bloodshed over his only bottle of hair-oil by putting it up at a raffle, in forty chances, at an ounce a chance. His stock of white shirts, seven in number, were visible on manly forms; his pocket-combs and glasses were all gone; and there had been a steady run on needles and thread. Most of the miners were smoking new white clay pipes, while a few thoughtful ones, hoping for a repetition of the events of the previous day, had scoured their pans to a dazzling brightness.

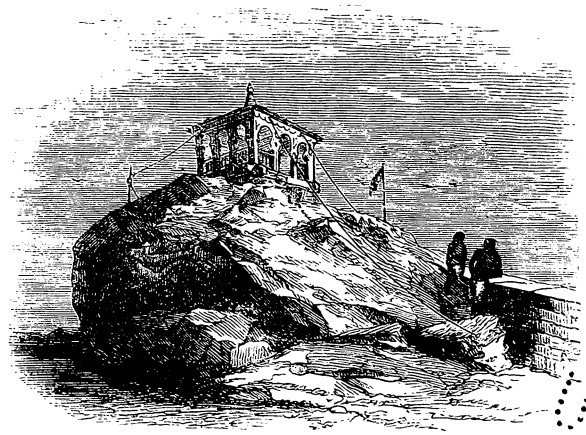
KANDY AND THE TEMPLE OF THE DALADA.—THE MALEGAWA, OR SHRINE OF THE DALADA.

As for the innocent cause of all this commotion, she was fully as excited as the miners themselves. She had never been outside of Middle Bethany until she started for California. Everything on the trip had been strange, and her stopping-place and its people were stranger than all. The male population of Middle Bethany, as is the case with small New England villages, consisted almost entirely of very young boys and very old men. But here at Bottle Flat were hosts of middle-aged men, and such funny ones! She was wild to see more of them, and hear them talk; yet her wildness was no match for her prudence. She sighed to think how slightingly Toledo had spoken of the minister on the local committee, and she piously admitted to herself that Toledo and his friends were undoubtedly on the brink of the bottomless pit, and yet—they certainly were very kind. If she could only exert a good influence upon these men—but how?

Suddenly she bethought herself of the grand social centre of Middle Bethany—the singing-school. Of course she couldn't start a singing-school at Bottle Flat, but if she were to say the children needed to be led in singing, would it be very hypocritical? She might invite such of the miners as were musically inclined to lead the school in singing in the morning, and thus she might, perhaps, remove some of the prejudice which, she had been informed, existed against the school.

She broached the subject to Toledo, and that faithful official had nearly every miner in the camp at the schoolhouse that same evening. The judge brought a fiddle, Uncle Hans came with a cornet, and Yellow Pete came

KANDY AND THE TEMPLE OF THE DALADA.—CINGALESE BRIDE AND GROOM.



KANDY AND THE TEMPLE OF THE DALADA.—ADAM'S PEAK, CEYLON.

grinning in with his darling banjo. There was a little disappointment all around when the boys declared their ignorance of "Greenville" and "Bonny Doon," which airs Miss Brown decided were most easy for the children to begin with; but when it was ascertained that the former was the air to "Saw My Leg Off," and the latter was identical with "The Three Black Crows," all friction was removed, and the melodious howling attracted the few remaining boys at the saloon, and brought them up in a body, led by the barkeeper himself.

The exact connection between melody and adoration is yet an unsolved religio-psychological problem. But we all know that everywhere in the habitable globe the two intermingle, and stimulate each other, whether the adoration be offered to heavenly or earthly objects. And so it came to pass that, at the Bottle Flat singing-school, the boys looked straight at the teacher while they raised their tuneful voices; that they came ridiculously early, so as to get front seats; and that they purposely sung out of tune, once in a while, so as to be personally addressed by the teacher.

And she—pure, modest, prudent, and refined—saw it all, and enjoyed it intensely. Of course, it could never go any further, for though there was in Middle Bethany no moneyed aristocracy, the best families scorned alliances with any who were undegenerate, and would not be unequally yoked with those who drank, swore, and gambled, let alone the fearful suspicion of murder, which Miss Brown's imagination affixed to every man at the Flat.

But the boys themselves—considering the unspeakable contempt which had been manifested in the camp for the profession of teaching, and for all who practised it—the boys exhibited a condescension truly Christian. They vied with each other in manifesting it, and though the means were not always the most appropriate, the honesty of the sentiment could not be doubted.

One by one the greater part of the boys, after adoring and hoping, saw for themselves that Miss Brown could never be expected to change her name at their solicitation. Sadder but better men, they retired from the contest, and solaced themselves by betting on the chances of those still "on the track," as an ex-jockey tersely expressed the situation.

There was no talk of "false-hearted beauty," or "fair temptress," such as men often hear in society, for not only had all the tenderness emanated from manly breasts alone, but it had never taken form of words.

Soon the hopeful ones were reduced to half a dozen of these. Yankee Sam was the favorite among the betting men, for Sam, knowing the habits of New England damsels, went to Placerville one Friday, and returned next day with a horse and buggy. On Sunday he triumphantly drove Miss Brown to the nearest church. Ten to one was offered on Sam that Sunday afternoon, as the boys saw the demure and contented look on Miss Brown's face as she returned from church. But Samuel followed in the sad footsteps of many another great man, for so industriously did he drink to his own success that he speedily developed into a bad case of *delirium tremens*.

Then Carondelet Joe, calmly confident in the influence of his wonderful pants, led all odds in betting. But one evening, when Joe had managed to get himself in the front row and directly before the little teacher, that lady turned her head several times, and showed signs of discomfort; when it finally struck the latter that the human breath might, perhaps, waft toward a lady perfumes more agreeable than those of mixed drinks, he abruptly quitted the school and the camp.

Flush, the poker champion, carried with him to the singing-school that astounding impudence which had long been the terror and admiration of the camp. But a quality which had always seemed exactly the thing when applied to poker seemed to the boys barely endurable when displayed toward Miss Brown.

One afternoon Flush indiscreetly indulged in some triumphant and rather slighting remarks about the little teacher. Within fifteen minutes, Flush's final earthly home had been excavated, and an amateur undertaker was making his coffin.

An untimely proposal by a good-looking young Mexican, and his prompt rejection, left the race between Toledo and a Frenchman named Lecomte. It also left Miss Brown considerably frightened, for until now she had imagined nothing more serious than the rude admiration which had so delighted her at first.

But now who knew but some one else would be ridiculous? Poor little Miss Brown suffered acutely at the thought of giving pain, and determined to be more demure than ever.

But, alas! even her agitation seemed to make her more charming to her two remaining lovers.

Had the boys at the saloon comprehended in the least the cause of Miss Brown's uneasiness, they would have promptly have put both Lecomte and Toledo out of the camp, or out of the world. But to their good-natured, conceited minds it meant only that she was confused, and unable to decide, and unlimited betting was done, to be settled upon the retirement of either of the contestants.

And while patriotic feeling influenced the odds rather in Toledo's favor, it was fairly admitted that the Frenchman was a formidable rival.

To all the grace of manner, and the knowledge of woman that seems to run in Gallic blood, he was a man of tolerable education and excellent taste. Besides, Miss Brown was so totally different from French women, that every development of her character afforded him an entirely new sensation, and doubled his devotion.

Toledo stood his ground manfully, though the boys considered it a very bad sign when he stopped drinking, and spent hours in pacing the ground in front of his hut, with his hands behind him, and his eyes fixed on the ground.

Finally, when he was seen one day to throw away his faithful old pipe, heavy betters hastened to "hedge," as well as they might.

Besides, as one of the boys truthfully observed, "He couldn't begin to wag a jaw along with that Frenchman."

But, like many other young men, he could talk quite eloquently with his eyes, and as the language of the eye is always direct and purely grammatical, Miss Brown understood everything they said, and, to her great horror, once or twice barely escaped talking back.

The poor little teacher was about to make the whole matter a subject of special prayer, when a knock at the door startled her.

She answered it, and beheld the homely features of the judge.

"I just come in to talk a little matter that's been botherin' me some time. Ye'll pardon me ef I talk a little plain?" said he.

"Certainly," replied the teacher, wondering if he, too, had joined her persecutors.

"Thank ye," said the judge, looking relieved. "It's all right. I've got darters to hum ez big ez you be, and I want to talk to yer ez ef yer was one uv 'em."

The judge looked uncertain for a moment, and then proceeded:

"That feller Toledo's dead in love with yer—uv course you know it, though 'tain't likely he's told yer. All I want to say 'bout him is, drop him kindly. He's been took so bad sence you come, that he's stopped drinkin' and chewin' an' smokin' an' cussin', an' he hasn't played a game at The Nugget sence the first singin'-school night. Mebbe this all

ain't much to you, but you've read 'bout that woman that was spoke well uv fur doin' what she could. He's the fust feller I've ever seen in the diggin's that went back on all the comforts uv life, an'—an' I've been a young man myself, and know how big a claim it's been fur him to work. Ain't got the heart to see him spiled now; but he *will* be ef, when yer hev to drop him, yer don't do it kindly. An'—just one thing more—the quicker he's out uv his misery the better."

The old jail-bird screwed a tear out of his eye with a dirty knuckle, and departed abruptly, leaving the little teacher just about ready to cry herself.

But before she was ready, another knock startled her.

She opened the door, and let in Toledo himself.

"Good-evenin', marm," said he, gravely. "I just come in to make my last official call, seein' I'm goin' away to-morrer. Ez there anything the schoolhouse wants I ken git 'an send from 'Frisco?"

"Going away!" ejaculated the teacher, heedless of the remainder of Toledo's sentence.

"Yes, marm; goin' away fur good. Fact is, I've been tryin' to behave myself lately, an' I find I need more company at it than I git about the diggin's. I'm goin' some place whar I ken learn to be the gentleman I feel like bein'—to be decent an' honest, an' useful, an' ther ain't anybody here that keers to help a feller that way—nobody."

The ancestor of the Browns of Middle Bethany was at Lexington on that memorable morning in '75, and all of his promptness and his courage, ten times multiplied, swelled the heart of his trembling little descendant, as she faltered out:

"There's one!"

"Who?" asked Toledo, before he could raise his eyes.

But though Miss Brown answered not a word, he did not repeat his question, for such a rare crimson came into the little teacher's face, that he hid it away in his breast, and acted as if he would never let it out again.

Another knock at the door.

Toledo dropped into a chair, and Miss Brown, hastily smoothing her hair, opened the door, and again saw the judge.

"I jest dropped back to say——," commenced the judge, when his eye fell upon Toledo.

He darted a quick glance at the teacher, comprehended the situation at once, and, with a loud shout of "Out of his misery, by thunder!" started on a run to carry the news to the saloon.

* * * * * * * *

Miss Brown completed her term, and then the minister, who was on the Local Board, was called in to formally make her tutor for life to a larger pupil. Lecomte, with true French gallantry, insisted on being groomsman, and the judge gave away the bride. The groom, who gave a name very different from any ever heard at the Flat, placed on his bride's finger a ring, inscribed within, "Made from gold washed by Huldah Brown." The little teacher has increased the number of her pupils by several, and her latest one calls her grandma.

KANDY AND THE TEMPLE OF THE DALADA.

From the top of the Pass of Kaduganawa, in Ceylon, a gentle descent leads, in about two hours, to the banks of the Mahawelli-ganga, the river which encircles the city of Kandy—soft and glittering, "like a necklace of pearls," as the Singalese express it. Four miles before we reach the city, we cross the celebrated Paradenia Bridge, built throughout of satin-wood. Not far beyond, and entered by a splendid avenue of india-rubber trees, are the Paradenia Botanical Gardens, which have been brought to a high state of perfection by the services of Dr. Gardner, the late eminent botanist. Enclosing a space of 150 acres, these gardens are full of all the tropical plants and trees, and have been the centre where European and many valuable foreign exotics—such as the various spices of the East Indies—have been naturalized in Ceylon. The good they have done in this way, and in bringing before importing countries the useful vegetable products of Ceylon, has been quite incalculable. It is but a few miles more—through forest land—by cottages and bazaars, and we are in the centre of the city of Kandy.

We first hear of it as a city in the year 1267; but it was not till the close of the sixteenth century that it became the capital of the island. Its situation is rendered peculiarly picturesque by the lake of Kandy—of which we give an illustration. Originally a valley, and probably the site of part of the ancient town, it is, therefore, an artificial lake, and was constructed in 1807 by the last king of Ceylon. It is situated between high hills, and running along their base forms the boundary of the town. It is about three-quarters of a mile in length, and about 150 yards in breadth. The road, which encircles the lake for two miles and a quarter, and runs behind the Pavilion, winds round the wooded hills, and is known as Lady Horton's road. The scenery here is varied and beautiful; the course of the rapid Mahawelli-ganga flows below through green hills and forest-clad mountains, some of which rise 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. The two principal streets in Kandy are Colombo Street and Trincomalie Street. The principal bazaar is where these streets intersect each other; but, besides, there are shops extending along the extremities of these and other streets diverging from them, well furnished, and differing but little from those at Colombo. The Church Missionaries have a very pretty residence and a schoolhouse, erected on a hill, about the middle of Trincomalie Street, on the east side. There is a burial-ground attached to the school. Bishop Heber visited the school during his stay at Kandy in 1825.

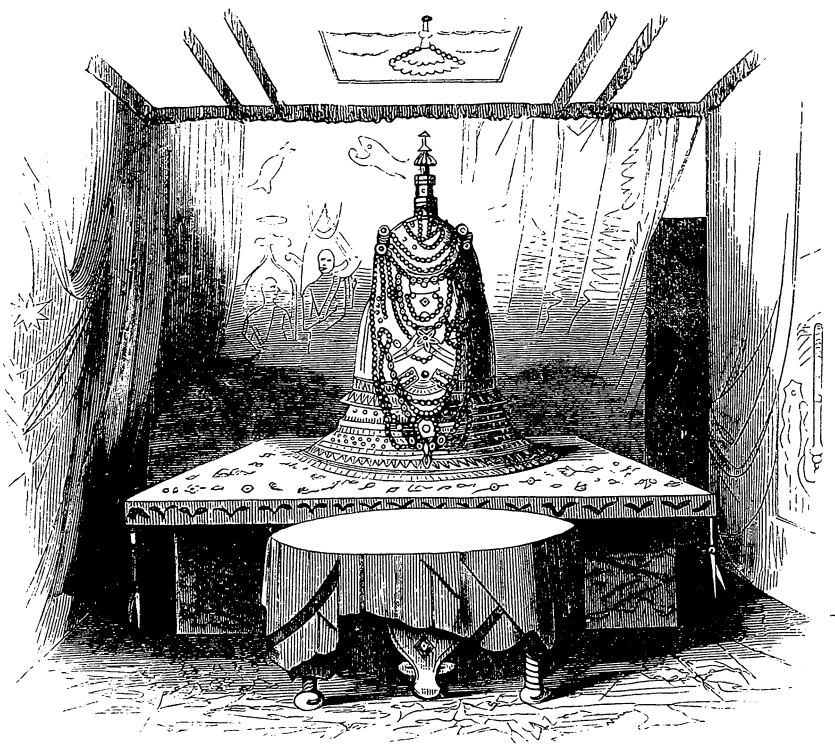
The temples of Kandy, situated under the shade of rich groves and in dilapidated courtyards, have fallen into slow decay. Of these, the most remarkable is that which enshrines the Dalada, or sacred tooth of Buddha. It has shared the fate of most relics. It has been destroyed and reproduced. Originally rescued, miraculously, from the flames which consumed the corpse of Guatama Buddha, in B.C. 543, it was venerated by millions, fought for, ransomed at enormous sums, and finally solemnly pounded in a mortar and consumed by the religious zeal of the Portuguese. But it did not perish. It was resuscitated by the clever trick of a politician; and the old tooth—probably that of an ape—which was destroyed in 1560, came again to the light, and took the form of which we give an engraving. It now closely resembles a crocodile's tooth; and Buddha must have been a giant indeed if he possessed a "canine" resembling this object of the reverence of millions.

According to the native historians of Ceylon, Gautama Buddha, the son of Suddho Lunu, sovereign of Maguda in Northern India, lived there with his parents for sixteen years, under the name of Primo Kumara. Having resolved on a life of penance, he remained for six years in the wilderness of Corawella, and had a desperate struggle with demons—personifications, it would seem, of his evil passions. Over these he eventually prevailed. Having assumed the character of Buddha, he passed over to Ceylon, then inhabited by a race of evil spirits, called Yakkhos: here he propounded his doctrines. He is said to have left the mark of his foot on the mountain called Adam's Peak, an object of great sanctity among his followers. Thus the Buddhists call it the impression of Buddha's foot; the Moors and Mahommedans claim it for Adam, stating it was worn into the rock

by the long penance of our great progenitor, who remained standing there on one foot for many years. After a long period, his penances prevailed: he was inaugurated as Buddha, and his supremacy acknowledged through the air above and on the earth beneath.

The Sacred Bo-tree (Ficus Religiosa, or Jaya Sri Maha Bodin Wahansey, the great, famous, and triumphant Fig-tree) is the branch of the tree under which Gautama sat the day he became a Buddhu. This tree is held in great veneration by the Buddhists, and is visited by thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the island, as well as from the continent of India.

On our visit to the sacred tree, some years ago, two of its branches had shot across the walls, and were supported by the strong branch of a tree, somewhat in form of a crutch, having a little silk cushion, stuffed with cotton underneath, to prevent its holy arm from sustaining injury. A few years previous a branch was blown down during a storm, on which occasion a great meeting of the priests was held from all parts of the island, when they lamented and howled over it for many days; they afterward rolled it in silk, burned it on a pile, and buried the ashes with great solemnity and sorrow. This is the most celebrated tree in the world, and is, according to the native historians of Ceylon, 2,400 years old. Before permitting us to ascend the stone steps, leading up to the sacred spot, the priests obliged us to take off our shoes, lest the holy ground should be polluted by the leathern covering of our feet.



KANDY AND THE TEMPLE OF THE DALADA.—THE SHRINE OF THE SACRED TOOTH.

Gautama Buddha's death took place in the eighty-first year of his age, and before Christ 543. In the forest of sal-trees, near the spot where he expired, the funeral pile was prepared. Before the entire destruction of the mortal remains of his teacher, the priest Khoim rescued the Dalada from the flames, and it was then conveyed, as it had been prophesied, to the country of Kalinga (India), where, for centuries, it was treated with all the veneration that had been shown to Buddha when alive.

It was subsequently removed to Paelalup; and here commenced what the Buddhists termed, "The trials of the tooth." It was ordered to be thrown into a pit filled with burning charcoal, whence they assert it burst forth in rays of light, which illumined the universe. It was afterwards buried in the deep, and trodden down by elephants, but reappeared in the heart of a golden lotus-flower. It was then cast into a filthy pool, which instantly became a clear pond, covered with the beautiful lotus-flowers, on one of which it was found; but the Ahoilakes believed these wonders to be deceptions, and placed the Dalada on an anvil; the hammer was raised to destroy it, when it instantly sank into the iron. The king now permitted the Buddhists to prove the truth of their faith, when Subhadru, who built the temple, and had made many offerings to the Dalada, saw the relic remove with great effulgence from the anvil, and float in water, in a golden cup, which he held in his hand. The king acknowledged that these trials were the means of procuring a triumph to true religion.

The temple of the Malegawa, in Kandy, containing the Dalada, or sacred tooth of Buddha, is small, and built in the Chinese style of architecture. The sanctum is an inner room, on the upper story, into which a ray of sunlight never penetrates, and is lighted with oil-lamps. The folding-doors are paneled in brass, before and behind which is a curtain; and round the doorway are elaborate carvings of elephants and other devices, executed in ivory. The splendor of the place is very striking, the roof and walls being lined with gold brocade, while on a table of solid embossed silver stands the sacred relic, contained within five caskets, called "koranduas"; the outer one is five feet high and nine feet ten inches in circumference, with a profusion of gold chains, having a great variety of costly gems suspended from them. It is richly ornamented with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and many other valuable stones; and by a valuable cat's eye on the top end of the casket, set in jewels. The apartment is strongly impregnated with the scent of the Buddhu flowers, which are tastefully arranged in various devices around the object of their worship. The tooth of Buddha is considered their most holy relic, and is visited by pilgrims from all parts of India. It is considered the palladium of their country, as the Buddhists have a superstitious belief that whatever people or nation may become possessed of it, have a right to govern Ceylon. In 1815, when the British forces, after a protracted and severe struggle, overcame the Kandians, and captured their commanders, the taking of the tooth at once put an effectual stop to the rebellion. The natives exclaimed, "The English are, indeed, masters of the country, for they possess the relic. This, for 2,000 years, is the first time the Dalada was taken from us."

In conclusion, it may be well to say a few words on Buddhism. It was a reaction from Brahmanism, and it changed the religious aspect of nearly the whole of Asia. We may grant that Buddha, whose real name was Sakya-

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

(See page 170.)

Gautama, Buddha being a name taken afterwards, and meaning "The Enlightened," was an historical personage belonging to the royal caste. Discontented with the artificial system of the Brahmanical philosophers and theologians, abhorring their Pharisaism and their priestcraft, which made them the only mediators between God and man, he threw off the yoke, and after destroying the old became the founder of a new religion. He assembled around him the people of all castes, he argued with and defeated the Brahmans, he denounced their sacrifices and their penances, and said that the sole thing required in the case of sin was confession and promise to sin no more. He published a moral code, which for its purity cannot be equalled in all the history of heathen religions. His life was stainless; he practised the virtues he taught; and he died, after propagating his religion by the sole power of his word and of persuasion, with the serenity of a sage in the arms of his disciples. It is almost impossible to believe that such a man really taught the metaphysics which have been written on his doctrines by his followers. After a careful examination of the Buddhist books, Barthélemy St. Hilaire arrived at these conclusions:

"Buddhism has no God; it has not even the confused and vague idea of a Universal Spirit in which the human soul may be absorbed. It confounds man with all that surrounds him, all the while preaching to him the laws of virtue. Buddhism, therefore, cannot unite the human soul, which it does not mention, with a God, whom it ignores, nor with nature, which it does not admit. Nothing remained but to annihilate the soul; and in order to be quite sure that the soul may not reappear under some new form in the world, which Buddhism curses as the abode of illusion and misery, it destroys the very elements of the soul, and never gets tired of glorying in this achievement. What more is wanted? If this is not the absolute 'Nothing,' what is Nirvana?"

Nirvani, which is the state to which the Buddhists aspire, is not absorption into a Divine Being—it is "the blowing out, the extinction of light," the absolute annihilation of the soul.

Such a religion is only fit for insane persons, and it is probable that a part of if has been fitted like an excrescence on the original teaching of Buddha. "Nirvana," probably in his sense, meant not annihilation, but release from the ills of life; but still it is almost clear that he did not unite, to the high morality he taught, any notion of a personal God, or any doctrine of a future life. Whatever the metaphysics of the Buddhists have taught, the religion itself, when it became the religion of millions, could not hold together on the grounds of the metaphysicians. Man felt the necessity of leaning upon some one, and of a life to come; and the "Nothing," the Nirvana, was changed into a kind of paradise, and Buddha, who denied the existence of a God, was himself deified.

MADAME DE MAINTENON, AND THE LAST YEARS OF LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

By the Author of "Mirabeau," etc.

Marmontel's remark—that throughout his life Louis the Fourteenth was always governed, either by his ministers or his mistresses—is profoundly true. Probably no important act of that long reign emanated from the unbiased judgment of the monarch—the most absolute that ever reigned over France. The influence of Fouquet, of Colbert, and of Louvois was great, but that of La Vallière, of Montespan, of Maintenon, so molded the inward and the outward life of their royal master that the reign of each of these sultanas made a distinct epoch in his. That of the first was idyllic; its home was the sunlit glades, the umbrageous groves, the bosky dells of the woods of Versailles, as yet untrammeled by the gardener's art or denaturalized by the vast palace that now rises amongst them. What else could be the gentle reign of sweet Louise de la Vallière? The second was gorgeous, magnificent, oriental, a glittering of jewels, a clashing of cymbals, a braying of trumpets, and a pæan of victory, such as befitted the puissance of the haughty Duchess de Montespan. The third and last, sombre, fanatic, a penitential psalm, broken by the hollow moans of a famishing, persecuted people, by the death cries of the wounded and the hurried tramp of flying soldiers; then the death dirge—the funeral pall descends, and all is over. Thus the history of his mistresses is the history of Louis the Fourteenth and his reign.

To the name of Madame de Maintenon, however, the epithet "mistress" must be applied in a broader and more honorable sense than to the names of her predecessors; in her case we should rather use the term "wife," as there can be little doubt that such was the relation she held towards the King. Perhaps there is no more extraordinary history upon record than that of this woman, who, after being born in a prison, and passing through so many strange phases of life, rose from the depths of positive destitution to be the queen, in all but name, of one of the proudest monarchs who ever wielded sceptre.

Françoise d'Aubigné was descended from an ancient and honorable family of Anjou. Her grandfather was Théodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, an inflexible Huguenot, and the friend and companion of the great Henry. Her father, Constant d'Aubigné, was a black sheep, who, after acquiring wealth and consideration at Court for betraying his co-religionists, for which treachery his father disinherited him, was detected in some treasonable correspondence with the English and thrown into the prison of the Conciergerie of Niort. His wife, a noble heroic woman, then *enceinte*, obtained permission to share his captivity, and there, on the 27th of November, 1635, nearly three years before Louis the Fourteenth, was born Françoise. Her godfather was the celebrated Duke de la Rochefoucauld, her godmother was the daughter of the Baron du Neuillant, the governor of Niort.

In misery, hunger, and raggedness passed the days of parents and children—for there were two other little ones, boys, besides the new-comer—until Madame de Villette, Constant's sister, hearing of their sad position, brought them help and took away the children to her home, which was situated in the neighborhood. But when the prisoner was transferred to Château Trompette at Bordeaux, the mother, unable to endure the thoughts of complete separation, took back her little daughter, whose home for some three or four years was thus within the gloomy prison walls, the prison-yard her playground, the jailer's daughter her only playmate.

In 1639, after endless solicitations, Madame d'Aubigné obtained her husband's enlargement, after which they embarked for Martinique, to try their fortunes in a new world. During the voyage little Françoise fell dangerously ill, and was at last laid out as dead. The body was just about to be committed to the sea when the mother, as she held it in a last passionate parting embrace, felt a slight movement. "My child is not dead!" she shrieked. "Her heart beats!" The little girl was put back into bed, and in a few days was restored to health.

By what trifles are the destinies of men and of nations decided! Had not the mother's heart craved for yet another embrace, or had the sailor who was to have been the gravedigger of the sea been but a moment quicker, the Edict of Nantes might never have been revoked, and the latter years of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth might have been

wholly different. What wonderful events hang upon moments!—upon some apparently insignificant life!

In Martinique fortune gave Constant d'Aubigné yet another chance. He acquired some large plantations, prospered, grew rich. After a time Madame d'Aubigné had occasion to visit France; when she returned she found her husband once more a beggar; during her absence he had gambled away all that he possessed. After this he obtained a small appointment in a village of the island, and there his wife devoted her life to the education of her children, but more especially to that of her daughter, who already gave promise of more than ordinary talent. She taught her to read Plutarch and ancient history; and to habituate her mind to reflection she obliged her to exercise it both in composition and in letter-writing, in which last Françoise excelled throughout her life. The noble and devoted mother, who had herself been so schooled in adversity, desired to instil into the child's mind something of her own courage and fortitude.

One day the house took fire. Seeing little Françoise weeping bitterly, Madame said reprovingly, "I thought you had more courage. Why should you weep thus for the loss of a house?" "It is not for the house I am weeping," answered the child quickly, "but for my doll!" The child is the father of the man—the mother of the woman. In those words are the germ of the future intensely selfish nature of Madame de Maintenon.

The next event of importance was the death of Constant, which happened in 1645. Madame d'Aubigné returned to France poorer even than when she left it. She was reduced to live by the labor of her hands; but indefatigable as ever, she set to work to endeavor to reclaim some remnants of her husband's first fortune, to gather in old debts, to get for her children something of the heritage which had been left behind by their grandfather, Agrippa d'Aubigné.

She once more, although unwillingly, confided her daughter to Madame de Villette, who readily undertoook the charge. The cause of Madame d'Aubigné's unwillingness was, that her sister-in-law was a Calvinist. The result justified her Catholic scruples, for Madame Villette at once proceeded to train her little niece in the doctrines of the Reformed faith.

Years of tribulation, of poverty, of successive misfortune, of silent endurance, of living in the shadow of life, had hardened and chilled Madame d'Aubigné's character into coldness and severity, beneath which her virtues and affections were concealed. Madame de Villette, who had lived in the sunshine of life, was on the contrary smiling, tender, loving; and so, child-like, the little Françoise soon began to prefer this cheerful lady to the trouble-saddened mother, and to embrace all her teachings with the utmost docility.

One day Françoise refused to accompany her mother to mass. Madame d'Aubigné, terribly alarmed for her daughter's salvation, with her usual energy at once appealed to Anne of Austria to issue an order for the girl's restoration to her own custody. The order was granted, and the young Huguenot was handed over to her godmother the Countess de Neuillant, a zealous Catholic, to be brought back to the Catholic faith. But Françoise was not yet to be converted, so as a punishment for her contumacy she was set to perform the most menial offices, among others, to measure out the corn for the horses and to look after a flock of turkeys. "It was there, in the farmyard," she used to say, "I first began to reign." As not even these degradations could bend her firm spirit, she was sent away to the Ursuline Convent at Niort. Strange to say, her Huguenot aunt, confident in the strength of her niece's convictions, and anxious to remove her from the painful position she held in Madame de Neuillant's house, consented to pay her board while at the convent. Alas, for Madame de Villette's confidence! The arguments of the good abbess and her ghostly confessor proved so potent that Mademoiselle d'Aubigné was after a time induced to formally recant her "errors," and to become from that time forth a good Catholic, upon which her good aunt indignantly withdrew from her all further assistance. Pious Madame de Neuillant, having thus preserved her goddaughter's soul, considered that she had fulfilled her duty to the utmost, and left the body to do the best it could; in other words, she declined to afford her any pecuniary aid whatever; of course the good pious sisters of St. Ursula could not be further troubled with a person who was penniless; so, her conversion complete, poor Françoise was shown the convent door, outside which stretched a desert, a friendless world. The only person to whom she could turn was her mother, who could scarcely feed herself, much less her daughter. It was a miserable half-famished life, from which in a little time merciful death released one of these women. Yes, poor Madame d'Aubigné was at last permitted to lay down her cross and rest her weary head in the lap of mother earth.

An evil training this for a young girl who had not yet reached her fifteenth year! A training to wither the heart and to fill the soul full of bitterness, the flavor of which abides with us evermore; ay, though Fortune thereafter empty down our throats her cornucopia, filled with all the sweets of the earth. A childhood of privation is a poor preparation for a noble life; little that is truly generous, tender, and merciful ever came from it, but much that is hard, cold, selfish, and hypocritical.

For three months after her mother's death Françoise remained shut up in a room at Niort, existing heaven knows how. At the end of the three months pious Madame de Neuillant, afraid, perhaps, of some scandal falling upon her proselyte, paid her a visit, and shortly afterwards placed her at an Ursuline convent in Paris, from which she occasionally passed to the *salons* of her protectress. Mademoiselle d'Aubigné was beautiful, graceful, accomplished, clever, *spirituelle;* she attracted the attention of the visitors, among whom were some of the most distinguished and most celebrated people of the age. It was here that she was introduced to the Abbé Scarron, poet, satirist, buffoon, famous in the days of the Fronde for his lampoons against Mazarin and the Court; a monstrous deformity, who it was said had the free use of no member of his body except his tongue and his hands. When a young man he had, in a mad carnival freak, personated a savage, and run naked through the crowd pursued by a mob; being in danger of his life he was obliged to conceal himself in a marsh; a palsy, from which he never recovered, was the consequence of this disgraceful freak. His appearance at thirty (three years afterwards) is best described in his own words: "My head is a little broad for my shape; my face is full enough to make my body appear very small; I have hairs enough to render a wig unnecessary; I have many white hairs, in spite of the proverb. My teeth, formerly square pearls, are now wood-colored, and will shortly be slate-colored. My legs and thighs first formed an obtuse angle, afterwards an equilateral angle, and at length an acute one; my thighs and body form another; and my head, always dropping upon my breast, makes me a pretty good representation of the letter Z. I have got my arms shortened as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. In a word, I am an abridgement of human miseries." But in spite of all he was gay, *sans souci*, and was forever jesting upon and laughing over his own sufferings and hideousness.

This deformity fell in love with the beautiful fifteen-year-old Françoise d'Aubigné! He was witty, kind, generous, compassionated her sad position and offered her his hand; and, marvelous to relate, she accepted it! Even allowing

her to have been frigid by temperament, what must she not have suffered of privation, of misery, of the bitter humiliations of poverty and dependence, to sell her young life to this paralyzed monstrosity for a home?

She was just sixteen at the time of her marriage. "The new wife," says Saint Simon, "pleased all the company who frequented Scarron's house, which was very numerous and of all kinds; it was the fashion to go there—wits, courtiers, citizens, the highest and most distinguished personages of the day; and the charms of his wit, of his knowledge, his imagination, and of that incomparable gaiety, always fresh amidst all his afflictions, that rare fecundity and pleasantry of the best taste that we still admire in his works, attracted everybody to his house."

This was the age of the Fronde, an age in which every moral restraint was broken through, and riot, debauchery, and licentiousness reigned supreme. It was also the first, and most vigorous, of the literary epochs of France; it was the epoch of the Duchess de Rambouillet and her lovely daughter, the foundresses of the Précieuses, to whom the French tongue is indebted for so many of its graces and for all its conversational polish; it was the epoch of Ninon l'Enclos, the modern Aspasia; of the Hôtel Vendôme, with its society of theorists, epicureans, scoffers, and sensualists; of the *réunions* of the poets at the *cabarets* of the *Pomme du Pin* and the *Croix de Lorraine*. Nor were the gatherings at Scarron's house in the Marais the least among the coteries, for here assembled all that was noble, great, witty, and dissolute. Hither came Turenne and Condé, Beaufort, De Retz, Coligni, Villarceaux, Madame de Sévigné, Saint Evremond, La Rochefoucauld, Bussy Rabutin, Molière, La Fontaine, Corneille, Boileau, Chapelle, Bachaumont, the Abbé Chalieu, etc.

Whether Madame Scarron kept herself immaculate in the midst of this noble, brilliant, and very immoral society, we have no means of positively determining. Ninon l'Enclos, in a very broadly-stated anecdote about her and the Chevalier de Meré, who professed himself her adorer, asserts that she was not. Madame Scarron was certainly the bosom friend of that celebrated courtesan, and of all the other Laïses and Aspasias of the period, and we all know the old proverb about handling pitch. But, on the other hand, it may be urged that Ninon l'Enclos and her sisters were tolerated in the best society of the time, even by such women as Madame de Sévigné; that they were among the most brilliant and witty of her husband's coterie, and being such it was impossible for her to neglect them. Yet, even when she became the cold ascetic wife of Louis the Fourteenth, Madame de Maintenon never slighted Ninon l'Enclos, never refused a favor to her or her friends. She evidently *feared* her. Scandal compromised Madame Scarron's name with that of the all-conquering Fouquet, from whom her husband received a pension, and who had her portrait hung beside that of La Vallière at Vaux. The letters, however, which would confirm such an accusation, are generally admitted to be forgeries.

But, be that as it may, she was *prudent*, preserved the outward forms of decency, and was at all times exact in the performance of religious observances. She won great influence over her erratic husband, and exercised it for good; from the time of their marriage his writings became less gross and immoral, and the conversations at his *réunions* somewhat purer.

Nine years was the period of this strange union, and then Scarron died. Incorrigible jester to the last, his almost parting words were, "I never thought it was so easy a matter to laugh at the approach of death." But nevertheless he was greatly troubled about the future of his young wife, to whom he was tenderly attached.

Grim poverty, which had been kept at bay during these nine years of married life, once more pounced upon his victim. Scarron possessed no more than he derived from the productions of his pen and the bounty of his friends, and all such means died with him. More scandals against poor Françoise; Fouquet again, and the Marquis de Villarceaux. She goes back once more to the Ursuline Convent in the Rue St. Jacques, where she is suddenly surprised by the queen renewing in her favor her husband's pension, with an addition of five hundred francs; after which she retires to the hospital of the Place Royale, lives an irreproachable life in the exercise of charity and religion, is received at the Hôtel d'Albret, and at other great houses, where her graceful, pleasing, and refined manners render her a universal favorite.

The key-note of her conduct at this period is to be found in her own words, written just after the renewal of her pension: "I was raised a hundred points above interest. *I sought for honor.*" Whatever might or might not have been her youthful indiscretions, she had now rigidly renounced them; to be esteemed and honored was now her ambition. What was the ultimate object she proposed to herself by this conduct is not exactly clear; marriage with a man of high rank and great fortune was offered her, which she refused on account of his libertine character and because she could neither love nor respect him. We have all our peculiar ambitions; the widow Scarron had hers—truly a laudable one—which was to be more respectable than her contemporaries.

This refusal greatly offended her patrons and patronesses, who considered that, being poor, she had no right to take upon herself the judgment of what would constitute her happiness. About the same time the death of Anne of Austria again deprived her of her pension and reduced her once more to a state of destitution. She applied to the King for its renewal, but in vain. She was on the point of accepting a small post in the household of Mademoiselle d'Aumale, who was about to leave France to wed the King of Portugal, when she was advised to seek an interview with Madame de Montespan, whom she had frequently met in society. The interview was granted, and Madame de Montespan, deeply moved by the widow's sad story, undertook to present a petition to the King, and to use her utmost endeavors to get it granted. It was impossible that so small a favor should be refused to the favorite sultana; and so widow Scarron was preserved from a voluntary exile.

The fortunate event was celebrated by joyous suppers at Ninon l'Enclos's, followed soon afterwards by a sudden return to devotion and by constant attendance at the sermons of Bourdaloue. Some three years passed away thus.

We now come to the turning-point in her career. Henceforth the bright side of Françoise's character is turned away from us, and we shall see only its dark and base aspect. In the year 1669, she was solicited to take charge of some children of noble birth, the name of whose parents, however, was not to be revealed. She at once divined the secret. Resolved, however, to be no blind agent, but a confidante, she wrote in reply, "*If the children are the King's I will do it willingly;* I could not undertake the charge of Madame de Montespan's *without scruples. Thus it is the King who must order me to do this.* . . . . Three years ago I should not have had this delicacy, but since then I have learned many things, which now prescribe it to me as a duty."

Three years ago she would have been ready to have charged herself with the children of *any* adulterous pair; but since she had become pious her conscience would permit her only to undertake those *of the King*, and then only by his special order! The constant exercise of the *offices* of religion—very convenient substitutes for *the spirit*—seem to be a perfect grindstone to worldly wisdom; thus it is, I presume, that all clericals, whether called monks, parsons,

MADAME DE MONTESPAN.

bishops, or ministers, are ever so keenly alive to their own interests. The cloven foot of hypocrisy, vilest of all vices, was beginning to peep forth beneath the widow's petticoat.

Her scruples would thus bring her into immediate connection with the King, his command would make her his confidante, and place him, as it were, under an obligation to her. Madame Scarron's scruples were respected and gained for her all that she required. She was established in a house at Vaugirard; carriages, horses, and servants were provided for her use.

The Maintenon estate was for sale; its proximity to Versailles would render it a most convenient residence for the royal children and their guardian, and Madame de Montespan begged the King to purchase it and bestow it upon Madame Scarron. But Louis disliked her; she had been mixed up with the society of the Fronde, of which throughout his life he entertained the greatest horror; she was a Précieuse, and Louis, ill-educated himself, hated learned women.

Too much had already been done for "that creature,"

he said, angrily; he could not understand Madame de Montespan's fancy for her; to him she was insupportable. Wearied at last, however, by his mistress's importunities, he consented to grant this favor, provided *that he should never again look upon her face.*

But time and accidents work wonders. M. du Maine, one of the children, was lame. Madame de Maintenon—she had now assumed that title—took him into Flanders, in order to obtain the advice of a celebrated physician and the benefit of certain medicinal waters. She wrote long letters to her patroness, in which she very graphically described the incidents of her journey. These letters were shown to the King; he was pleased with them; his prejudices against the widow began to give way, and upon her return she was admitted more freely to the royal presence, sometimes passing whole evenings in the society of Louis and his mistress. Madame de Montespan was full of vain and capricious humors, which at times sorely tried the patience of her royal lover, who by-and-by found a consolation in talking over such vexations with the sympathising *gouvernante*, whose conversation he found to be quite charming. Madame de Montespan began to grow uneasy, jealous, under which influences her humors were more violent and unbearable than ever. The King began to grow weary of quarrels and reproaches, and attached himself more and more to Madame de Maintenon's society. The widow felt her power, and gradually withdrew from the mother all control over the management of the children, refusing to take any orders concerning them except from the King himself. By-and-by she grew even bolder, and preached to her royal patron upon the criminality of illicit love, the beauty of virtue, the nobleness of continence, exhorting him to penitence; and to all this he lent a willing ear; for when we grow weary of our vices it is so delightful to ascribe their renunciation to awakened piety. Louis was always susceptible to religious formulas; so was his successor, who, while living a life of heathen debauchery, shuddered at philosophers and Encyclopédistes. The Bourbon religion never went beyond lip homage and a childish terror of the cloven-footed, horned devil of monkish legends, and upon this susceptibility the cunning widow founded over his mind an empire stronger even than that of lust.

And now the struggle between the two women began in earnest, and was continued through several years; a very unequal struggle, since the strength of one was so overwhelmingly greater than that of the other. Writing of Madame de Maintenon as early even as 1676, Madame de Sévigné says, "Everything is subject to her empire."

There were bitter quarrels between the two women, frequently in the King's presence, in which he had to play the dignified part of arbiter or peacemaker. In one of her letters, Madame de Maintenon thus describes a scene of this kind:

"She (De Montespan) came to my house yesterday and overwhelmed me with reproaches and abuse. The King surprised us in the middle of this conversation, which ended better than it had begun. He ordered us to embrace and to love each other, but you know that the last article cannot be commanded. He added, laughing, that he found it more easy to restore peace to all Europe than between two women, and that we took fire upon trifles."

Assisted by Louvois, Madame de Montespan sought out and resuscitated all the ancient scandals which had been promulgated against the widow Scarron. Writing to her brother about this time, Madame de Maintenon says:

"All are mad against me, and do everything in their power to injure me: if they do not succeed we shall laugh at them; if they do, we will endure with fortitude."

Determined, strong-minded, prepared for either fortune, she calmly faced her enemies—and conquered. In testimony of his disbelief in the vile stories circulated, Louis created her, in 1680, second lady-in-waiting to the Dauphine. One of the first uses she made of this position was to win the assistance of that princess to bring about a permanent separation between the King and his mistress.

Her star was now in full ascendant; the esteemed and honored friend of the Queen and the Dauphine, and the companion for four or five hours each evening of the King, who took great pleasure in her conversation, so admirable for its well-chosen language, its sagacity, terseness, great knowledge of the world, and brilliant wit, the whole so intoned with reverential piety. Added to these charms of the mind were the well-preserved remains of her youthful beauty, an infinite grace and ease of demeanor, and a certain pleasing deference of manner which she had acquired in her days of poverty, and which she still displayed in the royal presence.

This was the period of Louis's *amour* with Mademoiselle de Fontanges, which the death of that lady terminated within a year. It does not appear that Madame de Maintenon's moral sense was in any way shocked by this intrigue; nay, it would seem that she rather rejoiced at it, as a further loosening of the bonds which held him to De Montespan. Had the young girl lived, her reign would have been brief, for, although exceedingly beautiful, she was inanely insipid, and being so could never have obtained any permanent influence over the King. Such rivals troubled not De Maintenon, in whose designs passion found no place; she aspired only to govern his mind.

In 1683 the Queen, who had conceived a great regard for De Maintenon, died in that lady's arms. This created a new tie to still further attach her to the King. Smote with remorse by the memory of the suffering that he had inflicted upon the gentle spirit of her who had passed away, to which among the women whom he loved or had loved could he turn for consolation with so free a conscience as to her whom Maria-Theresa had called friend? There are no grounds for believing that this communion ever exceeded the bounds of propriety. That Louis frequently importuned her is past a doubt, but she who could at fifteen become the wife of the paralytic cripple Scarron was not likely to yield to passion at forty-five. Yet while she drew back from such advances, she did not finally reject them, as is proved by the following line, which occurs in one of her letters: "I send him away always afflicted, but never in despair." Thus she strengthened her empire over his fickle affections, and tempted him into a more honorable mode of gratifying them.

From the hour in which the Queen died, Madame de Maintenon proposed to herself but one object in life—to become the wife of Louis the Fourteenth. And in that object there is little doubt but that she succeeded. Here is Saint-Simon's testimony:

"He," the King, "passed the first days after the Queen's death at St. Cloud, at Monsieur's, whence he went to Fontainebleau, where he spent the Autumn. On his return, it is said—for it is necessary to distinguish what is certain from what is not—that the King spoke more freely to Madame de Maintenon, and that she, venturing to try her power, skilfully entrenched herself behind her prudery and devotion; that the King was not discouraged; that she preached to him, and put him in fear of the devil, and that she played his love and her conscience with so much art one against the other that she brought to pass that which our eyes have seen, but which posterity will refuse to believe. But what is very certain and very true is, that in the middle of the Winter which followed the Queen's death, a thing which posterity will scarcely credit, although perfectly true and authenticated, Father La Chaise, the King's confessor, performed mass at midnight in one of the King's cabinets at Versailles. Bontems, governor of Versailles, first *valet de chambre* in waiting, and the most in the King's confidence

of the four, served this mass where the monarch and Maintenon were married, in the presence of Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, as diocesan, of Louvois, both of whom had obtained a promise from the King that he would never acknowledge this marriage, and of Montchevreuil, as the third witness."

A further confirmation of this fact is found in a letter, still preserved in the library of the Louvre (Archives de Noailles), written to her by Paul, Bishop of Chartres:

"Love the King with all your heart, be submissive to him as Sara was to Abraham, God has ordained that you should be elevated, loved, respected, and put in the place of queens, and yet you shall not have any more freedom than a citizen's wife. Tender yourself to God and to the King for the love of God, who has chosen you for his consolation and to obey him. The King still regards virtue too much as an austere and disagreeable thing; but when he beholds it personified in her whom he most loves and esteems, combined with perfect innocence, cheerfulness of spirit, and an ardent devotion to good works, God will give him the grace to aspire to the same happiness. A holy woman hallows an unholy man; what then will she be to a Christian!" Such words could have been written by such a man only to *a wife*.

Madame de Maintenon erased from her carriage the arms of her first husband, substituting her own in their place. Apartments were given her at the top of the grand staircase, opposite those of the King; here he passed several hours of each day, and wherever he went she was lodged near him. Ministers, generals, the royal family, all were at her feet; affairs of state, of justice, of religion, all were in her hands. "What she was—how she governed without interruption, without obstacle, without the slightest cloud, more than thirty entire years, and even thirty-two—is the incomparable spectacle which has been presented to the eyes of all Europe."

For a time, unable to realize her downfall, Madame de Montespan still lingered about the Court, wearing away her heart at the sight of her rival's triumph, until that rival, weary of her reproachful presence, backed by the authority of the King, signified to her that she had better retire from the Court altogether; and, to give a sharper edge to the harsh message, Madame de Maintenon caused it to be conveyed to her by her own son, the Duc de Maine. She died at Bourbon in the year 1707, at the age of sixty-six, being, it is said, even then in almost full possession of her matchless beauty.

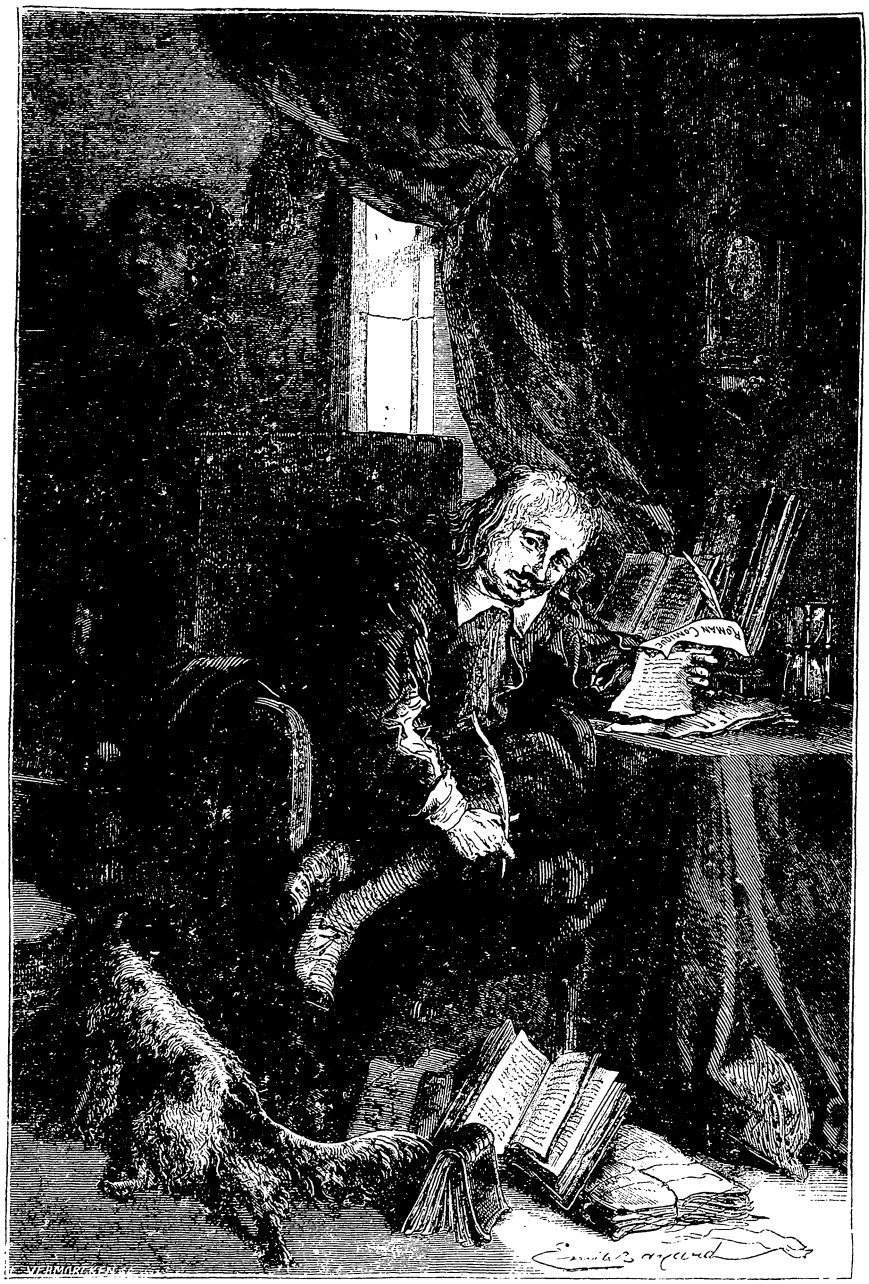
This secret marriage may be said to commence the third and last epoch of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. The first was troubled and obscured by the Fronde and the rebellion of the princes of the blood; the second was the greatest in French history, great in the splendor of its court, the grandeur of its king, the nobleness of its literature, the commanding talents of its generals and ministers, the success of its arms. France might well in after years look back with melancholy pride upon that brilliant period and epithetise the central figure as "la Grande Monarque"; for much as it is now the fashion to sneer at that agnomen, Louis was in those days a great king. But the third epoch was one of gloom and disaster; Condé and Turenne were gone, and victory no longer attended their country's arms; Colbert was dead: that great genius who, after the devastating civil wars, had rescued France from bankruptcy, revived her trade, given such an impetus to her manufactures as they had never known before, and raised her finances from the lowest to the highest condition of prosperity; and Louvois, that impetuous war-counselling minister to whom France owed many troubles, but who, in spite of many failings, was still a great man, followed soon afterwards. And none were left to fill the places they had left vacant.

And so with a scared conscience, with a haunting feeling of an ill-spent life, the present darkened the dread shadow of the hereafter, the greatness of his youth fading day by day as the faithful old servants dropped one by one, Louis became the mere tool of the priests and of a priest-ridden ambitious woman. What but evil could come out of the influence of such counsellors? Against the Huguenots, left in peace for many years by the Edict of Nantes, and now forming the most industrious, intelligent, and some of the wealthiest portion of the population, were their machinations first directed. They danced the cloven feet and the horns before the eyes of the superstitious King, and persuaded him that the only way to avoid them and to get to heaven was to root out heresy; they flattered his worldly pride by pointing out to him the glory which would attach itself to his name by accomplishing a feat that had surpassed all the power of his predecessors; they painted the Huguenots in the blackest colors, reminded him of their revolts, their foreign alliances, how they had imposed laws upon their kings, and how by destroying their power he would be more than ever absolute in authority, since at present they, by their different usages and religion, formed, as it were, a state within a state. And he listened to the counsel of these wretched bigots, and the spirit of persecution was sent abroad. Little by little the Protestants were deprived of their civil rights. Bodies of troops, accompanied by a locust swarm of monks, overspread the land, compelled the Protestants to renounce their faith, and put to death their preachers. But this was only the beginning: such crumbs of persecution did not satisfy the ravening maws of these worthy apostles of the merciful Saviour; and on the 23d of October, 1685, the King struck a blow against her greatness and prosperity, from which, even at the present day, France has never wholly recovered. It was on that day that, yielding at last to the solicitations of his devout wife and his confessor La Chaise, he revoked the Edict of Nantes, blotted out all the previous glory of his reign, and raised for himself a hideous, blood-stained monument in the Pantheon of bigots. The effects of this act of criminal madness are thus eloquently depicted by Saint Simon:

"The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, without the least pretext and without any need, and the various proscriptions, rather than proclamations, which followed, were the fruits of that abominable conspiracy which depopulated a fourth of the kingdom, ruined its commerce, weakened it in all its parts, delivered it over to the pillage of dragoons, who authorized the torments and punishments by which thousands of innocent people of both sexes perished; which ruined a great body of the population, destroyed a world of families, armed kinsmen against kinsmen to rob each other of their possessions, and to leave the weakest to die of hunger; which sent away our manufactures to foreign nations, causing them to flourish at the expense of our own, raising among them new cities, which presented the picture of a vast body of people, proscribed, naked, fugitive, outcasts, without crime, seeking an asylum far from their native land; which sent the noble, the wealthy, the old people, esteemed for their piety, their learning, their virtue, people bred in every comfort, weak, delicate; to the galleys, in order that there might be only one religion! in fine, which filled the provinces of the kingdom with perjury and sacrilege and with the groans of those unfortunate victims of error, while many others sacrificed their consciences to their possessions and repose, and purchased both by pretended abjurations, which compelled them to worship that in which they had no belief, and to receive in reality the divine body of the Holy of Holies while they were still firmly convinced that they were eating only bread, which it was still their duty to abhor. Such was the general abomination, born of flattery and cruelty."

He goes on to say how the bishops lent themselves to this impious work, and used every means to swell the number of their pretended converts in order to gain for themselves the reward and consideration of the court; and how intendants, lieutenants, governors, soldiers, pursued the same course for the same object.

"The King," to again quote his words, "received from all parts the news of these persecutions and conversions. Those who had abjured and received the communion were counted to him by thousands — two thousand in one place, six thousand in another. The King applauded his power and his piety. He believed that the days of the preachings of the Apostles had returned, and attributed to himself all the honor. The bishops wrote panegyrics upon him, the Jesuits made the pulpits resound with his praises. All France was filled with horror and confusion, with triumph and joy and eulogy. The King entertained no doubt of the sincerity of those conversions, the bishops took care that he should not, and beatified him beforehand. He swallowed this poison in deep draughts. He believed that he had never been so great in men's eyes, had never done so much in God's eyes to atone for the enormity of his numerous sins and the scandals of his life."



SCARRON, THE FIRST HUSBAND OF MADAME DE MAINTENON.

All the mistresses with whom he had lived in sin had never wrought a tithe part of the mischief brought about by this devout wife. Only one thing was wanted to content Madame de Maintenon's most ambitious aspirations—the public acknowledgment of her marriage; but to this Louis, guided to a great extent by the councils of Bossuet and Fénélon, would not consent. Finding that point not to be gained, she, with her usual prudence, freely abandoned it, and by this self-sacrificing resignation established a further claim upon his love and confidence.

In private her conduct was haughty and severe; even the King's daughters approached her with fear and trembling, and quitted her presence seldom without tears. She received but few people, visited fewer. It was more difficult to obtain an audience with her than with Majesty itself. When she was at Versailles, people, even of the greatest consequence, who desired speech with her, could obtain it only by watching for her egress or ingress, and even then it was of the briefest. Her usual daily routine was as follows: Upon rising, after having performed her devotions, she would go away to St. Cyr, a magnificent conventual establishment, which she had founded in Paris for the education of young girls. There she would dine alone in her apartment, or with some favorite of the house; dispense her charities, which were very large, amounting to between fifty and sixty thousand livres a year; read and reply to the enormous mass of letters she daily received, principally upon church affairs, and, these dispatched, return in time to receive the King at the hour in which he was accustomed to visit her apartments. At nine o'clock she partook of a light supper, after which her women put her to bed, and that in the presence of the King and any one of the ministers with whom he might be engaged that evening, and who still continued their work as before. At ten the King went to supper, the curtains of the bed were drawn, and Madame de Maintenon was left to her repose. When present at the court dinners her manners were singularly unassuming, ceding the first places not only to Monseigneur, to Monsieur, and to the English court, but even to ladies not of royal blood.

SYLVIE'S COWARDICE.—"WHEN KATE STAGGERED TO HER FEET, SHE SAW SYLVIE SEATED IN A SLENDER BOAT, AND SHE WIELDED THE OARS WITH AN EXPERT'S HAND."—SEE PAGE 178.

The King always showed her the greatest respect, more especially during their promenades and rides in the gardens of Marly. Saint Simon says:

"He would have been a hundred times more free with the queen, and with less gallantry. It was a respect the most marked, although in the midst of the court. Their carriages moved along side by side, for she seldom sat in the King's chariot, in which he sat alone, while she used a sedan chair. If the Dauphine, or the Duchess du Berry, or the King's daughters were in the suite, they followed or gathered about the conveyances on foot; or if they rode in the carriages with the ladies-in-waiting they still remained in the rear. The King frequently walked beside her chair, always uncovered and stooping when addressing her or listening to her. At the end of the promenade he conducted her as far as the house, took leave of her, and continued his walk or ride."

As she grew older she took up her abode at Marly, and no longer appeared in public; "and when by chance one caught sight of her, one could see nothing but hoods and black wrappings." In her chamber, on either side of the fireplace, there were two arm-chairs; one for herself, the other for the King; before each was a table, and in front of the King's table were two stools, one of which was for the attending minister to sit upon, the other for his bag. On business days the royal pair were alone together but a very short time before the minister arrived, and a still shorter time after he had left. During these councils Madame de Maintenon read, or worked upon tapestry, heard all that passed, but rarely spoke. Sometimes the King would ask her advice, which she gave with great circumspection. She never appeared to have any bias, or to interest herself for any particular person. But the minister had received his instructions beforehand, for he dared make no proposition

previous to having consulted her. Then followed much finessing between the two, she still appearing perfectly unconcerned and impartial, and yet almost invariably contriving to gain her proposed point; and it was thus that three-fourths of the business of the State was decided—Louis imagined, by his sole authority, but in reality it was by hers.

Little by little a sad change came over the Court of France; the dark shadows of remorse and fanaticism which haunted the King overspread its atmosphere and extinguished its brilliancy. Even from De Maintenon herself, the creator of this *régime*, a querulous plaint burst forth at times. In one of her later letters she says (writing of her royal spouse), "I am obliged to endure his griefs, his silence, his vapors; he often sheds tears, which he cannot repress, when he feels greatly troubled. He has no conversation." The courtiers were dull and half dead with *ennui*. Literature lost its joyousness; Molière was dead; Corneille, his genius passed away, wrote lugubriously; La Fontaine pretended devotion, translated the Scriptures, wrote commentaries upon them, and penned an extravagant eulogy upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Racine, however, was in the height of his fame; he was De Maintenon's poet. It was for the use of her establishment at St. Cyr that he wrote "Athalie" and "Esther." But, with her customary heartless selfishness, she abandoned "her poet" to his disgrace.

Darker and darker grew the clouds that lowered over the closing days of that long eventful reign. Domestic troubles, the terrible and mysterious deaths of the Dauphin and Dauphine, the plots and cabals of the bastards and legitimates, an empty treasury, a beggared name, villages depopulated by war and by the Huguenot exodus, weak officers, incapable generals; the crushing defeats of Hochstadt, Ramilies, Turin, Oudenarde, Malplaquet; France, stripped of her conquests, suing for peace; the King, broken in health, devoured by remorse, insidiously governed by a withered, rheumatic old woman, cowering over the fire in the gloomy cell-like chamber at Marly, querulously complaining, weeping, groaning. What a change from the France of Colbert, of Condé, and Turenne! What a change from the lover of La Vallière and de Montespan!

But the end of all was at hand; in August, 1715, Louis was seized with a fatal illness, in which he suffered great agony, but endured with noble fortitude. During the sad time Madame de Maintenon showed little or no sensibility; her eyes were dry, her face cold and resigned. A Catholic by profession, and doubtless by conviction, she was by nature a Calvinist—cold, sour, fatalistic. Four days before the King's death she left him and retired to St. Cyr. He took this much to heart, and never ceased asking for her until she was compelled to return. Two days after his death she was again at St. Cyr, calmly arranging her chamber and superintending the affairs of the establishment as if nothing had happened."

She had shown a similar callousness at the death of the Dauphine, to whom she had always pretended to be greatly attached. She was absent at St. Cyr during the agony of that unfortunate princess, although she was well aware that a fatal termination to her illness was imminent. When the Duchess and afterwards the Duke of Burgundy were attacked with the fever, the King attended upon both until the last hour, but Madame de Maintenon was not with them.

Beyond a few of his immediate attendants Louis was little regretted, even by his own children. The nation "trembled with joy." Overwhelmed with taxation, crushed beneath the horrors of unceasing war, the despairing people offered up thanks to God for their deliverance; a hideous nightmare, a nightmare of priestcraft, of war, of famine, seemed to have been lifted from off them. Louis had outlived his age.

From the day that she finally returned to St. Cyr her foot never again passed beyond its gloomy cloisters. Orleans continued her pension to the last; but in the hour that Louis passed away her star was extinguished, and the great world thought of her no more. She received but few visitors, only those with whom she had been intimate at Marly. The Duc de Maine, however, spent three or four hours with her in each week, and her affection for him never cooled. She died in 1719, at the age of eighty-four.

And for such a life and for such an end, unloving and unloved, she had lied, and schemed, and betrayed, repressed every natural instinct, and played the hypocrite, for forty years! The game was scarcely worth the candle.

SYLVIE'S COWARDICE.

"IT is terrible!" murmured Sylvie Laughton, with a frightened little sob in her voice, as a lightning-flash made momentary day of the darkness outside, followed almost instantaneously by a wild, awful crash of thunder. "Mamma, I'm going to bury my head in your lap, if you've no objection; for, to be honest about the matter, I'm almost frightened to death."

Mrs. Laughton smiled as her daughter knelt down and really did bury in her lap the soft-eyed, gentle-looking face, framed with its gold waviness of hair.

"Thunder and lightning always were your detestation, Sylvie. I remember your being in hysterics, when a little girl, over certain severe storms."

A second flash lit the sitting-room windows, and a more frightful thunder-peal than before seemed to grasp at the foundations of that old country mansion.

But the sound had not died away before two other sounds, widely dissimilar, succeeded it. One was a long shivering moan from poor Sylvie; another was the careless, mocking, musical laugh of Kate Ellersley.

She was a superb-looking brunette, this Kate Ellersley, with richly damask complexion, great starry-black eyes, a matchlessly molded figure, and a way of holding herself that bespoke about as much of pride as grace. She was on a visit at Mrs. Laughton's estate at Laurelwood, being a friend whom Sylvie had made at boarding-school, two years previous.

At her side stood a tall, well-shaped man of perhaps five-and-twenty, watching with her, from a large French window, the progress of the fearful storm that was just then raging. Elbert North had been for several years an intimate friend of Sylvie Laughton's. There were those who declared that the blue eyes and golden hair of a certain bewitching young lady had made thus frequent his visits to Laurelwood during the past Summer. Latterly, however, his attentions to Sylvie had been less marked, the gossips of the neighborhood affirmed. These same irrepressibles (a word which we coin, but one which seems too temptingly applicable to be avoided) had gone on in their assertions to the verge of the following fact, viz.: that Elbert North had fallen desperately in love with Kate Ellersley, and had forgotten his old attachment for Sylvie Laughton.

"Poor Sylvie!" said Kate, the words being a kind of continuation of her careless laugh. "She is so miserably timid."

Elbert North glanced at the golden head buried in Mrs. Laughton's lap; then his eyes sought the erect, queenly figure of Kate Ellersley. There was a decided contrast Elbert could not help acknowledging. Kate was certainly a magnificent creature. Such fearlessness as that which seemed now to have set its stamp upon every feature of her face was not to be met with in every woman. Then, too

her beauty—could all the meek tenderness and sweetness of the Madonna type equal Kate's regal, indolent, sumptuous air? How that garnet necklace, fitting close about her pale-olive, columnar throat, became her style, Cleopatra-like and Egyptian as it was! What glorious hair she had! it was like "darkness visible," Elbert reflected, being too enthusiastic about his charmer, just then, to notice how absurd the hyperbole would have sounded if spoken aloud.

Another terrible flash; another terrible thunder-peal, and —another wretched moan from poor Sylvie. Kate's laugh was rippling again close at Elbert's ear.

"How odd it must be," she murmured, "to have such a nervous temperament!"

Something very like a sneer curled Elbert's lip.

"It's very charitable of you, Miss Ellersley," he said, with an accent of contempt in his low tones, "to give out-and-out cowardice the euphonious name of nervousness."

"Stop!" whispered Kate, with a decided show of disapproval. "I won't allow you to speak in that unkind manner of dear Sylvie." But her heart was somehow fluttered with triumph as she spoke the words. There was no denying that this Elbert North, Sylvie's old admirer, possessed attractions for which not even his splendid residence across the bay and his high social standing were accountable.

The storm began presently to show signs of abatement, and before another half-hour had passed a white moon came out of the breaking blackness of cloud, and lit dreamily the dripping, drenched foliage and lawn.

"Ten o'clock," said Elbert North, glancing at his watch. "They will begin to feel anxious concerning my whereabouts, over at Cedarcliffe. Mother has a habit of worrying herself whenever I am absent in the boat. After this dreadful storm, I suppose she will be quite certain that I am food for fishes."

Mrs. Laughton touched a hand-bell at her side.

"It will be quite impossible, Elbert," she said, "for you to cross the bay in the boat with which you rowed here; that will be literally full of water, you know." When the servant appeared in answer to Mrs. Laughton's summons, that lady ordered word to be given one of the men that Mr. North would require one of the boats which were always kept under cover.

After Elbert had gone that evening, and also after Mrs. Laughton had retired to bed, Sylvie and Kate remained for quite a little while together in the sitting-room.

There were yet traces of the tears of terror which Sylvie had wept on her fair, meek-eyed face.

"I wonder if Elbert noticed how frightened I was, Kate, while that fearful storm lasted?" she said, musingly, not looking at Kate just then.

"I suppose he noticed," Kate answered, with a light amiable laugh. "Those very mournful moans of yours, Sylvie, were audible, to say the least of them."

A little silence. Sylvie's eyes were fixed intently on the carpet. Presently she said, in soft, sad tones:

"I think, Kate, that Elbert North used to like me just the least in the world—as a friend, I mean. But somehow I'm sure he has got to care very little for me lately. He likes you, though, ever so much."

"Nonsense, Sylvie!" But the damask on Kate's cheek had deepened visibly.

THERE'S no chance of his being here to-day, in all this wind and rain."

Sylvia Laughton spoke, standing at the sitting-room window.

More than two weeks had elapsed since the night of that savage storm which had so terrified Sylvie. The "irrepressibles" were asserting very confidently, by this time, that Elbert North's devotions were completely transferred from Mrs. Laughton's daughter to Kate Ellersley. Judging from a delicate tinge of sadness, so to term it, which seems now to have overspread Sylvie's quiet face, one might almost feel inclined to believe the gossips' statement.

"I think you are right," Kate Ellersley said. "He wouldn't dare cross the bay in such weather. Why, from where I am sitting, I can see the waves; they're perfectly enormous. He promised to come at two o'clock to-day, didn't he?"

"I believe so," was Sylvie's answer. "You know a great deal better than I do, Kate."

"What time is it now?" asked Kate, evasively.

"Just half-past one," replied Sylvie, turning to look at the little ebony clock on the mantel.

By two o'clock the gusty rain had, in a great measure, subsided, though the wind was still blowing furiously with all the strength of an equinoctial storm.

"Sylvie," said Kate, starting up from her easy-chair and throwing down the novel with which she had been engaged, "what do you say to a walk down on the shore, just to see whether Elbert North has been foolhardy enough to row over? Then, too, the air will do us lots of good; we haven't been out in so many hours. We might take our waterproofs, so that in case the rain chose suddenly to pelt down upon us, our position wouldn't be altogether defenceless."

Sylvie readily acquiesced. The girls were soon standing on the shore, looking across the bay with wildly blown skirts and draperies.

"I don't see anything of him," said Kate. "Do you?"

"No."

But the word had scarcely left Sylvie's lips when she started back with a quick, sharp exclamation.

"Kate, look there, where the waves seem highest! Don't you see something that looks like—like——"

"A lifted human hand?" finished Kate, in loud, half-shrieking tones, "and the bottom of a boat; and now, Sylvie—oh, heavens! now there is the top of a man's head! Oh, mercy, mercy! I'm sure it's Elbert—I'm sure it's he. What *is* to be done?" And the queenly, stately, peerless Kate Ellersley sank down upon the sands, powerless as a child.

"Keep up your courage, Kate," called a voice in her ear, so firmly and clearly that it was hardly recognizable as Sylvie's, "I see how matters are. He's taken a sail-boat instead of a row-boat, reckless creature that he is! I can save him, I'm sure! *Don't* faint, Kate—that is, not until I get back, my dear."

Whether Kate actually fainted or not, she is not precisely sure; but everything was very hazy for some time afterward. When, finally, she staggered to her feet, it was to see Sylvie seated in a slender row-boat, and being rocked perilously by the monstrous waves as she wielded the oars with an expert's strong hand.

For a moment Kate was perfectly paralyzed with amazement. *Could* this be fragile, timid, gentle Sylvie Laughton, whom a flash of lightning had appalled, whom a peal of thunder had made moan with terror? On went the slender little boat. God surely must have given the frail girl-hands that governed those oars just then a strength which they had never known till now.

Elbert North says that just as he had entered the boat which Sylvie so bravely brought to his assistance, Miss Laughton amazed him by fainting away. The position was awkward, but he managed to row himself ashore, after preparing a little impromptu couch for Sylvie out of his own overcoat, in the bottom of the boat. And by the time land was reached his rescuer had returned to consciousness.

"Isn't she the most splendid little creature that ever lived?" cried Kate Ellesley, appealing to Elbert, with her arms about Sylvie's neck.

Kate did not then know how warmly Elbert's heart echoed those words; but she knew later, when it became apparent that Elbert's waning regard for Miss Laughton had suddenly regained its original depth and force, and after he had said to Sylvie certain words very much like the following:

"Can you forgive me, Sylvie Laughton, for having blamed my own heart that it should love a weak, characterless, over timid woman, and for having called you by so grossly unmerited a title? And will you believe me when I say that, to my mind, your outward womanly softness—vailing, as I know it does, a sweet strength—is more than all the languid, statuesque grandeur of Kate Ellesley?—she who laughs at a flash of lightning, but shrinks to powerlessness in the presence of real danger."

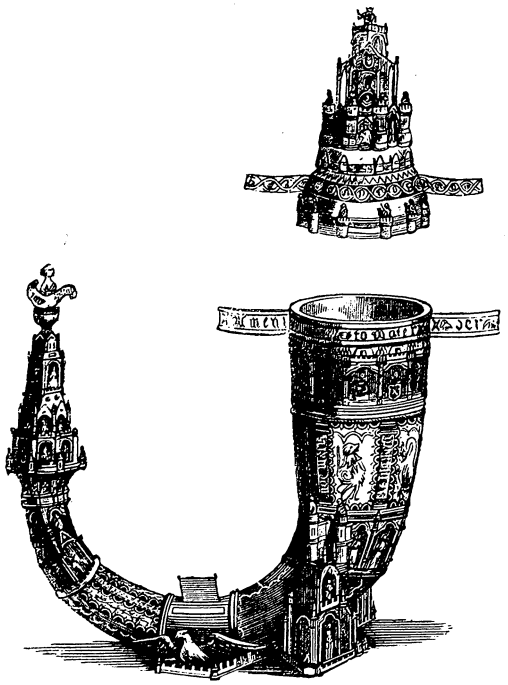
We have only to add that Sylvie's forgiveness was entire, and that Elbert North sealed what he termed his good luck with a very loving kiss indeed.

THE HORN OF OLDENBORG.

THE Castle of Rosenborg, at Copenhagen—a palace of the Danish kings—is now in reality the great national museum, where many relics of early Scandinavian art are preserved. These, with the jewels, miniatures and portraits, are all arranged in chronological order.

Among the curiosities here preserved is the celebrated Horn of Oldenborg, which our readers will perceive to be a most elaborate piece of workmanship. It was executed about 1455 by Daniel Aretaens, a native of Corvey, in Westphalia, by command of Christian I. of Denmark, who intended it as a votive offering at the shrine of the Three Wise Men, or, as they are generally called, "The Three Kings of Cologne."

Christian had been made mediator between the Archbishop of Cologne and his chapter, but, failing to restore peace between prelate and canons, made an offering. And



THE HORN OF OLDENBORG.

so the horn remained as an heirloom. It is an exquisite specimen of the goldsmith's art of silver-gilt, enriched with ornamentation in green and violet enamel, representing scenes of feudal domestic life at the time.

WHITE VIOLETS.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

My sweetest friend I sought to please;
I led her down a cool descent,
Where trailed the boughs of ancient trees,
Most quaintly bent.

WHITE VIOLETS.

A glen we found all velvet-lined,
Whence, peering fifty fathoms down,
We saw the flashing rapids wind
Through boulders brown.

A light cascade flung crystal globes
O'er dense green moss and slender sedge,
Then flitting on in gauzy robes,
Waltzed o'er the ledge.

Full softly shone, through leaves half-furled,
And filmy, frail, spray-silvered nets,
Those loveliest blossoms in the world—
White Violets.

Oh, pure! oh, fragrant woodland things!
My friend beheld them with delight;
She lightly brushed their snowflake wings,
With hand as white.

"Fair flowers, and is it sweet," she said,
"To dwell in such a glade of dews?"
Then lower drooped her faultless head,
And seemed to muse.

"But human hearts," she murmured then,
"With cause for constant sighs are weighed,
Wherefore we yearn, though green the glen,
For deeper shade.

"And watching foamy water-jets
In mossy woods, we straightway crave,
By their attending violets,
A quiet grave."

"Kind Claire," I sighed, "the thought is thine,
Still should I pray for lengthened life,
If but that restless hand were mine,
Its queen—my wife.

"Yet softer sleep could never be
When this my pilgrimage must end,
Than under flowers beloved of thee,
My sweetest friend.

She raised a rapt, transfigured face,
"While blest with love and thee," she said,
"No more shall Claire crave resting-place
Among the dead!"

Low sang the wind through ancient bowers,
Light swayed the gauzy water-jets;
Loving and loved—oh, rarest flowers,
White violets.

THE PRINCESS TARRAKANOFF.

The Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, and predecessor of Peter III.—whose marriage with the Princess of Anhalt Zerbest, afterward Catherine the Great, was brought about by her—had three children by her secret marriage with Alexis Razumoffski. The youngest of these was a daughter, who was brought up in Russia under the name of the Princess Tarrakanoff.

When Catherine trampled the rights of Poland under foot, the Polish prince, Charles Radzivil, carried off the young princess, and took her to Italy, thinking to set her up at some future day as a pretender to the Russian throne. Informed of this, Catherine confiscated his estates; and, in order to live, he was compelled to sell the diamonds and other valuables he had taken with him to Italy.

These resources exhausted, Radzivil set out for Poland to seek others, leaving the young princess, then in her sixteenth year, at Rome, under the care of a sort of governess or duenna.

THE PRINCESS TARRAKANOFF.—"THE JAILER TRIED TO SUCCOR HIS PRISONER; BUT WHEN HE SUCCEEDED IN RAISING HER UP SHE WAS DEAD!"

On reaching his native country, he was offered the restoration of his property, if he would bring back his ward to Russia. He refused, but he was so base as to promise that he would take no further trouble about her, and leave her to her fate.

Catherine pardoned him, and forthwith put Alexis Orloff on the scent. He was a keen blood-hound, she well knew, and capable of any villainy that might serve his ambition. Gold unlimited was placed at his disposal, and promise of high reward if he discovered the retreat of the princess and lured her within Catherine's reach.

Orloff set out for Italy; and on arriving there he took into his employ a Neapolitan named Ribas, a sort of spy, styling himself a naval officer, who pledged himself to find the princess, but stipulated for rank in the Russian navy as his reward.

Monsieur Blanc asserts that he demanded to be made admiral at once; and that Orloff, afraid, notwithstanding the extensive powers given him, to bestow so high a grade, or compelled by the suspicions of Ribas to produce the commission itself, wrote to Catherine, who at once sent the required document.

Whether this be exact or not, more than one historian mentions that Ribas subsequently commanded in the Black Sea as a Russian vice-admiral.

When certain of his reward, Ribas, who then had spent two months in researches, revealed the retreat of the unfortunate princess.

With some abridgment we will follow Monsieur Blanc, whose narrative agrees, in all the main points, with the most authentic versions of this touching and romantic history.

The princess was at Rome. Abandoned by Radzivil, she was reduced to the greatest penury — existing only by the aid of a woman who had been her servant, and who now served other masters.

Alexis Orloff visited her in her miserable abode, and spoke at first in the tone of a devoted slave addressing his sovereign. He told her she was the legitimate Empress of Russia; that the entire population of that great empire anxiously longed for her accession; that if Catherine still occupied the throne it was only because nobody knew where she (the princess) was hidden; and that her appearance among her faithful subjects would be a signal for the instant downfall of the usurper.

Notwithstanding her youth, the princess mistrusted these dazzling assurances; she was even alarmed by them, and held herself upon her guard.

Then Orloff, one of the most handsome men of his time, joined the seductions of love to those of ambition—he feigned a violent passion for the young girl, and swore that his life depended on his obtaining her heart and hand.

The poor isolated girl fell unresistingly into the infamous snare spread for her inexperience; she believed and loved him.

The infamous Orloff persuaded her that their marriage must be private, lest Catherine should hear of it and take

precautions. In the night he brought to her house a party of mercenaries—some wearing the costumes of priests of the Greek Church, others magnificently attired to act as witnesses.

The mockery of a marriage was enacted. The princess willingly accompanied Alexis Orloff, whom she believed her husband, to Leghorn, where entertainments of all sorts were constantly given her.

The Russian squadron, at anchor off the port, was commanded by the English Admiral Greig. This officer, either the dupe or the accomplice of Orloff, invited the princess to visit the vessels that were soon to be commanded in her name.

She accepted, and embarked, after a banquet, amid the acclamations of an immense crowd. The cannon thundered, the sky was bright, every circumstance conspired to give her visit the appearance of a brilliant festival.

From her flag-bedecked galley she was hoisted, in a splendid armchair, on board the admiral's vessel, where she was received with the honors due to a crowned head. Until then, Orloff had never left her side for an instant.

Suddenly the scene changed!

Orloff disappeared. In place of the gay and smiling officers who, an instant previously, had obsequiously bowed before her, the unfortunate victim saw herself surrounded by men of sinister aspect, one of whom announced to her that she was prisoner by order of the Empress Catherine, and that soon she would be brought to trial for the treason she had attempted.

The prisoner thought herself in a dream. With loud cries she summoned her husband to her aid.

Her guardians laughed in her face, and told her she had had a lover but no husband, and that her marriage was a farce.

Her despair at these terrible revelations amounted to frenzy. She burst into sobs and reproaches, and at last swooned away.

They took advantage of her insensibility to put fetters on her feet and hands, and lower her into the hold. A few hours later the squadron sailed for Russia.

Notwithstanding her helplessness and entreaties, the poor girl was kept in irons until her arrival at St. Petersburg, when she was taken before the Empress, who wished to see and question her. Catherine was old; the princess was but sixteen, and of surpassing beauty; the disparity destroyed her last chance of mercy. But as there was in reality no charge against her, and as her trial might have made too much noise, Catherine, after a long and secret interview with her unfortunate prisoner, gave orders that she should be kept in the most rigorous captivity.

She was confined in one of the dungeons of a prison near the Neva. Five years elapsed. The victim of the heartless Catherine and of the villain Orloff awaited death as the only relief she could expect; but youth and a good constitution struggled energetically against torture and privations.

One night, reclining on the straw that served her as a bed, she prayed God to terminate her sufferings by taking her to Himself, when her attention was attracted by a low rumbling noise like the roll of distant thunder. She listened. The noise redoubled—it became an incessant roar, which each moment augmented in power. The poor captive desired death, and yet she felt terror; she called aloud and implored not to be left alone.

A jailer came at her cries.

She asked the cause of the noise she heard.

"'Tis nothing," replied the stupid slave; "the Neva overflowing."

"But cannot the water reach us here?"

"It is here already."

At that moment the flood, making its way under the door, poured into the dungeon, and in an instant captive and jailer were over the ankles in water.

"For heaven's sake, let us leave this!" cried the young princess.

"Not without orders, and I have received none."

"But we shall be drowned!"

"That is pretty certain. But, without special orders, I am not to let you leave this dungeon, under pain of death. In case of unforeseen danger, I am to remain with you, and to kill you, should rescue be attempted."

"Good God! the water rises! I cannot sustain myself!"

The Neva, overflowing its banks, floated enormous blocks of ice, upsetting everything in its passage, and inundating the adjacent country. The water now plashed furiously against the prison-doors. The sentinels had been carried away by the torrent, and the other soldiers on guard had taken refuge on the upper floors.

Lifted off her feet by the icy flood, which still rose higher, the unfortunate captive disappeared. The jailer, who had water to his breast, hung his lamp against the wall, and tried to succor his prisoner. But when he succeeded in raising her up she was dead!

The possibility anticipated by his employers was realized. There had been stress of circumstances, and, the princess being dead, he was at liberty to leave the dungeon. Bearing the corpse in his arms, he succeeded in reaching the upper part of the prison.

THE PINE-TREE SHILLING.

CAPTAIN JOHN HULL was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made. His was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of the gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them. For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it; if he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it for a pile of pine boards. Musket bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clam shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debt by English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay their ministers; so that they had sometimes to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver and gold. As the people grew more numerous, and their trade with one another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, General Court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain J. Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty, to pay him for his trouble in making them.

Hereupon, all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court, all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers (who were little better than

pirates) had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was, an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date of 1652 on one side, and the figure of a pine-tree on the other side. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, Captain John Hull was entitled, by agreement, to put one shilling in his own pocket. The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would give up that twentieth shilling, which he was continually dropping into his pocket. But Captain Hull declared that he was perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be, for so diligently did he labor, that in a few years his pockets, his money-bag, and his strong box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of his grandfather's chair; and, as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself on.

When the mint-master was grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came courting his only daughter. His daughter—whose name we do not know, but we will call her Betsy—was a fine hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding.

With this round, rosy Miss Betsy did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he in his rough way, "you will find her a heavy burden enough."

On the wedding day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plain coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in his grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow.

On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsy. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, a great red apple, or any other round and scarlet object.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in fine purple coat and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropt close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsy herself.

The mint-master was also pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had said nothing at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word or two to his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned lugging a large pair of scales. They were such as wholesale merchants use; a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsy," said the mint-master, "go into one side of the scales."

Miss Betsy—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of a why or wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to his servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound oaken chest; it was big enough, for four children to play hide-and-seek in.

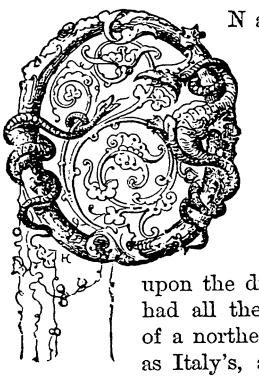
The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key out of his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted the ponderous lid! Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint, and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in Massachusetts' treasury. But it was the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, emptied the contents on the floor, placed the chest in one scale, and filled it up with the coin, while Betsy remained in the other. Jingle, jingle went the shillings, as handful after handful were thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell," cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in his grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank heaven for her, for it is not every wife that is worth her weight in silver."

THE HUNTER'S ESCAPE.



N a clear, Autumn day, long ago, a man dressed in the garb of a hunter was making his way through the cane brakes of Southern Ohio. It was one of those balmy days in Indian Summer, the most delightful season of the year. That peculiar mellow haze, resembling faint smoke, was filtering slowly down through the tree-tops, and resting upon the distant hills, while the atmosphere had all the delicious languor of the twilight of a northern Summer. The sky was as blue as Italy's, and unflecked by a single cloud, while the surface of the Ohio was as smooth and unruffled as a lake of silver. Everything wore the air of repose, and as the hunter sauntered carelessly forward, his long, formidable rifle resting upon his shoulder, he, too, seemed to breathe in the tranquil influence of the scene. It was in those days when a hunter's gun was not brought into play against anything more insignificant than the deer, bear, or, perhaps, the red Indian; and thus it was that the squirrel chirruped upon the limb in his very face without fear, and even the deer, as he came down to the creek and quaffed his full, raised his antlered head and surveyed the apparition of the stealthy hunter a moment, and then, turning his leathern sides towards him, walked leisurely away without disturbance from his weapon.

"That was a chance such as is not often given a hunter," he muttered, as he leaned upon his rifle. "I could have sent a bullet tearing through your heart-strings as you turned your side towards me. But you need fear nothing. Four of your companions have already fallen to-day, and I have no desire to shoot any more."

He removed his coon-skin cap from his head, and with his bronzed hand brushed off the perspiration from his forehead, and then, raising his eyes, he gazed about him.

"It seems a sin to pull trigger in such a quiet place as this. I've no wish to see the blood of any creeter, human or otherwise, and that's why I didn't draw bead on that beautiful fellow that showed his horns a minute ago. It's all wrong at such a time as this."

Near by a small spring of icy-cold water bubbled from

beneath the black roots of an oak. Approaching this, the hunter leaned his rifle against the tree, and depositing his cap on the ground, lay down on his face and commenced drinking the delicious fluid. As his face touched and ruffled the surface, he saw his own sunburnt features reflected in it, queerly and grotesquely, from the disturbance of this natural mirror. The hunter saw this, we say, and, had his mouth been in proper shape, he would have smiled at the fantastic reflection of his own visage; and, in addition to this, he would also have noticed the figures of several other faces appear on the margin of the mirror—three copper-colored visages, gleaming with great exultation. But though the hunter saw not this, his quick ear detected the breaking of a twig, and, starting up, he found himself surrounded by full a dozen Indians, several of whom were boys, and one an extremely old man. Besides their being armed, they also possessed his own rifle, so that when summoned to surrender he did so with the best grace possible.

THE PINE-TREE SHILLING.—"PLUMP AND PONDEROUS AS SHE WAS, THEY WEIGHED THE YOUNG LADY FROM THE FLOOR."—SEE PAGE 182.

The captors displayed the greatest joy over the prize which they had secured, and indeed their prisoner was a prize of which any band of Indians might well be proud, for he was no less a personage than Captain Cassady, whose name is inseparably connected with the history of our frontier. Their first proceeding was firmly to secure his hands behind him, and to start southward with him. Crossing the Ohio, they plunged into the wilderness, and traveled two days without halting, except for a few minutes at the time. At the end of this period they selected a place to camp for several hours. Captain Cassady was lashed to a tree, by thongs passing around his waist, in addition to those by which his hands were already bound, and left in charge of the old Indian and the boys, while all the warriors departed on a hunting expedition.

THE HUNTER'S ESCAPE.—SURPRISED BY INDIANS.

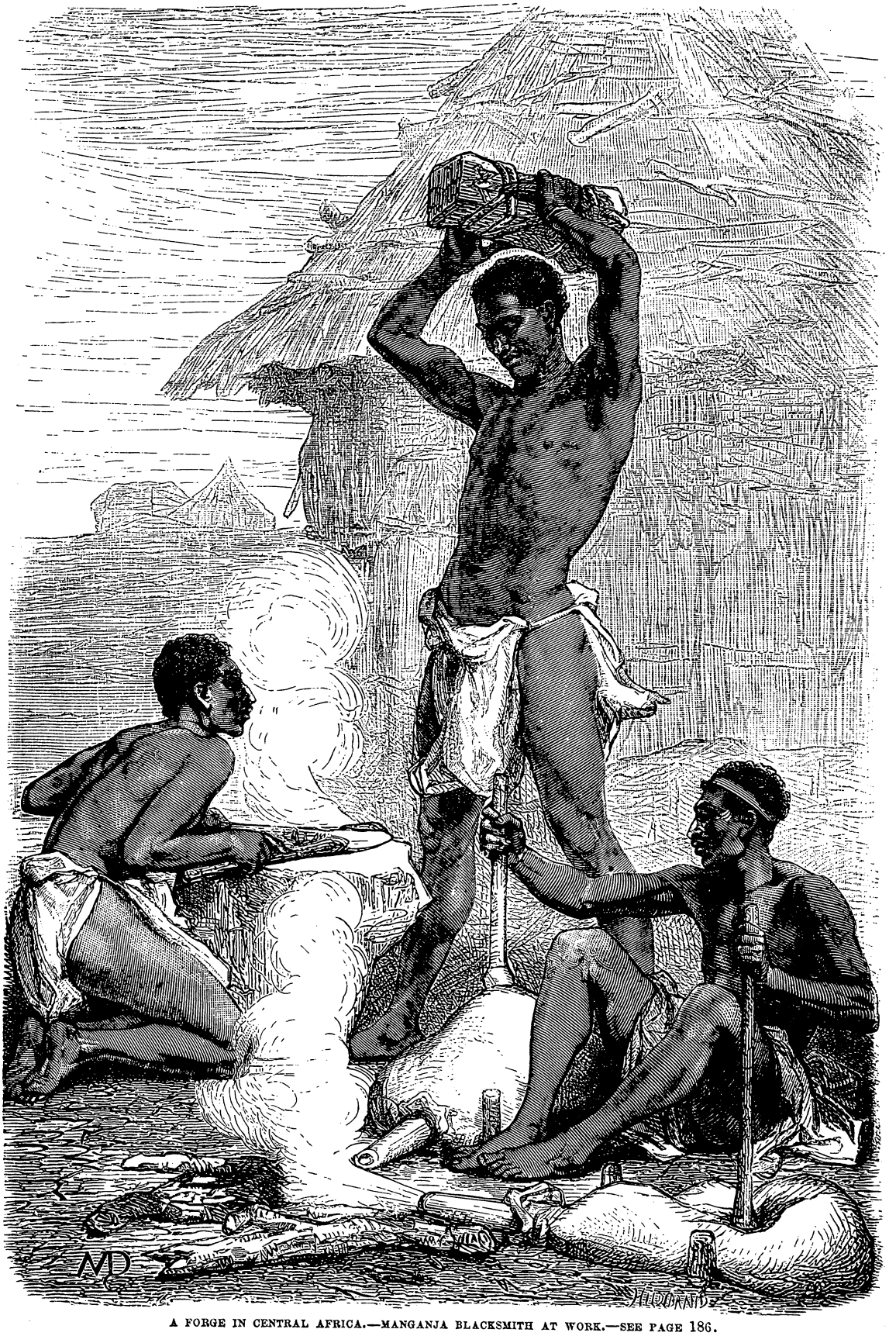
Captain Cassady possessed all the patience, hope and cunning of the veteran ranger, and he stood with his back to the tree through the entire afternoon, without a murmur, or even a word, escaping him; but all the time his keen eyes were never removed from the Indian and the boys. He knew the warriors would return shortly after dark, and that, if he intended to do anything towards effecting his escape, it would have to be done while they were absent. Accordingly, when the eyes of his captors were removed from him, he tugged away at the thongs which bound him, and after several hours' stealthy efforts, he found, to his unspeakable joy, that they were loosened, and his hands were free.

Carefully avoiding any movement which could attract the attention of those around him, he toiled away at the thongs which bound his waist. As the twilight came on, he grew bolder in his efforts, and soon freed himself entirely of his bands. Providentially, at this moment, the old Indian sent off the boys to collect some sticks for kindling a fire. They were absent some time, during which the old man grew drowsy and commenced nodding forward. No circumstances could have conspired to make a more favorable opportunity for Cassady. Stepping carefully from the tree—so carefully, indeed, that the ear of the old Indian (then the most wakeful, as his senses were nearly asleep) failed to detect his catlike tread. It was not until the hunter had stooped and picked up a gun and pouch that the drowsy sentinel looked up. This look merely afforded him a glance of his retreating figure as he plunged into the forest with the speed of a deer, and disappeared.

A long, shrill, tremulous whoop from the throat of the old Indian awoke the echoes of the forest arches, and lent wings to the hunter's flight. Scarce ten minutes had elapsed when every one of the Indians who had started out to hunt rushed into camp, so close were they at the time of his departure. Cassady knew they would soon be upon his trail, and, with the intention of throwing them off, he took an opposite direction from that leading towards his home.

So soon as it was dark enough to conceal his tracks, he changed his course so as to proceed toward the Ohio river. Away he sped, like a frightened deer, now seating himself for a moment upon some log, and, with a panting heart, listening for the sounds of his pursuers; then starting up as the falling leaf was mistaken for their stealthy tread; now looking

THE HUNTER'S ESCAPE.—"CASSADY PLUNGED INTO THE RIVER."



A FORGE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.—MANGANJA BLACKSMITH AT WORK.—SEE PAGE 186.

back through the gloomy aisles of the wood, and fancying a score of inanimate objects so many of his enemies, and again speeding away, until, convinced that he was beyond all danger, he dropped down to a slow walk, and leisurely continued his flight.

At this instant the stillness of the night was broken in the distance by that long, dreadful cry of the Indian blood-hound which was upon his trail! The most intense darkness could avail nothing against the wonderful power of scent possessed by this brute, and a new terror accelerated the

flight of Cassady. Close behind this terrible animal could be heard the Indians themselves, speeding along with such swiftness that the hunter felt he was lost.

But at this moment he reached the bank of a stream, which flowed in the right direction, and, plunging in the water, he waded down it some distance, when he crossed to the opposite side. He had hardly done so when the bay of the animal betrayed that he, too, had reached the river; but he was at fault, for no training could have enabled him to follow the trail through the water. The Indians, however, suspecting he had crossed, followed, and sent the dog up and down the shore in search of the lost scent; but the hunter had come out at such a long distance below where he had entered, that it required considerable time to discover it. When the trail was found it was almost immediately lost, for Cassady had taken to the water again; but the relentless pursuers, with a remarkable tenacity, continued the chase all through that night and the succeeding day until evening, when the hunter reached the Ohio.

At this very moment the Indians were so close that, although so exhausted that he could hardly stand, Cassady plunged into the river and commenced swimming across. When in the centre his strength began to give way, and he felt he should never be able to reach the other shore. But he struggled desperately, and his strokes grew weaker and weaker, until, in despair, he dropped his feet, intending to sink to the bottom and drown. But as he did so he touched bottom, and, with renewed hope, he waded to land, where, seeking some safe place, he threw himself upon the ground, so jaded and worn out that, had the bloodhound bayed a few rods behind him, he would have attempted to go no further. When he awoke, it was broad daylight, and his limbs were so stiffened that he could barely walk; but the pursuit was now ended, and he timed his progress to his strength, and, at the end of three days, reached his home.

The Captain Cassady of whom the above incident is told was, as we hinted at the commencement of our sketch, a prominent man on our frontier. He settled within a short distance of where Flemingsburg now stands, the place being called Cassady's Station in honor of him. At one time he represented his county in the Legislature, with great ability and credit, and there are many living at this day who remember well the valiant defender of the border.

A FORGE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Manganja Blacksmiths at Work.

LIVINGSTON and the other travelers whom his persistent daring in the cause of religion and science drew to the same field have made us familiar with much of the life, customs, and degree of advancement from the lowest depths of barbarism among the various tribes that people the interior of Africa. These various nations afford curious subjects of study. Students of the early progress of the race make the stone age followed by the bronze and then by the iron. In America the natives never reached a bronze or iron age, but in some parts were workers in gold and silver. Africa has her iron age, and the useful metal is rudely wrought by men who in all else are almost as low as we can well fancy, if we except their use of domestic animals.

Our illustrations, from one of Livingston's last rough but bold sketches, shows with what little aid in the way of apparatus these rude negroes conquered difficulties that the American Indian, living in a land of coal and iron, never surmounted. A yellow hematite abounds all over the part of Africa occupied by the Manganja, and there are villages, one may say, wholly made up of smiths. Livingston found one such on the Mando, a little stream flowing into the Bua. The people of the village were very industrious, and the work at the forges went on steadily from early dawn to nightfall. The exhibition of sustained toil would be strange even among negroes in America, but was still more strange in Africa. Although working in iron, they had risen so far as to make iron hammers or anvils. The hammer plied so vigorously and steadily was simply a large stone, bound with the strong inner bark of a tree, in such a manner as to form loops on the side, which were grasped by the sinewy hands of the smith. The anvil was a larger stone sunk partly into the ground. The tongs was formed of two pieces of bark; the bellows of two goat-skins, with sticks at the open ends, which are opened and shut at every blast. It was curious, indeed, to see men who mined iron ore, and extracted the metal, go on in their rude primitive way with stones and bark, and never making use of iron to facilitate the work. Yet even with their rude process, as the metal is good, they succeed in turning out several hoes every day.

At another village he found that the blacksmiths were also, in all cases, ironfounders, and that a good European blacksmith would be at a loss, and utterly useless, unless he could begin by smelting the ore.

The iron trade is not of recent introduction; indeed, Livingston thought it must have been carried on for an immense time in that country, as in his marches he seldom went a quarter of a mile without meeting pieces of slag and broken pots, calcined pipes, and fragments of furnaces, burned into bricks by the action of fire. Iron hammers seem not unknown, although he nowhere mentions their use; he found that while *kame* meant a stone hammer, there was a distinct word, *nyundo*, for an iron one.

THE SEA-GULL IN CAPTIVITY.

INTERESTING as sea-gulls are in their wild state, they are more so in captivity, where they not only display their natural characteristics, but generally develop others which are interesting to all lovers of the domestic tribe.

The writer of this article placed one of these birds in a house where "a local habitation and a name" have always been given to every description of pet, and, after much discussion, he was called Peter; in a short time he not only knew but answered to his name. The cook soon won the confidence and affection of the pretty sea-gull; and with one exception, to be mentioned presently, no other living creature is admitted to its friendship. In fact, Peter is a very exclusive and independent bird.

His early days were uneventful. As no restraint whatever was put on his liberty, he soon began to make use of his wings, and while flying high in the air, above the garden, the peculiar and plaintive cry, so well known to those who have visited a coast where gulls abound, was distinctly heard. This went on for some time, Peter flying off, occasionally for a whole day, but always returning in the evening. One morning, however, after his usual breakfast of fish, he flew away and did not return in the evening as before. There were no signs of him the next day, and we gave him up for lost, supposing that he had deserted us for the more congenial society of his own species. But we did Peter an injustice. About three weeks after his departure, one of our friends passing by a cottage garden not very far from our house, recognized Peter's cry, or, at any rate, the cry of a gull. On making inquiries, we found out that, about the time of Peter's loss, a gull had been captured by some boys bathing in the harbor, and given to the owner of the cottage, who cut its wings and kept it in confinement, On seeing the bird we at once recognized Peter, who was readily given up.

Some time ago we left the place and brought Peter with

us inland, where, in spite of the change and colder climate, he is wonderfully well and lively. He has grown into a very fine bird, and is exceedingly interesting, his habits being often a great source of amusement to all who know him. Located as he is now, in a country place, among dogs, ducks, and poultry, with plenty of liberty, but well looked after, Peter has become quite domesticated, after his own fashion. During the last Winter he was allowed by his friend the cook to come into the kitchen and sit before the fire, where a small piece of carpet was placed for him. Peter took possession of this, entirely excluding two small kittens from any share in it. To these little animals he was quite a tyrant. If they attempted to sit on any part of his carpet, he drove them away; they were permitted to sit as near as they pleased to the edge of the carpet, but not on it. He invariably took away from them sticks or anything else that they began to play with; and on one occasion kept one of the kittens a prisoner in a drain-pipe into which it had run. No sooner was it in than Peter, always on the alert, took up his station outside, and there kept guard, pecking the kitten every time it tried to come out, until he was seen and the kitten rescued. In fact, they had a very bad time of it while in Peter's society.

Another occupant of the kitchen, however, found more favors with him. This was a retriever pup, now a very large dog, and the friend and companion of a sea-gull! To see these two together is most amusing. Whenever the dog lies down anywhere near Peter, he does not long remain unmolested; the bird leisurely walks up to him, and at once begins to pull his hair and peck his tail every time it moves. To all this the good-tempered dog makes no objection—in fact, Peter can do what he likes with him. He will sometimes sit on his back, at others lie down close to his side, or even between his fore-paws, and when the dog is taking his food, run off with portions of it from the plate, a liberty that none of the poultry dare take.

This is a very strange friendship, but not altogether an unusual one. Almost all animated beings are so fond of society of some kind or other, that, when they cannot get that of their own species, they will select creatures of a very different character, and often form very strong attachments for them. Morris mentions a tame gull that was kept in a garden, where it made a great friend of a terrier dog. Gawel speaks of another that made great friends with a pair of silver pheasants. But the most curious anecdote of a gull is given by Mr. Donaldson in "The Naturalist." This bird acquired a taste for sparrows, and scarcely a day passed on which he did not regale himself with four or five. His system of catching them was this: He was on the best of terms with a number of pigeons, and, as the sparrows fed along with them, he mixed in the grays, and, by stooping, assumed as much as possible their appearance, and then set at the sparrow as a pointer dog would do at his game; the next instant he had his prey by the back and swallowed it without giving it time to shut its eyes. The sporting season with him began about the middle of July, as the young birds were leaving their nests. This was, however, rather a mercenary friendship.

Peter will not fraternize with the pigeons: he seems to object to them and the hens as much as he did to the kittens, as he never allows them to come near him without pecking at them savagely. At the same time, he swims about in the same water with the ducks, but takes no notice of them whatever. As a rule, he spends most of the day by himself, either swimming about in the water or else standing close to its edge; but when he is at all hungry he walks up to the yard and stands under one of the kitchen-windows, looking out for his friend the cook. The moment he catches sight of her he begins to make his peculiar, plaintive cry, throwing up his head every time it is uttered. If nothing, however, is given to him, he will very often make a great noise in a curious manner. Bending his neck so as to get his head close to the ground, and almost between his legs, he will throw it up and make a sort of chuckling sound, unlike anything I have ever heard before. Whether it is a sign of anger or impatience, or whether it is merely done to attract attention, I am unable to say.

Like most gulls, Peter will eat almost anything, although, in his younger days, nothing would satisfy him but fresh fish. Now he is not so particular; he will eat meat, young chickens, and even small rats and mice: the latter he seems to have a great relish for. At one time he lived on nothing but snails and slugs. This was after his removal from the coast, for, being so far inland, we could no longer supply him with the fish he had been accustomed to, and for a few days we were afraid he would starve, as nothing seemed to suit his taste; but he very soon got used to a different fare, and now there is no trouble whatever in finding food for him.

At first, when fish was his only food, he seldom swallowed it without previously soaking it in his water, and now almost everything he eats goes through the same process. Until lately, I gave Peter the credit of being a very clean bird, especially as the snails, which he took great pains to wash, were mostly covered with dirt and particles of earth. But now I am inclined to think that the washing is in some cases necessary to enable the bird to swallow. A short time ago, a dead chicken was given to Peter, which he carried off to his water and wetted well, before he attempted to swallow it. A few days after, he picked up a couple of young rats that had been killed in a trap, and took them one by one to the water, and then, after his usual process, easily disposed of them. I have already said that he is very fond of mice, and sometimes he has two or three for his breakfast; but often, in his eagerness, he will take the mouse first offered to him, and swallow it dry—a difficult process, apparently, as it is not repeated; the second and third, if he gets them, are always taken to the water, to be well soaked before deglutition. He invariably takes the rat or mouse head first, so that he has some little trouble in getting the tail down, if it is at all long.

Both locality and food seem to agree with Peter extremely well, for a finer bird could not be seen anywhere; moreover, he seems to be very well contented with his solitary life, and, when nothing interferes with him, is very quiet, although occasionally rather mischievous. He is not allowed to come into the kitchen now, but whenever he gets a chance he marches in after his friend the cook, always attacking anyone who attempts to turn him out or prevent his coming in. He runs about after the cook just as a dog would; the moment he hears her voice, he utters his peculiar cry, and runs up to her; but if anyone else speaks to him he pays not the slightest attention.

Every night he is put into a small yard where the ducks are kept, but not content, like them, to rest on the ground, he has a special bed for himself—a little pillar of loose bricks, placed on top of a hen-coop. He has always shown a desire to sit on anything raised from the ground, such as a mound of earth or heap of stones; whether it is prompted by instinct or peculiar fancy I cannot tell.

Altogether, the bird is one of the most interesting pets we have ever had, and as I have heard of a gull living thirteen years in confinement, it is not unreasonable to hope that, with care and attention, we may be able to keep Peter for many years to come, not only as an amusement but as a study.

Those who never keep animals or birds of any kind, little know what a great amount of real pleasure they lose; besides the opportunities of acquiring information that may

be useful, and making observations which are almost sure to be rewarded by the discovery of some new and interesting facts. It is a great mistake to suppose that even the familiar animals around us are already so well known as to afford no possibility of learning anything fresh about them. The intelligent principle in the lower creation, which we call instinct, is very often brought into play, and largely developed by situation and force of circumstances, as every observant lover of nature knows. Numerous instances of this are to be found in all works on natural history, but in the book of nature itself the careful student will find many beauties and unknown facts that will amply repay his labors. The works of creation, animate or inanimate, are so full of such varied interest to those who study them, whether for the advancement of science or merely for their own recreation, that it is impossible to select any field of observation, however limited, in which there is not something to be discovered.

THE PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR AND THE SWIMMING-BELL.

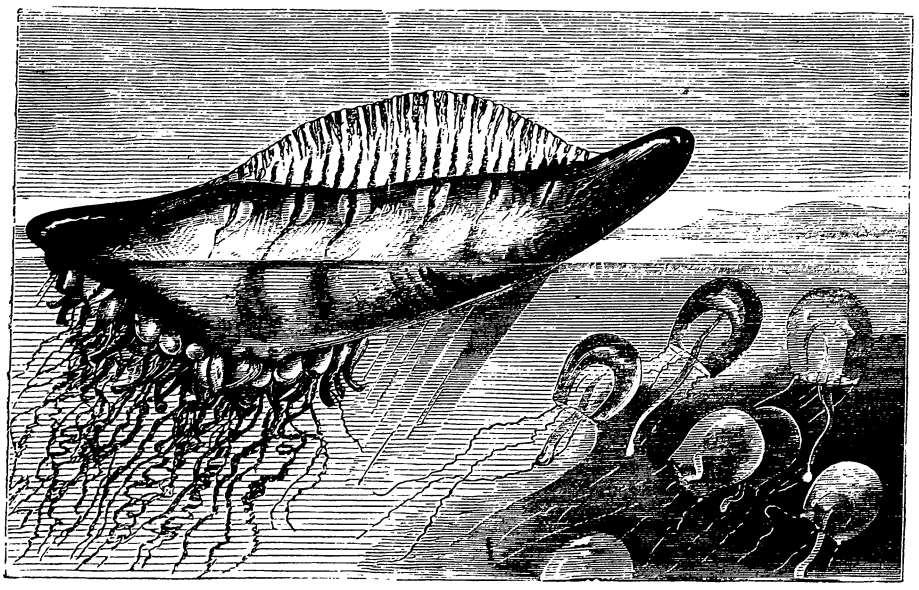
THE wonders of nature are so numerous, that it is a very small number that even the most learned can see, much less study. The two curious specimens we have engraved are very common in the Gulf of Mexico and the warmer regions of the ocean. The *Physalia Pelagica*, the large object represented in the illustration, is vulgarly known as the Portuguese man-of-war. It is an oblong bladder of tough membrane, varying considerably in shape, and hence no two original figures agree in this respect. They also vary considerably in size; generally there is a conspicuous difference between the two extremities of the bladder, one end being rounded, while the other is more pointed, or is terminated by a small knob-like swelling or beak-shaped excrescence, where there is a minute orifice. This bladder is filled with air, and therefore floats almost wholly on the surface. Along the upper side, nearly from end to end, runs a ridge of thin membrane, which is capable of being erected at the will of the animal to a considerable height, fully equal to the entire width of the bladder, when it represents an arched fore-and-aft sail, the bladder being the hull. From the bottom of the bladder, near the thickest extremity, where the membrane is thicker, depends a crowded mass of organs, most of which take the form of very slender, highly contractile, and movable threads, which hang down into the deep to a depth of several feet, and sometimes to many yards. The colors of this curious creature are very splendid and vivid, of various hues—blue, gold, crimson, green, and purple.

The sail-like or upper erectile membrane is transparent, tinted towards the edge with a lovely rose-pink hue, the colors arranged in a peculiar fringe-like manner.

When examined anatomically the bladder is found to be composed of two walls of membrane, which are lined with cilia, and have between the nutritive fluid which supplies the place of blood.

The most peculiar thing about this remarkable little creature is its powers of inflicting pain, through the instrumentality of its tentatives, which sting with a force scarcely credible. Some have felt pain up to their shoulder for a day or so, from the mere effects of the tentacula remaining clasped around the fingers for a short time. Cases have occurred where even the breathing has been affected. For some hours afterwards the skin displayed white elevations on the parts stung, similar to that produced by the stinging-nettle. Such is the virus of these tentacles that they benumb fishes when they fasten upon them.

The Nectocalyx or swimming-bell, is sometimes called the Tongued Sarsia. A group is represented on the right hand of the Physalia. This strange thing is a dome of crystaline, colorless flesh, thick at the summit and thinning off at the edges; their average size is half an inch in height. From the interior of this dome hangs the single polyphite, exactly as the clapper hangs from the top of a bell. It is capable of seizing and sucking in an object much larger than themselves. Their powers of locomotion are very wonderful. By rapid pump-like contractions of their bell-like shape, they dart along with wonderful rapidity. The summit of the bell always goes foremost.



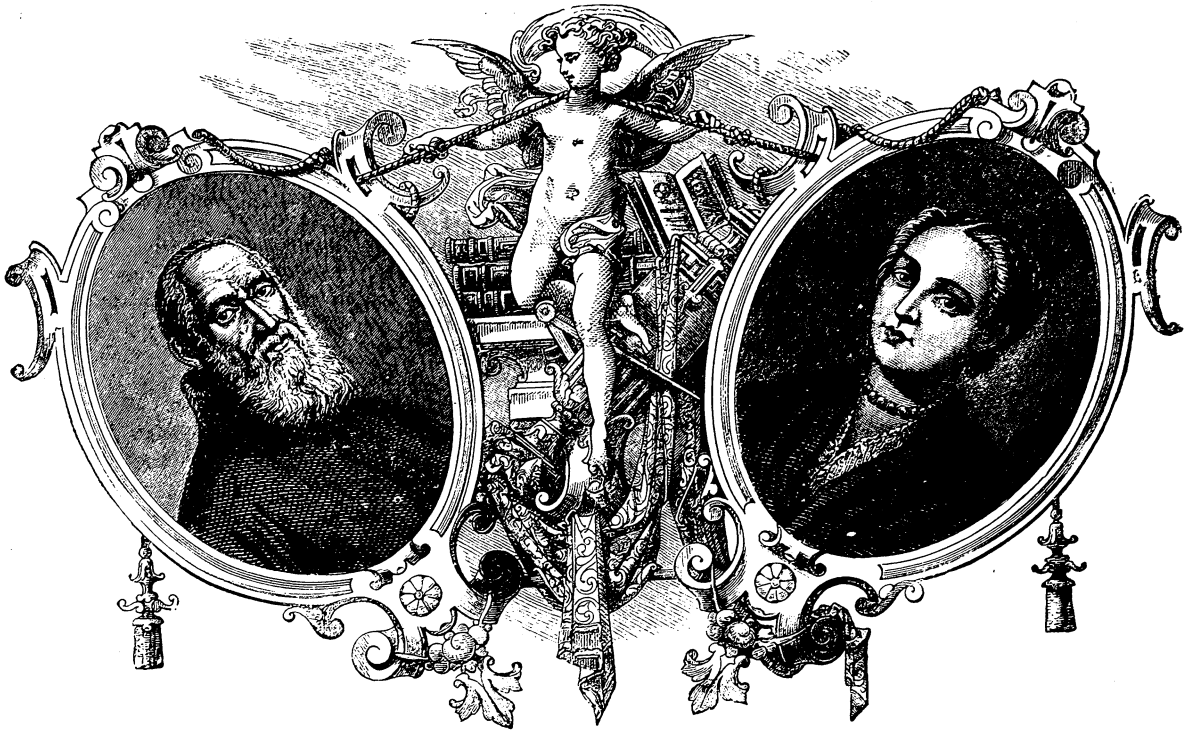
THE PORTUGESE MAN-OF-WAR AND THE SWIMMING-BELL.

TINTORETTO AT HOME.

IT is impossible for a sojourner in Venice to have spent hours in front of those colossal canvases of Tintoretto—hours which have gradually brought him into something like personal acquaintance with that wonderful man—without longing for some details of the sort of life passed by him in that small but not inelegant dwelling, which may still be discovered by the curious in a distant and out-of-the-way quarter of the strangely beautiful sea-city.

But little can be found to gratify this desire. But some fragments may be gathered by a careful searcher for them. And as this gathering has never yet been done, as far as the present writer is aware, and any English inquirer is little likely to have the time and means needed for doing it for himself, it may perhaps be not unacceptable that it should be done for him here.

The house in which the painter passed the latter years of his life, and in which he died, was purchased on his behalf by his father-in-law, Pietro Episcopi, on the 8th of June, 1574, the contract of which purchase is still extant. There is also extant a return made by Tintoretto of his property for the purpose of taxation, in which the rent of the house is stated at twenty ducats a month, subject to deduction on account of a mortgage to the amount of five hundred ducats,



TINTORETTO AND HIS DAUGHTER MARIETTA.

bearing interest at six per cent., due to the person from whom the property was bought. The above estimate of the value of the house at twenty ducats a month is a startling one. The ducat was about equal to $2.50, and it is generally held that the nominal value of money at the beginning of the sixteenth century must be multiplied at least by ten, in order to find its worth in the nominal value of our own day. And thus calculating it, we should have the rent of Tintoretto's small house stated at $6,000 a year in our present money—which is, of course, utterly out of the question. It is true that the return states the rent at twenty ducats, without any such word as "monthly" or "annually." And if, as to our notions would seem a matter of course, the *annual* value were intended, the rent of the house would have been equivalent to $500 of our money, which is quite as much as one would have supposed. But there is this difficulty. How could a mortgage, the annual interest of which was thirty ducats, be secured on a property the annual rent of which was twenty ducats? And that in a country where mortgages are never permitted to approach so nearly to the limit of the value of the property mortgaged as they often do with us. It is clear that this could not be. In my difficulty on the subject I carried the passage of the return to my friend Signor Velludo, the able and always obliging librarian of St. Mark's library. And he at once declared that the twenty ducats named in the return must be understood to be the monthly value, and that such a manner of speaking was quite in accordance with Venetian habitudes. Still it is totally impossible to suppose that the small house in question in a distant quarter of Venice was worth the equivalent of $6,000 a year! And we can only come to the conclusion, either that the return was a fictitious one, or that whatever may have been the case in other communities where money was scarcer, the rule of multiplying nominal amounts of the sixteenth century by ten, in order to find the equivalent value in the money of our own day, must be wholly fallacious as regards the wealthy commercial city of Venice. Nevertheless, the former explanation seems to be the more probable one. And other facts relative to the methods in use at that period for rating property for the purpose of taxation seem to show that such is likely to have been the case. I believe upon the whole that the value of the house stated at twenty ducats was meant to be the yearly value; but that that sum was *very* far below the real value, probably to the extent of being only a third part of it. And it is to be observed that this under-valuation could not have been, at all events, altogether fraudulent, inasmuch as the return contains on the face of it the statement, that a mortgage of which the annual interest was thirty ducats was secured on the property. We must conclude, therefore, that it was systematical, and recognized that the return for rating was in all cases very much below the real value.

Tintoretto returns himself as the possessor also of a small farm situated in the immediate neighborhood of Mestre, of which the produce (payable from the farmer to the landlord) was seventeen quarters of wheat and fourteen tuns of wine; and as *honoraries* due from the farmer according to custom, one goose, fifty eggs, two pairs of hens, two pairs of chickens, and one ham. On this farm there was also a mortgage of four hundred ducats at six per cent.

Tintoretto left his property to his wife for her life, and then to his children generally, with, as it should seem, certain powers of appointment by the widow. The painter had two sons, Domenico and Marco, and five daughters, Marietta, two named Ottavia, Perinna, and Laura. Domenico, well-known as a more than respectable artist, who worked with and assisted his father in several of his later works, especially in the great "Paradiso," in the *Sala del Maggiore Consiglio*, eventually became the owner and occupier of the house in Venice. Marco seems to have been a ne'er-do-weel. And his mother exercised in respect to him the right of "conditioning"—as the phrase in her will has it—his share of his father's property. He is left in fact in a sort of tutelage to the discretion of his brother Domenico. Nothing further is heard of him.

Marietta, whom we shall have occasion to return to again, died before her father, in 1590, at the age of thirty. She was married to one Mario Augusta, a jeweller (reckoned in those days as much entitled to rank as an *artist* as a painter), but she does not seem to have left any offspring.

Perinna and one of the Ottavias became nuns in the con-

vent of St. Ann, in Venice. They are by the widow's will recommended to the care of their brother Domenico. These two poor women piously worked in silk embroidery a copy of their father's great picture of the Crucifixion, at St. Rocco, for an altar-covering for the chapel of their convent. And there remained a constant tradition among the sisterhood that one of them became blind (as may well be believed) from laboring in that truly tremendous task. Zabeo saw this embroidery in 1813. Of Laura nothing is known save that she survived—but probably not for many years—her father and her mother.

The other Ottavia was married to a German painter of the name of Casser; and she became ultimately the possessor of the family property. Domenico had intended to bequeath the house in which his father had lived and labored, together with the large, and at that day important, collection of casts from the antique and from the works of Michael Angelo, as an academy for the painters of Venice. But he was led to change his mind; and by will, dated 20th of October, 1630, left the entire property to his sister Ottavia, the wife of Sebastian Casser. Domenico died in 1637. Ottavia outlived all her brothers and sisters, and by a will, dated 8th October, 1645, bequeathed everything to her husband. And by their lineal descendants the house was possessed and inhabited up to the year 1835, and a year or two longer. In that year it was occupied by two brothers, Angelo and Andrea Casser. But very shortly afterwards it passed to persons of another name and family. It would seem, however, either that Sebastian Casser, the German painter, had relatives of the same name settled in Venice in the fifteenth century, or that there are still many descendants of Tintoretto living. For Casser is at the present day by no means an uncommon name in Venice.

The long room at the top of the house, which tradition declares to have been the studio of the painter, is still pointed out, though the great changes which the interior of the house has evidently undergone render one rather sceptical as to any very accurate certainty on this subject. We hear much from the contemporaries of the great painter, or more immediately from those who came after them in the succeeding generation, of the solitariness of Tintoretto's habits in his studio, of the jealousy with which he excluded visitors, and of the secrecy he maintained with respect to the processes used by him. All this was entirely in accordance with the common notions and practices of that day, not only as regarded the art of painting, but as regarded every other art and even handicraft. It was an age when artisans and artists *had* to discover processes and methods for themselves; and when they had succeeded in doing so, it is intelligible that they should have been anxious to reap the whole advantage of their discoveries. And of course the next thing that occurred in natural sequence was that an immense amount of humbug mixed itself up with the matter. Tintoretto *did* employ novel processes, unfortunately, and they were processes (adopted with a view to increased speed in execution) which he may well have been unwilling that others should spy the secret of. It were to be wished much that the secret had remained one, and had died with him! We should not then have been vexed by all the black canvases of the school of the *tenebrosi!* The genius, the creative imagination, the power that *did* die with him, no spying into the secrets of his workshop could have made the spyers any the better for.

And, after all, Tintoretto may have had abundance of other reasons than jealousy of his secrets to make a stern rule against intrusion beyond the sacred threshold of his studio. He was wont to spend many hours there, even when not at work, in solitary meditation. And many anecdotes were current, which show that he could ill brook the importunity of blockheads, when his mind and fancy were busy with the work of creation. When he was painting the great picture of the "Paradiso," a work which could not be executed in any ordinary studio, it was impossible to prevent, at all events, the senators of the Republic from coming to look at the progress of the work. Upon one occasion a knot of these grandees, after watching him at work for awhile, ventured to ask why he made such large sweeps of the brush, when it was well known that Titian, Bellini, etc., had been content to work with comparatively minute touches. "It must be," said the over-taxed artist, looking up from his work into the face of his persecutors, "because those lucky fellows had not so many visitors to drive them nearly out of their senses!"

Nevertheless, the elegant little home at the foot of the Ponte di Mori was by no means a cheerless or dull abode. The life within it offered a very striking and favorable contrast to that which might have been observed in the home that poor unhappy Andrea del Sarto made for himself. Tintoretto's home-life was essentially—we learn from Ridolfi, and may glean from other sources—a sober, dignified, and staid one. It was an age when cakes and ale were abundant, especially at Venice—an age of license and much riotous living. But from all such roystering Tintoretto held himself entirely aloof. But none the less, as has been said, were there happy hours of genial intercourse and cheerful pleasure in Tintoretto's home. Music formed a leading feature of those pleasant hours. The old man was himself a performer, and had invented sundry improvements in various instruments.

But doubtless the great centre of attraction and the animating soul of those happy evenings was the painter's gifted daughter Marietta. Marietta was born in 1560, and was therefore fourteen years old when the house at the foot of the Ponte di Mori was purchased. And sixteen years after that purchase she died, as we know, a wife. But it would seem that notwithstanding her marriage she remained an inmate of her father's house. There are many indications of her having been, at all events, an habitual frequenter of it; and we know that she died in it.

Laura also was doubtless an inmate of her father's house, and a member of the pleasant society to be found there. Ottavia, the German artist's wife, was naturally often there with her husband. The two other daughters—the two poor nuns—were of course in their convent.

But Marietta was, as has been said, the soul and leading spirit of the artistic gathering in her father's house. How great a promise she had already given in her father's art—nay, how much she had already achieved—when snatched away by an early death, is well known to all students of the history of art. But Marietta was also highly gifted as a musician. She was a player on the lute, and on the *gravicembali*. Giulio Zacchino, a Neapolitan, had been her master in music. But a musician of much higher name than he was an habitual frequenter of the musical evenings at Tintoretto's house. This was Giuseppe Zarlino, of Chioggia, who from 1565 to 1590 was chapel-master at St. Mark's. Zarlino, in the language of those who insist upon carrying the idea of a "renaissance" into every department of human culture, is reckoned among the great *restorers* of music. It is not very easy to see what there was to *restore*. And perhaps it would be more to the purpose to say that he was one of the fathers and creators of modern music.

But, be this as it may, there was the old chapel-master to be found enjoying probably some of the happiest hours of his life. Another noted judge and lover of good music, who frequented these pleasant gatherings, was the painter Jacopo da Ponti, more generally known by the nickname Bassano; for he and Tintoretto were excellent good friends, despite the skits that the mighty idealist would sometimes

indulge in at the expense of his friend's realism. "You had better go to Bassano!" he said once to a silly fellow, who came to him to have his portrait painted, saying, "I am a fool, you know—*una bestia*—and you must paint me as one!" "Oh! una bestia, are you? Well in that case you had better go to Bassano; he will paint you to the very life!" And the blockhead went away with this recommendation to Bassano. But Bassano came none the less for his feast of music to the house of his old rival and friend.

Alexandro Vittoria, the sculptor, whose works may still be seen almost in every parish of Venice, was a frequent visitor. The sculptor was a great lover of gardening, and would come fresh from his garden in the Calle di Picta, where he had been at work for an evening hour or two. And there were two other guests of the house, who must not be left unmentioned, if only for the strange contrast they presented to each other—a contrast so violent that the sense of it would not unfrequently deter one of the two from presenting himself in Tintoretto's well-ordered home.

Every sort of propriety requires that in mentioning this contrasted pair the precedence should be given to the magnificent Paolo Cagliari, better known, at least in England, as Paolo Veronese. The man in this case answers very accurately to the ideas that might be formed of him from his pictures. He was in every point of view magnificent; yet he was withal a thrifty man, and far more eager about the money value of his works than was our Tintoretto. He, too, was a man of a great and gorgeous imagination; but he was not lavishly prodigal of this creative wealth as was Tintoretto; nor was his wealth of imagination of the same kind. Gorgeous palaces, with vast distances of colonnaded perspectives, the bravery of courts, cloth of silver and cloth of gold, satins, brocades, pearls and jewels, and splendor of all kinds seem to have formed the world in which his imagination best loved to expatiate. Would his imagination have ever been excited to creative inactivity at all, if he had been placed in circumstances where none of these things had been accessible to him? It may, perhaps, be doubted. Would any combination of exterior circumstances have availed to quench the fire of creative faculty in the other? There can hardly be any doubt as to the fitting reply. There had at one time been a feeling of no slight rivalry between Tintoretto and the younger aspirant, who was taking the suffrages of the Venetians by storm, whose tastes and idiosyncrasies were so curiously analogous to his own. Paul Veronese was twenty-six years younger than Tintoretto; and he had shot up into a reputation and position of the first order with much greater rapidity than Tintoretto had done. There had been wherewithal to excite jealousy; but it is pleasant to think that nothing had ever passed between them which prevented the younger man from frequenting the house of the elder as a guest. Paolo, we are told, especially affected splendor of attire. It is specially mentioned that he always wore velvet breeches. His manners, too, were courtly and magnificent. Perhaps it may be allowable to conjecture that the liveliest and pleasantest evenings in the house at the foot of the Ponte di Mori were not those when the gorgeous Paolo honored the assembly with his presence.

At all events, there was one who sometimes ventured to count so far on the tolerance of fellow-artists towards a brother of the brush, of undeniable talent and merit, as to show himself half-shamefacedly in the circle at Tintoretto's house, but who could never dare to do so if he knew that the magnificent Paolo, with his velvet breeches, was to be present. This was poor Andrea Schiavoni, a veritable Bohemian of the Bohemians. How could the magnificence of velvet breeches assort with raggedness, which sometimes approached the point of having none at all? What sort of society could there be between the frequenter of the lordliest palaces of Venice, the caressed associate of proud patricians and noble dames, and the poor Bohemian reeking from the society of a miserable pot-house? I do not find any special delinquencies charged against this unfortunate Andrea Schiavoni as the cause of the miserable life he led. And assuredly his talent was of a quality that ought to have secured to him a comfortable maintenance and an honorable position in society. But have we not all, alas! known men who seem inevitably predestined to be and to remain to the bitter end poor devils? Andrea Schiavoni was one of these; incurably from his cradle to his grave a poor devil! He was never seen otherwise than ragged, patched, dirty, and disreputable-looking. Sometimes he was on the verge of starvation. His pictures were ill-paid—not in proportion to their merit, but in proportion to his recognized position as a poor devil. Nevertheless the poor devil liked, when he could achieve some comparative degree of decency, and when he knew that Veronese the Magnificent with his too imposing velvet breeches was not to be there, to find, as an oasis in his troubled life, a few hours of tranquil enjoyment beneath the hospitable roof of Tintoretto. The dreaded presence of the superb Paolo would, doubtless, be indicated by his gondola moored under the wall of the canal, and waiting for his master in front of Tintoretto's house. Of course Veronese came in his gondola. Perhaps also the old chapel-master came in his. The others would more probably walk. Certainly Alexandro, the sculptor, came afoot from his garden in the Calle di Picta! The small hours, doubtless, had begun to be chimed from the neighboring convent of the Madonna dell' Orto before the party separated. Hours were always late in Venice (as they are to the present day), the old Venetian life having been curiously and characteristically contrasted in this respect with the life of thrifty, save-all Florence.

What a pity it is that the old chroniclers and biographers and letter-writers did not tell us a few more of the things we should so much like to be told, in the place of the masses of fact that do not interest us at all! At all events, our posterity can make no such complaint of us. For, not knowing exactly what may most interest them, we leave everything on record for their curiosity. The pleasant little picture of these *noctes cœnæque deum* in the house at the foot of the Ponte di Mori is a glimpse, a fleeting peep into the phantasmagoric lantern of the past, constructed out of mere words dropped here and there by chance, slight indications which fell from the writer's pen when he was intent on recording far other matters, and rendered possible only by assiduous and careful gleaning and piecing together, eked out by somewhat of guess-work. But we know at least what sort of moonlight it was—at least we who have "swum in a gondola" on the moonlit lagune know—what a moonlight it was that lighted the little party home, and poured its flood of silver on the white Istrian marble of the canal front of the old artist's house. The three-arched Gothic windows of the large saloon had, no doubt, all its three casements opened to the sweet night air, and was garnished each by a gracious head, as the daughters of the host bade their guests "Good night." Old Giuseppe Zarlino, the chapel-master, I think, offered a place in his gondola to Ser Jacopo da Ponte as a recognized lover and *intendante di musica*. Schiavoni slunk off alone, turning as quickly as might be into some narrow *calle* that hid him from the too-peering moonlight.

"What think you, Messer Giuseppe, of our old friend's scheme for adding to the sonority of the mandoline?" says Bassano, as he takes his place by the side of the old *maestro* in the gondola.

"Hum!" returns the old man, doubtfully, "there is not much in it, *mi pare*, one way or the other! It may be an improvement on the old form. But I have reached a time

of life, *Jacopo mio*, when one thinks more of old practice than of new-fangled inventions."

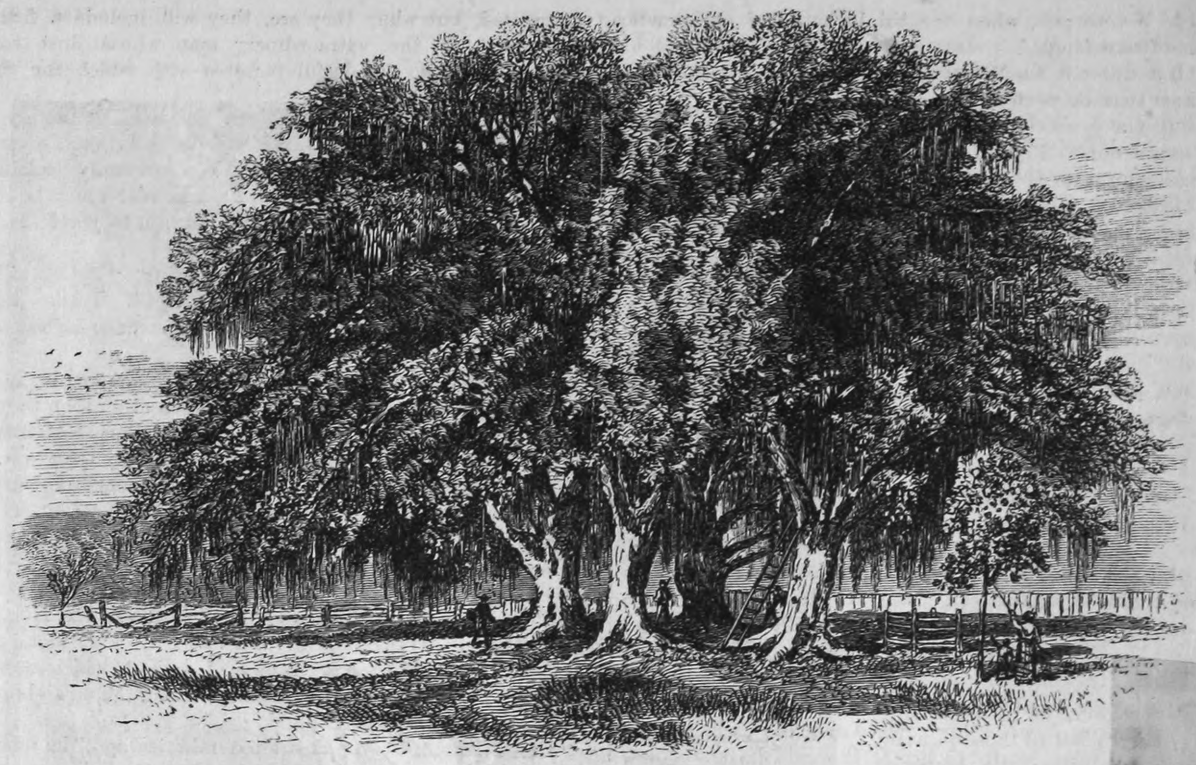
"But did not La Marietta give us that last *toccata* in a manner that was perfectly heavenly; such a grace of touch, such an expression! I could not help thinking of one of those angels of old Bellini, in the chapel at the Frari, as I looked at her and listened to her!"

"Ay, indeed, you may say so! Marietta is a phœnix, *rara avis in terris*—in truth, a nonsuch!" replies the old chapelmaster with enthusiasm. "I expect great things from Marietta; and you, *Jacopo mio*, must expect great things too; you in your art and I in mine. I don't know another case of such mastery as Marietta Robusti has in both arts at once."

There was many a competent authority in Venice then who expected great things from Marietta. But, alas! all such expectations were fated to be disappointed; and the last of those pleasant evenings in the little house at the foot of the Ponte de Mori was at hand. Marietta Robusti was doomed, as the reader already knows, to an early death. She fell into ill-health, and died at the age of thirty, in 1590, just four years before the death of her bereaved old father. But before she died there occurred in that house one of the most moving and saddest scenes that its walls can ever have been witnesses to in all the four or five centuries of its existence. On her death-bed, when it became certain that her life would not be spared, the despairing father determined to possess such a portrait of his daughter as his all but octogenarian hand could still well execute. And the old man painted the portrait of his gifted child, with whom so many hopes were extinguished, as she lay there dying. Surely never was so sad a picture painted as she lay there on her death-bed!

Marietta was buried in the noble church of the neighboring monastery of Madonna dell' Orto, where, after the lapse of four more years, her father rejoined her. They were buried in a vault, under the choir, belonging to the Episcopi family, to which Tintoretto's wife was related. The church, which had fallen so much into decay that it was threatened with complete ruin, has recently been restored, not injudiciously or unsuccessfully, at the cost of the Italian Government. The works are not yet quite completed, but when they are, they will include a fitting monument to the extraordinary man whose dust rests between the two wonderful pictures with which the first youthful ardor of his genius covered the huge side-walls of the choir, that was to receive his remains when his matchless career should have been run.

TINTORETTO AND THE DEAD BODY OF HIS DAUGHTER.



HISTORICAL TREES.—LIVE OAKS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF NEW ORLEANS.

HISTORICAL TREES.

Live Oaks on the Battle-field of New-Orleans.

Trees not unfrequently figure among the monuments and curiosities of a country. England long honored the Royal Oak that sheltered a fugitive king, Herne's Oak, Pope's Willow. We have been less tree-worshippers here, but even staid New England canonized her Charter Oak, and Quebec still reveres the Elm Tree, under which, almost at the birth of the colony, Madame de la Peltrie and Mary Guyon opened their Indian school. New York had her Stuyvesant Pear Tree, last relic of the Dutch times.

Of more recent times there are several memorable tree and not the least interesting are the Live Oaks on the battl field of New Orleans, beneath which the rash and bra Pakenham expired after his mad attempt to storm Jackson sturdy line.

As the trees were the headquarters in the field of th enemy, they did not escape, and one of them, that show with the ladder resting against it, bears still not only th scars but the very balls received in the action, two cannon balls from Jackson's artillery being imbedded in its wood and still partly visible, as though the tree is endeavoring t bury from sight these proofs of its involuntary siding with the enemy.

Flint and Steel.

By the Author of "Estelle's Error," etc.

Chapter X.

"Come, Maud, I have not had a word with you yet," said Lady Alice. "Let's stroll along this path, away from the rest. There's a seat a little farther on, where we can have a good chat. You look so pale and grave—is there anything the matter?"

"I have a headache," answered Maud, truly enough; and she sighed as she passed her hand wearily across her forehead.

Lady Alice looked at her anxiously.

"Maud, I am afraid you are not at all well, or else are not happy," she said. "Won't you have some advice, or tell me what it is?"

"There is nothing seriously the matter with me," replied Maud, quickly. "I think a thorough change would do me good. I shall go abroad for the Winter, if Aunt Barry is fit to go with me. Here is the seat—let us sit down."

They sat down in silence, each deep in her own thoughts. Lady Alice was a little hurt at her friend's resolve. She felt quite convinced by her last words that there was some great trouble under her altered looks; but she did not choose to try to draw it from her; only she sighed as she thought o the many years of true friendship they had known. Per haps Maud would tell her if she let her alone; and eve now Maud was trying to bring herself to speak out freely.

"Alice," she said, in a hesitating tone, "do you think i would save Aileen's life if he—Captain Trevor—were to com back to her and marry her?"

Lady Alice shook her head.

"No, certainly not. Doctor Ingram told mamma the la time he came that no power on earth could keep Aileen aliv now beyond a few weeks or perhaps months. She is dyin fast."

"And yet you say he loved her," said Maud, sadly. "Oh Alice, there must be some secret at the bottom of it; h might not have given her up of his own free will, he——" She stopped short, her face turning deadly white, and he eyes fixed eagerly on the path, along which a gentleman wa slowly advancing. Too well she knew that tall erect figure that firm deliberate step. He did not see her—his eyes were on the ground, his hands clasped behind his back—and h started as if some one had struck him when Lady Alic exclaimed—

"Captain Trevor, what a fit of meditation! I though we should see you to-day, as I heard you were staying with your uncle."

Her tone was cordial, her smile bright, and Maud was nbfounded. Arthur Trevor looked up quickly, and, ugh his face flushed slightly, his tone was free and full pleasure as he answered—

"Did you? Well, it is a pleasant surprise to me—I had thought of seeing you. I suppose you are with a party?" he glanced for the first time towards Maud.

All the color, all the brightness faded from his face as he t her glance; for a moment he hesitated, and then coldly sed his hat in silence. Lady Alice, seeing this look, but t understanding it, said, hastily—

"This is my particular friend, Miss Etheridge, Captain evor. You know I am very much given to young lady ends."

"Yes, I know," he assented, looking down, and carefully ning a beetle on to its back with his foot.

There was a brief pause, and then, with a look at Maud, ich she interpreted as cool defiance, he said—

"I am sorry to hear Miss Gray is so ill. Is she with you w?"

Lady Alice colored, but answered, quite unhesitatingly—

"No; she and Helen are at Lorris Castle. Poor Aileen not equal to anything of this sort. Her days are numred, Captain Trevor, and her sorrows will soon be over w."

"Thank Heaven!" he said, in a low tone, whilst a look of p pain came into his face.

"If you dare mention my name, Lady Alice, will you rember me most kindly to her? It would be better not, ough; it were better all were forgotten. Good-by now. I e we shall meet again before long."

He pressed the hand that Lady Alice extended to him, ed his hat coldly again to Maud, and walked slowly away, lst Maud sat feeling as if she were in a dream. What ld it all mean? Lady Alice looked after him and sighed.

"He is nicer than ever," she said, thoughtfully—"so ntle and feeling."

"Alice, how could you?" exclaimed Maud, in an angry e. "Is that the way to speak to such a wretch as he is? d then his speaking of Aileen Gray! How dared he men- n her name to you after his wicked behavior to her? I ould have spoken out freely if he had stayed a moment nger."

Lady Alice burst out laughing.

"You dear old piece of vehemence?" she cried. "I am y glad you did not. That is not the Captain Trevor who s engaged to poor Aileen; it was his eldest brother Harry, o Captain Trevor. This is Arthur, and he behaved so y well in the whole affair—came down and saw Aileen, d tried to excuse his brother, and to put matters on a easant footing."

Maud buried her face in her hands, and moaned aloud in r utter misery.

"What have I done? What have I done?" she exclaimed, rking herself backwards and forwards. "Oh, why didn't now this before? Arthur, Arthur, I have lost you by my n mad folly!"

She sprang to her feet and paced up and down the walk, e blood tingling in every vein, her cheeks flushed and her es sparkling. Lady Alice looked at her half frightened. d she gone suddenly mad? Suddenly Maud turned on r angrily.

"It is your doing—it is you who have wrecked my life!" e exclaimed. "Why did you not tell me it was his brother? ow was I to know that there were two Captain Trevors? hy did you never speak of him as Harry Trevor? I should ve known if you had. Oh, I ought to have known all ong that he could not act like that! May was right; she d more faith than I had, and now I have lost him forever. h, Alice, Alice, pity me—I am utterly wretched!" And once more she sank down on the seat and buried her face in her hands.

By slow degrees Lady Alice drew it all from her, and then strove to comfort her in her gentle way.

"It will all come right, Maud dear," she said, soothingly. "It is far better than if you had heard it was Arthur Trevor who had treated Aileen so cruelly. You can easily explain the mistake when you next see him. I wonder where he is now. Shall I go and find him, and send him to you? He can't be very far away."

"No, don't do that," replied Maud, coloring; "but we will walk along this path and see if he is in sight. I know he will not forgive me, though. He told me once he was a very unforgiving man."

But, for all that, her heart was lighter, for she was beginning to realize that they were nearer to each other than they had been, and she knew now that one short glimpse of him had taught her that she loved him more deeply than ever. Ah, well, why should she not? He was everything she had once thought him, everything a girl could wish; and he had been hers, and perhaps—who knew?—might be hers again.

They hurried along the path he had taken, neither of them speaking, but no Arthur Trevor was to be seen. Sir Hugh Follet, though, who had spent the last half-hour looking for them, joined them with a face of delight, which soon changed, however, to one of dismay, under Maud's short cold answers and abrupt manner.

"I met Captain Trevor about ten minutes ago," he said, after a few minutes, turning to Lady Alice, "walking along looking like a man who was going to fight a duel. What a good-looking fellow he is!"

"Where is he now? Which way did he go?" asked Lady Alice, quickly.

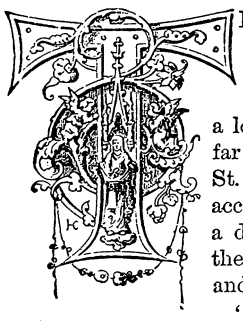
"He got into the carriage with the old fellow again, and they drove off that way. I can see the carriage now going up that long hill."

The two girls looked at the dark, far-away speck, and paused in their walk. It was of no use to wait for him any longer.

"Never mind—you will get another chance," whispered Lady Alice; and Maud smiled and tried to rouse herself.

It certainly was an intense relief to know he was all she had thought him at first, and, in spite of her hopeless words, she felt a secret conviction that she could win him back were she given an opportunity. So once more the heart of the hopeful Baronet was warmed by the smiles and soft words of his deity, and Maud was nearly, if not quite, the Maud of old days.

Chapter XI.



THE day passed rapidly, and Maud, with a lightened heart, was enjoying the unusual gaiety around her at Lorris Castle. Tired as she was with a long day in the open air, she sat up far into the night on her return from St. Abbe's to write May Percy a full account of all that had happened, and a day or two afterwards received just the answer she expected—triumphant and encouraging.

"It will be all right again when you have seen him and told him of the mistake you made," she wrote. "It is all his own fault for bearing exactly the title of his brother. He ought to have gone into another branch of the service, or refused to be made captain until his brother was major! I have written to tell him I want to see him particularly next Thursday, so you must come on Wednes-

day and dine here, and have it all out quietly. Enjoy yourself at Lorris Castle as much as you possibly can, and come home the bright, rosy Maud I like to see you. White cheeks and an attenuated form are not becoming, though they may be interesting."

Maud pocketed her letter, to read it over again and again, and think with a thrill of delight of Thursday evening.

Sir Hugh, misled by Maud's bright, pleasant manner, took heart of grace, asked the momentous question, and was totally and entirely crushed. He strove hard to bear it bravely and make no sign, but, finding that impossible, received an imaginary letter calling him home, and left the Castle abruptly.

Miss Vernon, reading the whole story in Sir Hugh's woe-begone face and Maud's crimson cheeks as they parted in the garden, gave the latter little peace till silenced by a cutting remark from Lady Dewhurst which even her hardihood could not withstand.

Monday came, and Maud was beginning to count the hours till Thursday evening. She received a hurried note from Mrs. Percy to say that Captain Trevor had accepted her invitation, and again and again she went through the coming interview, altering her own line of conduct each time, and feeling a thrill at the anticipation of his delight when he heard the interpretation of his dismissal. Sitting by her window, thinking it all over, she was aroused by a knock at the door and the entry of Lady Alice.

"Maud," she said, quickly, "I am come to ask a favor that I know you will grant. Helen is making herself quite ill by staying at home so much, and I want her to come for a ride with us this afternoon. Will you stay and take care of Aileen for an hour or two? She is in the morning-room, as that is the pleasantest, and I know she will be quite happy and safe with you. Do you mind?"

"Not in the least. I should like it very much;" and Maud rose quickly. "We shall have a cozy quiet afternoon all to ourselves. Go and make Helen dress at once."

"Thank you, dear. I was sure you would not mind;" and Lady Alice hurried away, leaving Maud to follow more sedately.

She found Aileen lying on a couch in the pretty morning-room, looking more lovely than she had ever seen her. Her dark hair was undone behind to ease her head, and streamed in wavy masses over the cushion, whilst the fell disease that marked her for its own had heightened the delicate carmine of her cheeks, and increased the brightness of her eyes. Her almost transparent hands were playing with a crimson rose that her sister had gathered for her before leaving, and some sad memory had been aroused by its scent, for a bright drop that was not dew glittered on its petals. She looked up with a smile as Maud entered.

"How kind of you!" she said, in her soft tones. "You are going to sit with me while Helen goes for a ride, Lady Alice says. It will do her so much good, for she stays with me far too much. But I hope you did not stay at home on my account—indeed, I should have been quite safe alone; and I have everything I can possibly want."

This speech was a long one for Aileen, and was interrupted by her short breathing several times. How fast the grim king was striding on! Maud's heart swelled.

"Thank Heaven it was not my Arthur who laid her there!" she thought; and then she seated herself on a low chair by the couch, saying, brightly, "Indeed I shall thoroughly enjoy such a cozy afternoon. I am going to read aloud to you. Show me where Helen left off."

She opened the book, and read Keats's touching story of "The Pot of Basil," glancing from time to time at the listener, who, but for her dreamy, open eyes, might have been deemed asleep, so perfectly still did she lie; her cough, however, shook her slight frame now and then, and made her press her hand to her side. The French windows were thrown wide open, and the scent of a neighboring magnolia came in on the soft Summer breeze; the distant lowing of cattle, tinkling of sheep-bells, and cooing of wood-pigeons were the only sounds besides the reader's voice, for, except the servants, Maud and Aileen were the only occupants of the Castle on that side of the huge building. Suddenly the door opened, a gentleman entered, and Maud's heart stood still as the man-servant announced, pompously—

"Captain Trevor."

One glance proved to her that it was not Arthur; the newcomer was shorter and fairer. A faint cry of "Harry!" burst from the lips of the poor girl by her side. He did not seem to see Maud; his eager eyes went quickly round the room, rested on Aileen, and, with a cry Maud could never forget, he was speedily on his knees by the couch, and holding the wasted form tightly in his arms.

"Aileen—Aileen, my darling," he cried, in low choked tones—"am I too late? Oh, Aileen, we must not be parted again!"

The wild misery of his voice was terrible to listen to, and Maud, stealing through the window, felt hot tears of sympathy rolling down her cheeks. So this was the heartless scoundrel they had all joined in condemning so bitterly. Maud heard his wild, impassioned tones of agony, though she could not catch his words, as she leant on the balustrade of the broad terrace; she could hear Aileen's sweet, low voice trying to soothe him, and that most terrible sound to a woman, a strong man crying; and again the thought crossed her, "Thank Heaven it is not Arthur."

The time wore on and still they talked. Maud did not dare to go away, fearing the effect of such a trying scene on Aileen. The shadows began to lengthen, a mellow tint to steal into the sky, and she knew that the others would soon be returning home. Just as she turned, meaning to warn Aileen how time was stealing on, she heard the door shut, and her name called. Captain Trevor was gone, and Aileen lay flushed and exhausted, but with a look of intense happiness on her face. Maud approached her, and took her hand in hers.

"What will Helen say?" she asked, with a smile. "I'm afraid it has been a trying scene for you."

"Oh, no! I am so very, very, Happy," Aileen answered, faintly. "To have seen him again would have been enough, but to hear that he has always been true to me, always loved me as I have him—oh, Maud, it almost makes it hard for to me die!"

Maud kissed away the bright tears that rolled down the thin cheeks.

"Do not talk like that. Happiness is a wonderful doctor. You may get better now. But why did he give you up? How does he explain his conduct?"

Aileen's face flushed and her eyes glittered.

"Oh, Maud, he is so noble, so self-sacrificing!" she exclaimed. "Thank Heaven, I have heard the truth at last! I could not distrust him as everybody else did. I knew he loved me still, and I was right. He said that when his father heard that I was penniless he told him—what poor Harry never guessed—that he was terribly in debt, his whole estate mortgaged, and that if he, Harry, married a girl without fortune, the person to whom the property was mortgaged would foreclose, and turn him out to ruin and beggary in his old age; and he implored Harry, by everything he held sacred, not to sacrifice his old father to his own selfish wishes, but to give me up. Poor Harry was utterly heartbroken. His father made him promise not to breathe a word of the truth to anybody, and he thought that, if he made me believe him utterly worthless, I should not love him long, or feel his loss. So he wrote his last letter, and exchanged and went to India, and came back

only two months ago. His brother, who has never known the truth, and thought Harry gave me up of his own accord, wrote to him a few weeks ago to tell him I was here, and very ill; and as soon as he could get leave he came straight to me. He will never leave me again he says. He has gone to Arthur now, who is with his Uncle Denham, and is coming to see me again to-morrow. Oh, Maud, how thankful I am that I never distrusted him! I could not say anything, for I did not know the truth; but I knew he loved me still—I knew he was true and honorable, in spite of appearances."

She lay back exhausted, her eyes closed, and her breath coming short and fast; and Maud, as she bathed her temples, could not help contrasting, with a pang of self-reproach, Aileen's perfect faith in her lover through all with her own prompt acceptance of Arthur Trevor's unworthiness.

"I ought to have trusted him more," she thought, with a flush of shame. "No wonder he was cut to the quick with my cruel reproaches. Will he forgive me? Will Thursday ever come? My heart begins to sink."

Then the thought darted through her mind that perhaps he would come over to-morrow with his brother, and that she would get a chance of explaining it all. But Aileen was so completely prostrated by the recent excitement that she had to turn all her thoughts to her, get her to bed, and arrange to intercept Helen before she saw her sister.

Maud did not tell her all that Aileen had said, not knowing how much of the latter's secret had escaped in her excitement—Aileen could tell her if she chose; so, drawing Helen aside as she entered the hall, Maud said, quietly:

"I have induced Aileen to go to bed, for she is tired out, and ought not to talk any more. Captain Trevor has been here, and has explained all his conduct, and poor Aileen is so very happy that I hope the excitement may do more good than harm."

Helen's bewildered surprise at the news was amusing to see, and, having asked half-a-dozen questions without waiting for an answer, she hurried upstairs to her sister's room, while Maud had to repeat the strange news first to Lady Alice and then to her mother. But she did not tell Lady Dewhurst her own story. There would be time enough for that when she was engaged to Arthur once more. At present she did not feel very anxious to speak of her own conduct, or to repeat to anybody how matters stood.

Chapter XII.

It was Wednesday afternoon, and Maud had left Lorris Castle—the scene of such varied feelings—had bidden adieu to all her kind friends, and was once more on her homeward journey to Westerton.

Captain Trevor—Aileen's Captain Trevor—had come, as he had promised, but alone, and Maud was not surprised. She was beginning to understand Arthur now, and she knew that nothing on earth would induce him to seek her again. But her heart had swollen with mingled pleasure and pain as she heard what Harry Trevor had come to say—that Mr. Denham had lately, for some private reason that Arthur did not mention, handed over an estate worth fifteen hundred a year to Arthur, which he had always intended to leave him at his death. This estate Arthur now wished to give to his brother, that he might be enabled to marry Aileen, saying that he had little or no use for so much money, as he never intended to marry.

But Aileen would not hear of such a thing. It was too late for her to talk of marriage—her days were numbered—her only wish was to keep Harry near her till the end came. That was soon gratified. He could get plenty of leave now; his widowed sister was willing to chaperon the party; and, with a wild, despairing hope that the warm South might restore his darling to health and him, they started at once for Cannes, where Lady Dewhurst and her daughter would join them after Lord Dewhurst's wedding.

Thinking all this over, glorying in the contrast between all Arthur Trevor was and all she had thought him, mapping out the cloudless future that lay before her, Maud journeyed on, happy and hopeful, towards Anchester.

May Percy and Miss Barry were waiting for her at the station, and the former could not help exclaiming aloud:

"Oh, Maud, what a different face compared with what you took away! Well done, Lorris Castle!"

"Well done, Lorris Castle!" repeated Maud, laughing and blushing, as she turned to enter the carriage.

"It's all owing to the change of air, you know," May nodded, smiling; and Miss Barry, still ignorant of recent events, said, with a sigh for the attractive but deceitful Arthur Trevor:

"Ah well, my dear, you are young, and get over things quickly. It is much happier for those who can;" and the old maid's thoughts wandered far away to the grave of her one love under an Indian sun, to sad, sweet memories of the happy days that could never return.

Poor Aunt Barry! Everybody guessed that there must have been some secret reason for so lovely a girl as she had been to remain single; but no one had ever heard the short, sad tale of the young officer who had loved her and won her love, spoken of his secret hopes, and, too eager to gain promotion and her, fallen a victim to his rashness in his first engagement. Their meetings had been very few, but the memory of them still cast a halo over the solitary life, and dearest of all her hidden treasures was a piece of newspaper containing a short account of the death of her early love.

To one of so faithful a temperament it was a disappointment to find that Maud was as bright and happy as if no Arthur Trevor had ever crossed her path. Maud was longing to tell her all, but restrained herself till she could say triumphantly that he was hers once more.

"You had better come round in time for five-o'clock tea to-morrow, Maud," said Mrs. Percy, as they stood alone together for five minutes at parting. "Arthur Trevor is coming by the train that arrives at a quarter-past five, and will be with us before six; so you can have your chat in the garden before dinner. If you do not, it will be rather trying to sit opposite to him for an hour or more under existing circumstances. Look your prettiest."

"I will try to do so," responded Maud, gaily; and Mrs. Percy drove away.

Would it ever be five o clock, Maud wondered on the following day. Surely the tenth of August was longer than the twenty-first of June! The sun seemed actually to stand still, and twice she held her watch to her ear to satisfy herself that it had not stopped. But,

> Be the day weary and never so long,
> At length it ringeth to evensong,

and Maud, with a beating heart, wended her way at last through the park and the shady lanes that led to Tremletts. May met her in the drive.

"What a touching get up," she exclaimed, laughing, "virgin white, and the crimson rose so carelessly put in the belt! You must have another for your hair at dinner. Geoffrey and his son and heir are watching the reapers; so you and I are going to have a quiet cup of tea on the lawn under the elms, and, if by chance any friend should appear on the scene, perhaps we could find him a third cup—eh, Maud?"

"For pity's sake, don't tease, May, for my cheeks are as red as a haymaker's now," said Maud, taking off her hat and seating herself by the tea-table. "I think I will get you to tell Arthur all about it, and apologise for my rude behavior. I am rapidly getting nervous."

"Thank you, no. You got yourself into the scrape, and must get yourself out of it. You should have spoken to me before you spoke to him. I knew what you told me could not be true."

Maud did not answer—she was listening for the sound of wheels—and May laughingly exclaimed—

"Oh, if this is to be the way, I had better go and get baby! He will amuse me till Arthur comes, and form a good excuse for leaving you when I feel *de trop*;" and she ran off, returning in a few minutes with the bright merry little fellow who was Maud's godson and her particular favorite.

The arrangement was a good one. They both forgot the subject that engrossed their minds in their efforts to control the little urchin whose main object in life seemed to be to upset the hot cups of tea over himself and them, and started as a shadow fell across them, and Captain Trevor stood by them with a grave smile on his face.

"You have your hands full in every sense, Mrs. Percy," he said—for May had a cup of tea in one hand, which she was trying to drink, whilst with the other she held back her son.

He took the boy up in his arms and shook hands with his mother, and, after a few moments' hesitation, with Maud also, but he did not address her.

"You stole upon us like a thief," observed Mrs. Percy, laughing. "Can it be six o'clock yet?"

"No; but Geoffrey's horse is a good one, and brought us along at the rate of about twelve miles an hour. Where is he now, the said Geoffrey?"

"Somewhere in the corn-fields with Leonard. He said he would be back in time to dress for dinner, and I was to take care of you till he came. You would not find him if you looked for him."

"Then I will not try. Is this cup of tea for me? I shall spoil my dinner if I drink it. But I feel that I cannot resist the pleasant temptation, for my throat is full of dust."

"Well, give me Master Cecil. I must carry him off to bed. Say good-night to auntie Maud, baby;" and she carried off the struggling child into the house.

There was a short silence after she had departed. Maud could hear her heart beating. If her life had depended on her speaking, she could not have uttered a word. Captain Trevor put down his cup when he had slowly drunk his tea.

"When did you come back from Lorris Castle, Miss Etheridge?" he asked, by way of breaking the uncomfortable silence.

Maud swallowed the lump in her throat.

"Yesterday afternoon."

"And you left all the party well, I hope?" he interrogated, seating himself on the low chair Mrs. Percy had quitted. "Will they break up soon for the Autumn?"

"Yes; several are going. The two Miss Grays went yesterday. I suppose you know they are going to Cannes with your sister and brother?"

"So I understand." His tone was short and cold enough now, but Maud determined to make the plunge.

"Captain Trevor"—she spoke in low hurried tones, looking straight before her—"I made a great mistake when I last saw you. I thought it was you who had behaved so cruelly to that poor girl. I never dreamt that there was another Captain Trevor."

He stooped, and, picking a daisy from the grass, pulled it slowly to pieces. Except that his face had turned a shade paler, there was no evidence of emotion in look or tone.

"So I perceived after the first few words you spoke. At first I could not understand what you were talking about."

Maud crimsoned. She felt like a naughty child confessing a fault, but she was determined to go on.

"It was very natural, you must own. And you made such a secret of—of everything, and did not wish me to mention your name; and then, when I heard that story about a Captain Trevor, of course—at least you can hardly be surprised at my believing it—that is, making the mistake I did."

"I am not surprised, Miss Etheridge. I was at first, certainly; but I did not understand you then."

He still spoke in the same quiet, cold tone. He did not make the difficulty any easier for her; nor did he seem at all prompt to accept the proffered olive-branch.

"But it was a mistake, I am glad to find," Maud resumed, in a brighter tone, looking at him full for the first time; "so you must forgive me for all the harsh things I said, and try to forget them. Can you?" and her voice quivered slightly.

He raised his head and met her gaze, but did not smile back at her. For a few moments he paused, and there seemed to be an inward struggle going on, and then he spoke coldly, calmly:

"Thank you, Miss Etheridge, for so candidly owning yourself in the wrong. Of course you have my full forgiveness for anything unkind you may have said in the heat of the moment—if it is worth having. As to forgetting, that is a thing beyond my power; nor do I wish to forget. I was on the brink of making a greater mistake than you made—a mistake that would have ruined my happiness for life. We should not have suited each other; and I could not have borne to hear my wife, every time I annoyed her, taunt me with having married her for her money. I will never marry a woman with money, if I ever marry at all. Against my better judgment, I yielded to my feelings, and have paid for my weakness. It is all over now, and I hope we shall end by being very good friends."

He rose to his feet as he spoke, but did not go away. Apparently he was waiting for her answer. Maud was stunned, bewildered by his words, but her woman's tact did not forsake her. With a bright smile, she said, lightly:

"I hope so too, Captain Trevor. At any rate, my conscience is free once more. I was unjust to you, and have apologised—it is about the first apology I have ever made in life, I believe. We need not allude to anything else that has passed between us. We shall soon forget all that."

He did not answer. His eyes rested on her face, as if striving to read her through and through; and, though her cheeks crimsoned under the look, she met it bravely, and smiled at him. He turned away with a sigh, and walked slowly down the lawn, whilst Maud, her head erect, and her heart swelling to agony, moved quickly towards the house and entered the drawing-room. May was there, arranging some flowers, and did not turn round.

"Well, Maud, is it over?" she inquired. "Is he very delighted at regaining you? "Where have you left him? Did Geoffrey interrupt you?"

"No—we had it all out," said Maud, in a hard, forced tone, as she threw herself on to a couch; "and he kindly forgave me for misjudging him, but said he was very glad that he found out, before it was too late, how utterly unsuited we were, and hoped we should be very good friends for the future. So ends that little episode in my life."

May dropped her flowers, and turned round.

"Maud, you are joking!"

"Am I? I don't feel much inclined to joke just at present. However, we will not discuss the matter any further. Your one attempt at match-making has proved a dead failure, May. And now give me that rose you promised for my hair, and I will run up and get ready for dinner;" and, selecting a flower from the heap on the table, she left the room.

Chapter XIII.

MAY PERCY sat down helplessly on the nearest chair, to collect her scattered senses. What could it all mean? Maud must have misunderstood him, or she had said something in her nervousness to annoy him, and he had spoken in the heat of the moment. She would go and find him, and try if she could set matters straight before it was too late; and, rising quickly, she passed through the window and down the lawn.

Arthur Trevor was soon found. He was sitting on the seat Maud had left, his elbow on the arm of it, and his head resting on his hand, with an air of uneasy dejection which made May feel hopeful. He started as he caught sight of her, and rose to his feet; but, seating herself, she said, decidedly:

"Sit down, again, Captain Trevor. I want to talk to you—you can guess what about."

He obeyed her, saying slowly:

"I would rather you put it into words, please."

"I want to know what this means that Maud has just told me," she said, promptly. "Did you tell her that you were utterly unsuited to each other, and that you were glad everything was at an end between you?"

"Something to that effect," he answered, very quietly; but May's quick eyes saw his face change.

"Then you are a far more foolish man than I imagined," she retorted, angrily. "Maud is not a girl to stand speeches of that sort, and you will lose her altogether. You have lost your temper, and spoken words that you did not in the least mean. You may be thankful you have a friend like me to set matters straight for you. This is the way that people ruin their lives! I own I thought better things of you. Now tell me plainly the cause of offence."

"We have not quarreled," he replied, in the same self-contained tone. "It is simply this—that the sober reflections of the last few weeks have taught me that Maud Etheridge and I are not calculated to make each other happy. It may be my fault, it may be hers. She is charming and attractive, and will doubtless make some other man very happy, but we are better apart."

May stamped her foot impatiently on the grass.

"Captain Trevor, I have no patience with such folly! Did you ever know two people who were exactly suited, if you mean by that that they never annoyed each other? Of course you and Maud will quarrel, and make each other very angry, but that will not matter; it will soon be over. You are thoroughly in love with each other, and will be miserable apart. Should you like her to marry Sir Hugh Follet next month?"

He flushed crimson, and raised his head.

"I should like her to do anything that would make her happy," he answered coldly.

"But it wouldn't make her happy, as you very well know. She would be miserable with him. All the same, I think it is very likely to happen, if you don't humble your pride and make it up this evening; so be warned in time. Shall I send her to you now? I am not at all sure she will come, but I will try to persuade her."

He rose to his feet and paced up and down two or three times, and then stopped before her, his face very pale, and his eyes sad and heavy.

"Mrs. Percy," he said—and his voice was low and trembling—"you are very kind and mean it for the best, but it cannot be. I could not bear my wife to speak to me as Maud Etheridge did that day. She spoke in all sincerity. She has been taught all her life apparently that men will seek to marry her for her money, and she will never give up the notion. You know I loved her from the first moment I saw her, yet I made up my mind not to marry her, and I fought hard against the temptation; but that night at the ball showed me such a sweet side of her nature that I gave in, and was happy for a few days. I went to my uncle, and told him how matters stood—that I was engaged to Miss Etheridge, but that I shrank from the world's hearing that Arthur Trevor, with four hundred pounds a year, was going to marry a girl with three times that amount. And he did more than I expected; he made over to me at once what he had left me in his will—a property worth fifteen hundred pounds a year; and I came back here perfectly happy, ready to announce our engagement to the world. This was soon over. She freed me from it, saying she would never take a name she must blush for, and told me I was a mean, calculating fortune-hunter. I know she spoke under a delusion; but she showed me what I should have to undergo every time that I annoyed her; and I feel, as I have said, that we are better apart. She is not the girl to make me happy."

May Percy shook her head.

"You are wrong, Captain Trevor—all wrong," she said, sadly. "What you said of yourself once is quite true. You are of an unforgiving nature, and Maud hurt your feelings and wounded your pride on that day, and you cannot get over it yet. But you love her still, and will regret it for years, perhaps for life, if you let this chance slip. It was righteous indignation that made her speak so warmly; and what you take for calm judgment now is nothing but temper and wounded pride. That will be over before your love will, and you will have lost her."

He winced at her words, but only answered, in the quiet, determined tone he had used at first—

"You may be right, but I think you are wrong—time will prove. I am willing to abide by what I said to Miss Etheridge."

"Very well, Captain Trevor"—and, with a heightened color, May rose to her feet—"I have done my best for you; and Maud would never forgive me if she knew all that I have said. But you will not be warned, so the matter must end. I am quite sure that Maud Etheridge will be happy to meet you as a friend whenever you come to our house, as long as she remains unmarried. Here comes Geoffrey. If you will go and meet him, I will return and finish my flowers."

He did not answer, and she left him standing there, and returned to her interrupted task.

"And I might as well have never left them, for all the good I have done," she thought, angrily; "but, at any rate, my conscience is at rest, and, if he likes to ruin his own happiness, he will have only himself to blame."

She finished arranging her flowers, and then went slowly up to her room, where Maud, with a sad, weary face, sat by the open window. May bent down and kissed her as she looked up—a rare exhibition of affection on her part.

"It is all temper, and he will be sorry some day," she said, angrily. "But never mind, Maud; don't fret about him."

Maud colored.

"I hope I have too much proper pride for that," she returned, quickly. "Neither he nor anybody else shall ever see again how much I love him. But I must not and will not think of it. I must never look back. Oh, if I had only known! If I had only asked him to explain everything before I spoke!"

"That is spoken like a real woman. Making a resolution and breaking it in the same breath is hardly worthy of you, Maud."

Maud did not answer, except with a sad smile. Poor Maud was learning fast that she was like the rest of her sex.

"Well, we will go downstairs now if you are ready, and begin the lesson;" and she walked to the door with a step that betrayed the determination of her mind.

It was a strange evening, Maud and Captain Trevor each acting a part, and appearing to forget that anything but friendship had ever existed between them. Captain Trevor talked freely and gaily, but May detected, or thought she detected, a false ring in his laugh, a forced gaiety in his tones. Maud spoke little; she feared lest her voice should tremble and betray her misery—lest the tears she was longing to shed should fall at each word she spoke. It was all over, all over, was the refrain that kept sounding in her ears; there was nothing now to hope for or try for but forgetfulness; she must forget the sweetness of his voice and smile, his thrilling glance—and all the while she was secretly watching each expression of his face, each turn of his head, to store in her memory and recall when he was gone.

Maud knew that his detachment was going in a few weeks to the Mediterranean, and that he had intended, if all went well with them, to sell out very shortly; but now he would go, and who could say when they should meet again? Oh, the bitter contrast of all that was and all that might have been! She longed for and yet dreaded the time of parting. Would he speak one word before it was too late? Surely he was suffering, too, for she saw every vestige of color leave his face when her servant was announced.

He was standing in the hall when she came downstairs in her hat and shawl, and, as she offered her hand in silence, he said, hurriedly—

"I will see you home if you will let me. I have not had my cigar."

Her heart gave one great bound of hope. Love had conquered pride then, and he was going to yield. She kissed May to hide the crimson flush that dyed her cheeks at the thought, and joined him in the porch. Through the soft still August night they walked, he saying a few careless words now and then, whilst the night-jar and cricket sang their quaint pleasant duet, and the stars twinkled in the deep blue vault above. They entered the park gates, but still he had not spoken of anything but the merest trifles. Maud's heart beat as if it would suffocate her.

"When do you go to Gibraltar?" she asked, as they neared the garden-gate—and her voice hardly sounded like her own.

"I am not going," he said, stopping short in his walk, whilst the servant went on to open the front door; "I sold out last week at my uncle's wish. He is not likely to live much longer, and has been almost like a father to me, so I should like to stay with him to the end. It does not much matter to me now what I do."

His tone was bitter and hard rather than sad. Maud did not answer. What could she say?

"Good-by, Maud," he said, after a few moments' pause," I will not come any farther. I wanted to say good-by alone, for we shall not meet again probably for many months, or years, and then only as strangers. Forgive me if I have given you any pain. Heaven knows you have given me more, for you have never loved me as I have loved you, or you could not have doubted me. God bless you."

He took her hand in both his own, pressed it till she nearly cried out with the pain, and then, before she could utter a word, stooped and kissed her once, twice, and was gone.

Maud heard him hurrying down the avenue with long quick strides. In her bitter agony the cry of "Arthur, Arthur, come back!" broke from her, but he never turned, perhaps never heard, and, staggering for a moment like a woman who has received a heavy blow, she went on through the garden, through the hall, and up the stairs to her own room.

Chapter XIV.

SIX months elapsed. The season was cold and trying; snow still lay white upon the ground. The poor shivered and starved through the unusually hard Winter, but it did not make itself felt in the warm, luxurious drawing-room where Maud Etheridge was ensconced. Crimson curtains hung heavily over the closed windows, velvet settees and couches filled the room, a bright fire blazed in the pretty tiled fire-place, wax lights shed their soft radiance over statuettes and delicate china, and glittered again and again in half a dozen mirrors. Lady Dewhurst's London house lacked no luxury that riches or taste could bring to it, and Maud never gave a thought to the biting northeast wind that swept howling down the street as she leant back in her velvet dress and white opera-cloak in an easy-chair by the fire.

There was little or no change in the bright, wavy hair, or the delicate features and rich complexion; and yet there was a change somewhere. The girl who sat dreamily by the bright fire was not the same who had sat on the garden-seat at Westerton, musing over Tennyson's "Princess." The quick, imperious glance in the large brown eyes, the sharp lines round the delicate little mouth, were missing. Something more soft and womanly had replaced them, for sorrow had softened and refined her character and beauty.

Maud would scarcely have owned, even to herself, how deeply and bitterly she had felt the loss of her first love: certainly the world never guessed it. She had been abroad with Lady Dewhurst and her daughter for three months, joining them in time too see poor Aileen Gray sink into her early grave, and to shudder at the wild passionate grief of Harry Trevor and the utter despair of Helen. She had felt that without some change or distraction her own health and spirits would give way, and had gladly accepted Lady Alice's warm invitation to come out to them under the escort of Lord Dewhurst and his bride, leaving Miss Barry, as before, in the charge of May Percy.

Maud had seen and heard nothing of Arthur Trevor since their last meeting. Mr. Denham had died early in September, and she fancied that Arthur was living at St. Abb's, which had been left in addition to the money already received, so that he was now a rich man. Often she wondered, with a twinge for which she blushed, whether he was engaged or married; but surely, if he had been, she would have heard of it somehow—ill news travels apace.

The Dewhursts had been in London for more than a fortnight, and Maud was beginning to long for a sight of the dear old home and Aunt Barry's kind face, and, in spite of all that her kind friends could urge, had written to say that she would be home in a week; and now, as she sat by the fire, her face resting on her gloved hand, her eyes fixed thoughtfully on the flickering blaze, she was trying to decide in her own mind whether the sight of the old haunts where she had passed such happy hours with Arthur Trevor would recall her love in all its vigor, or whether she was deceiving herself in imagining that some of that vigor was abated. The opening of the door aroused her, and Lady Alice entered, bright and sweet as ever.

"Ah, Maud, you patient creature! Did you think I had gone to bed by mistake? How Florence will scold us for being so late! Come along. I suppose mamma and Helen are still downstairs at dessert. We must wish them good-night as we pass the door."

Maud rose and followed her downstairs in silence, and a quarter of an hour later they were seated with young Lord and Lady Dewhurst in their opera-box at Covent Garden, listening to the sweet strains of *La Sonnambula*. At the end of the first act the door opened and the party was augmented by Sir Hugh Follet and Mr. Compton. Maud had some difficulty to conceal her vexation.

The latter gentleman made his way to the seat behind Lady Alice, whose heightened color and bright smile showed that she at any rate did not share Maud's annoyance. The good-looking barrister had made great progress in her favor during a three weeks' sojourn at Cannes in December, and was waiting only for a fitting opportunity to declare the love he had been at no pains to conceal. He and Sir Hugh were great friends, and the latter made that an excuse for hovering round the Dewhurst party, regardless of Maud's persistent coldness.

"How late you are!" he said, as he took the only vacant seat. "I have been watching for you for the last half-hour."

"I know," returned Maud, quickly. "It is vexing to have missed so much. Please don't talk to me now; I want to listen."

Sir Hugh sighed audibly, and Mr. Compton turned round with a mischievous smile.

"What a wind! Miss Etheridge, you don't feel a draught where you sit. It sets that way."

Maud bit her lips to avoid laughing, and Sir Hugh's fair face flushed crimson.

"Don't talk rubbish, Compton!" he exclaimed, in a low tone, and then added suddenly, "By Jove, there's that good-looking fellow Trevor down in the stalls! I haven't seen him for months. Look, Compton; he is just behind where we were sitting. I wonder we did not see him."

"He has only this minute come in," said Lady Alice, glancing hurriedly at Maud, whose face had first grown crimson and then deadly white. "He brought that lady in pink by his side."

"What a pretty woman!" exclaimed Sir Hugh, leveling his opera-glass at her again. "Can it be his wife? By-the by, wasn't there some ugly story about him and a young lady—that Miss—— Oh, no, I remember now, it was his brother."

Nobody answered, and even Sir Hugh began to have a dim notion that he was treading on dangerous ground, and held his peace. Maud looked steadily at the stage after the first long look at the dark curly head. It might be his wife that was by his side, and with that thought in her mind she could not, would not, look again at him.

Alas, it was disappointing and humiliating to feel how wildly her heart beat at the very first glimpse of his face! Once he turned, and, standing up, looked slowly round the house, Maud waiting with suspended breath till his glance should meet hers; but just before his eyes reached the box the lady by his side touched him on the arm, and he sat down without seeing the party.

It was over at last. The sad impassioned lay over the flowers had been sung, everybody was donning cloaks and shawls, the distant shout of footmen and doorkeepers came through the opening doors, and Maud, shrinking from the chill night-air, stood a little apart from the rest, her hand on Sir Hugh's arm, waiting in the entrance-hall for their turn to come. She knew, but would not own to herself, that she was glad of the delay that might bring Arthur Trevor once more near her.

She saw him coming slowly through the crowd, by the side of the pretty woman in the pink opera-cloak, who was looking up eagerly into his face as she chatted merrily to him, but her arm rested on that of a dark, elderly man. They were not married then, she and Arthur; but Maud grew faint as she saw how close he kept to her side. Presently he paused, and Maud heard him say, in the well-known slow tones:

"Stand here a few minutes out of the draught, whilst I go and call your carriage."

Then he came forward, pressing through the crowd till he touched her shoulder, and glanced carelessly down, perhaps in consequence of her sudden shrinking from his touch. He started, and his face flushed crimson to the very roots of his wavy hair; but Maud could not make out whether his face expressed pleasure or pain.

"You here!" he exclaimed, quickly. "I thought you were abroad with Lady Dewhurst!"

"We came home about a fortnight ago," Maud answered, without a trace of emotion in her voice; and I am going down to Westerton next week. I am longing to see Aunt Barry and Mrs. Percy again. I left them in December."

"I know. My brother mentioned your arrival at Cannes. I will come and see Lady Dewhurst in a day or two. Good-by."

He passed on, lifting his hat like a stranger, without offering to shake hands; and Maud watched his head, above the rest, disappearing in the outer darkness, and shuddered as if with cold. Sir Hugh turned quickly.

"Are you cold? Won't you stand a little farther back? Ah! there is Lord Dewhurst beckoning us. Come along."

They pressed forward, reached the porch, and Maud saw Arthur Trevor's face once more watching her as Sir Hugh officially drew her cloak closer round her, and assisted her into the carriage—saw him turn sharply round and walk away—and then they were driving slowly through the long string of carriages, and rattling over the stony streets towards Eaton Square. She had seen him again, and heard his voice, after the long dreary months of separation, and the old love was throbbing with unabated vigor in her heart.

"Did you speak to Captain Trevor?" asked Lady Alice, when they had deposited Lord and Lady Dewhurst at their house.

"Yes—just a few words. He said he was coming to call on your mother in a day or two. I told him I was going home next week, so probably he will wait till after I am gone. He is not likely to wish to see much of me;" and Maud's tone had some of the old bitterness in it.

Lady Alice sighed.

"Oh, Maud, I am so sorry! Will matters never come right between you two, I wonder?"

"Never, Alice, never; so the less we speak of them the better."

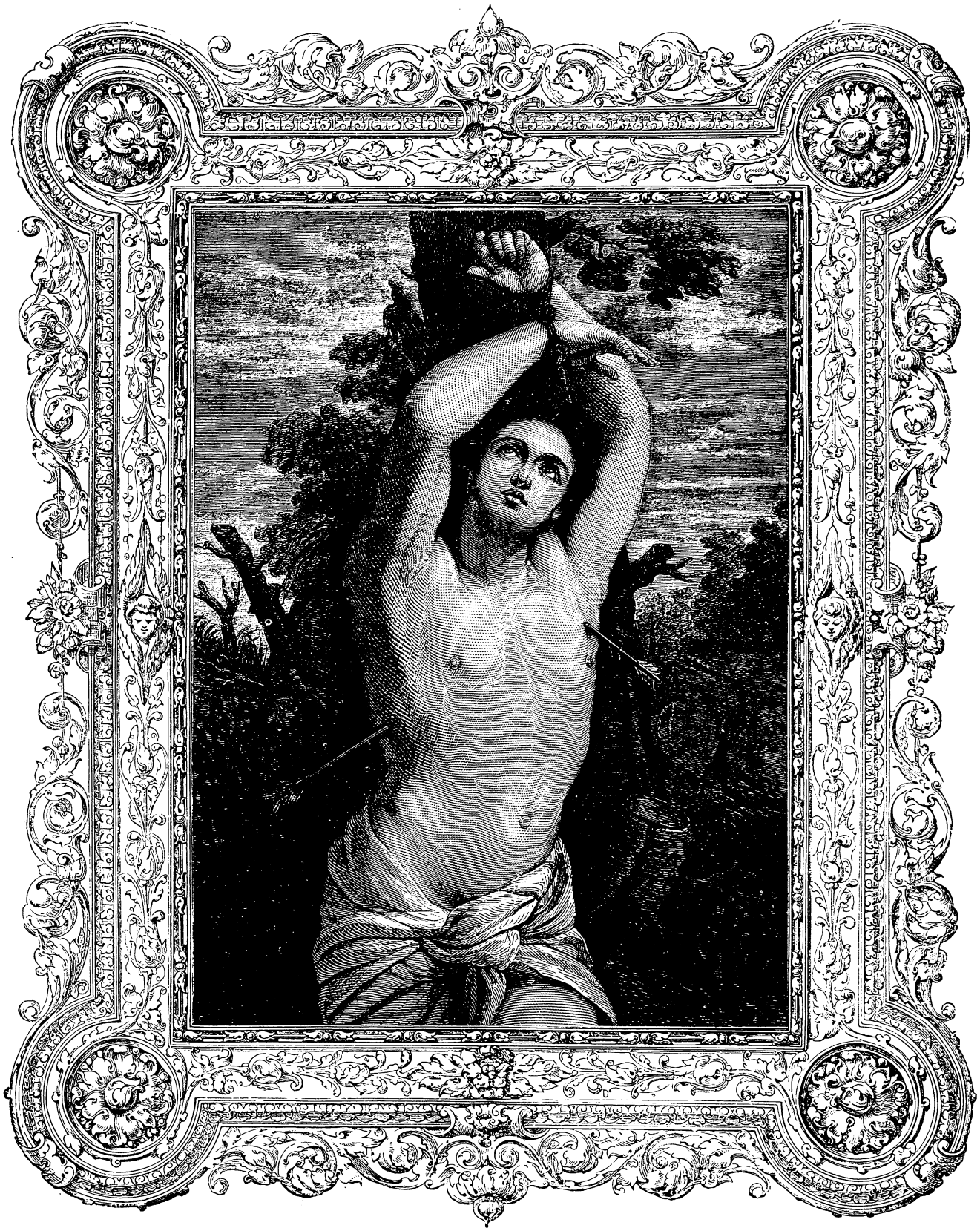
Chapter XV.

"COME, Maud, here are the horses, and Dewhurst will be waiting. Put down that work, and put your gloves on;" and Lady Alice tapped her boot impatiently with her riding-whip, knowing full well that others besides her brother would be watching for their appearance in the Row.

Maud laid down her knitting and followed Lady Alice down the stairs to where the horses stood with the groom at the door.

"I ordered the new chestnut for you, as you wished it, Maud; but Roger says he thinks you must ride him on the snaffle, though he has put on the curb as well. He is afraid it has a bad temper."

"No, my lady," said the groom who had brought the horse in question, touching his hat. "He's a bit sperrity, but there ain't no vice in him. I've took him out two or three times, and he goes as quiet as a lamb."



ST. SEBASTIAN, BY GUIDO RÉNI.

(After the Original in Genoa.)

"I'm not afraid," exclaimed Maud, settling herself in her saddle. "It is a beautiful animal. There will not be a handsomer horse in the Park, I know."

The horse went quietly enough along Chester Street and up Grosvenor Place, making a slight curvet as a break dashed past them, just sufficient to give Maud a consciousness that there was "something to manage" under her; and Lord Dewhurst glanced at the new purchase for the first time.

"Where did you get that horse, Alice?" he asked, quickly.

"Stephen bought it at Aldridge's last week. Isn't he handsome?"

"Very. But I doubt if he is fit for a lady for all that; I don't like the look of his eye. Don't touch the curb, Maud; he won't stand it."

Lady Alice looked uneasy again.

"Let us go back, Maud," she urged, "and you can ride Black Brunswicker. Indeed, I begin to feel nervous."

"Nonsense, Alice; I am not going to be baulked in my ambition of riding the handsomest horse in the Park. You won't frighten me, so come along. Let us have a canter."

They broke into a canter, the chestnut going beautifully, and Maud's pride was gratified as she noticed how many persons turned to look after her. She was a first-rate horsewoman—it was her only vanity. Mr. Compton had joined them, and was riding by Lady Alice, whilst Lord Dewhurst kept close to Maud's side, with a lurking misgiving at his heart.

"Look—there's Arthur Trevor on ahead," he said, suddenly, "riding all alone. Let's join him."

Maud hesitated. It was two days now since they had met at the opera, and he had not called; she felt sure he wished to avoid her. But Lord Dewhurst, all unconscious, had ridden up to the "solitary horseman" and greeted him, and Arthur Trevor reined back his horse to Maud's side. As he did so his face changed suddenly.

"Good Heavens! How came you on that horse?" he exclaimed, hurriedly. "It's Blue Devil, who killed poor Miss Cathcart a few months ago! Dewhurst, how could you let her mount him?"

His face was quite pale, and his eyes flashed as he spoke.

"By Jove, I mistrusted the brute from the first!" answered Lord Dewhurst, in a tone of dismay. "Come home at once, Maud, like a good girl, and get off him. You musn't ride him."

But something in Captain Trevor's quick, imperious tone had aroused Maud's temper, and, with a heightened color, she said, lightly—

"I'll do nothing of the sort. Probably Miss Cathcart was a bad rider. The horse goes quietly enough."

Arthur Trevor looked her full in the face.

"Miss Cathcart was one of the best riders in England," he observed, quietly. "The brute lost his temper, dashed suddenly under a tree, and knocked her brains out. It is only fit to be shot. It is perfect madness of you to go on. See, everybody turns to look at you. The horse is well known."

"They are only admiring him," asserted Maud, carelessly; "I am not to be frightened. Besides, my life is my own, of no immediate value to anybody, and I can risk it if I like."

Captain Trevor did not answer. He stooped and looked to his stirrups and bridle, and Maud knew that she had annoyed him by the glitter in his eyes. Lord Dewhurst glanced from one to the other, and saw his friend's annoyance.

"Maud, be persuaded," he said, in a low tone. "Come home quietly before there is any accident. Trevor is in earnest."

Maud hesitated; in another moment she would have yielded, when Captain Trevor put in, coldly—

"You had better not use my name, Dewhurst. It only makes matters worse."

Then she set her lips close together, and looked him full in the face, with her dark eyes flashing.

"Flint and steel, Captain Trevor!" she said, shortly, and urged her horse into a canter.

He kept close at her side, watching the mobile eye and backward ears of her horse in anticipation of what was to follow, and Lord Dewhurst kept up as well as the inferior powers of his horse would allow.

It was a gray, cheerless morning, and the park was nearly empty—luckily for Maud as it turned out, for, as they were cantering along, and she was turning to ask her companion where the vice was, a dog ran forward, barking at them; the chestnut kicked violently, gave a fierce snort, and was off.

Maud felt him grip the bit in his teeth, put his head well down, and knew that her life depended upon what lay before her. But Captain Trevor was close behind, on an animal but little, if at all, inferior to Blue Devil in speed.

It was a neck-and-neck race. On—on—the bare trees flying past in a brown, bleared mass, the Winter wind singing in her ears; and Maud knew that at this pace she must come to the end of her ride in a very few minutes. Captain Trevor kept well up; but he could not gain on her, so perfectly matched in speed were the two animals. Suddenly he turned aside, cleared the railings of the walk, narrowly missing a double child's carriage and its chubby inmates, crossed the grass, cleared the railings again, pushed ahead of Maud, who had gone round a curve, and presently his hand had grasped the reins, and Blue Devil's mad career was ended. The captain had thrown himself off his horse to be surer of his mark, and stood there, somewhat breathless, and perfectly silent.

Maud leant forward trembling in every limb.

"Thank you, Captain Trevor," she said, trying to speak carelessly. "You have probably saved my life; but I am not quite sure that you have done a wise thing."

He looked at her steadily till Maud colored, but made no reply; and then, as Lord Dewhurst and the others rode up, he relinquished the rein, saying to the former—

"I should lead him home if I were you, and not trust him now that his blood is up."

Then he mounted his horse, lifted his hat, and rode off at a sharp trot, whilst Maud turned homewards with the rest, wishing, in the bitterness of her heart, that he had let her horse alone and left her to meet the death which seemed no catastrophe in her present state of mind.

Maud was very silent on their way home—indeed nobody felt much inclined to talk—and went to her room as soon as she had entered the house.

"He is too gentlemanly not to come and ask after me," she thought, as she changed her habit for her ordinary dress; "perhaps I may get a chance of telling him how vexed I am with myself for my temper and obstinacy. It is his perfect coolness that makes me so angry, so eager to say or do something to rouse him, if only to anger. Oh, why did we ever quarrel? I do not believe he is right. In spite of all, I do not believe we are unsuited. I could and would have made him happy. But why do I let myself think of it now? He has quite conquered his own love—perhaps is already engaged to some one else. I will go home. I will not run the risk of meeting him at every turn, and possibly betraying my weakness. I will tell Lady Dewhurst that I must go home to-morrow. Oh, Arthur, how I wish I had never seen you! I was happy enough till I knew you."

She sat down and wrote a note to her aunt, telling her to send the carriage to meet her by the train reaching Anchester at 4.30 on the following day. Then she went downstairs, laid the letter on the hall-table, and went into

the dining-room, where Lady Dewhurst and her daughter were already atluncheon.

"Lady Dewhurst," she said, taking her seat at the table, "I have just been writing to tell Aunt Barry to expect me to-morrow. I think I ought to go home."

"But, my dear child, that is very sudden," exclaimed her hostess, looking up from her cold chicken. "I thought you were going to the Newtons' ball on the third."

Maud reddened and hesitated.

"There is always something to keep me," she said, half-laughing; "but I think I would rather go home at once."

Lady Alice interposed before her mother could speak.

"I think you are right, Maud. It is very selfish of us to try to keep you, when Aunt Barry must be longing for you every day. You will come to us again before long, I hope. You know how glad we always are to have you."

"I think you have proved that pretty well."

So it was settled, and little they all guessed to what the change of plan would lead.

Maud stayed at home that afternoon, tired with the excitement of the morning, and anxious to finish a book she was reading before she went away. The short day was darkening when the others returned from their drive, and she laid down her book with a stifled yawn.

"Here is your preserver come to inquire after you," said Lady Dewhurst, as she entered. "We found him turning away from the door, and brought him in almost by force." Then she went upstairs to take off her furs, and Captain Trevor came forward.

"I hope you are none the worse for your morning's fright, Miss Etheridge," he said pleasantly, as he seated himself in a low chair on the opposite side of the fire.

Maud played nervously with her watch-chain, determined to say only the right thing. Was it too late still to show him he had formed a wrong estimate of her character?

"Only a little tired, thank you," she answered, hurriedly. "I have not suffered half so much as I deserve for being so self-willed. I don't know how to thank you, Captain Trevor, for your courage—and patience," she added, in a lower tone, coloring.

"You have only my horse to thank," he said, carelessly. "Lord Dewhurst would have done all I did if his horse had been as good. However, I hope you will own now that the chestnut is not fit for a lady, and never try to ride him again."

"I shall not have the chance. I am going down to Anchester to-morrow. I want to get home."

There was a weary sound in the last words, and he looked hard at her, perceiving for the first time how thin and ill she was looking.

"You are not looking well," he said, abruptly. "Have you been ill?"

She shook her head.

"No, not really ill. I don't think Cannes suited me. I never felt really well there, and now of course England feels very chilly."

"You have come home at a wrong time," he observed. "It was folly to go abroad in the Winter and come home in the worst part of it."

"But I did not go for my health," she said, smiling. "There is nothing the matter with me. I wanted a change, because Westerton seemed so dull." She stopped abruptly, her color rising as she remembered suddenly why it had seemed so dull.

Captain Trevor rose to his feet, and, leaning on the mantelpiece, looked down into the fire.

"After I went," he said, in a low voice. "Yes, I suppose so. You must have suffered a little too. But it was better so—better than to persist in the mistake we had made. Yes, it was the wisest thing to do."

His tone was that of a man trying to argue himself into a thing he did not really believe, and Maud clasped her hands tightly together and wrung them silently behind his back.

The words rose to her lips—the words that in his present frame of mind might have set matters straight once more—"You are wrong—all wrong"—but she could not utter them. She could not urge him against his will to make her his wife, for it amounted to that. No—better die; or, worse still, live a long, lonely, hopeless life.

The time that May had prophesied was come, when his anger had died out, but not his love; but he could not bring himself to own it even to himself. So, after a short sharp struggle with himself, he raised his head once more, and, turning round, said, quickly:

"Well, I am glad to find you are nothing the worse for this morning's adventure. I must be off now, as I am going out to dinner. Good-bye. I suppose we shall not meet again, as you go home to-morrow?"

"I suppose not. I have written to tell Aunt Barry to expect me by the afternoon express, so I must go."

She spoke sadly, regretting that she had written, for a latent hope had sprang up that she might win him back yet if they were thrown together.

"Well, I think your aunt and Mrs. Percy must be wanting you very much. Good-bye."

He shook hands like a casual acquaintance, and departed; and then Lady Alice came in, saying, inquiringly:

"Nothing come of it, Maud? I gave mamma a hint to change her damp dress that you might be undisturbed."

And Maud shook her head, afraid to speak lest words and tears should come together.

Chapter XVI.

ARTHUR TREVOR sat in his handsome lodgings, with a cloud of perplexity and thought in his blue eyes. In his hand he held one of those orange-colored billets that bring such terrible news to some, such short, sharp words of alarm to others. It was a telegram from the bailiff at St. Abb's — Captain Trevor's property since his uncle's death — to say that several hayricks and part of the farm-buildings had been burnt down in the night, and that he had better come at once to inquire into the affair.

Captain Trevor sat looking at the paper, as if to find there the answer to the question that was agitating his mind. Should he travel down with Maud, or go down by an earlier train? He thought of her as he had seen her on the previous evening, thin and weary-looking, the shadow of a great trouble in her eyes, which he knew he had brought there, and his heart swelled with a mixture of feelings that he would not analyse. His mind traveled back to the far-off days when he had first met her—bright, laughing, imperious Maud, with that ring of defiance in all she said and did which had first roused him to try to conquer her, that occasional softness and wistfulness which had won his love so completely. He knew he loved her still, but he could not bring his proud nature to own that he was wrong, to recall the oft-repeated assertion that "they were unsuited—would never make each other happy."

"It is the quickest train save one," he muttered, carefully folding and refolding the telegram. "It is past eleven now, and I must go to Tattersall's about that horse of Lady Down's. I cannot catch the twelve o'clock express, and there is no fast train till hers. I need not travel in the same carriage with her, though. Perhaps that idiot Follet will take her down. They say she is engaged to him, but I

don't believe it. She would never link herself to such a muff. Besides——" He did not finish his sentence, but rose quickly and rang the bell.

"Pack my small portmanteau," he said to his servant, "and take it to meet the afternoon express for Winstone. I must go down to St. Abb's to-night."

Winstone was on a branch line; he would have to change trains at Anchester, and he could do as he pleased about traveling in the same carriage with Maud, he repeated—the train suited him, and why should he give it up because she intended to travel by it?

He took up his hat and walked slowly off to Tattersall's, where he had the satisfaction of finding Blue Devil awaiting a purchaser. He felt strongly inclined to buy the animal, but checked himself.

"Why should I spend my life in trying to conquer the temper of others when I cannot conquer my own?" he asked himself. "Besides, the animal is really vicious."

Unconsciously he looked at his watch several times, and at last, contrary to his usual custom, found himself at the station at least a quarter of an hour too soon.

It was a bleak gray day; the wind whistled drearily round the corners, the cabmen were stamping their feet and swinging their arms, the boy at the bookstall was blowing his fingers, everybody, hurrying to and fro, looked shrivelled and cross with the cold. Captain Trevor, in his thick overcoat, and with a mind full of doubt and perplexity, paced slowly up and down the platform, unconscious of the northeast wind. He looked up at the great clock presently, and, seeing that it wanted only three minutes to the starting of the train, went to the office to take his ticket.

Maud, placing her ticket in her purse, was just coming away from the office, and she started as she raised her eyes and saw him. She was looking pale and sad, but a slight color tinged her cheeks as she met his gaze.

"Captain Trevor, how did you come here?" she exclaimed, the thought crossing her mind that he was come to see her off.

"There has been a fire at St. Abb's, and the steward has telegraphed for me," he answered, pressing through the crowd to get his ticket; and then, rejoining her, he said more quickly, "Come, Miss Etheridge, we will miss the train if we are not sharp. There goes the bell!"

She followed him hurriedly to a carriage, and, as she seated herself, looked at him wistfully. He hesitated, reading the unspoken words in her eyes. The carriage was empty; it would be a long *tête-à-tête*. His foot was on the step, and she had drawn aside her dress to let him enter; the guard was shouting, "Any more for Anchester, Winstone, Henton?" and banging the doors as he came towards them. In another moment they would be shut in together, when pride whispered in his ear, "What! Give in now, after all you have suffered! Own her right, yourself wrong! Unmanly—unworthy of Trevor!"

"Wait a minute, guard. Where is a smoking compartment?" he asked.

"Here you are, sir; jump in quick;" and the guard opened a door, sounding his whistle as he did so.

An answering shriek from the engine, and they were steaming slowly out into the daylight, past long lines of houses, where linen hung out of tiny windows and children shouted and yelled in dirty walled-in back gardens, past suburban villas and ever-increasing fields, out into the dull dreary country, where the gloomy gray sky hung over patches of melting know, sodden grass, and dark wet earth.

Captain Trevor was alone in his compartment, and Maud was in hers—there were few who cared to travel on that dismal February day—and, lighting his cigar, he leant back against the cushions to collect his thoughts. He had caught a look of surprise and disappointment in Maud's brown eyes as he turned away—a look that haunted him and destroyed the self-gratulation he had expected on his courage. After all, was it not cowardly to avoid her? Would it not have been braver and wiser to travel with her and begin that calm, friendly line of conduct that he had mapped out for the future? But he did not feel calm or friendly; his pulses were beating rapidly as he tried to count how many telegraph-posts they passed in the minute. He was conscious of a secret longing to be in that carriage farther up the train, where Maud sat trying to force back the tears that were blurring sky and fields, trying to calm the wild throbs of pain and injured love that were nearly bursting her heart. On, on they sped, and the pink line across the western horizon showed that the short February day was ending, while heavy blue masses gathered slowly in the sky, telling of more snow to come. Captain Trevor let down the window to throw away the end of his cigar, and then drew it up again with a determined jerk.

"I will get into her carriage the first time we stop," he muttered. "It is of no use trying to avoid her, when we are sure to meet so often. I don't want to pain her—and she did look pained, poor girl, at my rudeness. Well, yes, it was rude to avoid her so pointedly. Hallo! By Jove, a smash!"

A frightful jerk, a long grating noise, a heave, and the carriage turned over on its side, flinging him violently against the network over the seat, and half stunning him for several minutes.

He lay still till his brain cleared, and then scrambled out of the carriage and dropped to the ground. What a frightful scene it was! The engine had run off the line, and, after tearing up the gravel and rail for several yards, had buried itself breast-high in the embankment that happily sloped down to the railway at this point, and stood puffing and roaring like some mad beast, the driver having had the presence of mind to let off the steam as soon as the locomotive quitted the rails. The carriages had reared up one on top of another till they had tilted over on to the up line; shrieks, groans, shouts for help and for lost friends rent the air, as Captain Trevor, a dull sickening fear at his heart, made his way through the ruins in search of Maud.

She was not to be seen, and in the terrible confusion it was impossible to tell which had been her carriage. Suddenly his eyes fell on a dark plaid shawl, which he recognized as the one she had carried on her arm, and by it, half hidden amid a pile of cushions and broken woodwork, was a still pale face with eyelids closed.

In an instant he was by, and tearing everything off her, till a beam too heavy or too tightly wedged for even his frantic arms to move checked him.

"Maud, Maud, speak! Look at me!" he cried, in half-choked tones; and, as he bent over her, the dark eyes opened and looked once more into his.

"Thank Heaven, she is living!" he exclaimed. "Are you hurt? How shall I get you out? This beam is crushing you. Speak to me, my own darling."

At his words a smile lit up the white face.

"Arthur, dear Arthur," she said, softly, putting her one free hand into his, "I am so glad you came to me. Whatever happens now, all is bright. Don't try to move that beam—I am in no pain, at least very little—or you may bring everything down on me. Let me lie here, and stay with me. Perhaps they will come and help us soon."

With a heavy weight at his heart he bent down and kissed the white lips.

"Maud, my love, my darling," he murmured in choking tones, "what a mad fool I have been! Oh, my own, I cannot spare you now—I cannot face life without you!"

She pressed his hand fondly.

"I think you were wrong, dear," she said, gently. "I

always thought so. We could never have been happy apart. And now, if it is all over—if my hours are numbered—oh, Arthur, my darling, it will be hard for you to live on, and think of the long happy years we might have spent together!"

There was a ring of hopeless pain in her tones which stabbed him like a knife.

"Maud, Maud, don't speak so!" And the hot drops of a man's direst agony fell on her face. "You must not—shall shoulder as the last obstruction was lifted. A cry of intense pain broke from him.

"She is dead! Oh, merciful Heaven!" And his head dropped.

A medical man pressed forward, and took Maud's wrist in his hand.

"She has fainted. She is not dead. Ah!" And he shook his head as he hurriedly examined her. "Carry her to my house—there, straight across the fields—a red house;" and

POLISHING THE TANKARD.

not die! Oh, great Heaven, is there no other way of punishing my pride? You shall not die! Why do I let you lie here? Here, men—help me. Five pounds a head for those who help me to get this lady out!"

There were willing hands soon with him at his cry; but it was not his offer of reward that stimulated those great rough men to their work so much as the sight of the still, white, lovely face lying there amidst the wreckage so quietly and uncomplainingly.

Arthur held her in his arms while iron and woodwork were removed, and then felt her head fall heavily on his he pointed to where a dip in the embankment showed the surrounding country. "I will be there as soon as I can, and see after her."

He hurried away, whilst Arthur Trevor, trying to hope still, roused himself to lift Maud tenderly on to the hastily-formed litter. Half an hour later the still senseless girl was laid on a bed in the surgeon's house, where the surgeon's wife with gentle hands attended to her, while Arthur Trevor, half mad with alternate hopeless misery and gleams of hope, paced up and down the gravel-walk of the little garden in the gathering darkness, waiting for the arrival of the medical

man, who was to tell him what his future life held of good or evil.

He was upstairs now, examining Maud. Would he ever have finished?

At last the doctor came forward and laid his hand kindly on Arthur Trevor's arm, looking into the white anxious face with a straightforward glance.

"Cheer up, my friend!" he said, smiling. "There is no great mischief done. The lady has had a severe shock, and one leg is a good deal bruised; but a month hence she will be as well as you or I. Is she your wife?"

But Arthur Trevor did not answer. He only turned his head aside and walked away quickly; the doctor, smiling to himself, went back to the house to have some food before returning to his more injured patients.

Chapter XXVII., and Last.

WEEK later Maud Etheridge sat in her favorite breakfast-room at Westerton, pale and heavy-eyed, and with a shadow on her beautiful face which never left it now.

It was a bleak, dull afternoon, but a bright fire blazed on the hearth. Maud's arm-chair was drawn close to it, and her feet were on the fender; but she shivered slightly as she glanced round the room, and sighed. Her heart was heavier than ever now, for Captain Trevor had left her as soon as he had known of her safety, and she had seen and heard nothing of him since.

Again and again she had repeated to herself his wild words of love when he had found her under the carriage—the words that had made it seem so hard to die. Could his pride be so invincible that now, when he knew all danger was over, he could not bring himself to own that he was wrong—to acknowledge that he could not be happy without her? Alas, it seemed so! and great heavy tears rolled slowly down Maud's pale cheeks as she leant wearily back in her chair.

In another minute the door opened. She heard the servant say "Captain Trevor"; and presently he was standing before her, looking very stern and grave, as he said, in his coldest tones:

"I am glad to see you about again, Miss Etheridge, if I may call this being about again."

"Thank you," returned Maud, in a hurried nervous tone; "I am getting better. Won't you sit down? My aunt has gone out, but she will be home presently."

He did not answer, but remained standing, looking at her keenly; and Maud, conscious that the tears still stood on her cheeks, colored crimson under his glance.

"Have you been expecting me?" he asked, in a quick low tone, after Maud had tried to break the pause by remarking on the cold weather, and receiving no answer.

She looked up, and then looked away again.

"Yes—no—that is, I had given you up."

She hardly knew what to answer, so utterly uncertain was she as to what he would say next.

"Given me up," he repeated quickly; "then you have expected me? You are not angry with me?"

"Angry—oh, no! You are very kind;" and her fingers played nervously with her watch-chain.

He turned away and walked quickly up and down the room, and then stopped before her.

"Kind, you say, Maud! I wish I could think so. I don't know what to think. I have stayed away from you this week, trying to look at things calmly, trying to judge whether I should not show my love for you best by going away from you forever, by never seeing your face again, and am just as far from any decision as I have ever been. You said the other day that we were flint and steel—that I roused all that was worst in you. What am I to do? I leave it to you. I know that nothing will ever change my love for you. But, Maud, tell me truly whether you believe you can be happy with me, or can learn to forget me. I will abide by what you say."

His voice was hoarse and quivering, his face was white and eager, as he stood before her.

Maud lifted her eyes to his, full of tears, her mouth tremulous with happiness, and put up both her hands.

"Oh, Arthur, how can you doubt?" she exclaimed. "You have nearly broken my heart as it is."

Then he knelt down by her chair, and drew her to him; and, though he said nothing, Maud knew that her trouble was over, her happiness begun.

* * * * * * *

When Miss Barry came in, half an hour later, the room was dark but for the red glow of the fire, which showed Maud's face like that of the old bright Maud of the past Summer; and her maidenly reserve received a severe shock at finding a mustached mouth pressed to her cold cheek as a deep voice exclaimed, gaily:

"How do you do, Aunt Barry? Will you kindly ask them to set another place at the dinner-table? I mean to stop for dinner."

It was all plain sailing now. There was not a dissentient voice, no opposition even from Maud, when Captain Trevor requested that the marriage might take place in April—"lest they should quarrel again."

Perhaps they do quarrel sometimes now, for Captain Trevor is inclined to spoil his son and heir a good deal more than Maud approves; but it would appear that life only glows the brighter, and love's flame only burns more cheerily, for the occasional sparks struck from Flint and Steel.

Ocular Demonstration.

Dr. Fowler, Bishop of Gloucester in the early part of the eighteenth century, was a believer in apparitions. A conversation of the bishop with Judge Powell is here recorded:

"Since I saw you," said the lawyer, "I have had ocular demonstration of the existence of nocturnal apparitions."

"I am glad you are becoming a convert to truth; but do you say actual ocular demonstration? Let me know the particulars of the story."

"My lord, I will. It was, let me see, last Thursday night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, but nearer the latter than the former, as I lay sleeping in my bed, I was suddenly awakened by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming up stairs and stalking directly towards my room; the door flying open, I drew back my curtain, and saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber."

"Of a blue color, no doubt."

"The light was of a pale blue, my lord, and followed by a tall meagre personage, his locks hoary with age, and clothed in a long loose gown; a leathern girdle was about his loins, his beard thick and grizzly, a large fur cap on his head, and a long staff in his hand. Struck with astonishment, I remained for some time motionless and silent; the figure advanced, staring me full in the face; I then said: 'Whence and what art thou?'"

"What was the answer—tell me—what was the answer?"

"The following was the answer I received: 'I am watchman of the night, an't please your honor, and made bold to come upstairs to inform the family of their street door being open, and that if it was not soon shut they would probably be robbed before morning.'"

THE FLITCH OF DUNMOW.

A BALLAD.

"WHAT seek ye here, my children dear?
Why kneel ye down thus lowly
Upon the stones, beneath the porch
Of this our convent holy?"
The Prior old the pair bespoke
In faltering speech and slowly.

Their modest garb would seem proclaim
The pair of low degree;
But, though in cloth of frieze arrayed,
A stately youth was he:
While she who knelt down by his side
Was beautiful to see.

A twelvemonth and a day have fled
Since first we were united,
And from that hour," the young man said,
"No change our hopes has blighted.
Fond faith with fonder faith we've paid,
And love with love requited.

"True to each other have we been;
No dearer objects seeing
Than each has in the other found;
In everything agreeing.
And every look, and word and deed
That breed dissension fleeing.

"All this we swear, and take in proof
Our Lady of Dunmow!
For she who sits with saints above
Well knows that it is so.
Attest our vow, thou reverend man,
And bless us, ere we go!"

The Prior old stretched forth his hands;
"Heaven prosper you!" quoth he;
"O'er such as you, right gladly we
Say *Benedicite*."
On this, the kneeling pair uprose—
Uprose full joyfully.

Just then passed by the convent cook,
And moved the young man's glee;
On his broad back a mighty Flitch
Of Bacon brown bore he.
So heavy was the load I wis,
It scarce mote carried be.

"Take ye that Flitch," the Prior cried—
"Take it, fond pair, and go:
Fidelity like yours deserves
The boon I now bestow.
Go, feast your friends, and think upon
The Convent of Dunmow.

"Good Prior," then the youth replied,
"Thy gift to us is dear,
Not for its worth, but that it shows
Thou deemest our love sincere;
And in return, broad lands I give-
Broad lands thy convent near,
Which shall to thee and thine produce
A thousand marks a year!

"But this condition I annex,
Or else the grant's forsaken:
That whenso'er a pair shall come,
And take the oath we've taken,
They shall from thee and thine receive
A goodly Flitch of Bacon.

"And thus from out a simple chance
A usage good shall grow;
And our example of true love
Be held up ever mo';
While all who win the prize shall bless
The Custom of Dunmow."

"Who art thou, son?" the Prior cried;
His tones with wonder falter—
"Thou shouldst not jest with reverend men,
Nor with their feelings palter."
"I jest not, Prior, for know in me
Sir Reginald Fitzwalter.

"I now throw off my humble garb,
As I what I am confessed,
The wealthiest I of wealthy men,
Since with this treasure blessed."
And as he spoke Fitzwalter clasped
His lady to his breast.

"In peasant guise my love I won,
Nor knew she whom she wedded;
In peasant cot our truth we tried,
And no disunion dreaded.
Twelve months' assurance proves our faith
On firmest base is steadied."

Joy reigned within those convent walls
When the glad news was known;
Joy reigned within Fitzwalter's halls
When there his bride was shown.

No lady in the land such sweet
Simplicity could own;
A natural grace had she, that all
Art's graces far outshone;
Beauty and worth for want of birth
Abundantly atone.

What need of more? That loving pair
Lived long and truly so;
Nor ever disunited were;
For one death laid them low!
And hence arose that custom old—
The Custom of Dunmow.

THE TEA-CUP TIMES.

TO the mind of the thoughtful student of the period, reaching from about the first quarter of the seventeenth century to the present day, a curious idea is not unlikely to present itself: namely, the wonderful influence which the introduction and use of tea has effected upon female character.

Tea is universally admitted to be an essentially feminine beverage; nevertheless, since its introduction, it is an undeniable fact that woman has, in some respects, deteriorated. The woman of the present day is, very often, a kind of epicure, neither perfect woman nor perfect man; lamentably failing when she puts her weaker frame and different—not inferior—intellect into competition with that of the ruder sex, and never showing her impotence more plainly than when she would usurp masculine prerogatives. Nature resents being ignored, and

> "The laws of Nature there's no force to stop;
> Women may shriek, but men will keep the top."

The typical woman of Biblical and patriarchal times generally was the one who, virtuous and industrious, looked after the welfare of her household, therein finding ample employment. It is a noticeable and significant fact that, throughout the whole sacred record there is not a single instance of a female attempting to usurp male prerogatives.

Putting the women of the Scriptures aside, and coming to the literature of England, the works of Geoffrey Chaucer afford the first picture we have of English manners and customs. The abstract and brief chronicle of the times in which he lived, Chaucer's inimitable "Canterbury Tales," form a setting for the delineation of every phase of English

life of that epoch. The accomplished abbess is a pleasant type of womanhood, the little feminine weaknesses and traits of character portrayed respecting her giving an exquisite softness and finish to the portrait. "The Man of Lawe's Tale," the story of the patient Griselda, is a fitting cabinet picture to accompany that of the abbess. It shows the secular side of woman's ideal character in days during which the sex may roughly be divided into two classes—namely, the women in convents and the women out of them. Each picture is perfect of its kind. The one is wedded to her faith, the other to an earthly husband, and in each we recognize the palpable admiration and reverence of Chaucer when delineating her essentially womanly attributes; also the sly humor with which the little vanities and weaknesses of both are touched upon.

Shakespeare has painted all sorts of women. Those of his own and every other time, under both ordinary and exceptional circumstances, but his all-pervading ideal is that of the woman who lives in her affections, who is swayed and ruled through them. She is dignified and noble in her feminine capacity, perfect in her estate, only falling from it when she would usurp masculine privileges.

Passing onward, we find here and there in the history of literature isolated instances of a better state of female education. At the same time, it is a remarkable fact that the learned women of these ages did not attempt to *compete* with men. Queen Elizabeth, a scholar of no mean repute, is, when all is said and done, as thorough a woman and as great a paradox as any one of her sex. The gentle Lady Jane Grey may also be cited as an example of womanly dignity and modesty going hand in hand with erudition.

Milton's "Eve" can hardly be instanced as a conception of what woman should be, the "Lady" in Comus coming nearer to poor humanity in that respect. The great poet's rendering of female character is, in the abstract, full of reverence, and evinces, *apparently*, a just appreciation of her powers. The adverb is used advisedly, since there is a subtle irony in the fact that when Milton became blind he taught his daughters to read Greek and Latin to him in the original tongues, they not understanding what they were reading. How many women in this so-called age of advancement would have submitted to this tacit ignoring of their capabilities?

This brief retrospect brings us down to the period at which we would glance—

"The teacup times of hood and hoop,
And when the patch was worn."

THE FLITCH OF DUNMOW.—SEE PAGE 207.

So sings the Laureate of England, painting, in a few happy touches, one of his marvelously vivid word-pictures. Seemingly an innocent little descriptive couplet, but pregnant with food for reflection for the thoughtful reader. Suggestive of well-powdered coiffures, done up high on enormous cushions, conjuring up visions of fair dames in square-cut and scanty bodices, high-heeled shoes, colored satin petticoats, and flowered sacques. A goodly company, such as might have been seen congregated any evening at any of the brilliant receptions frequented by the wits and beauties of the day. Not less brilliant in their attire were the attendant swains in divers-colored wide-skirted coats, long-flap embroidered waistcoats, snuff-boxes, and buckles, with their clouded canes and well-powdered queues. Correctly speaking, we ought to say the "*Tay*-cup times," for at the period to which we refer the word had not yet lost its French pronunciation. Dryden says:

"And thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tay.'

So Pope pronounced it; so did Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; so did Samuel Pepys and his host of gossips.

TEA-CUP TIMES.

Fancy such a company, good reader, assembled in any lady's boudoir, daintily sipping the fragrant hyson—then the fashionable tea—from handleless cups of egg-shell china, whilst Pope and Lady Mary Wortley sparred at each other or Pepys retailed the last scandal; what caudle-cups were tasted; what marriages were in prospective; what meetings

had taken place at Chalk Farm; or who, at the last Drawing-room, had been pronounced the reigning beauty. At such a time, when Swift lived at St. James's, and paid eight shillings a week for his lodgings, and lay in bed to compose because the nights were cold and coal dear, he may have discussed Gay's death with Pope over a cup of tea. It was at such meetings the Dean gathered much of the materials which formed the staple of his immortal "Journal to Stella."

It is recorded that in 1657 tea had become so fashionable and customary a beverage amongst the upper classes that Thomas Gareway, merchant, of London, received of it a large consignment, which he sold at his house in the city. By this time the public coffee-houses had become recognized places of meeting for men of letters. The literature of the period is full of allusions to them, and it is a coincidence that their establishment is coeval with the first appearance of periodical literature in England. The *Tatler* and the *Spectator* were the offspring of coffee-house chat and gossip; its contributors being noted frequenters of these resorts, whence many of their letters are ostensibly dated. These places were the hotbeds from whence sprang what is commonly called light literature. After their introduction English poetry exhibits a character equally removed from the splendid brilliancy, yet solidity, of the days of Elizabeth, and the picturesque intensity of the new romantic school.

From these places of resort women were, of course, excluded; they could no more have appeared in them than in the taverns of the present day. Their frequenters gave a desultory tone to literature; a style so well suited to feminine capacity that we soon find that women, not wishing to let men have it all their own way, organized little tea-parties —or "tea-drinkings," as they were then called—where they retailed gossip, with this advantage, that they had the benefit of interchanging sentiments with the opposite sex. Women, as authors, now made their début. The Countess of Winchilsea, one of the first lady novelists, and a host of other satellites, appeared upon the literary horizon; Mrs. Aphra Behn, Mrs. Manley, Fanny Burney, etc.

These tea-drinkings had become such recognized institutions that they are repeatedly mentioned in the chief literature of the age. With the rage for tea-parties was developed the taste for china. The more grotesque the pattern and design, the more valuable the teacup.

Quaint, humorous Charles Lamb has thought the subject worthy of forming the theme of one of his inimitable essays; his "Old China" being a perfect reflex of the public mind upon the matter. Speaking about the designs upon the teacups, he proceeds in the following amusing strain:

"I like to see my old friends, whom distance cannot diminish, figuring up in the air (as they appear to our optics), yet on terra firma still, for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue, which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, had made to spring up beneath their sandals. Here is a young and courtly mandarin handing tea to a lady from a salver two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on teacups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which, in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world), must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead, a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream."

Throughout the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, the allusions to China and tea-parties bristle almost upon every page. The literature in general of the time often makes mention of tea-parties—corresponding to our "afternoon teas"—where the fine gentlemen read their poems and other literary productions to the fair dames, who delivered their opinions thereupon. We can fancy the cynical Pope, at one of these pleasant gatherings, throwing down the apple of discord by asserting that "most women have no characters at all," a sentiment which may have quickened into new life any germs of self-assertion which his hearers may have possessed. Dr. Samuel Johnson's partiality for tea, and his capacity for imbibing it, are well known, and go far towards giving a coloring of truth to the prevailing opinion that tea and scandal are synonymous, for the learned Doctor was as arrant a gossip as the veriest old woman. Certainly his sentences were sonorous and pedantic, but they were gossip all the same.

About this time we first hear of the "Madonella," or college for ladies, where they were to be taught something higher than "flowering," or making "bone-lace." Against this scheme Steele writes very strongly in the *Tatler*. However, all the fine gentlemen do not seem to have shared his opinion in that respect; for in that outrageously amusing, and but little known work, "The Life of J. Buncle, Esq.," there is a grave and exquisitely humorous dissertation upon the moral thoughts of Miss Spence, otherwise the admirable Maria, who "learned algebra and fluxions." Pope, in one of his satires, praises the woman who is

> "Mistress of herself, though china fall."

And Matthew Prior, in describing the engagements of a lady of quality, says she

> "Slipt sometimes round to Mrs. Thody's,
> To cheapen tea, to buy a screen."

In America, tea-drinking became even more general than in England, and want of tea drove Americans to open direct communication with China, to import at once the fragrant beverage and the prized receptacle.

Our freedom turned, indeed, on a cup of tea. How great must have been the sacrifice of American dames of high and low degree when, a century ago, they had to make the terrible option between, "Give me liberty," or "Give me tea!" They did not hesitate; patriotism triumphed, and for seven long years the times were empty tea-cup times till peace once more restored peace, plenty, and tea-parties, with all that the words implied to our grandmothers.

A WONDERFUL CAT.

THREE years ago I had a lovely kitten given to me. Her fur was of a beautiful blue-gray color marked with glossy black stripes, according to the most approved zebra or tiger fashion. She was so very pretty that she was named "Pret," and was the wisest, most loving, and dainty pussy that ever crossed my path.

When Pret was very young I fell ill with a nervous fever. She missed me immediately in my accustomed place, sought for me, and placed herself at my door until she found a chance of getting into my room, and began at once to try her little best to amuse me with her frisky kitten tricks and pussy-cat attentions.

But soon finding that I was too ill to play with her, she placed herself beside me, and at once established herself as head nurse. In this capacity few human beings could have exceeded her in watchfulness, or manifested more affectionate regard. It was truly wonderful to note how soon she learned to know the different hours at which I ought to take medicine or nourishment; and during the night, if my attendant were asleep, she would call her, and if she could not awaken her without such extreme measures, she would gently nibble the nose of the sleeper, which means never failed to produce the desired effect.

Having thus achieved her purpose, Miss Pret would watch attentively the preparation of whatever was needed, and then come, and with a gentle purr-purr announce it to me. The most marvelous part of the matter was, her never being five minutes wrong in her calculations of the true time,

even amid the stillness and darkness of the night. But who shall say by what means this little being was enabled to measure the fleeting moments, and by the aid of what power did she connect the lapse of time with the needful attentions of a nurse and her charge? Surely we have here something more than reason?

A Night Among the Robbers of the Blue Ridge.

ON the early Autumn of the year 1849, about half an hour by sun, I drew rein in front of a large double log-house, that some enterprising pioneer had built where two roads crossed on the very summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Eastern Kentucky.

The place was evidently kept as a tavern, at least so a sign proclaimed, and here I determined to demand accommodations for myself and servant, Bose, a dark-skinned body-guard, who accompanied me in all journeys of any length. Bose and I had been playmates in child and boyhood, and now, in advanced years, we kept up the intimacy. I need hardly say that the faithful fellow was attached to me, as I was to him, and on more than one occasion he had shown his devotion, even as he was destined to do again that night.

There had been a "shooting-match" at the Mountain House that day, and, as I dismounted, I saw through the open window of the barroom a noisy, drunken, and evidently quarrelsome set of backwoodsmen, each of whom was swearing by all possible and impossible oaths that he was not only the best shot, but that he could out-fight, out-jump, out-wrestle, run faster, jump higher, dive deeper, and come up drier than any other man "on the mounting." The picture will be familiar to all who have traveled through the section of country of which I speak.

"I say, Mars Ralph," said Bose, in a low tone, as I handed him my bridle-rein. "I don't like de looks ob dem in dar. S'pose we goes on to de next house. 'Tain't fur.

"Nonsense, Bose," I replied; "these fellows are only on a little spree over their shooting. We have nothing to do with them, nor they with us. Take the horses round to the stable, and see to them yourself. You know they've had a hard day of it."

And throwing my saddle-bags over my shoulders, I walked up the narrow path to the house.

I found, as I have intimated, the barroom filled with a noisy, turbulent crowd, who one and all stared at me without speaking as I went up to the bar and inquired if I and my servant could have accommodations for the night.

Receiving an affirmative reply from the landlord, a little red-headed, cadaverous-looking specimen of the "clay-eater," I desired to be at once shown to my room, whither I went, but not until I had been compelled to decline a score of requests to "take a drink," much to the disgust of the stalwart bacchanalians, to whom drinking "pine-top" was an every-day pastime.

The room to which I was shown was at the far end of a long, two-storied structure, evidently but recently added on to the main building, which it intersected at right angles. A gallery extended along the front, by means of which the rooms were reached.

I found my apartment to be large and comparatively well furnished, there being, besides the bed, a comfortable cot, half a dozen "split-bottomed" chairs, a heavy clothes-press, and a bureau with a glass. I am thus particular in describing the furniture for reasons that will become apparent.

There were two windows, one alongside the door, and the other in the opposite end of the room. The first-mentioned was heavily barred with stout oak strips, a protection, I presumed, against intrusion from the porch, while across the latter was drawn a heavy woolen curtain.

In the course of half an hour Bose entered, and announced that the cattle had been properly attended to, and a few moments later a bright-faced mulatto girl summoned us to supper. To reach the dining-room, I was compelled again to pass through the barroom, which I found—somewhat to my relief, for I hate drunken crowds—comparatively deserted, most of the party having gone home for the night.

I noticed, however, as I paused an instant to speak to the landlord, a group of four individuals in one corner of the room, engaged in an animated conversation, but in tones too low for me to hear. They were a rough-looking set, and, I fancied, eyed me in a manner not altogether pleasant.

Supper over, I returned to my room, first requesting to be roused for an early breakfast, as I desired to be on the road by sunrise.

The men were still talking, or, rather, whispering, as I had left them, and I was again subjected to a severe scrutiny as I passed.

Thoroughly wearied with my day's ride, I at once began preparations for retiring, and had drawn off one boot, when Bose came in rather hastily, looking furtively over his shoulder, and then cautiously closing and locking the door.

"Mars Ralph, dar's gwine to be trouble in dis house afore mornin'," he said; and I saw in a moment that something had occurred to upset the faithful fellow's equilibrium.

"Why, Bose, what is it? What do you mean?" I asked, barely restraining a smile.

"I tole you, Mars Ralph, we'd better trabble furder," was the rather mysterious reply. "You see dat yaller gal dere tole me dar would be a muss if we staid in this 'founded ole house all night."

By close questioning I elicited the fact that the girl had really warned him that the four men whom I had noticed talking together were a desperate set of villains, and probably had designs upon our property, if not our lives.

The girl had seen two of them at the stable while I was at supper, and by cautiously creeping into a stall, next the one in which they stood, had heard enough to convince her that they meant mischief. Subsequently to this, she also saw the landlord in close confab with the entire party, and from his actions judged that he was urging the men to their nefarious work.

"I tell *you*, Mars Ralph, dem white trash ain't arter no good—now you heard *me!*" persisted Bose.

I had begun to think so myself, but what was to be done? Would I not be precipitating the danger by showing any signs of suspicion? What if the girl was mistaken, and these men were in reality only honest woodsmen? Save her word, and my own half-formed belief, I had no grounds upon which to act.

The situation was full of embarrassment, and I felt that nothing could be done save to wait and watch, and, by being on the alert, defeat their plans by a determined resistance. Explaining the matter to Bose, I turned to make an inspection of the premises.

I found that from the barred window, in which there was a broken pane of glass, that a good view of the stable-lot and buildings thereon could be had.

Then for the other window.

I crossed the room, drew aside the heavy curtain, and, raising the sash, looked out.

A single glance was sufficient to cause me a thrill of surprise, and I gave a low exclamation that instantly brought Bose to my side.

Far below, I could see the faint glimmer of water, the low murmur of which came indistinctly up from the depths, while, on a level with what should have been the ground, I

dimly saw the waving tree-tops, as they gently swayed before the fresh night-breeze, and knew that the window overlooked a chasm, the surroundings of which I could only guess at.

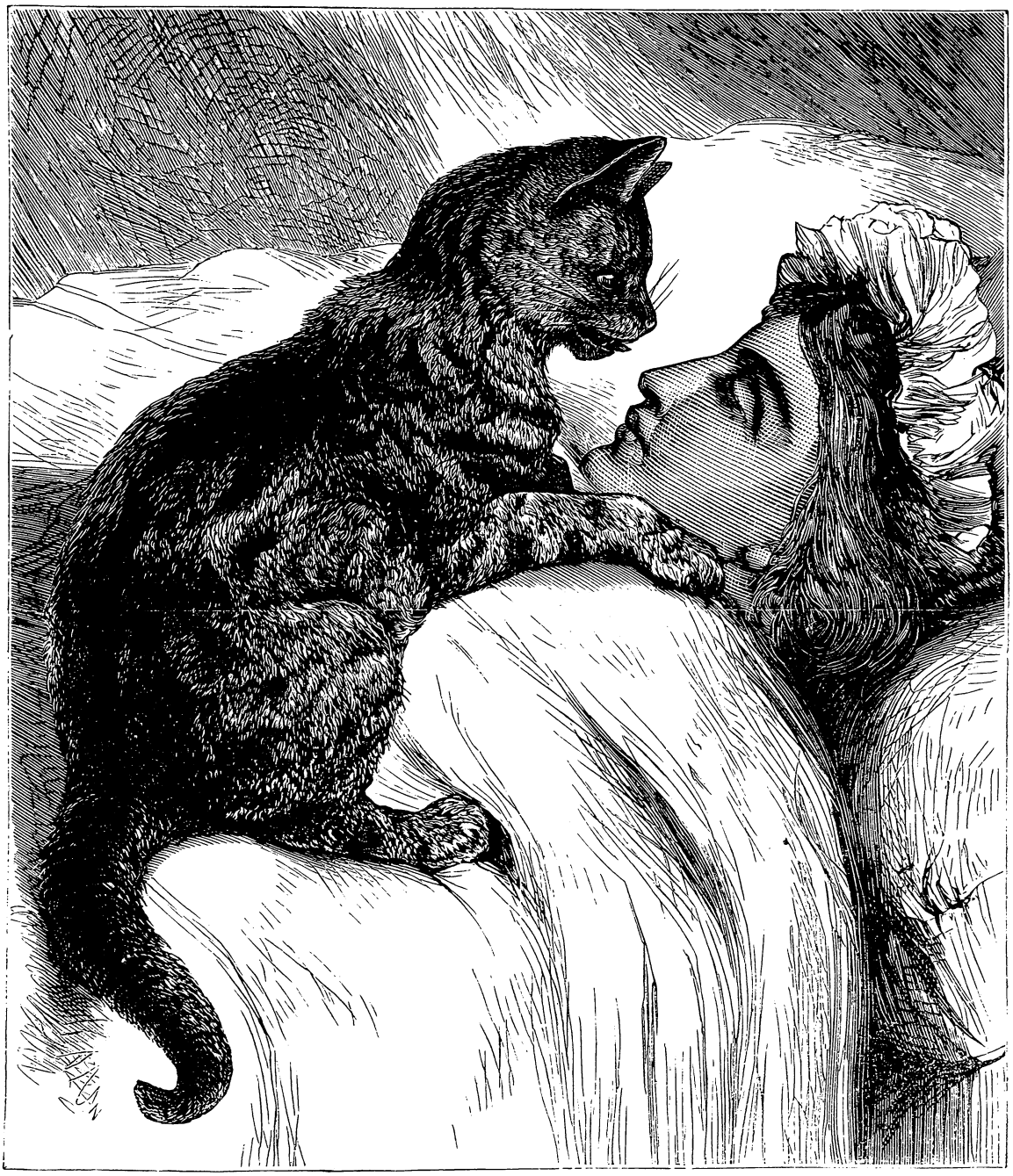
In other words, the house, or that portion of it, was built upon the very verge of a cliff, the solid rock forming a foundation more lasting than any that could be made by hands of man.

I leaned far out, and saw that there was not an inch of space left between the heavy log on which the structure

Without speaking, I went to my saddle-bags and got out my pistols—a superb pair of long double rifles, that I knew to be accurate anywhere under half a hundred yards.

"Dar! dem's what I likes to see!" exclaimed Bose, as he dived down into his own bag, and fished out the old horse-pistol that had belonged to my grandfather, and which I knew was loaded to the muzzle with Number One buckshot. It was a terrible weapon at close quarters.

I have, perhaps, been somewhat lengthy in describing

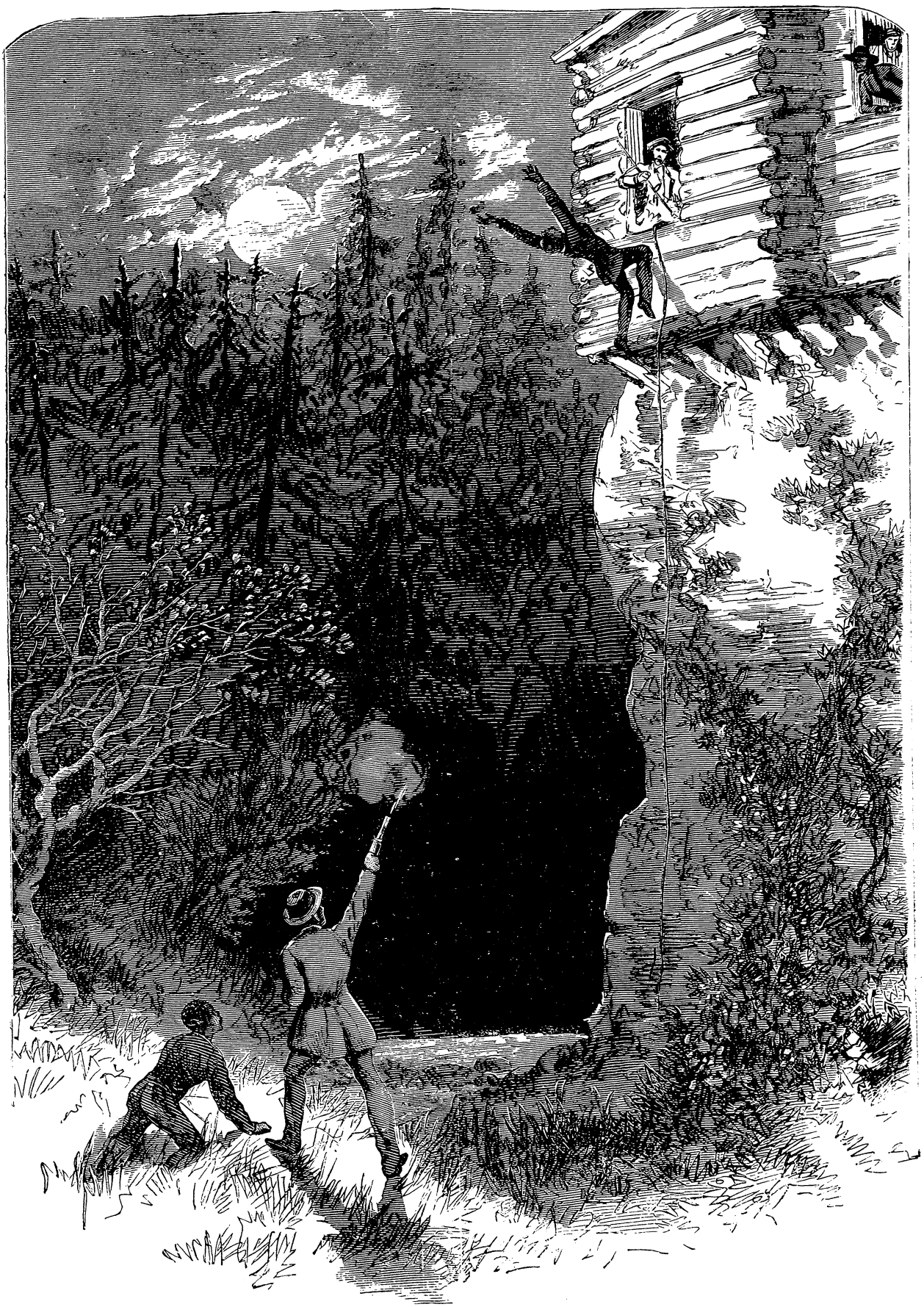


A WONDERFUL CAT.—SEE PAGE 210.

rested and the edge of the precipice, and then I turned away with the full conviction that if escape *must* be made, it certainly would not be in that direction. There was nothing especially strange in this; there were many houses so constructed—I had seen one or two myself—and yet when I drew back into the room, and saw the look in Bose's dusky face, I felt that danger, quick and deadly, was hovering in the air.

events up to the present moment, but it was unavoidable, that the reader may have a clear understanding of what is to follow.

It will be remembered that one of the windows commanded the stables in which our horses were feeding, This point, then, could be watched, and by events transpiring in that locality we would shape our actions. I found the door could be locked from the inside, and, in addition to this, I



A NIGHT AMONG THE ROBBERS OF THE BLUE RIDGE.—"WITH A QUICK AIM I FIRED AT THE SWAYING FIGURE. WITHOUT A SOUND HE RELEASED HIS HOLD, AND CAME DOWN, LIKE A LUMP OF LEAD, SHOT THROUGH THE BRAIN."

improvised a bar by means of a chair-leg wrenched off, and thrust through a heavy iron staple that had been driven into the wall. Its fellow on the opposite side was missing.

We then lifted the heavy clothes-press before the window, leaving just room enough on one side to clearly see, and, if necessary, fire through—dragged the bureau against the door with as little noise as possible, and felt that everything that was possible had been done.

A deathlike silence reigned over the place, broken only once by the voice of the colored girl singing as she crossed the stable-lot, probably to look after the cows, and then all was still. At ten o'clock the moon rose clear and full, illuminating the scene with almost noontide brightness, and sending rays of light through the tree-tops, even down into the chasm that yawned beneath our room.

I had fallen into a half doze, seated in a chair near the window facing the stables, where Bose was on watch, when suddenly I felt a light touch upon my arm, and the voice of the faithful sentinel in my ear.

"Wake up, Mars Ralph; dey's foolin' 'bout de stable-doo' arter de horses, shuah," brought me wide awake to my feet.

Cautiously peeping out, I saw at a glance that Bose was right in his conjectures. There were two of them. One, standing out in the clear moonlight, evidently watching my window, while the other—and I fancied it was the landlord—was in the shadow near the door, which at that moment slowly swung open.

As the man disappeared within the building, a low, keen whistle cut the air, and at the same instant I heard the knob of the door cautiously tried.

The thing was now plain. While those below were securing the horses, those above were either attempting to gain access with murderous intent, or else on guard to prevent my coming to the rescue of my property.

Bose stood the test bravely, and I knew that I could depend upon him thoroughly when the trial came.

It will be seen that I had no intention of remaining a quiet spectator to the theft of my animals. On the contrary, it was my purpose to resist unto the death, for I knew that we would never be allowed to leave the place alive, even if we did not show fight.

Such men have a firm belief that "dead men tell no tales," and act upon it.

Besides, we had five shots against as many assailants, and then our bowies to fall back upon.

A low hiss from Bose brought me to his side from the door where I had been listening.

"Dey's got de hosses out in de lot," he whispered, as he drew aside to let me look out through the broken pane.

"Take the door," I said, "and fire through if they attack. I am going to shoot that fellow holding the horses."

"Lordy, Mars Ralph, it's de tavernkeeper! He ain't no 'count. Drop de big man!" was the sensible advice which I determined to adopt.

Noiselessly drawing aside the curtain, I rested the muzzle of my pistol upon the sash where the light had been broken away, and drew a bead upon the tallest of the two men who stood holding *three* horses, out in the bright moonlight.

The sharp crack of the weapon was instantly followed by a yell of pain, and I saw the ruffian reel backward and measure his length upon the earth, and then again, seeming to come from the main building, there rang out upon the now silent night that most fearful of all cries:

"*Murder! Murder! Oh, help!*"

Like lightning it flashed across my mind. There were *three* horses out in the open lot! There was, then, another traveler besides ourselves, upon whom these fiends were at that moment working their horrible purpose.

But no time was allowed for conjecture. Quick, sharp, and bloody work was at hand. A terrible game was to be played, and Bose and I *must* hold the winning hand.

A heavy blow, as from an ax, descended upon the door of the room, and a voice, hoarse with passion, was heard to say:

"Quick! Burst the infernal thing open, and let me at him! The scoundrel has killed Dave!"

"Let them have it, Bose!" I whispered, rapidly reloading my pistol. "There! the second panel!"

With a steady hand the plucky fellow leveled the huge weapon and pulled the trigger.

A deafening report followed, and again a shrill cry of mortal anguish told that the shot had not been wasted.

"Sabe us! how it *do* kick!" exclaimed Bose, under his breath, at the same time shaking and rubbing the hand that had evidently been fearfully jarred by the rebound of the piece.

The blow had fallen like an unexpected thunderbolt upon the bandits, and a moment later we heard their retreating footsteps down the corridor.

"Dar'll be more of 'em heah 'fore long, Mars Ralph," said Bose, with an ominous shake of the head. "I 'spects dese b'longs to a band, and, ef dey comes, an' we still heah, we gone 'coons for shuah!"

This view of the case was new to me; but I felt the force of it. I knew that such bands, or organizations, did exist in these mountains, and nothing was more probable than these men being a part of one.

A hasty glance from the window from which I had just fired showed me that escape in that direction was impossible, even if the bars were not there.

I looked out and saw a man, with a rifle in his hand, dodge round the corner of the stable. He was on guard, and then I knew what the cessation of hostilities meant.

They had sent off for reinforcements!

Stunned for a moment, I turned round, and stared helplessly at Bose; but he, brave fellow that he was, never lost his head for an instant.

"Bound to leab heah, Mars Ralph," he said, quite confidently. "An' dar ain't no way gwine 'cept tro dat winder;" and he pointed to the one overlooking the cliff.

I merely shook my head, and turned to watch again, hoping to get a shot at the rascal on guard.

Bose, left to his own devices, at once went to work. I heard him fussing about the bed for some time, but never looked to see what he was after until he spoke.

"Now den fur de rope," I heard him say, and in an instant I had caught his meaning.

He had stripped the bed of its covering, dragged off the heavy tick, and was in the act of cutting the stout hempen rope with which it was "corded," when it suddenly occurred to me that flight by means of the window was no longer an impossibility.

In five minutes he had drawn the rope through its many turnings, and then, gathering the coil in his hands, he threw up the sash and prepared to take soundings.

It failed to touch bottom; but, nowise disheartened, he seized the cotton coverlet and spliced it on. This succeeded, and the cord was drawn up, preparatory to knocking it in place of cross-pieces.

In the meanwhile the silence without had been broken more than once. A shrill, keen whistle, such as I had heard before, was given by the man on watch, and replied to by some one seemingly a little way off.

Then I heard footsteps, soft, catlike ones, on the veranda outside, showing that the robbers were on the alert at all points.

At length Bose announced the "ladder" ready. It was again lowered from the window, and the end we held was made fast to the bed we had dragged over for the purpose.

The moon had passed the zenith, thereby throwing the

cliff in the shadow—a circumstance most favorable to us. In this, at least, fortune was in our favor.

"Now, den, Mars Ralph, I go down fust, and see if um strong 'nough to bar us;" and he was half-way out of the window before I could speak.

"No, Bose, you shall not," I answered, firmly, drawing him back into the room. "You must——"

The words were lost in the din of a furious and totally unexpected attack upon the door.

The reinforcements had arrived, and now the end must quickly come.

The dull, heavy strokes of the ax were intermingled with the sharp, quick clatter of hatchets as they cut away at the barrier, and once in a while I could hear deep oaths, as though they had been rendered doubly savage by our resistance.

"Here, Bose! your pistol! Quick!" I whispered, and a moment later the heavy charge went crashing through the panels, followed by shrieks and curses of pain and rage.

"Now, then, out with you! I will hold the place!" I said, rushing back to the window. "Come, Bose, hurry up, or all will be lost!"

The brave fellow now wished to insist upon my going first; but he saw that time was wasting, and he glided down the rope, gradually disappearing in the heavy shadows that enshrouded the ravine.

The fall of one of their number had caused only a momentary lull, and I heard them renew the assault with tenfold fury.

I dared not fire again, for I felt that every bullet would be needed before long, when affairs were more pressing than they then were.

It seemed an age before I felt the signal from below that the rope was ready for me; but it came, and I let myself down, pausing an instant, as my eyes gained a level with the sill, to take a last look into the room.

As I did so the door gave way, and the bloodthirsty demons, with yells of exultation, poured over the threshold.

I knew that I had no time for deliberate movements. They would instantly discover the mode of escape, and either cut the rope or else fire down upon me.

I had taken the precaution to draw on my heavy riding-gloves, and my hands, thus protected, did not suffer as much as might have been expected.

With my eyes fixed upon the window, I slid rapidly down, and struck the earth with a jar that wrenched every bone in my body.

Quick as lightning I was seized by Bose, and dragged some paces on one side, and close against the face of the cliff.

Not a second too soon, for down came a volley, tearing up the earth about the foot of the rope where a moment before I had stood.

"Thunder, they will escape! After them down the rope!" yelled a voice almost inarticulate with rage, and I saw a dark form swing out and begin the descent.

"Now, Mars Ralph," whispered Bose, significantly, and, with a quick aim, I fired at the swaying figure. Without a sound the man released his hold, and came down like a lump of lead, shot through the brain.

Another had started in hot haste, and was more than half-way out of the window, when suddenly the scene above was brilliantly lit up by the glare of a torch swung back and forth by one of the villains as he leaned over the edge of the cliff, striving to illumine the darkness that enshrouded us from sight.

Again the warning voice of the watchful black called my attention to the figure now struggling desperately to regain the room, and, as before, feeling that I had no cause to show mercy, I threw up my pistol, and covering the exposed side, drew trigger.

A few frantic struggles, a muffled cry for help that came not; and then, with a convulsive effort, the wretch, springing far out into the empty void, turned once over, and came down with a rushing sound upon the jagged rocks that lay at the foot of the precipice.

A single look to see that the window was clear—we knew there could be no path leading down for a long distance either way, or they would never have attempted the rope—and we plunged headlong into the dense forest that clothed the mountain side.

We got clear, it is true, but with the loss of our animals and baggage, for the next day, when we returned with a party of Regulators, we found the place a heap of smoldering ashes, and no living soul to tell whither the robbers had fled.

I never learned whence came that fearful cry of murder. Some unknown traveler had met his death, and the fire had consumed his body.

SEALS CATCHING FISH.

THE seal family forms a still nearer approach to the land quadrupeds, as here hind feet begin to make their appearance. The shortness of these extremities renders their movements upon land generally awkward and slow, but they make up for this deficiency by uncommon activity in the water. Their body, tapering fish-like from the shoulders to the tail; their abundance of fat, the lightness of which is so favorable to swimming; the position of their feet, admirably formed for rowing, paddling, and steering—their whole economy, in a word, is calculated for the sea. Although citizens of two worlds, their real element is evidently the water, from which their food is exclusively derived.

Seals are found in almost all seas, but they particularly abound on the coasts of the colder regions of the earth, and diminish in size and numbers as they approach the torrid zone. Small seals are found near Surinam, but the giants of the family—the huge sea-elephant, the sea-lion, the sea-bear, belong exclusively to those higher latitudes which the sun visits only with slanting rays, or where the Winter forms a dreary and continuous night.

How wonderful to see the desolate coasts of the icy seas peopled by such herds of great warm-blooded mammalia! But there, where the dry land produces only the scantiest vegetation, the bountiful sea teems with fishes, affording abundance to the hungry seals. The *Merlangus polaris* and the *Ophidium Parryii* in the northern hemisphere, as well as the *Nothothenia phocæ*, which Doctor Richardson discovered off Kerguelen's Land, seek in vain to escape from the pursuit of the seals in the hollows and crevices of the pack-ice; and these small fish, in turn, fare sumptuously upon the minute crustaceans and molluscs with which those cold waters abound. Thus animal life, but sparingly diffused over the barren land, luxuriates in the sea, where we find one species preying upon the other, until at last, at the bottom of the scale, we come to creatures so small as to be invisible to the naked eye.

THE STORY OF A CASHMERE SHAWL.

I WAS traveling down country from "the Hills," or, as we should less irreverently say, the Himalaya Mountains. I was halting at Meerut, which, as everybody knows, is the best station in the Northwestern Provinces. I had put up at the dâk bungalow, which, as everybody knows also, is a resting-house for travelers by the road. People go by the rail now, and dâk bungalows have nearly disappeared, so I may as well mention what the place was like.

Outside you saw simply a low house with a high roof, the latter covered with thatch; a veranda in the front and rear,

supported by pillars covered with a hard composition called chunam; openings serving the double purpose of doors and windows, guarded by green blinds, called *jilmils* in India and *jalousies* in France, and not called at all in this country where they are little known; the whole standing in an enclosure, known as a compound, containing little else than a cook-house and a couple of huts for servants. Inside you find yourself in one of the two principal apartments—as dreary a place as could conveniently be made of four whitewashed walls, a chunam floor, and a ceiling of stretched canvas, threatening to give way in some places, and flapping unpleasantly whenever the wind blows. A rough table of toon wood, three chairs, and the chronic bedstead of the country, called a *charpoy*, completes the furniture of the place, with the exception of a little bookcase against the wall, where a tract society deposits some improving publications for the use of travelers.

I had taken my bath in the adjoining little den devoted to the purpose (that is to say, I had poured a dozen chatties of water over my head, in the primitive fashion of the country), and was lounging in the veranda, in an elegant *négligé* costume, while the khansamah was preparing the inevitable spatchcock, eggs, and tea for my breakfast, when I heard the sound of hoofs, and immediately saw a stranger, who rode into the compound and saluted me.

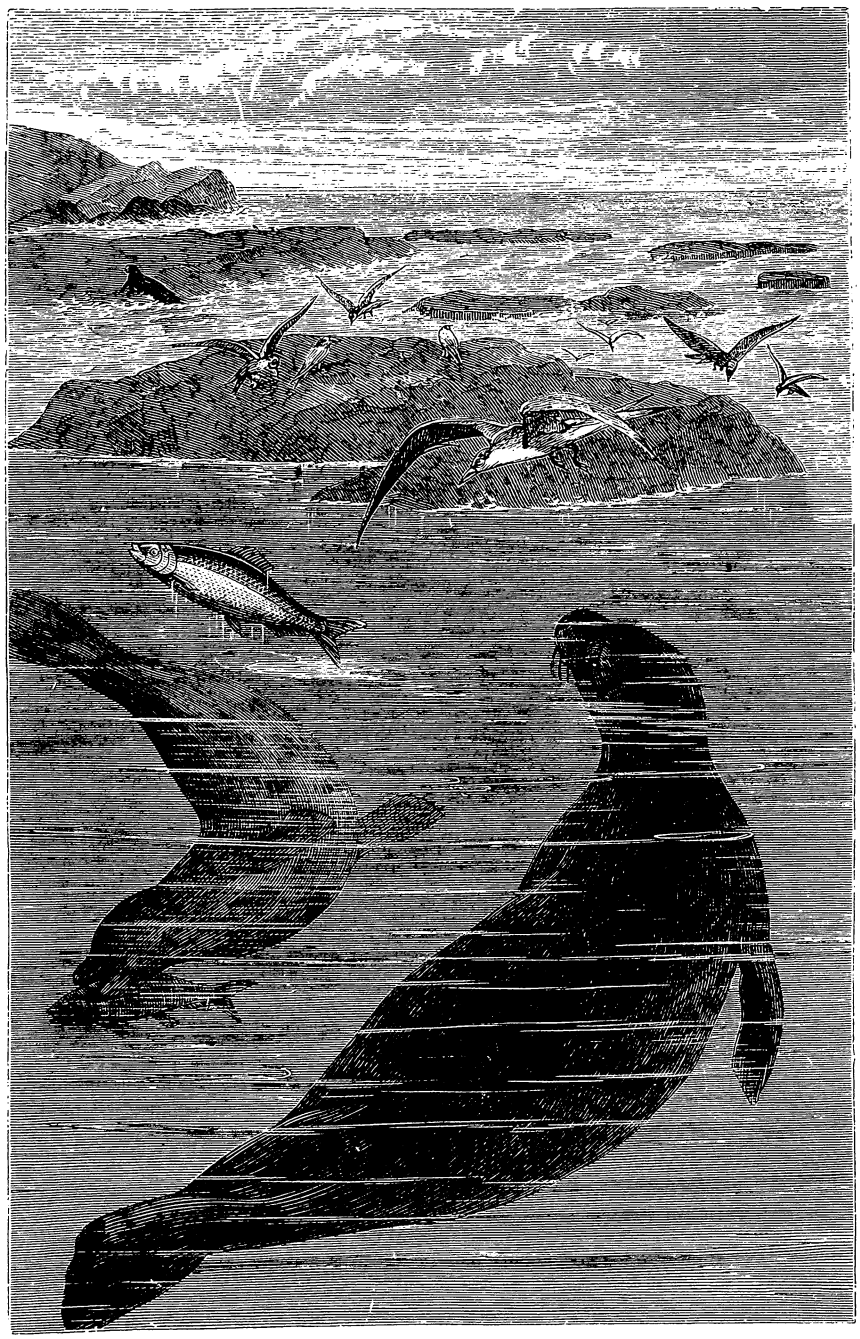
He was a superb-looking Englishman, unexceptionably mounted, and dressed in a style which in that country would be considered a cross between a cricketing and a shooting costume.

"I am speaking, I think, to Mr. ——," said he.

I bowed acquiescence.

"I was in here an hour ago, making some inquiries about a murder which has taken place not far off—saw your name on your baggage, but would not disturb you then. You have not breakfasted, I hope. My name is Welwyn."

I knew the name well—it was that of a high official of the station, and we both belonged to the same service. The result of a short conversation was, that I made the khansamah a present of my breakfast, and had myself and my baggage removed to the house of my new acquaintance.



SEALS CATCHING FISH.—SEE PAGE 215.

Such a charming house it was. Nothing like the dak bungalow, you may be sure. It stood in a garden rich with foliage and flowers. It was of very large size, though it had no upper story, and was surmounted by the usual thatched roof. The rows of open *jilmils* on the two sides presented to view indicated a large amount of interior accommodation, and you could see some of the apartments inside through the *chioks* used to keep out the flies. The front veranda was of enormous size, and peopled by a little colony of servants—chupprassies, bearers, and a couple of ayahs—to say nothing of a native sentry who paced up and down. All rose as we approached and made their salaams, even to a tailor who was seated in a corner engaged with some gauzy articles of female costume. It was a very prosperous-looking mansion in every respect; and the impression was completed when we entered the drawing-room, which was luxuriously furnished, adorned everywhere with flowers, and enriched with works of art upon the walls—objects not very common in the upper provinces of India.

THE STORY OF A CASHMERE SHAWL.—THE THIBETIAN GOAT.

Half reclining on an ottoman was a lady, reading a novel. Such a charming lady! I knew her well by reputation as the beauty of the station—everybody hears of everybody else in India, so that they are in the same presidency. But I was not prepared to find the reputation so well deserved, for ladies are so reverenced among Anglo-Indians that their charms are apt to get exaggerated by description. Not that she was a person to take your admiration by storm. Hers was a pretty little compact style of beauty, and one of her chief charms was a pervading expression of indolence which centered itself in her eyes. But it was the indolence of command, and I soon found that Mrs. Welwyn was thoroughly accustomed to have her own way. She was quite young, I may also remark, and had been only two years in the country.

Her husband presented me in due form, and then hurried away, to make his toilette for breakfast. We were complete friends by the time he returned. I had learned many personal particulars concerning herself, and was placed in possession of a very fair summary of her tastes and opinions; on the other hand, I had imparted as much about myself as to convey a flattering impression, and had of course mentioned, among other things, that I was on my way home to England.

This gave Mrs. Welwyn an idea. During breakfast she said:

"Charles, as Mr. —— is going home, he can take that shawl for Sophie. She is my favorite sister, and you know I promised her faithfully."

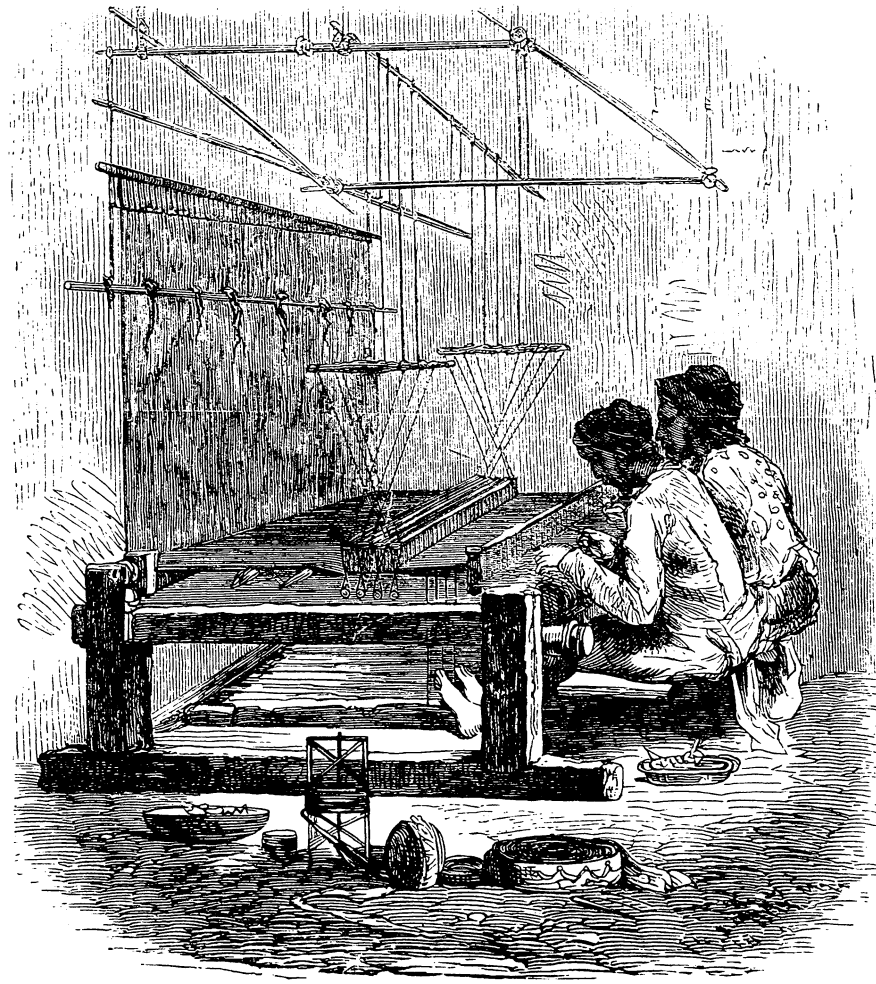
You see this imperious lady did not consider it necessary to request my services.

"That shawl has first to be procured," remarked her husband.

"Oh! that is easy." To a chupprassee who had just brought in a note, "Cashmere ka Kuppra wallah bulao."

"I will see if it is of any use to call him," said her husband; "but I think there is a good man in the bazaar." And he gave some more definite directions to the attendant.

In less than an hour a traveling merchant, well known in the station, made his appearance in the veranda, accompanied by two coolies carrying large bales of



THE STORY OF A CASHMERE SHAWL.—THE WEAVER AT THE LOOM.

merchandise. A great cloth was spread upon the ground, and upon this his wares were soon unrolled and displayed to the best advantage.

I admired one in which I thought the colors were particularly well harmonized. Mr. Welwyn tossed it aside, saying—

"Oh! that is not of the best kind. You see it is worked upon a plain material, on one side. The woven ones—those that have the pattern and the fabric all woven together—those are the best."

"They are certainly the most expensive," said her husband, dryly; "the best of these will cost three thousand rupees."

The merchant nodded his head.

"Oh! speak in pounds," said the little lady.

"Well, three hundred pounds."

And the merchant explained that if specially ordered they might be made to cost a great deal more, the manufacturers being very complaisant in this respect. But you may get a very good woven shawl for a hundred pounds, and prices range below that. A good worked shawl may be had for as little as twenty pounds.

In the course of the conversation that followed—madame was a long time making her choice—I picked up many particulars concerning Cashmere shawls, which I have verified by subsequent reference to authorities. In the first place, they do not all come from Cashmere. A considerable proportion of this manufacture is now carried on in British territory. Between thirty and forty years ago it was entirely confined to Cashmere. But a terrible famine visited the land, and, in consequence, numbers of the shawl-weavers emigrated to the Punjab, and settled in Umritzur, Nurpur, Dinangar, Tilaknath, Jelapur, and Loodianah, in all of which places the manufacture continues to flourish. The best shawls of Punjab manufacture are made at Umritzur, which is also an emporium of the trade. But none of these can compete with the best shawls made in Cashmere itself. This is partly because the Punjab manufacturers are not able to obtain the finest species of wool, and partly on account of the inferiority of their dyeing, the excellence of which, in Cashmere, is attributed to some chemical peculiarity in the water.

The raw woolen substances used in the manufacture of Cashmere shawls and other articles of dress of the same description are six in number. There is, in the first place, the *Pushum*, or shawl wool, properly so called, which is a downy substance, found next to the skin and below the thick hair of the Thibetian goat. It is of three colors—white, drab, and dark lavender. The best kind is produced in the semi-Chinese provinces of Turfan Kichar, and exported, *via* Yarkand, to Cashmere. All the finest shawls are made of this wool, but as the Maharajah of Cashmere keeps up a strict monopoly of the article, the Punjab shawl-weavers have to be content with an inferior kind of *Pushum*, produced at Chatan. The price of white *Pushum* at Cashmere is from three to four shillings a pound for uncleaned, and from six to seven shillings a pound for cleaned.

Next on the list is the fleece of the Dumba sheep of Caubul and Peshawur. It is used in the manufacture of the finer sorts of chogas—a choga being an outer cloak or robe, with sleeves, worn by Afghans, and other Mohammedans of the western frontier. This is sometimes called *Caubuli Pushum*.

Thirdly, we come to the *wahab shaki*, or *Kirmani wool*. This is the wool of sheep found in Kirman, a tract of country in the south of Persia, by the Persian Gulf. It is used for the manufacture of a spurious kind of shawl cloth, and for adulterating the texture of Cashmere shawls.

Next we find the hair of a goat common in Caubul and Peshawur, called *Put*, from which a texture called *Puttoo* is made.

The wooly hair of the camel supplies the material for a coarser kind of choga.

Lastly, we come to the wool of the country sheep of the plains.

The adulteration of the best wool with that of inferior kinds has been largely practised of late years, and dealers have made many complaints on the subject. One of the worst effects of this adulteration is the shrinking of those portions of the garment in which it is employed after exposure to the action of water. In Cashmere there are severe penal restrictions to the practice; and in our own territory a Company or Guild has been formed to authenticate the genuine articles by means of trade marks, the imitation of which may be punished by law.

For the preparation of the shawl-wool great care is necessary. The first operation is cleaning it. This is generally performed by women. The best kind is cleaned with lime and water, but ordinary wool is shaken up with flour. The next process is that of separating the hair from the pushum. It is a very tedious operation, and the value of the cloth subsequently manufactured varies with the amount of care bestowed upon it. The wool thus cleaned and sorted is spun into thread with the common *churka*, or native spinning machine. This is also a process requiring great care. While *pushmeea* thread of the finest quality will sometimes cost as much as ten to fifteen dollars a pound. The thread is next dyed, and is then ready for the loom.

The spinning, like the cleaning, is principally performed by women, of whom, some years ago, no less than a hundred thousand were said to be employed in this manner. Girls begin at the age of ten. They commence their employment at daybreak, working with but little intermission during the day, and sometimes far into the night—especially when the moonlight enables them to save the expense of oil lamps. This is a prosaic state of existence suggestive rather of Manchester than Cashmere—

> "With its roses the brightest the earth ever gave,
> Its temples and grottoes and fountains as clear
> As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave."

In Cashmere there is no ten hours' law, and the "love-lighted eyes" have to hang for very long hours over work for which their owners get poorly paid—albeit the payment is on a regulation scale, and adapted to the mode of life and requirements of the population.

A dealer, called a *Puimungu*, keeps a shop for the purchase of yarn, and he also sends people to collect it from the houses of the spinners, his emissaries giving notice of their approach by the sound of a bell. The yarn is then sold to the weavers. Having ascertained the pattern most likely to suit the market, the weaver applies to persons whose business it is to apportion the material according to the colors required; and when this is settled he takes it to another, whose function it is to divide it into skeins of the necessary proportions. When thus prepared it is delivered to the *Rungrez*, or dyer. When the body of the cloth is to be left plain the second quality of yarn is alone given to be dyed. This is generally of about the thickness of common cotton sewing thread, is of a coarser quality than the yarn used for the cloth, and is prepared for employment in flowers or other ornaments—which are intended to stand higher, and be, as it were, embossed upon the ground.

The first operation of the dyer is to steep the yarn in cold water. He professes to be able to give it sixty-four tints, most of which are permanent. Each has a separate denomination; thus the crimson is called *Gualanar*, the name of the pomegranate flower. Of this dye the best kind is that derived from cochineal imported from Hindustan; inferior

tints are from lac and chermes; logwood is used for other red dyes. Blues and greens are dyed with indigo, or coloring matter made by boiling down European broad cloth. Logwood and indigo are imported. Carmathus and saffron, which grow in Cashmere, furnish tints of orange, yellow, etc. The whiter and finer the fibre of the wood, and the finer the yarn into which it is made, the more capable is it of receiving a brilliant dye; and this is one reason why the fine white wool of the goat is preferred to that of sheep. The occupation of a dyer, I may here mention, is always hereditary.

The yarn next passes into the hands of a person called the *Nakatu*, who adjusts it for the warp and the weft. That intended for the former is doubled, and is cut into certain lengths, anything short of which is considered fraudulent. The number of these lengths varies from two to three thousand, according to the closeness or openness of the texture proposed, and the fineness or coarseness of the yarn. The weft is made of yarn which is single, but a little thicker than the double yarn or twist of the warp. The weight of the weft is estimated at double that of the warp. The *Nakatu* receives the yarn in hanks, but returns them in balls; he can prepare in one day the warp and weft for two shawls. Next comes a functionary called by the alarming name of the *Pennakumguru* (which merely means warp-dresser), who takes from the weaver the yarn which has been cut and reeled, and, stretching the lengths by means of sticks into a band, of which the threads are slightly separate, dresses the whole by dipping it into thick boiled rice-water. After this the skein is slightly squeezed, and again stretched into a band, which is brushed and suffered to dry. By this process every length becomes stiffened and set apart from the rest.

For the warp on the border of the shawl silk is generally employed; and it has the advantage of showing the darker colors of the dyed wool more prominently than a warp of yarn, as well as hardening and strengthening and giving more body to the edge of the cloth. When the border is very narrow it is woven with the body of the shawl, but when broader it is worked on a different loom, and afterwards sewn to the edge of the shawl by the *Rafugar*, or fine-drawer, with the nicety which belongs to his craft. The silk is twisted for the border warp by a person called the *Tabgar*. By him it is handed to the *Alakaband*, who reels it and cuts it into the proper lengths. The operation of drawing, or passing the yarn through the heddles, is performed in the same manner as in Europe; and the warp is then taken by the *Shal-baf*, or weaver, to the loom. The weavers are all males, and they begin to learn their art at the age of ten years. The loom does not differ in principle from the looms of Europe, but is of inferior workmanship. A large establishment has perhaps three hundred looms, which are generally crowded together in long, low apartments. When the warp is fixed in the loom, the pattern-drawer (I will spare the reader more native names), and persons who determine the proportions of the different colors in the yarn, are again consulted. The first brings the drawing of the pattern in black and white. One of the latter, having carefully considered it, points out the disposition of the colors, beginning at the foot of the pattern; calling out the color, the number of threads to which it is to extend, that by which it is to be followed, and so on in succession, until the whole pattern has been described. From his dictation his companion writes down the particulars in a kind of shorthand, and delivers a copy of the document to the weavers.

The needles — which are without eyes — are made of light smooth wood, and have both their sharp ends slightly charred, to prevent them from becoming rough or jagged through working. They are armed each with colored yarn of about four grains weight, and then the weavers, under proper inspection, knot the yarn of the *tuji* to the warp. The face of the cloth is placed next to the ground, the work being carried on at the back, on which hang the needles in a row—differing in number from four to fifteen hundred, according to the lightness or heaviness of the embroidery. As soon as the inspector is satisfied that the work of one line or woof is completed, the comb is brought down upon it with a vigor and repetition apparently very disproportionate to the delicacy of the materials.

The shawls, when finished, are submitted to the cleaner, whose business it is to free it from discolored hairs, or yarn, and from ends or knots. Sometimes he pulls these objects out severally with a pair of tweezers; at others he shaves the reverse face of the cloth with a sharp knife; and any defects arising from either operation are at once repaired. At this stage of manufacture the shawls are sent to the collector of the Stamp Duties, by whom an *ad valorem* duty of twenty-six per cent. is levied, and each piece is then stamped and registered. The goods are now handed over to the capitalist, who has advanced money on them to the manufacturer, and to the broker, and these two settle the price and effect the sale to the merchant. The capitalist charges interest on his advances, the broker a commission varying from two to five per cent. The purchaser takes the goods unwashed, and perhaps in pieces, and the fine-drawer and the washerman have still to do their parts. When partly washed the shawls are taken to the merchant, that they may be examined in respect to any holes or imperfections. Should defects occur they are remedied at the expense of the seller; if there are none the washing is completed. This process is performed in clear cold water, soap being used very cautiously to the white parts alone, and never to embroidery. Colored shawls are dried in the shade; white ones are bleached in the open air, and their color is improved by the fumes of sulphur. After being washed the shawls are stretched in a manner in some degree equivalent to calendering. A wooden cylinder, in two parts, is employed for the purpose. The shawl, folded in such a manner as not to be quite so broad as the cylinder is long, is wrapped round it, and occasionally damped, to make the fold tighter. The end is sewn down, and two wedges are then gradually driven between the two parts of the cylinder at the open extremities, so as to force them asunder, the surrounding folds of the shawl being thus stretched to as great an extent as is consistent with its texture. The piece remains in this state for two days, when it is removed to be packed. The packages are of various dimensions, but they are formed on one principle. The shawls are separated by sheets of smooth, glazed, and colored paper, and they are placed between two smooth planks of wood, with exterior transverse, which, projecting beyond the planks, offer a purchase for cords to tie them together. The whole is then placed in a press, or under heavy weights, for some days, when the planks are withdrawn, and the bale is sewn up in strong cloth. Over this a cover of birch-bark is laid, to which is added an envelope of waxed cloth; the whole being sewn up as smoothly and lightly as possible in a raw hide, which, contracting in the course of drying, gives to the contents of the package a remarkable degree of compactness and protection.

The shawl made in the manner described is one of the two kinds manufactured in Cashmere. The other — the worked as distinguished from the woven shawl—is embroidered on the cloth, with needles having eyes, and with a particular kind of woolen thread instead of the silk employed in the other embroidered work. In this shawl the pattern—which is in every case delineated, but which, at the loom, is read off in certain technical terms from a book—is covered with transparent paper, upon which the outlines of the composition are slightly traced with a charcoal twig, the traced lines being permanently defined by means of pricks

CHASED BY A GRIZZLY.—"DISPUTING FURTHER PASSAGE UP THE RAVINE WAS A GRIZZLY BEAR."—SEE PAGE 222.

from a small needle. The cloth intended to receive the pattern is rubbed strongly upon a smooth plank with a piece of highly-polished agate or cornelian until it is perfectly even and regular. The picked pattern is then stretched upon the cloth, and some fine colored powder, charcoal, or chalk is passed lightly over the paper, and, penetrating the holes, transfers the outline to the cloth underneath. This is next more accurately delineated by some colored powder, rendered tenacious by gum, but readily detached when the work is completed.

The ornaments of shawls are distinguished by different names, as *pala*, *hashia*, *zanjir*, *dhour*, etc., and these are divided into different parts. By the term *pala* is meant the whole of the embroidery at the two ends, or, as they are technically called, the heads of the shawl; the *hashia* is the border, commonly running along the sides; the *zanjir* runs above and also below the principal mass of the *pala*, and, as it were, confines it; the *dhour*, or running ornament, is situated to the inside in regard to the *hashia* and the *zanjir*, enveloping immediately the whole of the field. The *kumbutha* is a corner ornament, or clustering of flowers; the *mattan* is the decorated part of the field or ground. *Butha* is the generic term for flowers, but it is specifically applied when used alone to the large cone-like ornament which forms the most prominent feature of the *pala*—that which is familiarly known in England as "shawl pattern."

Cashmere shawls are of more than one shape. There are the *doshallas*, or long shawls, which are the most esteemed. They are invariably manufactured and sold in pairs. They vary greatly according to the richness of the patterns, all of which are distinctly named, and according to the colors, of which the dyers profess to make upwards of fifty tints. Fine long shawls, with plain fields of handsome patterns, are procurable at about a hundred and twenty pounds a pair, and full-flowered at about a hundred and fifty. The *kussabas*, or square shawls, are more suited to the taste of Europeans, and are made and sold singly. They are also called *roomals*, the loom manufactured being known as *kanee roomal*, and the needle-embroidered as the *unlee roomal*. *Jamewars* form the third great class. They are handsome, striped, loom-wrought fabrics, of rich patterns, of which the French striped colored muslins are printed imitations. The fourth class is called *ulwan*. This is a plain shawl-wool

CHASED BY A GRIZZLY.—"GRASPING MY KNIFE WITH THE ENERGY OF DESPAIR, I SPRANG UPON THE FEARFUL BRUTE."

CHASED BY A GRIZZLY.—"WITH STRONG, LUSTY STROKES I STRUCK OUT FOR THE OPPOSITE BANK."

cloth, woven without flower or ornament. It forms the centre portion of shawls, and is also used for turbans and girdles.

I have already alluded to the cost of Cashmere shawls, but it may be here mentioned that the price of a woven shawl weighing seven pounds, fetching £300 on the spot, may be accounted for in this manner:

Cost of material, including thread	£30
Wages of labor	100
Miscellaneous expenses	50
Duty	70
	£250

The other fifty pounds, it may be presumed, is to be accounted for between the middle man and the merchant.

The demand for the manufacture is necessarily very great in India, where shawls are so largely employed for presents, not only among native chiefs, but by the British Government. It seems, however, according to the latest returns, that the demand has been falling off of late years in Europe. Thus we find that in the year 1850–51 the value of the shawls imported into the United Kingdom was £134,738. In 1856–57 it had risen to £227,907; but in the following

CHASED BY A GRIZZLY.—"WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNED, I FOUND MYSELF SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE GRIZZLY."—SEE PAGE 222.

year (that succeeding the Mutinies) it had fallen off to £171,529. There was a reaction in 1858–59, when it rose to £228,812, but in 1865, the latest date to which the returns extend, it had fallen to £142,916. France appears to have taken only £9 worth of the manufacture in 1850–51; but the value has gradually increased, and in 1864–65 we find it reaching £77,582. The exportations to other countries do not suggest remark, except as regards America. In 1863 the United States took £1,447 worth of shawls; in the following year she took only £27 worth. In 1864–65 the amount rose to £3,148—thanks to shoddy and petroleum.

It has already been mentioned that a similar kind of manufacture to that of Cashmere is conducted in some other parts. Thus in Delhi shawls are made of *pushmeea*, worked with silk and embroidered with gold lace. A very delicate shawl is made of the wool of a sheep found in the neighborhood of Ladak and Kulu. The best wool is procurable in a village called Rampur, on the Sutlej; hence the fabric is called "Rampur chudda." This shawl (*chudda* means literally "a sheet") is of so delicate a texture that even though thick and warm, and of full size, it may be drawn through a finger-ring.

It will be seen from the preceding description of the wool employed in the manufacture of the true Cashmere shawl considerable importance is attached to the fact that it should in all cases consist of the down called *pushum;* but the preference given to the goat-wool does not seem to be merely on account of its superior fineness. These *downs* act as a protection from the intense cold; and it is probable that all the hair-bearing animals in the same regions possess them to some extent. The yak and camel, and even the shepherd's dog, certainly do; and the down of the two former is often found to be quite as fine as that of the shawl-goat itself. Again, the beautifully fine sheep's wool of which the Rampur chudder is said to be made frequently equals in softness that of the goat. The preference given to the latter has probably a great deal to do with its reception of dyes. The down—at any rate as far as the goat is concerned—is taken from the animal when alive, the outer hair being sheared off and the down then removed. The operation is performed in the warm weather, when the down becomes loosened, and the animals themselves, finding it an incumbrance, help to get rid of it by means of their horns, or by rubbing themselves against trees, etc.

A great many of the above facts were discussed during our examination of the shawl merchant's wares in my friend's veranda, the servants looking on with a keen interest in the proceedings; for when once the dealer was satisfied they would not fail to claim their *dustoor*, or little commission on their master's purchase. Fortunately for them this was a transaction to the extent of £300, for Mrs. Welwyn would have nothing but the best article, and Welwyn was evidently not the man to deny her. He gave an order for the money like a hero, and the man departed with many salaams. Welwyn, by the way, might easily have obtained such a shawl as a gift from any of the neighboring chiefs, but Government servants are forbidden to receive presents of any kind, which their ladies naturally consider a great hardship. Upon state occasions, when courtesy demands the reception of presents, they are all paid in by the recipients, like so much money, to the Government treasury.

Welwyn had been in Cashmere, and agreed with other critics of the country in *not* going to the lengths of laudation arrived at by the author of "Lalla Rookh." "It is very fortunate," said he, "that Moore never visited the country, or we should never have had the poem. The scenery is wonderfully beautiful, and the climate one of the most delicious on the face of the earth; but I confess I have never seen the extraordinary beauty of the women—it may be for the reason that applies to India generally, that the best-looking ladies are taken too much care of to be allowed to appear in public. Victor Jaquemont, you may remember, calls Moore 'a perfumer and a liar to boot,' and he could see no beauty in the ladies, nor even in the shawls. But Jaquemont, with all his abilities, had the weakness of never praising what was praised by other people. He liked to invent his own objects of adoration. In one of his letters he tells us that he found 'celestial happiness' in a bunch of rhubarb. Vigine, on the other hand, declares that the beauty of the Cashmere women has not been at all overrated. They are, he says, of course deficient in the graces and fascinations derivable from cultivation and accomplishments; but for more uneducated eyes he knows none, he says, that surpass those of Cashmere."

In the course of conversation Mrs. Welwyn—who took rather a lady-like view of politics—suggested that as Cashmere is such a charming place the English Government ought to take it.

"It would be so nice," she added. "Why, shawls would come to us quite naturally."

The consequence assumed by my delightful friend is not indisputable; but there are a great many people in India

CHASED BY A GRIZZLY.—"I BREATHED A HASTY PRAYER, AND COMMITTED MYSELF TO THE SWIFT-RUNNING STREAM."

who regret that Lord Dalhousie's aggressions did not extend to the land of the "love-lighted eyes." It is not more wrong to take a pretty country than an ugly one, and "Annexander the Great," as Lord Dalhousie used to be called, might possibly have found as good an excuse in the case of Cashmere as he found in some other cases. But there were certain difficulties in the way. In 1846, after the submission of Gholab Singh, and the British occupation of the Punjab, a million and a half pounds sterling was demanded as an indemnity for the expenses of the campaign. The Sikh treasury could not furnish that sum according to agreement, and Sir Henry Hardinge proclaimed Cashmere as annexed by way of a substitute. But Gholab Singh offered to purchase the country of the British Government for a million pounds sterling, and the offer was accepted, the sovereignty being guaranteed to Gholab Singh and his heirs forever. Its annexation would, therefore, in the present day, be attended by some conscientious difficulties, though there are not wanting a few ardent politicians who incline to such a course. The ruler, however, acknowledges the supremacy of the British, and in token thereof presents the Government annually with a tribute consisting of one horse, twelve perfect shawl-goats of approved breed (six male and six female), and three pairs of Cashmere shawls. So there is a chance, supposing that the Maharajah or any of his "heirs forever" should prove refractory, that the paramount power may step in, and that we shall find an opportunity of testing the soundness of Mrs. Welwyn's idea as to "shawls coming naturally," and have the "love-lighted eyes," whatever they may be worth, all to ourselves at any rate.

I have a word more to say about the shawl that has led to the diffusion of so much useful knowledge. I took it home to England, delivered it in person, and brought it back to India with a young lady inside it. That shawl is now my own property; for the lady cannot, according to the law of England, hold any earthly possession in her own right, except some little things that I have settled upon her, as the British Government did Cashmere upon Gholab Singh. I am the paramount power, but she has her own claims as far as these are concerned. The fact is that the shawl was such an excellent introduction to the young lady that she took an immediate interest in me; and I would advise anybody who wishes to acquire personal property in female form to spend three hundred pounds upon the purchase of a Cashmere shawl. The consequence was natural. If the unmarried had been only as nice as the married sister I should have been content; but—well I will not go into particulars. I will simply say that the Cashmere shawl in question made me a happy man. I have reason to believe that Cashmere is properly pronounced Cushmere, and, if spelt according to a recognized system as regards Roman characters, should be written "Kushmir." Never mind. The name sounds ugly, looks ugly, and would never have suited the author of "Lalla Rookh." But they may call the country and the shawl anything they please. What's in a name? Cashmere with any other name would have just as many roses; and its shawls, if called by worse names than *roomals*, would shelter just as pleasant persons —persons with advantages superior, it may be, even to those of that charming Mrs. Welwyn, who is just a little too dictatorial, but whom I have now the privilege, as a brother-in-law, of bullying at my own leisure.

THE heart is, perhaps, never so sensible of happiness as after a short separation from the object of its affections. If that separation has been attended with peculiar circumstances of distress or anger, every misery that has been experienced tends, by the force of contrast, to increase the emotions of delight, and gives to the pleasure of reunion an inexpressible degree of tenderness.

CHASED BY A GRIZZLY.

A NUMBER of years ago the vessel to which I was attached had occasion to put into Newport. During our stay at that noted resort the greater portion of our mess visited the officers at the fort.

Among the gentlemen who had bid farewell to cadet gray for army blue was a Lieutenant Johnson. There was nothing particularly remarkable about the young man, unless it was the strange network of scars disfiguring, in a terrible manner, his face.

Upon inquiry, I found that the unfortunate lieutenant owed his disfigurement to a severe encounter with a grizzly bear. I determined to ascertain the particulars, if possible, and an opportunity soon occurred. It was during a hop given by the gentlemen of the vessel, and while all was mirth and jollity on spar-deck, Johnson and myself stowed ourselves away in a quiet nook of the ward-room, when my army friend, without the least hesitation, reeled off his yarn as follows:

When I graduated from West Point, I could boast of a fair share of good looks. I could not complain of lack of favors from the fair sex then, but now, alas! they seldom trouble me.

My first order from the department consigned me to duty in the Far West, and the fort at Council Bluffs was destined to take the gloss off of my new regulation uniform.

I had not been there but a short time before my curiosity was aroused by the glowing accounts of the abundance of game of all kinds roaming in countless numbers over the great prairie.

Armed with a rifle and bowie-knife, I galloped forth one morning, determined to seek for sport and honors pertaining to the chase independent of my comrades or numerous scouts attached to the garrison. I rode at full gallop out on to the prairie, and to my no small satisfaction succeeded in starting from cover a noble buck. With enormous bounds the beautiful animal started across the prairie, while I, rifle in rest, followed at full speed.

The motion of my horse, and the uncertain movements of the flying deer, rendered it impossible for me to use the weapon with any hope of success.

The chase was a long and arduous one, ending in the animal cleverly giving me the slip.

My appetite was wonderfully sharpened by the gallop I had taken, and at Meridian I was ready to eat anything in the shape of food. I succeeded in knocking over a brace of fine prairie hens, which were quickly prepared for dinner. Quantities of dry grass and decayed matter abounded, furnishing ample facilities for making a fire.

My horse was securely staked by long trail-rope, the animal sniffing the air with a contented sort of whinnying as the savory scent of the fat fowls floated around him.

Near by was a large ravine or gully, through which rushed a foaming, hurrying watercourse. Along the banks were sundry pieces of wood and remains of trees, that would serve to feed my fire in place of the grass that burned quickly.

The passage leading to the watercourse descended abruptly, the sides of which towered above my head, smooth and inaccessible as though walled in with glass. Down this passage I picked my way over the *débris* of rock and trees, filling my arms with wood until I had obtained a sufficient quantity for my purpose.

I was returning up the gorge, my mouth watering in anticipation of the fat hens browning over the fire, when my eyes fell upon an object that drove all thoughts of cookery out of

my head, and sent a thrill of terror to my heart. That object confronting me, disputing further passage up the ravine, was a grizzly bear, the most dreaded of all creatures that inhabit the prairie. He was one of the largest of his kind, but it was not so much his size that filled me with fear as the knowledge of his fierce nature.

The huge brute, with his large yellow eyes, white gleaming teeth, long curving claws, and shaggy hide, advanced a step or two on all-fours, then reared himself up, and stood on his hind legs. He made a snorting sort of noise, not unlike the blowing of hogs when suddenly startled.

There he stood, glaring at me, rubbing his head with his fore-paws, as if deliberating whether to attack me or not. It was improbable to suppose that he would not attack me, for in nine cases out of ten the grizzly is the assailant.

Many Indians and hunters avoid this king of the prairies, unless mounted upon good, reliable horses. If I could only have regained my steed, I would have laughed at the rage of the animal, as a grizzly cannot begin to compete in speed with a horse.

But then I was surrounded by the steep sides of the gully, with the bear in front of me, and the watercourse, which emptied into the Mississippi, in my rear. My rifle I had left by the fire, so that I had nothing with me save a bowie-knife with which to risk an encounter with a brute gifted with wonderful powers of tenacity of life.

There was but one thing to do, and that was to retreat, which I did very quickly, you may depend. The wood dropped mechanically from my arms, and, turning, I made the best of my way over the numerous obstacles to the river. The grizzly, as if startled into sudden action by the decided course I had taken, followed suit by dropping upon all-fours, uttering a savage roar as he rushed after me with open mouth.

Glancing over my shoulder, I caught a glimpse of his great gaunt form, eyes flashing fire, while large specks of foam, dropped from his red, ugly mouth.

It was sufficient to accelerate my pace, and, reaching the bank of the stream, I leaped into the waters with a feeling of desperation. Whether the brute would follow me or not was a question yet to be decided.

With strong, lusty strokes, I struck out for the opposite bank, with no well-defined plan of escape formed in my mind.

A loud splash, followed by the disagreeable snorting, proved that the grizzly was not disposed to give up his prey so easily. The water had no fears for him.

The current was strong, sweeping me down stream at a rapid pace. A sudden thought struck me. Perhaps if I could dive, swim under water with the current, I might throw the ferocious beast off the track. I proceeded to put the plan in operation at once.

Glancing down-stream, I perceived, to my great joy, that the watercourse took a sharp turn to the right. By a little extra exertion I might succeed in gaining the friendly bank, whose sides sloped more gradually to the water.

With a slight effort I sank beneath the surface, swimming with ease and renewed confidence.

The grizzly, at the time of my disappearance, was some rods in my rear, I having gained an advantage while the brute stood hesitating for a moment about making the final plunge.

Borne swiftly on by the current, I soon struck shoal water. Emerging from the muddy stream, I stumbled on, gasping for breath, dashing the water from my eyes.

Without venturing to glance behind me, I scrambled up the steep sides of the bank, hauling myself over the hedge of the crumbling mass by means of a friendly twig.

Then it was I found both time and courage to look after the whereabouts of my terrible foe. Imagine my terror—my utter consternation—when I beheld the shaggy monster just scrambling from the water, having gained the identical point of land upon which I had found a footing.

There was but one chance left by which I could hope to evade the cunning of my ferocious pursuer. It was to gain my horse, which I could perceive out on the level prairie, quietly browsing, as I had left him.

I was always accounted a fleet runner, and you may depend that I exerted myself to the utmost on that particular occasion. Every muscle and nerve, all my energy and strength, I put forth, for I was well aware that my life was at stake.

Whether I would have succeeded or not in reaching the friendly back of my horse has always been a question in my mind, but an accident occurred that placed an entirely different aspect on the chance of that race for life.

My eyes were fastened upon one object as I bounded over the prairie, and that object was my horse. Had I been cooler, more self-possessed, the finale of the affair might have been less disastrous to me. But my feet scarcely touched the soft, spongy earth, spurred on as I was by the incentive for life and an escape from a horrible death, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, I felt myself falling; I lost my balance, grasping wildly at random as I strove to recover myself.

Amid the falling of earth and pebbles, I brought up with a severe shock on the bottom of a sinkhole, common on all our prairies. It was a deep, funnel-shaped pit, formed by the settling of water after heavy rains.

I had scarcely recovered my breath and self-possession, when I became aware that the determined grizzly had scented me out. He was snuffing about the edge of the trap, probably trying to find some method to descend.

Digging his long, curving claws into the sides of the pit, I watched the bear descend with a slow, deliberate motion.

There was no help for it. Fate was against me, and it was my life against his. I had nothing but my bowie-knife upon which to rely; though, fortunately for me, I had sustained no injury from the fall.

Grasping my knife with the energy of despair, I sprang upon the fearful brute, forcing the combat to an issue at once.

I struck out before me, but the next moment I felt myself grappled and held fast. The sharp claws tore up my flesh in strips, his teeth lacerated my face, while his hot, fetid breath, blown full in my mouth, nearly strangled me. One paw was quickly shifted to my hip, while the other rested on, or rather was sunk into, my shoulder. But my knife-arm was free, and, with the strength of a desperate man, I plunged the keen blade between the ribs of my antagonist, searching for the heart at every stab.

We rolled on the ground over and over, covered with blood, gore, and dirt. My eyes were becoming filled with the warm life-current, while my right arm began to grow heavy and stiff.

I was losing my strength, and, summoning all my failing powers, I redoubled the blows of my knife.

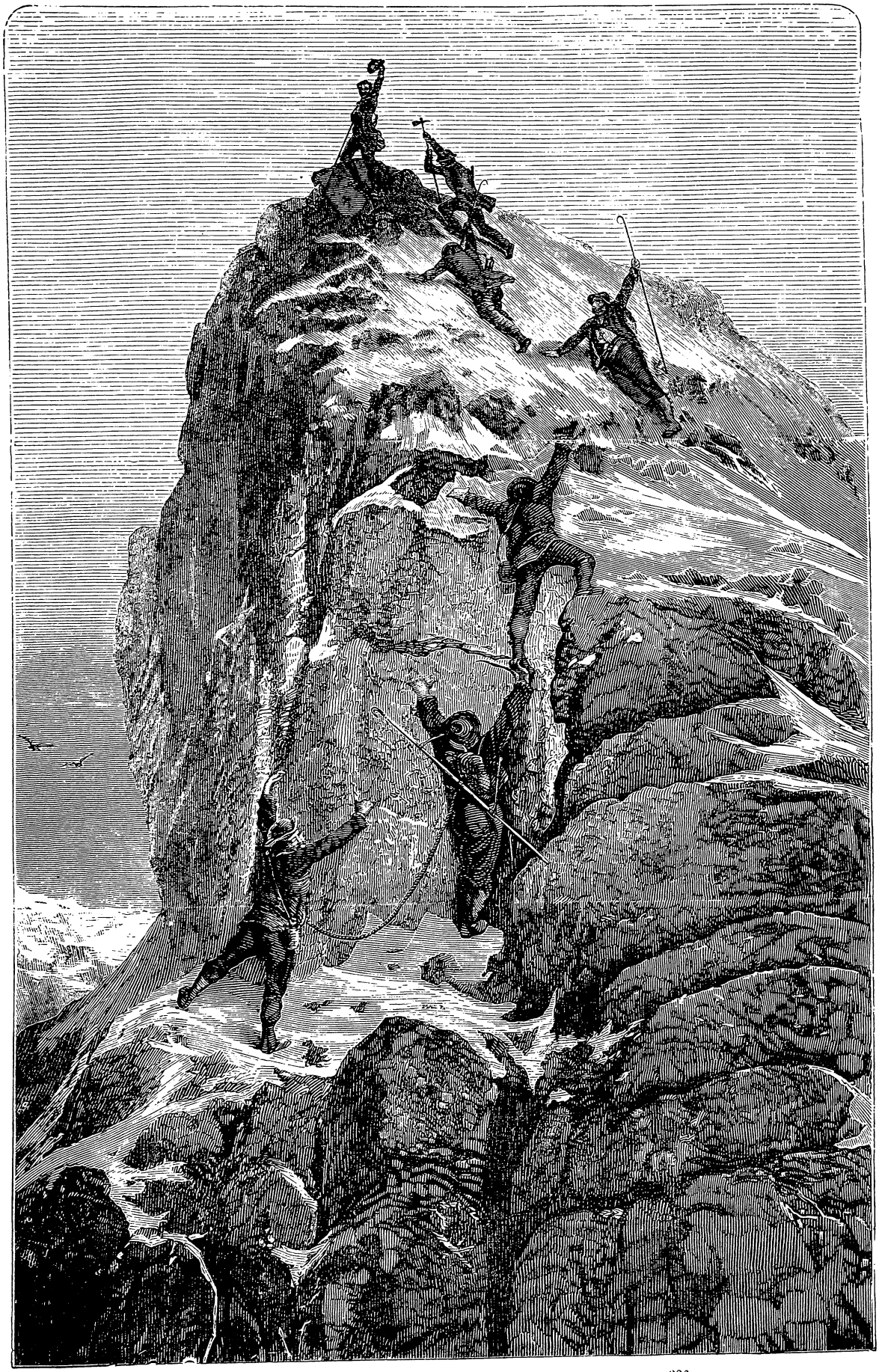
His teeth met in my quivering flesh, the long, gleaming claws dug into my body, while his life-blood spurted in torrents over me. It was about the last that I remember of the combat. From loss of blood and excessive pain I fainted.

Thanks to a strong constitution, I revived; but how long I had been insensible is more than I can say.

When my consciousness returned I found myself lying side by side with the grizzly. He was cold in death, and a fearful struggle it had cost me.

As well as I was able, I cut pieces of flesh from the bear's body, sucking the blood for strength and nourishment.

My wounds, though numerous, did not prove serious, and



THE TRAGEDY OF THE MATTERHORN.—THE SUMMIT GAINED.—SEE PAGE 226.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE MATTERHORN.—THE BREAKING OF THE ROPE.—SEE PAGE 226.

I bound them up, using the tattered remains of my clothes for bandages. Of course, I did not do all in an hour or a day. No, I was too far gone for that.

Two days I lay beside the carcass of that grizzly, cutting meat off his ribs, and eating it raw, before I regained sufficient strength to drag myself up from the bottom of the pit.

As I reached the surface of the prairie, I staggered painfully to my feet, but the pain was too great. I could not use my limbs.

One glance sufficed for me to ascertain the fact that my horse had broken his trail-rope, and had disappeared. In all probability he had been devoured by the wolves that roam over the prairie in vast numbers. But, as it afterward proved, the animal, by some means, had broken away from his fastenings, and galloped back to the fort, which was the first intimation my comrades had of any mishap having happened to me.

Although they started out in search of me, it was a forlorn hope. The old trail had become obliterated, and they were forced to return without having found a trace by which my fate could be determined.

In the meantime I had not been idle. Slowly and painfully I dragged myself along over the prairie, grasping tufts of grass and tough weeds, making the best of my way toward the bank of the watercourse.

The meat of the bear had infused new life and courage to my shrunken veins. I could think as well as ever, but was almost powerless to act.

I had made up my mind that whatever was done I must do myself, without hope of aid from any one except the Almighty, and I had formed the somewhat desperate plan of attempting an escape from my perilous position by means of the watercourse, which I knew full well mingled with the muddy currents of the mighty Mississippi river.

I am afraid my story will weary you. I did not intend to detain you so long with the details; but somehow *I* never tire of relating it. I will be brief, however.

I gained the side of the stream, and found the trunk of an old tree, which I finally succeeded in launching after considerable difficulty.

Binding myself on it as well as possible, I breathed a hasty prayer, and committed myself to the mercy of the swift-running stream.

Rapidly I was borne on, at times whirling about in eddying circles, as I came in contact with strong counter currents, but my course, as a general thing, was almost straightforward.

I made good time on my old craft, which carried me safely on to the bottom of the great river. Then I felt as if deliverance was close at hand.

Soon the fort, with its old, familiar flagstaff, and the high, commanding bluffs on the opposite side of the river, came in sight. With all the strength at my command, I shouted for assistance. My outcries attracted the attention of a sentinel on duty, who waved his cap in token of recognition.

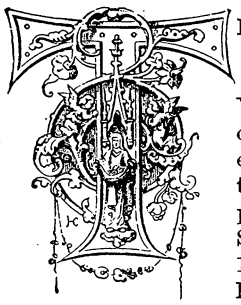
Soon after I had the satisfaction of seeing a canoe pulling off to my aid, and my adventure with the grizzly was brought to a close.

The injuries I had received confined me to my quarters for some time. When I did recover, it was with the scars you see on my face, and numerous others on my body. My beauty, if ever I had any, was completely effaced by the claws of that grizzly, but my heart is as warm as ever. I can honor a friend, and admire a good action.

But, come, the company is breaking up, and I must say good-night. When an opportunity occurs, come over to the fort and see me. You will always find a warm welcome.

CIRCUMSTANCES are the rulers of the weak; but they are the instruments of the wise.

Whymper's Account of the Tragedy of the Matterhorn, in July, 1865.



THE Matterhorn, or Monte Cerino, one of the mountains in the Pennine Alps, between the canton of Valais, Switzerland, and the Val d'Aosta, Italy, is one of the grandest mountain peaks in the world, towering 14,835 feet in height. The pass of Monte Cervino, practicable in Summer for mules and horses, is 11,000 feet high, but the summit was long deemed unscalable. In 1858 and 1859 attempts were made and the Chimney was reached. In the ensuing year English parties reached higher points, and at last a party was organized to reach the summit.

On Wednesday morning, the 12th of July, 1865, Lord Francis Douglas and myself crossed the Col Théodule, to seek guides at Zermatt. After quitting the snow on the northern side we rounded the foot of the glacier, crossing the Furgge Glacier, and left my tent, ropes, and other matters in the little chapel at the Lac Noir. We then descended to Zermatt, engaged Peter Taugwalder, and gave him permission to choose another guide. In the course of the evening the Rev. Charles Hudson came into our hotel with a friend, Mr. Hadow; and they, in answer to some inquiries, announced their intention of starting to attempt the Matterhorn on the following morning. Lord Francis Douglas agreed with me that it was undesirable that two independent parties should be on the mountain at the same time, and with the same object. Mr. Hudson was therefore invited to join us, and he accepted our proposal. Before admitting Mr. Hadow I took the precaution to inquire what he had done in the Alps; and, as well as I can remember, Mr. Hudson's reply was, "Mr. Hadow has done the Mont Blanc in less time than most men." He then mentioned several other excursions that were then unknown to me, and added, in answer to a further question, "I consider he is a sufficiently good man to go with us." This was an excellent certificate, given as it was by a first-rate mountaineer, and Mr. Hadow was admitted without any further question.

We then went into the matter of guides. Michael Croz was with Messrs. Hadow and Hudson; and the latter thought if Peter Taugwalder went as well that there would not be occasion for any one else. The question was then referred to the men themselves, and they made no objection.

We left Zermatt at 5.35 on Thursday morning, taking the two young Taugwalders as porters by desire of their father. They carried provisions amply sufficient for the whole party for three days, in case the ascent should prove more difficult than we anticipated. No rope was taken from Zermatt, because there was already more than enough in the chapel at the Lac Noir. It has repeatedly been asked, "Why was not the wire rope taken which Mr. Hudson brought to Zermatt?" I do not know; it was not mentioned by Mr. Hudson, and at that time I had not even seen it. My rope alone was used during the expedition, and there was, first, about 200 feet of Alpine Club rope; second, about 150 feet of a kind I believe to be stronger than the first; third, more than 200 feet of a lighter and weaker rope than the first, of a kind used by myself until the club rope was produced.

It was our intention on leaving Zermatt to attack the mountain seriously—not as it has been frequently stated, to explore or examine it—and we were provided with everything that long experience has shown to be necessary for the most difficult mountains. On the first day, however, we did not intend to ascend to any great height, but to stop when we found a good position for placing the tent.

We mounted accordingly very leisurely, left the Lac Noir at 8:20, and passed along the ridge connecting the Hornli with the actual peak, at the foot of which we arrived at 11:30, having frequently halted on the way. We then quitted the ridge, went to the left, and ascended by the northeastern face of the mountain. Before twelve o'clock we had found a good position for the tent, at a height of 11,000 feet; but Croz and the elder of Taugwalder's sons went on to look what was above, in order to save time on the following morning. The remainder constructed the platform on which the tent was to be placed, and by the time this was finished the two men returned, reported joyfully that as far as they had gone they had seen nothing but that which was good, and asserted positively, that had we gone on with them that day we could have ascended the mountain, and have returned to the tent with facility. We passed the remaining hours of daylight—some basking in the sunshine, some sketching or collecting, and when the sun went down (giving, as it departed, a glorious promise for the morrow) we returned to the tent to arrange for the night. Hudson made tea, myself coffee, and we then retired each one to his blanket bag; the Taugwalders, Lord Francis Douglas, and myself, occupying the tent, the others remaining, by preference, outside. But long after dusk the cliffs above echoed with our laughter, and with the songs of the guides; for we were happy that night in camp, and did not dream of calamity.

We were astir long before daybreak, on the morning of the 14th, and started as soon as it was possible to move, leaving the youngest of Taugwalder's sons behind. At 6:20 we had attained a height of 12,800 feet, and halted for half-an-hour, then continued the ascent without a break until 9:55, when we stopped for fifty minutes, at a height probably of 14,000 feet. Thus far we had ascended by the northeastern face of the mountain, and had not met with a single difficulty. For the greater part of the way there was, indeed, no occasion for the rope; and sometimes Hudson led, sometimes myself. We had now arrived at the foot of that part which from Zermatt seems perperdicular and overhanging, and we could no longer continue on the same side. By common consent, therefore, we ascended for some distance by the *crête*—that is, by the ridge descending towards Zermatt—and then turned over to the right, or to the northwestern face.

Before doing so, we made a change in the order of descent; Croz now went first, I followed, Hudson came third, Hadow and old Taugwalder were last. The change was made because the work became difficult for a time and required caution. In some places there was but little to hold, and it was therefore desirable that those should be in front who were least likely to slip. The general slope of the mountain at this part was less than forty degrees, and snow had consequently accumulated, and filled up the irregularities of the rock face, leaving only occasional fragments projecting here and there. These were at times coated with a thin glaze of ice, from the snow above having melted and frozen again during the night, still it was a place over which any fair mountaineer might pass in safety. We found, however, that Mr. Hadow was not accustomed to this kind of work, and required continual assistance; but no one suggested that he should stop, and he was taken to the top. It is only fair to say that the difficulty experienced by Mr. Hadow at this part arose, not from fatigue or lack of courage, but simply and entirely from want of experience. Mr. Hudson, who followed me, passed over this part, and, as far as I know, ascended the entire mountain without having the slightest assistance rendered to him on any occasion. Sometimes, after I had taken a hand from Croz or received a pull, I turned to give the same to Hudson; but he invariably declined, saying it was not necessary. This solitary difficult part was of no great extent, certainly not more than 300 feet high; and after it was passed the angles became less and less as we approached the summit; and at length the slope was so moderate that Croz and myself detached ourselves from the others, and ran on to the top. We arrived at 1:40 P. M., the others about ten minutes after us.

I have been requested to describe particularly the state of the party on the summit. No one showed any signs of fatigue, neither did I hear anything to lead me to suppose that any one was at all tired. I remember Croz laughing at me when I asked him the question. Indeed, less than ten hours had elapsed since our starting, and during that time we had halted for nearly two; the only remark which I heard suggestive of danger was made by Croz; but it was quite casual, and probably meant nothing.

He said, after I had remarked that we had come up very slowly, "Yes; I would rather go down with you and another guide alone than with those who are going."

As to ourselves, we were arranging what we should do that night on our return to Zermatt.

We remained on the summit for one hour, and during the time Hudson and I consulted, as we had done all the day, as to the best and safest arrangement of the party. We agreed that it would be best for Croz to go first, as he was the most powerful, and Hadow second; Hudson, who was equal to a guide in sureness of foot, wished to be third; Lord F. Douglas was placed next, and old Taugwalder, the strongest of the remainder, behind him. I suggested to Hudson that we should attach a rope to the rocks on arrival at the difficult bit, and hold it as we descended, as an additional protection. He approved the idea, but it was not definitely settled that it should be done.

The party was being arranged in the above order while I was making a sketch of the summit, and they were waiting for me to be tied in my place, when some one remembered that we had not left our names in a bottle; and they requested me to write them, and moved off while it was being done. A few minutes afterwards I tied myself to young Taugwalder and followed, catching them just as they were commencing the descent of the difficult part described above. The greatest care was being taken. Only one man moving at a time; when he was firmly planted, the next advanced, and so on. The average distance between each was probably twenty feet. They had not, however, attached the additional rope to the rocks, and nothing was said about it. The suggestion was made entirely on account of Mr. Hadow, and I am not sure even if it ever occurred to me again.

I was, as I have explained, detached from the others, and following them; but after about a quarter of an hour Lord F. Douglas asked me to tie on to old Taugwalder, as he feared, he said, that if there were slips Taugwalder would not be able to hold him. This was done hardly ten minutes before the accident, and undoubtedly saved Taugwalder's precious life.

As far as I know, at the moment of the accident, no one was actually moving. I cannot speak with certainty, neither can the Taugwalders, because the two leading men were partially hidden from our sight by an intervening mass of rock. Poor Croz had laid aside his ax, and, in order to give Mr. Hadow greater security, was absolutely taking hold of his legs and putting his feet, one by one, into their proper positions. From the movements of their shoulders, it is my belief that Croz, having done as I have said, was in the act of turning round to go down a step or two himself; at this moment Mr. Hadow slipped, fell on him, and knocked him over. I heard one startled exclamation from Croz, then saw him and Mr. Hadow flying downwards; in another moment Hudson was dragged from his steps, and

Lord F. Douglas immediately after him. All this was the work of a moment; but immediately we heard Croz's exclamation Taugwalder and myself planted ourselves as firmly as the rocks would permit; *the rope was tight between us, and the shock came on us both, as on one man.* We held, but the rope broke midway between Taugwalder and Lord F. Douglas. For two or three seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downwards on their backs, and spreading out their hands endeavoring to save themselves; they then disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhorn glacier below, a distance of nearly 4,000 feet in height. From the moment the rope broke it was impossible to help them.

For the space of half-an-hour we remained on the spot without moving a single step. The two men, paralyzed by terror, cried like infants, and trembled in such a manner as to threaten us with the fate of the others. Immediately we had descended to a safe place I called for the rope that had broken, and to my surprise—indeed, to my horror—found that it was the weakest of the three ropes. As the first five men had been tied while I was sketching, I had not noticed the rope they employed, and now I could only conclude that they had seen fit to use this in preference to the others. It has been stated that the rope broke in consequence of its fraying over a rock; this is not the case; it broke in mid-air, and the end does not show any trace of previous injury.

For more than two hours afterwards I thought every moment that the next would be my last; for the Taugwalders, utterly unnerved, were not only incapable of giving assistance, but were in such a state that a slip might have been expected from one or the other at any moment. I do the younger man, moreover, no injustice when I say that immediately when we got to the easy part of the descent he was able to laugh, smoke, and eat, as if nothing had happened. There is no occasion to say more of the descent. I looked frequently, but in vain, for traces of my unfortunate companions; and we were, in consequence, surprised by the night when still at a height of about 13,000 feet. We arrived at Zermatt at 10:30, on Saturday morning.

Immediately on my arrival I sent to the President of the Commune, and requested him to send as many men as possible to ascend heights whence the spot could be commanded where I knew the four must have fallen. A number went and returned after six hours, reporting that they had seen them, but that they could not reach them that day. They proposed starting on Sunday evening so as to reach the bodies at daybreak on Monday; but unwilling to lose the slightest chance, the Rev. J. M'Cormick and myself resolved to start on Sunday morning. The guides of Zermatt, being threatened with excommunication if they did not attend the early mass, were unable to accompany us. To several, at least, I am sure this was a severe trial; for they assured me with tears that nothing but what I have stated would have prevented them from going. The Rev. J. Robertson and Mr. J. Phillpotts, of Rugby, however, not only lent us their guide, Franz Andermatter, but also accompanied us themselves. Mr. Puller lent us the brothers Lochmatter; F. Payot and J. Tairraz. of Chamounix, also volunteered.

We started with these at 2 A. M. on Sunday, and followed the route we had taken on Thursday morning until we had passed the Hornli, when we went down to the right of the ridge and mounted through the *seracs* of the Matterhorn glacier. By 8:30 we had got on to the plateau at the top, and within sight of the corner in which we knew my companions must be. As we saw one weather-beaten man after another raise the telescope, turn deadly pale, and pass it on without a word to the next, we knew that all hope was gone. We approached; they had fallen below as they had fallen above—Croz a little in advance, Hadow near him, and Hudson some distance behind; but of Lord F. Douglas we could see nothing. To my astonishment, I saw that all of the three had been tied with the Club or with the second and equally strong rope, and consequently there was only one link, that between Taugwalder and Lord F. Douglas, in which the weaker rope had been used.

It is quite unnecessary to enter into the detail of the subsequent very difficult and mournful proceedings. The orders from the Government of the Valais to bring the bodies down were so positive, that four days after the sad events I have just related twenty-one guides accomplished that sad task. The thanks of all Englishmen were due to these brave men, for it was a work of no little difficulty and of great danger. Of the body of Lord F. Douglas they, too, saw nothing; it is probably arrested in the rocks above. No one can mourn his loss more deeply or more sincerely than myself. Although young, he was a most accomplished mountaineer, hardly ever required assistance, and did not make a single slip throughout the day. He had only a few days before we met made the ascent of the Gabelhorn—a summit considerably more difficult, I believe, to reach than the Matterhorn itself.

I was detained in Zermatt until the 22d of July, to await the inquiry instituted by the Government. I was examined first, and at the close I handed in to the court a number of questions which I desired should be put to the older Taugwalder; doing so because that which I had found out respecting the ropes was by no means satisfactory to me. The questions, I was told, were put and answered before I left Zermatt; but I was not allowed to be present at the inquiry, and the answers, although promised, have not yet reached me.

This, sir, is the end of this sad story. A single slip, or a single false step, has been the sole cause of this frightful calamity, and has brought about misery never to be forgotten. I have only one observation to offer upon it. If the rope had not broken you would not have received this letter, for we could not possibly have held the four men, falling as they did, all at the same time, and with a single jerk. But, at the same time, it is my belief no accident would have happened had the rope between those who fell been as tight, or nearly as tight, as it was between Taugwalder and myself. The rope, when used properly, is a great safeguard; but whether on rocks, or whether on snow or glacier, if two men approach each other so that the rope falls in a loop, the whole party is involved in danger, for should one slip or fall he may acquire, before he is stopped, a momentum that may drag down one man after another and bring destruction on all; but, if the rope is tight, this is all but impossible.

HAGER.

BUT you are changed past belief. Why, you great, black-browed foreigner, how will Geraldine ever recognize you, and what will she say when she sees you, directly?"

"Geraldine!" exclaimed Sir Cecil Monckton, turning suddenly toward his sister. "Is she really with you?"

"Of course she is," answered Lady Calderwood. "She came before we received the letters announcing your intended return, however; and it was very fortunate that she did —was it not?"

"Yes; but where is she now?"

"Riding," said her ladyship, curtly.

"Alone?"

"Oh yes. The fact is, we did not expect you for several days yet. Cecil, my darling brother, I am overjoyed to see you."

Sir Cecil bent down and kissed the dear little woman in pink.

HAGER.—" HAGER LEE STOOD BEFORE THE IMMACULATE GENTLEMAN WHO HAD TAKEN UPON HIMSELF THE DUTIES OF ACCUSER AND JUDGE."

"You are the same good Charlotte of old," said he, tenderly—"the same warm-hearted Charlotte."

"Certainly I am, you poor boy."

"So Geraldine is here, is she? Who else is with you?"

"No one—not even my husband. He is on the Continent, and will be absent for several months. But you, Cecil—you will not leave home again?"

"Oh no; I have had quite enough of heathen lands. I shall settle down now."

"That is, you will marry Geraldine, and throw open the old Hall once more."

"Yes; for since the woman I love will not, for my sake, become a wanderer on the face of the earth, why, I can do no less than come to her, and let all business matters take care of themselves."

"I am glad to hear that—those stupid affairs have kept you from us quite long enough, and I——"

"Where is Lucy?"

"Lucy? Oh, Lucy Oswald! Now, that is too bad, Cecil! She is with some friends in Devonshire. She was obliged to go, but she charged me to say a thousand things to you for her. She was really provoked to think that she could not be here to welcome you."

"There was no need for any unpleasant feeling upon the

subject," said the gentleman, with a shrug and a smile. "Let me see—it is five years since I left England, is it not, Charlotte? Yes—five years. Humph! My ward, Miss Lucy Oswald, must not be annoyed about coming to us—do you understand that, Charlotte? Let her remain where she is; we can do without her, I am sure. Does Geraldine like her?"

"Geraldine does not know her. Lucy has not been here for years, for as soon as she quitted boarding-school we started upon our travels. Geraldine, of course, was always with her aunt—that old Baroness Thurl—and it happened that the two girls never met but once, and that was at a ball at Vienna. We returned in January; but since then Lucy has been in Devonshire, with the Wrextons. They are related to her, if you remember. Poor child, she does enjoy life so thoroughly! and she clings to me, Cecil, as if I were a sister. I only hope that she may always be as happy as she is now."

"Have no fear; if she has as much sense as wealth, she will secure a good husband for herself."

"I hope that she may, for she is almost alone in the world. Touch that bell, if you please, Cecil. Thank you—I have left my *vinaigrette* upstairs, and must have it."

"Always a fine lady," laughed her brother.

"Always, my dear; there is nothing in the world I am called upon to pet as I do my poor nerves. Come in, Hager."

A young girl, in a sober gown and snow-white apron, with a dainty muslin cap partly covering smooth rolls of fair hair, now entered the room and crossed quickly to her ladyship's side.

"Ah! you have the *vinaigrette?* Thanks. That is all—you may go now, child."

"A pretty, pale-faced little thing," said Sir Cecil, approvingly, when the maid had quitted them.

"Yes; she is a niece of old Lee, a former servant. A very nice girl she is, too."

"Charlotte, do you like Geraldine?"

"Do I like Geraldine!" echoed Lady Calderwood. "What an abrupt question! Of course I like her. She is the most beautiful creature I ever saw."

"Pshaw! That is no reason why one woman should go mad about another."

"Nor have I gone mad," retorted his sister.

"Do you like her? Answer me, frankly."

"Yes, I do."

"Notwithstanding that she is a coquette?"

"Who told you that of her, pray?"

"I have heard of her in India. The fame of her exploits has reached even that far-off land. Young Jocelyn shot himself for her, and Selwyn threw himself away, and Lord Liddesdale made a fool of himself; and how many more have followed in his lordship's footsteps Heaven only knows—not you or I. Oh yes, I have heard of these and many more comforting little things about my betrothed."

"All that is very sad, I admit; but she could not help it."

"Really? As my promised wife, however, she must consent to change her amusements. I shall insist upon that. By-the-way, is Lord Ormsby at the Abbey."

"Yes; why do you ask?"

"I have no reason. Does he visit you?

"Yes, my dear boy. I hope that you are not going to be jealous—are you?"

"Not the least in the world. How long will it be before Geraldine returns, do you think?"

"She has returned," said her ladyship, as the door of the morning-room opened. "She is here."

She was there, standing in the doorway—a woman of ravishing beauty; tall, flexible, admirably proportioned; with fine, dark eyes, and an inconceivably perfect complexion; features rather large, but good; and black, wavy hair, braided and curled about a well-poised head.

"Geraldine!" exclaimed Sir Cecil, advancing quickly, and taking her hand in his.

"Yes, Geraldine," laughed Miss Waldegrave. "My dear friend, what an unexpected pleasure! We did not hope to see you for a week yet. As soon as I returned from my ride I heard that you were here, and I have not spent ten minutes over my toilet. That is not much time lost in an endeavor to appear irresistibly lovely, is it?"

"It is no time lost at all, protested the gentleman. "Upon my word, Geraldine, I doubt whether I would ever have recognized you."

"What! Am I so changed?" she asked, blushing prettily.

"You are more beautiful than ever—if that could be."

"And you! Why, you look very much older than when you left us. Does he not, Charlotte?"

"You forget that he has been absent nearly five years, my dear," was Lady Calderwood's quiet retort.

"So he has. Sir Cecil Monckton, I am almost afraid of you."

"As you should be; I am fourteen years older than you are. Thirty-six—think of that!"

"Don't!"—with a pretty gesture of affected horror. "Oh, don't speak of ages, please; I never do."

"Very well; but where have you been all the morning?"

"Why, riding, of course."

"Are you as reckless as ever? Do you remember the races we have had together?"

"Have I forgotten anything concerning you?" she murmured, reproachfully, her beautiful eyes raised to his.

"And do you venture out alone?"

"Always; but we will change all that, for I shall have a companion sometimes. My dear Charlotte, are we not very, very happy people now?"

"I hope so," responded her ladyship, with great gravity—"from my heart I hope so, Geraldine."

"Miss Geraldine Waldegrave is a finished woman of the world," soliloquized Sir Cecil, in the privacy of his chamber, that night. "Beautiful, certainly, but, as Frothingham of Cleveden would say, repellent. Besides, what am I to think of the man whom she has promised to marry, and unblushingly breaks one of the Commandments? And Miss Waldegrave did that—she did, by Jove!"

Two weeks had passed. Two weeks—during which time Geraldine deployed a thousand all-conquering charms, and Sir Cecil resumed his old *role* of the confiding adorer. Two weeks of blissful, almost unbroken quiet, wherein these long parted lovers were learning new lessons and gathering up the broken threads of their lives and telling each other, in tenderest tones, of the bitter agony of that cruel separation. Yet never, in all that while, did Sir Cecil, even in the remotest manner, so much as casually allude to the violation of any Commandment by any beautiful woman of his acquaintance.

They had not been entirely alone. There was Lord Ormsby of the Abbey—a quiet, inoffensive, little, old bachelor, who called once upon Lady Calderwood, and dined very ceremoniously two or three times at Calderwood Park, when there were other people to meet him.

"Otherwise our dinner would be a very dismal affair," said her ladyship, confidentially, to her brother, on the first of these grand occasions.

"Quite a funeral feast, I assure you, my dear boy. I would just as soon sit beside a mummy, and endeavor to make it cheerful, as attempt to entertain that Ormsby of the Abbey."

"He seems a very good sort of fellow," decided Sir Cecil. "I am quite convinced that it was a vile slander which linked Geraldine's name with his. He does not think of her—scarcely notices her, in fact."

"Yes, certainly; but do devote yourself to him, Cecil—please try and do something with him."

Obedient Cecil tried, and failed most miserably, for Ormsby of the Abbey met all his advances with a grim civility that was far from encouraging.

"He is a fool," was Monckton's mental comment, before they quitted the table—"a conceited jackanapes. I wonder how, in the name of Heaven, such a creature could have had the marvellous assurance to venture upon a love affair—a poor little manikin, with a hoop nose, and crafty gray eyes and false teeth! What a contrast to—— well, to any woman! But it will be really amusing to watch this charming comedy to the end; and then—well, my friends, he laughs best who laughs last!"

Having sauntered downstairs quite late one morning, Sir Cecil found no one in the breakfast-room but the all-important butler, in whose respectful greeting our gentleman detected a covert reproach.

"Yes, I'm late, Howe," he frankly admitted. "I know it; but the truth is, I've fallen into fearfully indolent habits. Where are the ladies?"

"In the library, Sir Cecil—at least, they were there a few moments ago."

"Very well. Just push that easy-chair this way. There, that will do. Give me a cup of coffee, Howe, and the papers. Thank you. Now I'll endeavor to make myself comfortable for awhile. No, nothing else, Howe—I've a confounded headache, and do not care for anything but this. You need not wait."

"Let me fetch you a trifle of breakfast, Sir Cecil—a round of toast and an egg."

"No, nothing, Howe—absolutely nothing—I will ring when I want you."

And so, slowly sipping his coffee and idly scanning his journals, quite at his ease and undisturbed sat Sir Cecil Monckton.

Presently, however, his attention was attracted by something without, for he arose, and quickly approached the open window, which, like all the others on this side of the building, was densely shaded by great, far-reaching forest-trees and hardy vines.

As he reached it, he plainly saw Hager, the maid, and a dapper little groom, standing only a few yards distant.

They were speaking, but in the lowest tones, and presently, with a furtive glance around, the fellow slipped a letter into the girl's hand, and then walked quickly away.

With a frown and a smothered exclamation, which might merely have been one of astonishment, the watcher tapped lightly upon the window-pane.

Hager started, and looked up.

"Come in to me," was the brief command. "I wish to speak to you."

He was obeyed, for in a few moments Hager Lee stood before the immaculate gentleman who had taken upon himself the duties of accuser, judge, and—if need there should be—moral executioner.

He had returned to his easy-chair, and sat there very dignified and stern, when the culprit entered.

"Be good enough to close the door." She closed the door. "Now, come here." She came, looking trim and neat, in a striped gown of sober hues, with collar, cuffs, and apron all of snowy whiteness, a knot of bright-colored ribbon at her throat, and a tiny cap perched coquettishly upon the smooth coils of her pretty golden hair.

Hager, modest and demure, a soft tint flushing her cheeks, her eyes downcast, and her little hands working nervously at her apron in such a childishly embarrassed manner, that for a moment even astute Sir Cecil was perplexed and confused.

Only for a moment, however, for, with a magisterial "Ahem!" he commenced.

"Hager!"

"Yes, Sir Cecil."

"Who was that person with you just now?"

"It was Martin, Sir Cecil."

"And who is Martin?"

"Lord Ormsby's groom."

"Indeed! And what was Lord Ormsby's groom doing here?"

No answer.

"I ask you, Hager, what Lord Ormsby's groom was doing here?"

Profound silence.

"Is he anything to you?"

"He is not," answered the girl, curtly. But this time she looked her tormentor full in the face.

"Who sends him to you?"

"No one sends him to me."

"Then why does he waylay you in this manner? Now, I have been here but a little while, yet on three different occasions have I seen you together. Once at the spring, once in the park, and, a few moments ago, just there. Why, that fellow must have an object in pursuing you. What is that object? Does he wish to marry you? Will you not tell me, Hager? It does not strike me," continued the gentleman, after another fruitless pause—"It does not strike me that you are the sort of person to whom one might speak of pecuniary considerations; yet, if such a thing might be done, I would offer a great deal to know truly what that rascal wanted."

"That rascal came to me, Sir Cecil."

"Exactly, and what did he want?"

"Excuse me, sir, but I cannot tell you."

"I desire you to understand, Hager, that I interest myself in this matter solely because you seem to be an innocent little thing; and therefore, my dear child, I warn you kindly that the less you have to do with Lord Ormsby, or his groom either, the better will it be for you in the end. Your mistress would tell you the same thing, I fancy. Now, Hager, think for a moment before you go. Is there nothing you wish to say to me?"

"Who? I, Sir Cecil?" opening her blue eyes very wide. "Oh, no, sir—nothing whatever."

"Is Miss Waldegrave kind to you?"

"Yes, indeed, sir; I think that she likes me better than her own maid; but I'm too fond of my lady to quit her for any one in the wide world—even for Miss Waldegrave."

"Humph!"

Sir Cecil arose impatiently, and approached the girl.

"Come now, Hager, be truthful. That fellow gave you a letter. Show it me—nay, let me see the address only."

"But you are mistaken, Sir Cecil, I have no letter."

"No letter?"

He had experienced a certain sense of shame in making this proposition, but that emotion was quite lost in the surge of indignation that overwhelmed him at what he knew to be a direct falsehood.

"Do you tell me seriously that you have no letter, Hagar Lee?"

"Very seriously, I assure you, sir."

"Pshaw!"—turning away with a contemptuous gesture. "There—go! I see that you possess the rarest of all feminine virtues—*fidelity*. Go, girl—go! Do you hear me?"

Obedient Hager lost no time in obeying.

THE LADIES OF LIMA.—PERUVIAN LADIES.—SEE PAGE 235.

"By Jove, they are all alike!" muttered the irate gentleman. "Rich and poor, mistress and maid, they are all alike; and an honest woman is the one grain of wheat amongst countless measures of chaff. Now, Geraldine does not astonish me in the least, for I expect nothing better from her; but that this little creature should possess such sublime assurance—why, it's frightful! No, there can be no doubt about it—this Hager is on the high-road to destruction, and I greatly fear that she has almost reached the end of her journey."

"CECIL, it is not true! I cannot believe it!"

"You may, I assure you."

"And you are really a poor man?"

"Well, I am not exactly beggared; but, beyond the old home, together with a few hundreds, I have absolutely nothing."

"But to have risked your fortune in such a venture—oh, it is dreadful!"

"My dear sister, it does not trouble me at all now; but I wanted to keep the knowledge from you, if I could. And I would have succeeded in doing so, if I had not had some scruples about deceiving you. Now, however, I will see Geraldine, and we will arrange our marriage for an early day, and then——"

"Geraldine!" cried her ladyship. "Cecil Monckton, are you mad?"

"I hope not. Why?"

"Can you think that Geraldine will marry you now?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

THE LADIES OF LIMA.—LIMANIAN LADY PROMENADING.

"Oh, my poor boy! my poor boy!" moaned the little woman.

"See here, Charlotte; to judge by your tones, one would say that there is no hope for me in that quarter. Now, you are unjust, and I will prove it by letting Geraldine know the whole truth immediately."

"Will you?" asked his sister excitedly. "Will you? Then do it, Cecil; do it without delay! Go to her now. She is in the library. Go and tell her all that you have told me, and then—— Oh, Cecil, my darling brother, I don't know whether to laugh or cry. Please—please find her, Cecil!"

He found her—found her in the library—but she graciously put aside her book when her betrothed appeared.

And to her he repeated all that he had told his sister—smoothing nothing, sparing nothing of the humiliating truth, but confessing very meekly how love for her had made him eager for greater wealth, and how, seeking this, he had failed miserably, and past redemption.

"Do you mean to say that you are *poor?*" asked Miss Waldegrave, at last.

"I mean it. Yes."

"But this is beyond comprehension! Why, what are we to do now?"

"Nothing. I release you from your promise; that is, if you desire to be released."

"Oh, of course; but, my dear Cecil, my heart aches for you."

"Does it? You are very good, Geraldine, and I expected such

sympathy from you — still — if you really love me, and think——"

"Don't be foolish, Sir Cecil Monckton," hastily exclaimed the young lady. "This is no time to talk of love, and I trust that, however much I may suffer, I am not weak enough and selfish enough to dream of barring your progress now. No, no, my dear friend; we must be brave, and meet our ill-fortune unselfishly. We must be patient—we really must."

THE LADIES OF LIMA.—A CHICARRERA OF AREQUIPA.

"And you will wait for me, Geraldine?"

"Let time tell," said Miss Waldegrave, with her sweetest smile.

"But you will marry me, some day?"

"Perhaps; I make no rash promises, remember."

"And do you love me? Come, now, Geraldine, tell me frankly whether you love me or not? Have no fear of wounding me. Do you really care for me?"

"No, I do not."

And this was the frankest answer that our gentleman had ever received from Miss Geraldine Waldegrave.

"She is a prudent soul," was Lady Calderwood's sole comment when, an hour later, she was made the confidant of her brother's woes.

"Yes; is she not?"

"Of course you will banish all thought of her now, Cecil?"

"I shall certainly endeavor to do so."

"My poor brother!"

"Pray do not pity me, Charlotte; I am not very hard hit."

"You are right; I should not pity, but congratulate you upon being well rid of a heartless coquette, who never cared the least bit for you. I dread seeing her again."

"You will not be troubled with her long. She returns home to-morrow."

"Does she say so?"

"She does."

"I am glad of that — very glad. By-the-by, Cecil, here is a note from your ward; it was inclosed in a letter to me. Poor little darling! she appears to be enjoying herself vastly."

Sir Cecil received the pink and perfumed sheet somewhat eagerly; but, as he read, his countenance fell.

"So this is from Lucy Oswald, is it?"

"Yes, dear little Lucy! She is a perfect child, you see."

"She is a perfect fool," was the ungallant rejoinder.

"Oh, Cecil! how can you!"

"So she is. There, take the thing!" and dashing down the fragrant missive, he stalked from the room.

The song died away upon Hager's red lips as Sir Cecil Monckton entered the Summer-house, and, gathering up her bits of lace and gay ribbons, arose.

"Sit still!" commanded the intruder. "Sit still! I wish to speak to you. What are you doing there?"

"Arranging a headdress for Lady Calderwood."

"Humph!" throwing himself into a wicker-chair near her. "I request you to resume your seat, Hager. There, that is right. Now, work, and I will talk to you."

THE LADIES OF LIMA.—THE DISGUISE OF THE MANTO.

Then, after a moment of silence:

"You must have a happy heart to sing as you were singing just now."

"I am happy, Sir Cecil," answered the girl, pleasantly; but without lifting her eyes from her work.

"And so am I, for Miss Waldegrave is well on her way to London by this time." Then, abruptly, "will you tell me the truth about that letter, Hager? Was it for you? Mind, I want nothing but the truth. Was it yours?"

"No, Sir Cecil."

"Whose was it, then? What! You will not answer? Must I tell you? Well, it was for Miss Waldegrave, and Lord Ormsby sent it."

"Oh, sir! who told you that?"

"No one. I had always suspected something of the sort, but I was convinced of it when I happened to see those two persons together in the park the very next day. They did not see me, however, so there was no harm done. Now, since I know that much, pray tell me how you ever come to be pressed into their service?"

"Miss Waldegrave asked me to help her."

"And you consented?"

THE LADIES OF LIMA.—LADY ATTENDED BY HER CHOLITA.

"Yes, Sir Cecil."

"Was my sister aware of it?"

"Oh no! I was afraid to tell that to her."

"But why did you deny it to me? Why did you endeavor to leave me under the impression that you were a foolish little girl?"

"Because—because I *was* foolish, I suppose. I don't know. Yes, I do know, too," brightening up, "because I had a promise to keep, and I kept it. It was Miss Waldegrave's secret—not mine."

And then her eyes fell beneath her companion's piercing gaze — an admiring gaze it might have been, for the flush on Hager's pale face improved it vastly.

"She is absolutely beautiful," the gentleman thought, but he only said, very sadly: "My dear child, do you know that I am wretchedly poor?"

"No, Sir Cecil. Are you, really?"

"Yes, almost a beggar. That is why Geraldine Waldegrave has gone home; but before she went she broke her engagement with me. So now, Hager Lee, being once more a free man, I have come to ask you to marry me."

"Sir!"

"There, do not look at me in that manner, Hager," taking her hands in his. "I love you—I swear to you that I loved you from the first moment I saw you. But I could not, in honor, tell you this sooner. I am poor, I know that, my dear, and I am not very young, yet I will care for you tenderly, Hager, and—oh, child, child, for God's sake, speak to me!"

"You are very kind, Sir Cecil," faltered the girl, her cheeks crimson, her bright eyes filled with tears, "but even if you were in earnest—our positions are so different—I could give you but the same answer.'

"And that would be——"

"That would be *no!*"

"Hager!"

"It would be *no,*" freeing herself from his clasp. "Oh, sir, I may be only a simple girl, but I am quite clever enough to know that you are offering me really nothing but that which another has rejected, and I know too that anger, and not love, drives you to madness."

"Is it madness to think of marrying you, Hager?"

"Yes; and all the world would cry out against it. Remember that you are a great gentleman, Sir Cecil, whilst I——"

"Whilst you are a foolish little thing. I will remember it. Now, Hager, you say that I am driven to this by anger. You are wrong. Why should I feel vindictive toward Geraldine? I never loved her. Years ago I fancied that I did, but I heard enough of her, when I was in India, to cure me of that stupidity. And if I heard of her in India, fancy what awaited me when I reached England. Why, child, I came to this place with a full knowledge of her flirtation with Lord Ormsby, and I am quite certain that she would have married him long ago, had she not imagined that I was the richer of the two. Now, however, that she is convinced to the contrary, I am quite willing to wager half of all I possess—which is not much, Hager—that she marries Ormsby in no time at all. Yes, Geraldine is a beauty—that I acknowledge; but she is the most heartless creature imaginable. I do not even like her, Hager, and I know her better, far better, than you do. Do you believe me?"

"Yes, but——"

"But what?"

"But my answer must still be the same—*no!* I thank you, Sir Cecil, if you please—*no!*"

"Is it because I am poor?" asked the suitor, reproachfully.

"No, Sir Cecil."

"Is it because you hate me?'

"No," very faintly indeed.

"Then, Hager, dear, darling little Hager—now be quiet; do not attempt to push me away from you. And there—put your head on my shoulder and look up in my face, and tell me honestly why you detest me in this outrageous manner?"

"But I do not detest you," came in broken sobs. "I love—love you! I do—I do, I love you with all my heart and soul and—strength!"

"And you will marry me?"

"If you wish it—yes."

"Then we will go in and tell my sister of it, immediately."

"Ah, no! please, Sir Cecil—

"Sir Cecil?"

"Please, *Cecil,*" this is in a whisper, "please wait until to-night."

"Why? Surely you are not afraid of her?"

"Oh no! but—ah, do as I ask."

"Very well, we will surprise her to-night, then, my darling."

But before night, just before dinner, in fact, Sir Cecil Monckton was hastily summoned by his sister.

"My dear boy, who do you suppose is here?" she asked.

"I have no idea. Who? Not Miss Waldegrave, I hope."

"No, indeed; it is Lucy Oswald."

"Lucy Oswald? Why, where did she come from—the skies?"

"Of course not. She arrived a few moments ago by the late train from London. Do come in and see her at once."

"Oh, confound Lucy Oswald!"

"Cecil!"

"Well, that girl is a bore, Charlotte; besides, I want to speak to you on particular business to-night."

"You can do that, I am sure, without being so rude about Lucy. Come!"

In the dimly lighted drawing-room sat a little black-robed figure, that arose as the two approached.

"Your ward, Miss Oswald—Lucy, this is my brother, Sir Cecil Monckton."

"I am charmed——"

The gentleman's civil speech came to an abrupt ending, for just here Lucy threw back her heavy vail.

"*Hager!*"

The little black-robed figure held out its hand beseechingly.

"Oh, Sir Cecil, please forgive me! I'm Lucy, but I'm Hager, too. Hager always and forever now."

He caught her in his arms and kissed her passionately

"Hager, my darling!"

"But I tell you it is Lucy," persisted her ladyship; "that romantic little Lucy Oswald, who has been playing at lady's-maid all this while, to know you the better, my dear, as the nursery-rhyme has it."

"Was it for that, Lucy?"

"Yes. I had no idea, though, that any one else would be here but you; so when Miss Waldegrave came first, I could not help myself—it was too late; and I learned more there than I had any thought of ever doing, for that grand young lady selected me as her *confidante* and messenger, but," quite seriously, "I did not betray her. Remember that, please. I would never have betrayed her. You believe me, do you not?"

"I do," declared Lady Calderwood, "and it doesn't matter what Cecil thinks."

"I believe you," said the happy lover.

"And her ladyship knows all about everything. I have confessed my sins to her, so you cannot get me into trouble, Sir. Have I not told you about the letters, my lady?"

"Yes, and have I not scolded you for what you did? Do take off that horrid bonnet, Lucy. There, the truth is, Cecil, this crazy girl won me over to her wild scheme when we were abroad, so I brought her here where none of the people knew her. As my husband was not at home to betray you, you know, everything worked to perfection. And you may believe that I was not going to have my folly exposed to Miss Waldegrave when she saw fit to honor us with her presence. So, now that you have the truth, do tell me whether you really propose marrying Lucy Oswald after all the uncivil things you said of her?"

"If Lucy will forgive me and marry me—yes."

"But, Cecil, if you are really so very poor, what——"

"Nay, I am very rich," interrupted her brother, with a fond glance at the young girl sitting beside him.

"That is quite true," assented Lady Calderwood, "for your man of business, with whom I have communicated, assures me that your affairs were never more prosperous than

at present. My dear boy, you are exceedingly clever, I know, but I fancy that I have outwitted you. Be careful in future, therefore, to arrange your little comedies very differently, if you expect them to meet with great success. Lucy, my child, I am truly sorry to assure you that your fine fancy of laying your money at my brother's feet must be thrown to the winds, for this arch impostor has never lost a penny of his fortune, and is unnecessarily rich, as he is well aware."

"Are you?" asked the girl.

"Yes, dear."

"Ah, how could you!"

There was a marriage soon at Calderwood Park, as you may suppose, and, on the very morn of the auspicious day, Lady Charlotte received the wedding-card of Lord and Lady Ormsby. Their quiet little neighbor had followed Geraldine to her home and married her.

"As predicted," laughed Cecil.

THE LADIES OF LIMA.

OF ALL the cities of South America, Lima has an aspect most peculiar and original. It lies in the centre of a region of earthquakes, and where it never rains, and these two circumstances have impressed themselves on its architecture and aspect. Structures of brick or stone could not resist the severe earthquakes to which the city is exposed, and the buildings are consequently of the lightest materials—little more than huge cages of canes, plastered over with mud on the outside, and frescoed in imitation of stone. They are generally of one story, seldom over two, in height. The roofs are flat, because the absence of rain renders a pitched roof unnecessary. The apparently massive towers and buttresses of the churches are only great wicker-baskets, deceptive combinations of poles and canes tied together with hide-thongs, stuccoed over and painted. Under a brisk shower, such as we often experience on a Summer afternoon, the whole city would melt away, leaving only a withered cane-brake in a gigantic mud-puddle.

Absence of rain and superabundance of earthquakes have, however, not only impressed themselves on the aspect of the city, but also on the aspect of the people, whose habits, and, above all, whose costumes, are modified by these conditions. I might have added that earthquakes have impressed themselves, at times at least, when particularly severe, on the morals of the people. The leading geographer of Peru, whose works are printed at the expense of the nation, solemnly tells us that the probable reason why the number of marriages in Lima, for the year 1860, were 378, as against 285 in 1859, was "because the heavy earthquakes of March and April of the exceptional year had induced many people to change their modes of life."

Women sympathize more readily than men with their surroundings, and are more easily molded by circumstances. *Las Limanas*, the women of Lima, therefore, impress the strangers with their peculiarities far more than do the men, who, as a whole, are remarkably weak and common-place, without any strong individuality. It is said of Lima that it is the "paradise of women, the purgatory of husbands, and the hell of donkeys," an epigrammatic way of saying that the fairer part of creation enjoys in Lima a freedom, and exercise a power, rarely conceded to it in other cities. The nature of that freedom has been hinted at in the couplet:

'En la manana gata;
En la tarde, beata!"

which may be freely translated, "A kitten in the morning, a saint in the afternoon." The secret of the power of the Limañas, if we may credit an enthusiastic young Frenchman, who has been writing about them lately, consists in "their natural grace, fine spirits, ease and elegance of manners, vivacity in repartee, their amiability, the fire of their attachments, their infantile hands, little feet, and profusion of long black hair." It is a wonder our enthusiast omitted to mention their large, deep black eyes—the feature most marked and beautiful in the list of Limañian charms.

We meet the Limaña first in the street, and it is not surprising that she produces on us a favorable impression, for she is a model of grace in her movements. She walks slowly, and puts her foot down firmly, so that the muscles of her pedestrian apparatus, and in sympathy with them those of her whole figure, have full play. She neither trips along on her toes, nor "teeters" off as if she wore wire-springs in the heels of her shoes. The weather is seldom so hot as to make it unpleasant, and, as it never rains, she wears nothing upon her head except the *manto*, a long black shawl, which she throws around her shoulders and folds over her head and around her face, concealing all, perhaps, except her eyes, one daintily-gloved or jeweled hand, rising just above her bosom, holding the whole in place. Sometimes, when the sun is not too fervid, a full, white, braceleted arm may be coquettishly exposed in this service, losing nothing of its ivory brilliancy from contrast with the ebon *manto*. The *manto* may be so worn as to effectually conceal the figure, and to cover the entire face, with the exception of a single dark eye, which, as if conscious of the completeness of its owner's disguise, looks boldly and unflinchingly into yours, never drooping its lashes in unnecessary bashfulness. It is under the protection of the *manto*, thus worn, that the women of Lima visit the theatres alone, or perhaps venture into their friend's court-yard when he gives a ball, to criticise the coming of the parting guest, and pick up food for scandal. The *tapada*, however, for so the Limaña is called who thus effectually disguises herself, is not looked upon with favor in the better circles; for although she may claim the right to perpetuate a custom that was once universal, it is one which has been given up, with common consent, to the *intriguante*, or her less reputable sister. A jealous wife or suspicious mistress may, however, put on the *manto*, and neither husband nor lover suspect before the torrent of an *eclaircissement* bursts upon him, to what vailed goddess he has been paying worship. What may be the relation between the *manto* and the rather portentous fact that in 1860 (the year in which, as we have shown, the earthquakes turned moral reformers) the illegitimate births in Lima numbered 1,650 against 1,330 legitimate, we shall not undertake to say; but it is only fair to add that the illegitimates are mostly among the mixed races, of which Lima affords every variety and the largest abundance.

In days agone, the *manto* was coupled with the *saya*, or a narrow skirt and short, fitting very closely to the figure, and so circumscribed at the bottom as to prohibit anything like "stepping out," however much the wearer might be disposed to walk rapidly. It, however, showed off the little feet, about which the Frenchman has spoken so rapturously. Little feet they are, but dumpy, and by no means gracefully shaped, as the Limañas themselves have been compelled to admit, since Lima secured its present considerable influx of feminine foreigners.

The *tapada*, as we have intimated, is a sort of privileged character; for, in the social ethics of Lima, it is not permissible to remove the *manto* ever so slightly from the face of the wearer. It is *tabooed;* and any forcible interference would just as surely subject the offender to the indignation and severe handling of the populace, as would direct insult to a woman in the streets of New York. Von Tschudi (we

prefer to make him responsible for the statement) tells us that a lady has been known to arrange an *affaire du cœur* with a gentleman in the street, while her husband, standing a few yards distant, conversing with a friend on some matter of business, little suspected that the fair *incognita*, whose graceful figure he was admiring, was his own faithful better-half! It frequently happens, continues our reliable Teutonic friend, that Doña M. obliges Doña D. with the loan of her *manto* for the purpose of hoodwinking a jealous husband —the Doña M. being certain that her obliged friend will do her a corresponding service, on demand. Sometimes a lady may be seen in an old tattered *manto*, such as only the poorest female might be expected to wear; in which case, however, the silk stockings, dainty shoes, or lace handkerchief may betray the rank of the wearer. Sometimes the concealment leads to ludicrous and mortifying mistakes. On beholding a tall, elegant figure, whose symmetrical outline is plainly discernible through every disguise, with a bright dark eye beaming out underneath the sable folds of the *manto*, one may be excused for supposing a Vienna or a Hebe beneath the drapery — but what if an inadvertent movement of the hand betrays the flat nasal organ and the thick lips and wide mouth of an adventurous female mulatto! It is alleged that most foreigners, after due experience with *tapadas*, sternly stipulate, if fortunate enough to engage the affections of a Limaña, that after marriage their wives shall no longer wear the garb so facile of abuses. "How far," observes our ruthless Teuton, "this condition is observed, is best known to their husbands." We doubt, however, if it be known to that fortunate individual at all; nor do we credit the ill-natured allegation, that "the women of Lima never willingly renounce their disguises, which are inseparably associated with customs to which they are heart and soul devoted." Things have changed in the City of the Kings, for such was the proud title of Lima in the days of yore, since Von Tschudi traveled there, and dissected society with a merciless hand.

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

HUSBAND.—"Swear! I guess you'd swear, if you had a razor as dull as this!"
WIFE OF HIS BOSOM.—"Why, it was sharp enough when I cut my corns with it last night!"

We should have explained before that *tapada* is a word derived from the verb *tapar*, to cover or conceal.

In Lima the servants are of the laziest and most worthless description, generally *cholos* (mixed Indian and white), or pure Indians. The negroes, formerly slaves, are relatively few and fast disappearing, in consequence of their vices, of which drunkenness is not the most fatal. The best servants are the Chinese, of which large numbers have been introduced within the last few years. Every household has a superabundance of servants, and no lady is without her *cholita* or *cholito*, a little dependent, whose sole business is to attend to her personal requirements. This little mortal, whatever its gender, does everything for her which a second person can possibly do; and among his or her duties, that of attending madam to her devotions is not the least. The Catholic religion is of course the only one known in Lima; and in Catholic churches all persons high and low, rich and poor, white or black, patrician and plebeian, are on equality before the symbolic cross, and must kneel alike on the bare, cold, and never too clean pavement. The Limaña knows this, admits the principle, but objecting to the cold and dirt, carries with her a mat—thick and soft, and gay in color as a flower-bed — whereon to kneel. This is borne by a *cholito*, who sometimes is fitted out in the garb of the *tiger* of European capitals, with a stove-pipe hat, heavy overcoat, and white gloves. Sometimes the *cholita* does duty for her mistress in the capacity of mat-bearer and propriety-dragon, following respectfully at her heels. Thus accompanied, the Limaña is free to go wherever she pleases, safe from insult or criticism, however diminutive her companion.

Whoever sees the Limaña in the streets, at the opera, or at evening in her own parlor, with her dark hair elaborately piled up over her colorless, wax-like brow, must not fall into the mistake of supposing that she is always regal. Should he inadvertently catch a glimpse of her in the morning, before the hour of fashionable visiting begins, he would probably find her with loose and trailing hair, *en deshabille*, or only with a shawl thrown over her shoulders, squatting on the floor of her bedroom, and eating voraciously a *picante*, not improbably with her fingers, and altogether appearing very unlike the dark-eyed and stately goddess of the parlor in the evening. A *picante*, it should be explained, is a dish in which potatoes and peppers (*aji*) mostly predom-

SOUTHERN SCENES.—CHARLESTON MARKET.

inate, and certainly is not a "dainty dish" one would wish "to set before a king" or any lady of his acquaintance, not blessed with extraordinary powers of digestion. With such a revelation as we have barely supposed to be possible, you will not be surprised that the charming creature you take in to dinner eats less than a canary. With half her contraband consumption of edibles, you would be obliged to go into a severe course of Bantingism within three months.

Society in Lima, unfortunately for the current visitor, is in a transition state. The old, frank and provincial customs of the people, quaint, perhaps, but always genuine, and pleasant if only for their novelty, have mostly disappeared in an unsuccessful attempt at Europization (if I may coin a word), and the people of Lima, the women not excepted, have not the ease of fully-acquired habits, nor that which an ignorance of any except those that are indigenous always bestows. They have ceased to be Limañas, and they have not become French, English, German, or American. Constraint and hesitation, doubt and incertitude, anxiety and timidity, are consequently the prevailing features in the social organization of the Peruvian capital, where society is far less genuine, and consequently far less genial and agreeable, than in Arequipa and Cuzco.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

Charleston Market.

In the early morning hours, when hucksters and purchasers alike begin the "marketing" of the day, few places present a livelier or more picturesque appearance than the old city market at Charleston, the subject of our sketch.

Although now wanting many of the peculiar features which in *ante-bellum* times made it a curious study to the northern visitor, it yet preserves much of its old-time popularity, and, when thronged with buyers and sellers, the busy scene is both novel and interesting. Among the crowd will be seen representatives of many races, and of all shades of color, from the purest Caucassian to the blackest African, all mingling in the most unconcerned way, anxious only to buy where they can buy best and cheapest, or to sell out at the highest figure. Occasionally you will see some sedate old "aunty," like the one in our picture, who seems to have no interest in the trafficking around her, but sits smoking her stumpy clay pipe in meditative contemplation of the scene, apparently indifferent to the prospects of a purchaser for "dem dar geeses."

Pale, sad-looking women, clad in deepest black, still sorrowing for the lost of the great struggle whose wounds are but just beginning to heal, are jostled by laughing, chattering negresses, who date their happiness from the same events that caused the former's misery, and whose attire displays a dozen brilliant, if incongruous hues.

Behind their rude stalls, piled with the myriad fruits and vegetables of this fertile and prolific region, sit the smiling market-women, their shining black faces contrasting strangely with the gay turbans and calicoes of startling and showy colors in which they are clad.

When not actually engaged in waiting upon customers, they laugh and chatter, and play all sorts of practical jokes; which frequently result in mock combats, when they pelt one another with their wares, with a reckless disregard of the prospective profits from their sales.

Nearly all the indigenous fruits and vegetables are offered for sale in great profusion, and usually at prices much below the rates demanded in our Northern cities. The market is supplied chiefly by the negro "truck-gardeners," who have obtained by seizure or purchase small pieces of land within easy reach of the city, and generally having water communication with it. Many of these negro farmers are capitalists in a small way, for the business is very profitable, and they can easily save money. The number who were saving and investing money was at one time considerable, and yearly increasing, but the disastrous failure of the Freedmen's Bank, and the consequent loss of their accumulations, had a very unfortunate effect, discouraging many from any further efforts at economy.

Scarcely any city of the South was more thoroughly devastated by the war than Charleston, but few evidences of the "wreck of war" now remain. Within the last five years the city has been greatly improved and beautified by the erection of many new and costly buildings, while the trade of the city has largely increased. The country surrounding Charleston is noted for the picturesque character of its scenery. Rice and cotton fields, oaks, magnolias, myrtles, and jasmines abound in profusion. The historic palmetto trees—the emblem of the State—have become extremely scarce, and we believe but one specimen is now known to exist within the city limits.

Charleston is connected by several lines of steamers with nearly all the coast ports, and is becoming a favorite stopping-place for Northern tourists, as well as for those who seek recuperation in the balmy climate of Florida. Those who pass it by, or make only a brief stay of a few hours, would find both the city and its people well worthy a better acquaintance, and we counsel all who, in these chilly Winter days, seek health or pleasure in a warmer clime, to take the Palmetto City *en route* at least, and surely they will not regret it.

Early Morning on the Ashley River, near Charleston.

With the change in Southern life, caused by the war, there have grown up around the large cities a class with whom we are familiar at the North, but who under the former system were almost unknown. These are the kitchen gardeners—men of both colors, or of all, if we include the various shades and tints.

As the large plantations have in many cases been broken up and sold off, small farms have been purchased by the more thrifty and industrious whites and colored people of small means, and lands once deemed worthless have thus been taken up at low rates.

Care and industry enable the owners to early vegetables and small fruits for the city markets, and the transportation varies the monotony of work and enables them to see a little of city life, and bring back a store of gossip for the evening chats and wonderful bargains to be displayed as the fruits of their labor and sales; though the purchases are not always judicious—where indeed do the humbler classes show much judgment in buying?—yet the satisfaction is great.

The sketch is not a fancy one, but taken from actual life by a clever artist, who has not sacrificed truth to effect. These scows show, indeed, the very best of these market gardeners, those who aim not at supplying the neighboring market so much as raising the very earliest crops to send to the Northern ports, where nature has not begun to wear the look of Spring, and where, of course, the early produce of the garden comes with a temptation hard to resist, and commands prices that bring a rich harvest to the grower, even after the cormorants of commission agents, middle-men, and freighters have been glutted.

Few Charleston buyers can compete with the speculators who are on the alert to buy up the boat-loads thus brought in by the scows that come paddling down the rivers, with the cheery negro melody stealing through the morning mist. The cargoes are precious, but their life is short; hence the shipping at Charleston is prompt and rapid; there is no Southern indolence there. Every hour tells against the

probable value at the North. At night the scows begin their slow ascent, lighter laden; but, pulling against the stream, there is less rapid progress, and, weary with the day's exertion, the arms do not pull with the vigor of morning.

The poor whites, too, benefit by the change; and even some of the old planters see their advantage in this mode of cultivation, requiring less ground and fewer hands than a plantation, and yielding prompt returns. Emigrants from Europe, too, are drawn to the neighborhood of Southern cities, and Swiss and Germans with a keen eye to a market, and their proverbial thrift and industry, with women and children who all take their part in the labor, form a new element, and, by their superior cultivation, form a model for others.

CALLING BAD NAMES.

THERE once lived in the richest of all kingdoms over which a mortal ever ruled—in Shakespeare's fancy—a certain knight, named Don Adriano de Armado, who wore fine clothes with never a shirt under them, used big words with little sense in them, and, being himself a big, loud man, relied for all his wit upon a tiny serving-boy, named Moth. It was a wonder to some of the Don's friends that Moth had not found his way into the knight's mouth. "I marvel," said Costard to him, "thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus."

That word stands for a cudgel with which many a poor student's brains have cruelly been beaten. It is the gimlet of the social bore. It is the bludgeon of the scientific bully. Who shall venture to touch or to smell plants with such names as Splanchnomyces, Tetragonotheca, Xysmalobium, Zuccagnia, Schivereckia, Pogoyne, Helminthostachys, Chamæmespilus, and Ampelosiccyos, if plants can grow with the disgrace of such names fastened to them, if such words can represent any living thing of beauty in the glory of creation through which we walk daily?

It is time that we left off calling bad names. The flowers of the field have never injured us, we have no right to behave as if we bore them a deep grudge, and to overwhelm them with our scientific Billingsgate. Neither have we any right to seal up against children—our own blossoms—the beautiful story of the lives of their kindred in the gardens and the fields. He who by the sea-shore makes friends with the sea-nettles is introduced to them by the scientific master of ceremonies as the Physsophoridæ and Hippopodydæ. Creatures weak, delicate and beautiful are Desmidiacæ, Chætopterina, and Amphinomaceæ, Pycnogonida, Tenthredineta, Twentysyllableorfeeta, and all for the honor of science; or, rather, not for its honor, but for its honorificabilitudinitatibus. Almost every book of science is a stream alive with alligators, among which no such small fish as a general reader dare swim. We declare war against these alligators. Hunt them down!

It is said that a special scientific language is required, because the words in ordinary use are inexact. A man of science won't know what a primrose means, and recognizes common holly only as the Ilex aquifolium. People in general will never become versed in the pleasant—and, in truth, as to the knowledge of ascertained facts, very simple—mysteries of nature; because the words of the scientific are horseboluses, that we must swallow whole or leave altogether.

A public vehicle, in every day use, may be a cabriolet; but we, who set value on our daily breath, economizing it and time with it, say Cab. The man of science, doubtless, if he lived fairly up to his profession, would stand on the pavement and shout cabrioletificitudinitatibus! In our households, William becomes Will, and Thomas Tom. We like things better for the shortness of their names, and shorten their names for them if we love them well. If we like mutton as well as beef, common food as it is, we never could take it in our mouths as a two-pronged word. Why then do not the modern godfathers of living creatures—birds, beasts, fishes, and plants—brought to them to be named, give them good names by which they may be known familiarly and pleasantly in any home? Why do they brand them with bad names. Whatever else the ladies of Billingsgate may do, they do not give bad names to their own fish. A lobster with them is a lobster, not a Homarus vulgaris.

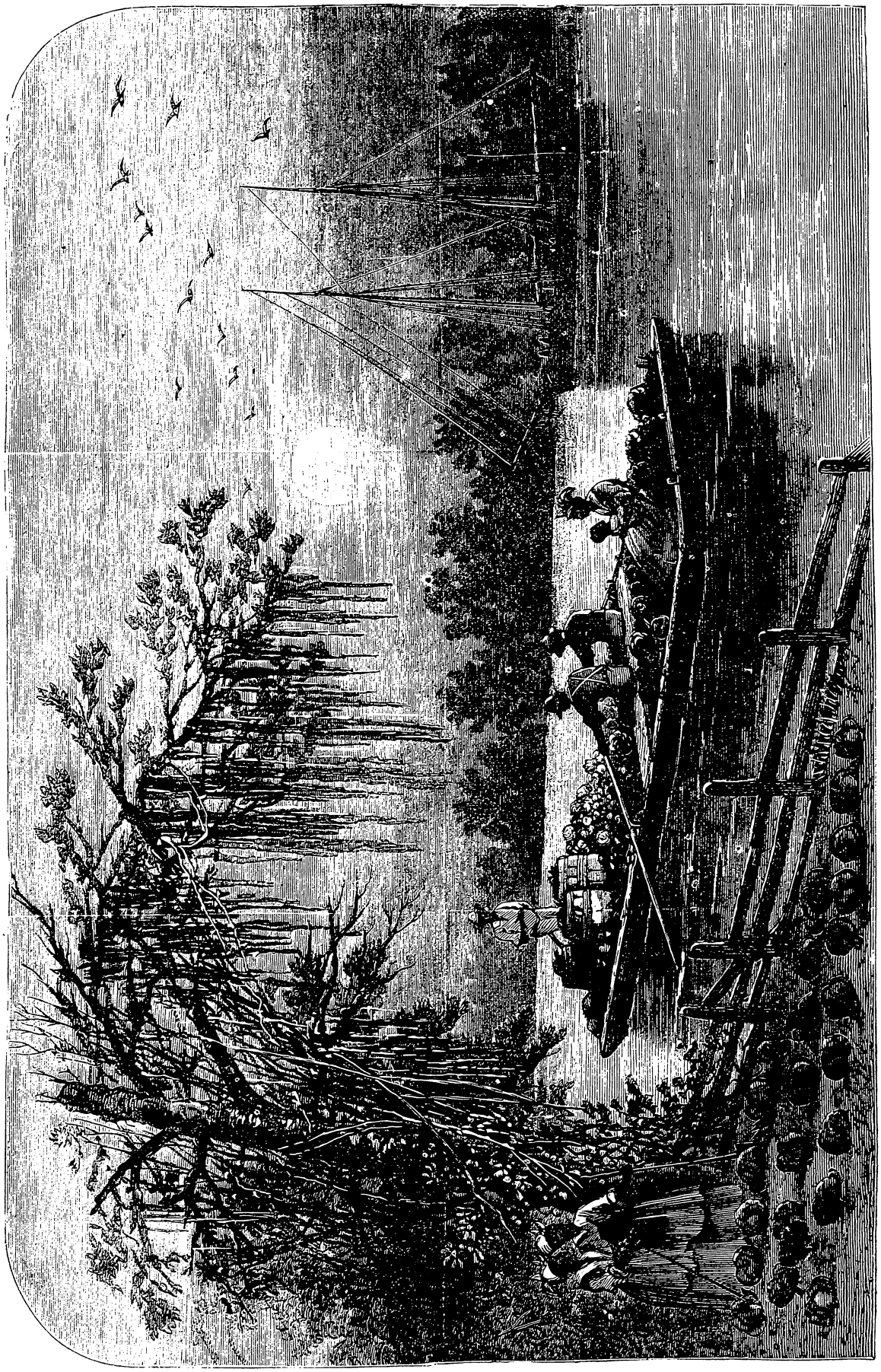
If science must have its Latin nomenclature, let it give us easy English nomenclature for everything in nature that was not named by our forefathers. It is our own good fortune that, when roses and lilies were first talked about, the common people had the naming of them. Rapid extension of that science, which now binds with a chain the two ends of the world together, has made known a vast number of new objects, has laid open the way to a vast number of new thoughts, which are within the perception of all educated men and women, and which cannot remain the peculiar possession of a few. As the general estate of knowledge widens, old ditches of separation must be filled; old hedges and walls must be pulled down. We must weed our estate also of those ugly words which are the tares that choke the wheat in many a field full of rich promise for the people. That such a field grows more than enough for the miller and his men who grind its produce does not satisfy us. There is a whole people waiting to be fed.

It is chiefly in the study of life—in that study which is most fascinating—that men of science are still cumbering us with clumsiness in technicalities of speech. The engineer, whose science men care less to compass, acts on abtruse calculation, and discusses delicate machines, without using hard words to vex the teeth of those about him, and create unnecessary difficulties. He does not in that way deter men from seeking for a portion of his knowledge. He talks simply of cogs, racks, flywheels, pullies, screws, struts, girders. There is no such word or thought as honorificabilitudinitatibus, or Twentysyllableorfeeta at all, in his vocabulary.

Our forefathers once universally applied the system upon which we form such words as blacksmith, shipwright, or fishmonger. They called a library a book-house, and the meeting of a ward, a ward-mote. The Germans still make language for the people in this way; and, while the French and English called the science of the stars from a Greek word, Astronomy, they and the Dutch spoke of it as Star-knowledge.

That the language of science must be universal, and that a dead language is neutral ground on which students of all nations may meet, we know and acknowledge. Yet even Latin or Greek words need not be so used as to insure a toothache to rash strangers who bite on them unawares. We ask, in the scientific naming of things in nature, only for some regard to teeth and human ears; we ask also that second names well fitted for popular use shall be supplied to every object of which men speak in common.

It can be no man's wish, at the outset of any study, to be troubled and distracted by a prolix jumble of hard words. If Mrs. Peachum, in her Cookery Book, had said, "Decorticate the pomarian fruits; incise them vertically and transversely; deposit them in a batina; superinduce a layer of saccharine matter; asperge them with aqueous fluid, and cover them with a crustaceous integument composed of farinaceous particles," only a cook already in her secret could see that she was teaching how to make an apple-pie.



SOUTHERN SCENES.—EARLY MORNING ON THE ASHLEY RIVER, NEAR CHARLESTON.

THE GOLDEN FAIRY.

A FAIRY STORY.

ONCE upon a time there was a very discontented young prince, who was the son of a very amiable queen, but whose father, the king, was very penurious. This often grieved the soul of the good queen, who was an angel of goodness, inasmuch as she could not give as much as she wished to the poor and afflicted.

So she often sighed and said to Prince Bonward, for so the youth was called, "If I had a little more gold, my son, I could do so much good with it!"

But the son was not so good and charitable as his mother, for, indeed, few children are, and he silently said to himself, "If ever I become a man, I will do all I can to make money. Gold is certainly the foundation of happiness." He little knew that it is equally the fountain of sorrow, and that as much misery flows from riches as from poverty.

Full of this longing for wealth, Prince Bonward fell asleep one day in a part of the palace garden, and dreamed all manner of things about gold. He thought he was walking in a golden orchard, where the fruit was composed of the most magnificent rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and amethysts.

In the midst of this glorious delusion, he woke to see only the common trees of earth.

While he was slowly regaining his consciousness, he saw suddenly start up before him a little dwarfish woman, leaning on a stick. He felt instinctively that she was a fairy, and his heart began to beat, while his imagination connected her with his vision of boundless wealth.

While he was gazing upon her, she said:

"My dear prince, I am the Fairy Plutina. I have come to ask what I can do for you. You have only to say what you wish, and I will grant your desire."

Without a minute's hesitation, Prince Bonward said:

"Beautiful fairy, I have only one desire, and that is to be rich. Make me rich, and you will make me happy."

The fairy shook her head, and said:

"Gold is a terrible snare. Think again before I grant your wish."

"I have done nothing," replied the prince, "for months but ponder over the idea, and the wish is now grown so absorbing that I shall die if it be not gratified."

"Be it so," returned the fairy; "and put your desires in your own words."

"I wish that everything I touch may become gold and precious gems; then I cannot fail to be happy."

"HE SAW SUDDENLY START UP BEFORE HIM A LITTLE DWARFISH WOMAN, LEANING ON A STICK."

The fairy then waved the staff on which she leaned three times in the air, and chanted, in a low voice, these words:

"Beauty is a fearful snare;
It is dangerous to be fair;
Power is terrible likewise,
Since it leads to tyrannize;
But the greatest peril still
Is glittering gold, the king of ill."

While she was singing these mystic words, the prince fell off into a profound slumber.

When he awoke, the sun had reached the zenith, and to his eyes everything looked golden.

He rose, and at first considered his interview with the fairy as part of his dream.

Feeling hungry, he rose, and resolved to make the best of his way to the palace.

"A pretty dream I have had; but, alas! it was but a dream, and yet, if I ever felt wide awake in my life, it seemed to me I was then. Why, I shall know that fairy's face from ten thousand!"

On his way to the palace he had to open an iron gate. What was his surprise to find, as he touched it, that the iron was changed into gold—beautiful, bright, glittering gold!

"Am I awake or dreaming?"

He looked around; he pinched himself. He at last became satisfied that he was not dreaming.

His delight knew no bounds.

Bitter was his regret that he could not carry the gate away with him to his private apartment in the palace, but he determined to send some of his attendants for it, and to tell his mother, the queen, all about it, and share with her his riches, keeping his good fortune a secret from his stingy father, the king.

When he reached the palace, he ran up to his own room, and commenced his toilet for dinner.

What was his delight to find that the fairy had not deceived him, for upon taking up his dress he found that his touch had converted it into gold!

He immediately sent his valet to his mother, the queen, to come to his apartment.

When the queen came, he rushed to her, and clasping her hand, he cried:

"My darling mother, we are happy for life!"

The queen's hand immediately became gold. She shuddered and said:

"What is the matter with me? I have no feeling in my hand!"

Prince Bonward then related his interview with the fairy.

At dinner his touch made the goblet of wine change into a golden mass.

The same happened to everything he touched. He was in peril of being starved.

In a state of bewilderment he rushed to his own apartment, and threw himself upon his couch. It also was converted into gold.

That night the fairy came to him.

"Oh, good fairy," said he, "what am I to do? I am dying with hunger."

The good fairy then said:

"My child, how little do we know what is good for us! but pray to Somona Codun and sleep. I will try and save you."

The next morning he awoke, and was delighted to find that she had released him from his insensate wish.

He became reconciled to his lot, and lived and died happy, for he cared only for virtue, and never coveted gold again; but his mother wore a glove all the days of her life to hide her hand of gold.

Chaucer has made the curse of gold the subject of one of his matchless "Canterbury Tales." We give the idea in a condensed shape as a pendent to our fairy story:

"Three travelers found one Summer day
A golden treasure on their way,
But being hungry, they entreat
One to buy something they could eat.
As he went on his way, he said,
'I'll poison well the meat and bread,
So that I can myself possess
The gold which has such power to bless.'
When he had gone, his comrades two
Had the same base designs in view,
And said, 'When he returns, we'll slay
Our friend, and hide him in the clay.'
So, when he brought to them the food,
Their thirsty daggers drank his blood.
Then down they sat to their repast,
But that dire banquet was their last,
And all lay dead upon the ground.
An old philospher who found
Their lifeless forms, exclaimed, 'Thus fate
Punishes the insatiate.
Ill-gotten gold to mortal breath
Is the sure road to shameful death.'"

SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE.

MARTHA WASHINGTON was a refined, thoughtful woman, with a great blending of strength, sweetness, and simplicity in her character. Her life had been one of unceasing benevolence and industry. With the calm self-possession of a Christian lady she entered on her duties as wife of the President, and, officially, the first woman in the land. She did not for a moment think that her dignity depended on mere outward show or the glare and trappings of earthly splendor, for she maintained in her habits and deportment the simplicity of dress and the sincerity of speech for which she had always been remarked.

At first she was almost overwhelmed with the hosts of visitors, many of them idle and frivolous, that she had to receive. This was soon brought into rule. General Washington had a "reception" on Wednesdays, from one to five o'clock, and his wife on Fridays, for the same number of hours. They both agreed to set a strict example as to the Lord's Day, by neither receiving nor returning visits on that *holy* day. The wives of General Greene and Montgomery were associated with the President's wife, and sat by her chair when she had in public to interchange the courtesies of her lofty station, but she dispensed with as much of mere ceremonial and state as possible.

There were, however, some ladies who wanted more splendor, and they resolved to ask a special audience, and try to alter the plans of the wife of their illustrious President.

One morning three fair dames appeared at the Government House; they were dressed out in the utmost gaiety and splendor, as if nature had formed them merely to carry finery and trinkets. Diamonds sparkled in their ears and glittered on their necks. Their hair was puffed out, frizzled, crimped, and tortured in every form but that of nature's elegance. They wore also high head-dresses, adorned with artificial flowers and nodding plumes, and fluttering ribbons, to crown the edifice of hair which fashion then decreed should encumber their heads and brains. Their hands were emblazoned with rings, their wrists encumbered with ruffles, clasps, and bracelets. Stiff muslin rose like foam around their chest and shoulders, and though their rich brocaded silk fell in costly folds about them, and partly hid the pressure that gripped in their waists, yet the pent-up heart had to sympathize with the oppressed brain, overweighted with fashion's load. They came rustling and fluttering into the presence of the lady they sought. She received them in a plainly furnished room, in which she spent her mornings.

With dignified courtesy the thoughtful matron rose to greet her visitors. Her well-filled bookcase—made for use, not show—was behind her chair; her table, with her work-basket and materials for work, before her; and in her hand were her knitting-needles, the useful companions of many lonely hours. Gravely, yet most courteously, she heard the remarks which, with faltering speech, they had come to make. For they did not find it so easy to speak of luxury and display as desirable, when they were face to face with the noble woman who, through years of anxiety and privation, had ministered to the wants and mitigated the sufferings of the soldiers during the terrible struggle for independence. Somehow, their faces soon lost the defiant air and vain simper they had worn when they first entered her presence, and had deepened into seriousness and respectful attention, as the wife of Washington, after hearing them, said:

"Ladies, you came to advise me, and as far as kindness prompted you, I am obliged for the motive, though I cannot act on your suggestions. You are all in the bloom of life. Many years, I trust, are before you. My age, even more, far more than my station, sanction my giving *you* some advice. Dear ladies, suffer the word of exhortation. Should Christian women, honored wives and mothers, be content to aim at no higher glory than that of the insect that glitters in the sunbeam—to be as the firefly, or the humming-bird? You spoke of the greatness of my husband. His dear mother ever looked well to the ways of her household. She taught him to be industrious by her example, for her spinning-wheel spun the clothes he wore from his earliest days; and she, like myself, loved the knitting-needles."

She looked, as she spoke, at her knitting.

"Ladies, during eight years of ceaseless struggle, the women of America—the mothers of the land—spent no money on finery for themselves. They spent all their available means in providing clothing for the army; which, but for that succor, must have perished in our long and bitter Winters. I do not wish to boast; I did only my duty; nay, I know it was my privilege, as Washington's wife, to toil for the men under his command. I always went into Winter quarters with him. In Summer-time I, and his mother, and my friends, were at our spinning-wheels.

Once, in the Winter, I had sixteen looms under one roof, all weaving cloth—coarse, indeed, but warm—for the soldiers of the nation. Trust me, woman was made for nobler ends than merely to display finery, which mars, rather than improves, the graces that nature has bestowed."

"I know," said one of the ladies, thoughtfully, "that Mrs. Sarah Bache, the daughter of Doctor Benjamin Franklin, sold her ornaments, and all that she could possibly spare, to commence a fund, which other ladies in Philadelphia were induced to aid both by hand and purse. They made, I remember, two thousand two hundred shirts, in one season, for the army."

"Yes, dear young ladies, the example of Franklin's daughter influenced the less thoughtful, but not less kind-hearted, ladies of that city. One faithful woman, how much she can do to check the influence of luxury and folly! Our country-women, before the troubles, had grown fond of foreign fashions, and it was feared that, as we depended for luxuries on Europe, the patriotic desire for independence might be checked by a cause so trivial, and yet so dangerous, as the frippery of female fashions. Mrs. Warren, I remember, did good service to the cause of liberty and truth, when, in a poem she wrote, she satirized her country-women's love of dress."

"That poem," said another lady, "was one suggested by the remark of a friend of hers, 'that all articles of foreign commerce should be dispensed with, except absolute necessaries.' I remember Mrs. Warren amusingly put down a fancied list of articles an American lady could not dispense with; I forgot the words, but——"

"I can find them," said the lady President, reaching her hand to a book on the shelves behind her, and, after a little search, coming to the words:

> "An inventory clear
> Of all she needs, Lamira offers here:
> Some lawns and lute-strings, blonde and Mechlin laces,
> Fringes and jewels, fans and tweezer-cases;
> Gay cloaks and hats of every shape and size,
> Scarfs, cardinals, and ribbons of all dyes,
> With ruffles stamped, and aprons of tambour;
> Tippets and handkerchiefs at least three score,
> And feathers, furs, rich satins, and ducapes,
> And head-dresses in pyramidal shapes.
> So weak Lamira, and her wants so few,
> Who can refuse? They're but her sex's due.
> In youth, indeed, an antiquated page
> Taught us the threat'nings of a Hebrew sage
> 'Gainst wimples, mantles, curls, and crisping pins:
> But rank not these among our modern sins.
> *Our* minds and manners are well understood,
> To settle in a stomacher and hood.'"

The poor ladies, as the inventory was read over, looked down at their dresses with dismay. Almost every article enumerated they were wearing. At the reference to the words of the Hebrew sage (Isaiah), there is no doubt those words of the great Apostle of the Gentiles would recur to the mind of each, even if they did not rise to the lips of any, for the Bible had long been the home-book of America. How speaks St. Paul?

"That women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array:

"But (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works."—I Timothy ii. 9, 10.

Impressed, not offended, the ladies left the presence of the noble matron, bearing her words in their minds, and, it is to be hoped, their influence in their hearts; for she gave not merely the precept of the lip, but the example of her life.

Mr. Smythe's Mistake.

By Mrs. Susan Archer Weiss.

"BRIDGET," said Mr. Arthur Augustus Smythe, in a tone of elaborate indifference, "who is that pret—*ahem!*—what ladies are those who occupy the first floor of the cottage opposite?"

"Them, is it?" responded Bridget, as she deviated from her occupation of filling the parlor-lamp to take a view of the ladies in question, seated at their windows. "Oh! one's Mrs. Grantly, and t'other's her stepdaughter, Miss Laura, from Midgeville. They don't get along very well, their Mariar says. Miss Laura, she's jealous of her pa's new wife, and Mrs. Grantly, she don't take to Miss Laura. That's him, I mane Major Grantly, comin' down the sthreet now—that ould gent wid the big black whiskers and fierce looks. *He's* Major Grantly."

Mr. Smythe instinctively drew back a little at this announcement. He hoped the major hadn't caught him in the act of staring at his wife and daughter over the way.

"They appear very quiet," observed he, affecting a yawn. "Never see 'm go out, scarcely—then always with her fa—the major?"

"Oh yes, indade. Her father's as sthrict wid her as an ould Turk, and hardly thrusts her out o' his sight at all at all. An' jealous o' his wife, too, their Mariar says. The ould Blue Beard!"

And Bridget, having filled the lamps, and also unconsciously poured oil upon the incipient flame of Mr. Smythe's passion for his fair neighbor, gathered up her brooms and dusters and departed.

It is possible that, under other circumstances, Arthur Augustus, susceptible and romantic youth though he was, might not so readily have yielded to the charms of the fair unknown. But he had already passed a week at that wretchedly slow little watering-place, to which his rich Aunt Morgan (from whom he had expectations) had insisted upon his accompanying her, and everybody knows the power of love in idleness. It was early in the season, and he was bored to death—wherefore the apparition of a young and lovely girl in that proverbially dangerous position, "over the way," was sufficient to excite in his empty mind and heart an immediate and absorbing interest. At first it had been merely admiration, but now Bridget's hints about a stern father and an unkind stepmother heightened this sentiment into a more tender emotion, and soon a few sly glances from the fair object herself increased it into a fervid and all-absorbing passion. So fair and so unhappy! Powerful appeals to tender and chivalric manhood. And evidently not indifferent to himself—a consideration altogether irresistible. Then, to add further piquancy to the affair, there was the objectionable Mrs. Grantly, a tall and angular lady of thirty or thirty-five, with thin lips, long neck, long nose, and any quantity of false curls, color and graces, for ever sitting at the other parlor-window, and slyly watching him. No doubt she suspected something, and, to disarm her, Mr. Smythe was very particular, whenever he caught her eyes turned in his direction, to pretend that she herself, and not her golden-haired, blue-eyed stepdaughter was the object of his respectful regards.

Thus affairs continued for some days, until Mr. Smythe, from constantly seeing the ladies at their parlor-windows, and by some strange accident always meeting them in their walks, ventured upon a bow to the fair Laura—very elegant

SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE.—MRS. WASHINGTON AND HER VICTORY.—SEE PAGE 242.

MR. SMYTHE'S MISTAKE.—"MISS GRANTLY, WITH A HYSTERICAL SHRIEK, TIPPED OFF THE MUSIC-STOOL, AND LAY ON THE FLOOR. 'YOU SEE, SIR!' SAID THE MAJOR, AWFULLY, POINTING TO THE PROSTRATE FIGURE OF HIS DAUGHTER; 'THIS IS YOUR DOING!'"

and deferential. This being slyly acknowledged, something like an acquaintance seemed established, which looks and glances speedily ripened into what Arthur Augustus considered "a delicious understanding," all the more charming from its secrecy and unspoken ardor. Mrs. Grantly, too, had evidently been "thrown off the scent," for she bowed to him quite graciously, and Laura would bite her lip and glance shyly at her from beneath her long lashes, as if amused at the self-deception. And at length Mr. Smythe felt himself emboldened to intrust to the sympathizing Bridget, whom he was thus far constrained to take into his confidence, a cluster of Parma violets, breathing in their delicious odor the sweet sentiment, "I think of thee." And Bridget, reporting that these had been favorably received, and that Miss Laura had asked her "a power of questions" about the handsome and interesting lodger, Arthur Augustus, in the gushing impulse of the moment, sat down and wrote a most touching and eloquent stanza, commencing:

"I ne'er have heard thine angel voice
Nor touched thy lily hand,
And yet a single glance from thee
Doth all my soul command,"

which proved the commencement of a very tender and confidential correspondence. And so it was, to make matters short, that Mr. Smythe, one quiet Sunday evening, found himself nervously pacing up and down the parlor-floor, awaiting, with such emotions of blissful hope and agonizing despair as only lovers can know, a reply from his Laura to his impassioned offer of his hand, heart, and prospective fortune, his dear aunt's state of health being, as he pathetically hinted, unfortunately extremely precarious.

Thus, pacing up and down the floor, alternately glancing at his watch and peeping through the window-blinds

BRIDGET FILLING THE LAMP.

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS IN THE ACT OF CLEARING THE FRONT STEPS.

at the house opposite, Mr. Smythe was startled by a sudden, sharp, and decisive ring at the hall-door.

Before he had time to collect his thoughts, Bridget appeared and ushered in, to his extreme astonishment, the portly form of his Laura's paternal relative, the formidable-looking Major Grantly.

Mr. Smythe turned pale, and instinctively glanced aside at a table-drawer, in which were deposited his pistols.

"Good evening, sir!" said the visitor, in a deep, firm voice; "a *very* good evening, sir! Mr. —— ah!" (here he pulled out of his breast-pocket an envelope, and glanced at the address), "ah! Mr. Arthur Augustus Smythe, I presume?"

Mr. Smythe feebly acknowledged his identity.

"And this is your handwriting, sir?"

Arthur Augustus in a faint voice admitted that the writing was his own.

Whereupon Major Grantly, carefully unfolding the note, read it aloud very deliberately and distinctly, the wretched author of the same sitting meanwhile on thorns, especially at the passage in which he hinted at the practicability of a secret flight and marriage in case of her cruel parents' disapproval of their union.

"Well, sir," remarked the major, as he concluded, and refolded the touching epistle—"well, sir, I have thought proper, being the lady's father, to make a few inquiries before allowing my daughter to accept your proposal. My wife, sir, Mrs. Grantly, discovered this" (slapping the note, which now lay upon the table) "about an hour since on my daughter's bureau, and very properly informed me of the affair, which she had observed from the beginning." ("The old hag!" muttered Arthur Augustus to himself.) "Imprudent, sir—very!"—here the major frowned darkly and shook his head—"though I suppose that young men will always be young men, ready to commit any absurdity for sake of love."

"I—I am sure, sir," stammered Mr. Arthur Augustus, agitatedly, "my intentions—honorable——"

"Oh, of course, of course! Could I for an instant suspect that you intended trifling with my daughter's affections, or shirking the fulfillment of the proposal which you have herein made"—and the major here frowned so fiercely that his bushy black brows met above his nose, while he impressively tapped his left breast-pocket, in the region of the heart.

Mr. Smythe, who had at the first words experienced a suffocating sensation, now breathed more freely.

The major then proceeded, in a brisk, business-like way, to question him as to his family, prospects, and other important personal items, and finally, pronouncing himself satisfied, shook his future son-in-law cordially by the hand, and proposed that he should immediately accompany him across the way, and be introduced to the ladies in due form. It need not be said how eagerly the invitation was accepted.

It was with a blissfully beating heart that Arthur Augustus entered the apartment where sat his lovely Laura, in company with his future mother-in-law. They were evidently expecting him, for the fair blonde lounging on the sofa looked down, with a smile on her lovely lip, whilst her odious stepmother simpered behind her fan and tossed her false curls girlishly.

As for Arthur Augustus, he was so confused and agitated as to be hardly conscious of what he was about. He had afterward a vague recollection of bowing to a white poodle-dog when "My wife, Mrs. Grantly," was named by the pompous major, and of seating himself in a work-basket, which had been left on a chair near Laura.

He replied vaguely to the remarks addressed to him; and the first observation of which he was distinctly conscious was from the major himself, who now appeared to be in a most amiable and cheerful mood.

"So you prefer old songs. Laura knows a lot; learned when she was quite a gir—ahem! Laura, my dear, give Mr. Smythe 'Will you come to my Mountain-home, Love?' Rather good thing that."

Whereupon the elder of the ladies arose, and wriggliug girlishly to the piano, tossed her curls, and gave a few preliminary spasmodic touches on the keys, as though they were hot and burned her fingers.

Mr. Smythe turned a sudden, startled gaze from her to his host.

"Excuse me, sir, he said, nervously, "but—did I understand you aright? The lady at the piano is—your wife, of course—Mrs. Grantly?"

"Eh? Certainly not, sir!" responded the major, starting in his turn. "That young lady is my daughter Laura, to whom your letters have been addressed."

Mr. Smythe's previously blushing countenance assumed a hue of ghastly pallor.

"I—I really fear, sir," he gasped, "that—that, in short, there has been some mistake—that the lady mistook——"

"*Mistook*, sir!" thundered the major, ominously.

"I mean, sir, simply, that those notes were addressed to—to——"

"To 'Miss Laura Grantly.' The direction was sufficiently distinct to admit of no question or dispute. I have every one of those notes locked in my desk, and can produce them at any moment. Yes, sir—to 'Miss Laura Grantly'; and there she is—my daughter and your betrothed wife!"

"But, my dear sir—my dear madam," faltered the horrified Arthur Augustus, "permit me to say—to explain—that I was under the impression that *this* lady"—bowing to the lovely blonde on the sofa—"that *this* lady was your daughter, Miss Laura——"

"What, sir?" roared the major, in a voice of thunder.

And the true Miss Grantly, with a hysterical shriek, tipped off the music-stool, and lay on the floor, grasping spasmodically at the carpet, as though it had been Arthur Augustus's hair.

"You see, sir!" said the major, awfully, pointing to the prostrate figure of his daughter; "this is your doing!"

"I am sure I am very sorry—I deeply regret; but, in fact, sir," said Mr. Symthe, desperately, "if not your daughter, may I ask who this lady really is?"

"My wife, sir!" howled the injured host—"my wife, sir! and if you do not instantly apologize for this insult to me and her, and the worse than insult to my daughter, I will——"

But Mr. Smythe delayed not to hear the major's intentions, which were, perhaps, rendered sufficiently evident by the latter's seizure of a heavy gold-headed cane, which stood in a corner of the room. And as the outraged husband and father concluded the above speech, Arthur Augustus was in the act of clearing the front steps with an agility of which he would have previously believed himself incapable of performing.

He didn't go across to his lodgings, but, making hasty steps to the railroad depot, sprang upon the platform of the departing train, and was borne away as on the wings of the wind from the awful fate which had threatened to overwhelm him.

He wrote to his Aunt Morgan, explaining to that sympathizing old lady how a dear friend had sent a hasty summons to him to attend his dying bed—a petition which he had, of course, felt himself compelled to obey on the instant—and he promised to return in the course of a few days.

But he didn't return; and it is understood that he is still dodging the major, and that the fair Laura is making preparations for a suit for breach of promise.

A Grass-fire Adventure.

THREE different fires, from as many quarters, were reddening the evening sky, as I and my two brother-officers, and the detachment of soldiers under our command, looked forth from our solitary little outpost on the banks of the Great Fish River.

Within the last few days the Caffres had burst in force upon the colony, marking their track by fire and assagai; the company of Cape Mounted Rifles, who completed our slender garrison, had been sent to the colonists' aid, while we infantry, as being unfitted for such duty, were left to hold the post. But our hearts were with our suffering countrymen; and it was not until those war-lit flames had died away, and the patrol had returned from its midnight round, that we committed our little citadel to its sentinels' charge, and retired to our barracks, which, built in a hollow square, formed also the post's outer wall, its only additional defense being a row of palisades.

Yet no apprehension for our own safety troubled even the faintest-hearted woman within the gate; and we could scarcely believe our senses when, shortly after, we were awakened by the harsh shriek of the Caffre war-cry, and, rushing out, found ourselves beset by a horde of skin-clad warriors, who, concealed by the darkness, had crept, snake-like, along the ground, until, when close at hand, they had bounded to their feet, and, with quivering assagais and discordant yells, thrown themselves against our defenses, hoping to carry them by surprise.

Failing in this design, they fled, though only, as it proved, beyond rifle-range; for daylight revealed to us girt around by a belt of foes outnumbering us by twenty to one. At once we divined the truth that our assailant was some border-chief, who, during friendly visits to the post, had detected its weak points, especially that worst and greatest, the want of water, all we used being brought from a neighboring ravine, between which and us the Caffres clustered thickest. It was soon evident that they had decided not again to attack the post, but, resting on their arms, to await the time when we should either perish of thirst within our walls or fall by their assagais without.

There was indeed but little hope that it would be otherwise. There were none among those hills to bear to Graham's Town the tidings of the siege, and days would elapse ere our next mail was due. Our only chance, and that a faint one, was, that some inadvertence of the Caffres might enable one man to steal through their lines, and hasten in quest of aid. As senior subaltern, I claimed this duty; but so closely were we invested that I almost despaired of ever executing it.

With unspeakable anxiety we watched, while our small stock of water waxed hourly lower. Despite our utmost care, it was all but gone, when, on the third night, a brilliant meteor, darting across the sky, was overtaken by a second, which appeared to the eye to shatter it into atoms. A shout of triumph from the besiegers greeted this infallible omen of success; and in further demonstration of joy, dancing, and music soon filled the Caffre camp, hundreds of feet beating time vehemently to their owners' guttural strains, while the winding of buffalo-horns and booming of calabash drums swelled the whole into a deadening din.

Here was the long-sought opportunity, and, followed by the good wishes of my companions, I started on my hazardous enterprise. Bending almost double as I crept cautiously on from the cover of one hillock to another; when some fire flashed brighter across my way, or group drew unusually near, sinking to the earth with bated breath, yet ever seeking for some unguarded spot by which I might pass out. But it was not till many a danger had been narrowly escaped that a break was found in the living cordon, and still gliding on between the ridges, I left the Caffre circle behind, and rejoiced to find myself free to seek for my comrades' help and rescue.

Our stables and horses were in the Caffres' possession; but a few miles distant was a spot where the spare Cape corps' horses pastured, and thither I hastened in quest of one. Catching the most powerful among them, I speedily equipped him with a bridle and rug-saddle, brought wrapped round me from the post on purpose; then mounting, I took the way to Graham's Town, as a measure of prudence avoiding the path across the hills, and traveling through labyrinths of intersecting ravines and valleys.

This route considerably increased the distance; but well my new steed served me, treading devious breaks in the thorny jungle, fording rushing water-courses, and pushing through steep rocky defiles, where a single false step would have cost our lives, until, ere four hours were elapsed, nearly half our journey was accomplished. My hopes of success were assuming certainty, when some indistinct sound seemed to mingle with the echo of my horse's footfall, and in dread of lurking Caffres, I spurred on faster. But the sound soon swelled into a dreary howl, and then a loud burst of hysteric laughter, and, looking around, I beheld, through the darkness, two fiery orbs, and at once knew that a hyena, that dangerous and wily brigand of the woods, was on our track.

There was no longer need of spur or rein, for, conscious of his danger, my steed bounded fleetly on, but, fresh from his lair, the wild beast's pace was swifter, and each minute he seemed to gain upon us. I did my utmost to scare him off by shouts and yells, and, at the risk of arousing the Caffres, I fired my pistols, but all in vain; unhurt, undismayed, and resolute, our pursuer still held his way.

Suddenly, a second voice joined in chorus, and two more flaming eyes glared on the night. Another hyena had joined the chase, and, to my consternation, I perceived that our peril was more than doubled, for the presence of each other seemed to animate the fierce creatures to yet stronger efforts. I knew that lonely travelers had often been similarly beset; and the remembrance of their adventures was far from cheering. Meanwhile, shrill neighs of terror burst from my horse's lips, as he still plunged madly on; momentarily, more audible grew the headlong rush of the hyenas through the tangled grass, while their reiterated cries rang in our ears like peals of mocking laughter.

It was a race for life or death, and the odds were against us. Nearer and nearer drew our fell followers, as they strove to outstrip each other; nearer and nearer, yelling, howling, laughing at our heels, as if we had been demon-chased.

At length, with a longer bound and a higher leap, the foremost sprang to my horse's haunches, holding on by his enormous claws, and, quick as thought, his companion followed. A loud, wild shriek, quivering through the woods, told the poor creature's agony, as wayspent, wounded, and overpowered, he fell heavily to the ground, his inexorable foes clinging to their prey, and rolling in fierce struggles over him, while, with a thrill of inexpressible horror, I found myself sharing the general downfall.

For a moment I lay stunned and half insensible, helplessly awaiting my expected doom; but in another, to my infinite amazement, I discovered that I had been thrown to some distance by the shock; and rising, found myself not only unhurt, but in no immediate danger, the hyena having neither eyes nor ears save for the victim whose blood they

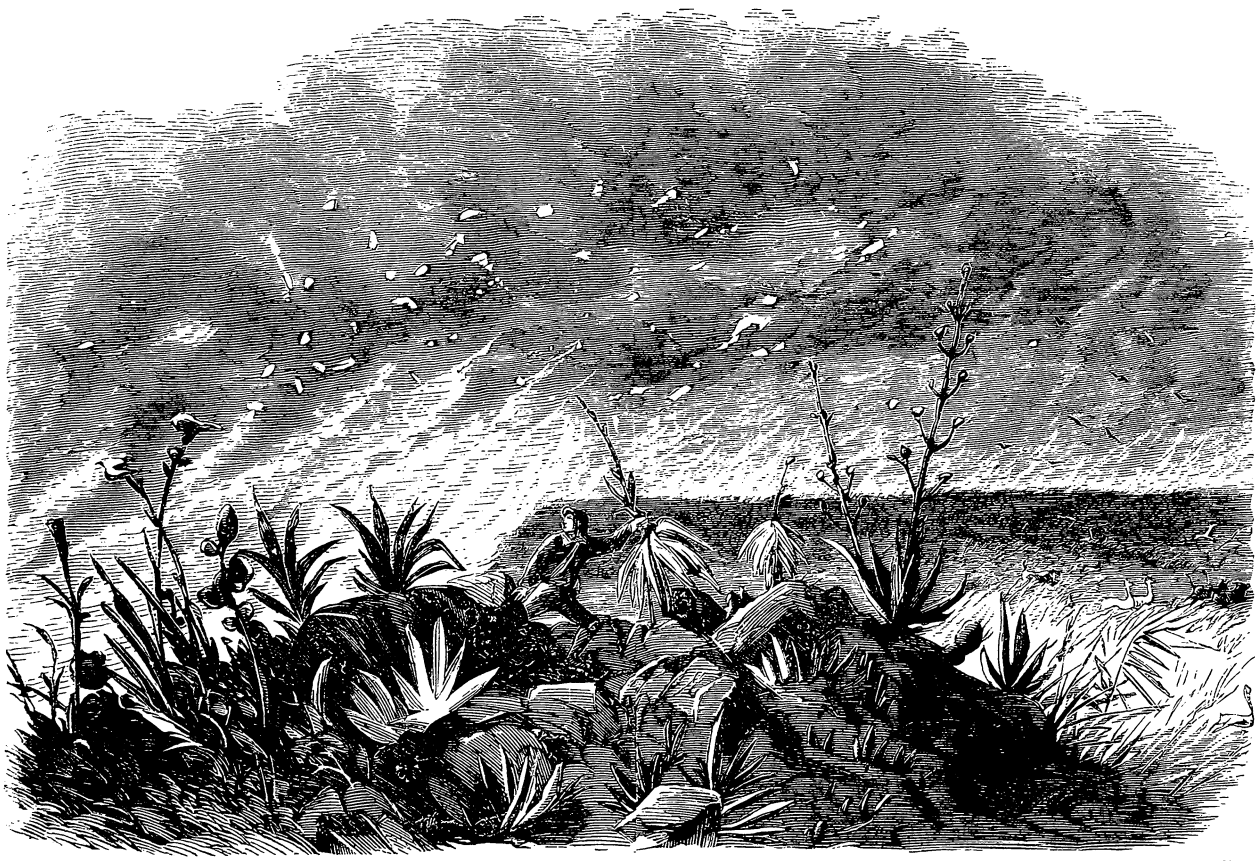
had tasted. It was a horrible scene, and I hastened to terminate it by a brace of bullets. My hapless steed's last breath ebbed as I released him; and with sincere regret for his fate, yet duly and truly thankful for my own unhoped-for escape, I turned away to hasten on my important journey.

But, traveling on foot, I made dishearteningly little progress. The valleys, too, generally lay at angles with my route; and whenever I was compelled to cross the shoulder of a hill, or corner of a plateau, some blackened ruin or abandoned weapon was sure to meet my view, impressing the continued necessity of caution. Thus it was past midday, and I was still some miles from Graham's Town, when, rounding a rocky ledge, I came suddenly in sight of a large body of Caffres, encamped in a valley below. Some expedition was apparently at hand, for each man was sharpening his assagai, or looking to the flint-lock of his rifle; while in the midst, clad in a leopard-skin karosse, and vehemently haranguing his countrymen, was the well-known chief Tyralie, whilom the frequenter of mess and ball-room, but now the colonists' most bitter enemy.

In all haste I retreated, but unfortunately not unseen; for instantly the whole force rose in hot pursuit, while a hue-and-cry rolled up the hill which awakened a hundred echoes. But it was nothing to the outburst of baffled rage with which on reaching the summit the Caffres found that, comparatively fleet of foot, I had escaped to a hill beyond. Rifles and assagais were freely discharged across the intervening ravine, but the bullets fell wide, the flying spears short; ponderous knobberries whirled and whistled through the air, yet with a like ill-success; and then, as if exasperated by failure, rose a deep fiendish howl, heralding a second flight of assagais, and no words can express the extent of my dismay to perceive that each shaft was tipped with fire, an unerring indication that the most fearful device of Caffre warfare was about to be put in execution against me.

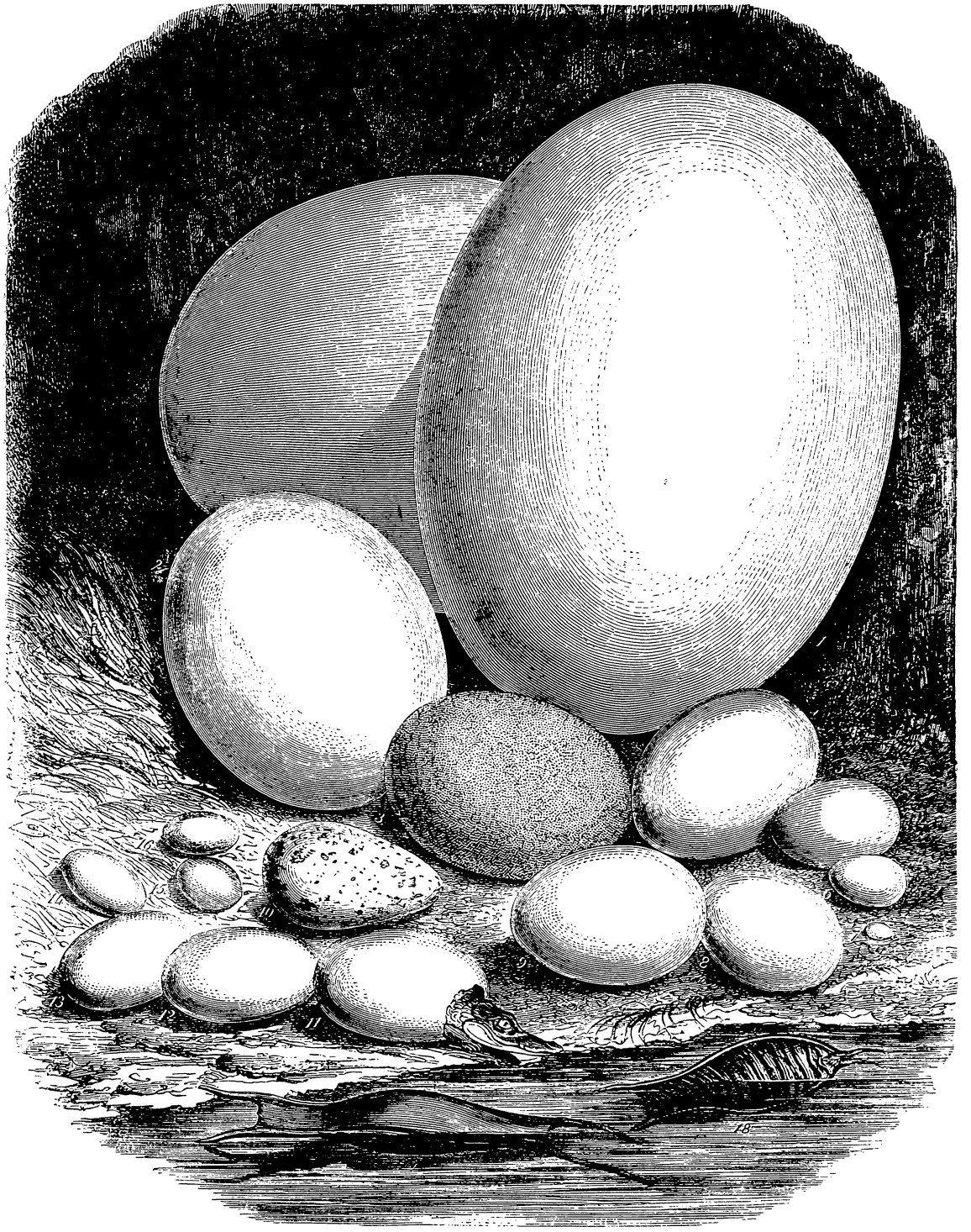
Fanned by their swift passage through the air the spears came quivering down like fiery serpents but a few yards from me. The long prairie grass died almost to tinder by the tropical sun, smoked and crackled beneath their glowing trail; and in another moment a dozen fires were sparkling and leaping along the ground, raising an impassable barrier between me and my pursuers, but at the same time menacing me with a fate more terrible than any their weapons could inflict, and before which even the peril of the past might grow faint and dim. I had but one resource—to turn and flee before this incombatable foe; but when, gaining the ascent, I gave a momentary glance behind, I was well-nigh appalled, for the conflagration had already spread and stretched into a wide field of flames, reddening the steep hill-sides, devastating the ravine to its central stream, and rushing on my track like a fiery tide. The whole wilds on my side of the valley would shortly be ablaze with one of those terrific grass-fires which in that dry climate a single spark will suffice to kindle, and which, taller than a man, rage unchecked and uncheckable over vast tracts of country. All I could do was again to flee; but my breathless race was no more for life, but to delay the death no human effort could finally avert. It was a frightful doom to anticipate; and as I still toiled through the cumbrous grass, visions of my distant home and its loved inmates, thoughts of the beleaguered comrades whose fate would be scarce less miserable than mine, pressed on me with inexpressible distress and pain.

Meanwhile, stronger, louder, and fiercer, the mighty conflagration swept on, running in fiery streams along the parched-up herbage, igniting the thickets, exploding in volleys of sparks from out the brushwood, and rolling along in thick clouds of smoke. Quaggas, antelopes, nay, even snakes and lizards, fled before its scorching breath, and despairing and weary, I followed in their rear. Sud-



A GRASS-FIRE ADVENTURE.—"AT LENGTH, JUST AS THE FLAMES TOUCHED MY HEELS, I GAINED THE ROCK, AND WAS, AS I HOPED—SAVED."

denly, through the circling smoke, I perceived one of those strange, crater-like mounds of rock so frequent in the African wilds. Could I but gain its shelter, my case might be less desperate; and with renewed energy I strove to reach it · but my strength was almost gone; my breath came fast, and my feet faltered in their eager course, while the flames rolled after me with redoubled speed, and more than once I felt as if I must yet sink to the earth, and yield passively to the fate whose only consolation was, that it would be as brief as terrible. No words can tell the intense suspense of those few minutes—the swift rushing blasts of heated air, the swelling tumult of the following surges, telling how near grew the destroyer, while yet far ahead was the little ark in which there might be safety. At length, just as the flames touched my heels, I gained its base; to scramble up the rugged ascent was the work of a moment; then, panting and prayerful, I sank down in its shallow basin, as I hoped, saved.



INSIDE AN EGGSHELL.—THE COMPARATIVE SIZES AND SHAPES OF EGGS.—SEE PAGE 250.

1. Epyornis. 2. Ostrich. 3. Cassowary. 4. Wild Swan. 5. Hen. 6. Pigeon. 7. Humming-bird. 8. Eagle. 9. Vulture. 10. Penguin. 11. Crocodile. 12. Python. 13. Fresh-water Turtle. 14. St. Lucia Boa. 15. Acnoides Turtle. 16. Ophidian. 17. Shark. 18. Ray.

And so it proved. The fire swept and surged around the stony islet, scathing its guardian aloes, devouring the sparse

herbage in its interstices, and almost suffocating me with its dense mases of smoke, then passed on its devastating career until it should be stopped by some interposing stream. Ere long, the denuded ground cooled sufficiently, and descending from the mound, I soon reached Graham's Town, whose rampart of rocky hills protected it from danger. The following night, I found one of the five hundred men who relieved the besieged outpost and escorted its inmates back to safety, lighted on our way by the Caffre-lit flames of our recent home and of all our worldly goods. Many, since then, have been the perils of my military life, but none recall a more thrilling memory than those of the journey ending with that Grass-fire Adventure.

INSIDE AN EGGSHELL.

RDER prevails so wonderfully and so beautifully in all nature's works, that it appears to us marvelous, indeed, that persons can be found who can doubt that the hand who made them is divine. Indeed, the whole scheme of nature is so well adapted to the physical wants of both man and animal, supplying them with that which is necessary for their comfort in all the different regions of the earth, that it would be impossible for mere chance to have produced a scheme so perfect. It is not, however, to convince the sceptical that we write, but to call the attention of the unthinking to a few of nature's most wonderful works; which, so far from their being out of th reach of ordinary persons, are to be seen chiefly in connection with those things which are most familiar to us.

As our knowledge becomes extended, we see more fully how completely and accurately everything in nature works, and each step we advance on the road shows us how intimately all things are connected one with the other, so that the necessity of all that happens becomes more and more evident, and we see more clearly the wisdom of each contrivance.

Among the more curious studies which present themselves to the observant mind, is that of the production of a chicken from an egg. If we think but for a moment, we cannot fail to see that it is one of the most wonderful in nature. We all know that by the process of incubation—that is, by the application of heat, aided by the influence of atmospheric air—we obtain from the interior of the shell a chicken, which, though when first hatched is only partially developed, is yet sufficiently so to produce the fully developed fowl. It follows, therefore, that the egg must contain all the material for the production of the various parts of the chicken—not only the flesh and blood, but the feathers, claws, bones, nerves, cells and membranes, and, what is more wonderful, the vital principle, which gives life and motion to the whole.

Let us proceed, then, to ascertain the contents and describe the anatomy of an egg, prior to the commencement of incubation. On breaking the shell, the first thing that presents itself to our view is a colorless liquid, which we call the white of an egg, but which is called by chemists albumen; the yolk consists of more of the same substance mixed up with about thirty per cent. of oil or yellow fatty matter. It therefore appears that albumen forms the principal contents of an egg. The shell is a calcareous or chalky substance, formed by particles of chalk being deposited in small spaces which intervene between a sort of network of fibres which extends over the whole of the shell; an arrangement that gives the necessary protection without cutting off the contents of the shell from that communication with the air which is necessary for the development of the embryo chicken. Immediately beneath the shell is a sort of skin or membrane, which, if carefully examined, will be found to consist of two layers; and at the larger end of the egg these separate, leaving a space which is filled with air, containing an unusual proportion of oxygen, destined for the respiration of the future chicken.

We must pause here to notice the perfection of the whole contrivance, for not only is the shell of a porous nature, but from its shape, though in itself of a most brittle character, it is capable of bearing great pressure, and in fact the form above all others capable of bearing the greatest. Again, the yolk floats in the centre of the white, rising to the top, on that part of the shell where it can most favorably receive the warmth imparted by the parent. In the centre, again, of the yolk-bag is a small, whitish speck, which is supposed to be the germinating point or first rudiments of the future chicken; and this, by a similar arrangement, always rises to the highest point, and therefore in the most favorable position for receiving the heat necessary for carrying on the vital process.

Remembering that albumen forms eight-tenths of the contents of an egg, while the oil or fatty matter does not exceed one-tenth, it will be obvious that albumen is the starting-point of the whole series of tissues that constitute the organs which are the seat of vital action in the chicken. Albumen, therefore, seems to be a very extraordinary substance, and its importance, both to man and animal, cannot be well over-estimated, seeing that it holds the first place in the formation of their young; and, consequently, we find their blood contains it in large quantities. Indeed, everywhere throughout organized nature we find the phenomenon of life depending on its presence in the blood or other fluids; and we may further say, that only those substances which contain it form nutritious articles of food.

One important property which albumen possesses is that of dissolving bone-earth, and, by means of the blood, conveying it to parts of the system; and we may also mention, by-the-way, that it has another very valuable quality—that of neutralizing the effects of one of our most violent poisons, corrosive sublimate. This property of dissolving bone-earth is another beautiful contrivance of nature for the distribution of the earthy matter necessary for the formation of the bones. Without some such scheme, the bones would not enlarge at the same rate as the body, and it would be impossible for the human frame to sustain the increased bulk of flesh.

Thus far, we have ascertained that, as an alimentary substance, the contents of an egg is not only highly nutritious, but also that albumen, its principal contents, is necessary for the full development of the animal world.

Albumen, however, is not an elementary substance; let us see, then, by chemical analysis, what are the contents of an egg. It will be impossible to give the relative proportions of the different constituents of an egg with more than a moderate degree of accuracy, because there are so many remarkable instances of variation in the chemical properties of different eggs, that, were we to attempt it, we should only mislead our readers. But we shall be near the average, if we say it is usually about fifty-five parts of carbon, or, as it is more familiarly understood, charcoal; twenty-two of a mixture of oxygen, phosphorus and sulphur; sixteen of nitrogen and seven of hydrogen. The shell is composed of carbonate of lime and magnesia, with about two per cent. of animal matter; or thus—two per cent. of animal matter, one of phosphate, the remainder being carbonate of lime or hard chalk, with a slight trace of carbonate of magnesia.

Our knowledge does not as yet enable us to trace the use of all these substances in the formation of a chicken; but we may say that the phosphorus yields phosphoric acid to aid in forming the bones, but of the earthy matter necessary for their complete development we find no trace; and, therefore, we imagine the shell to be the source from whence it is obtained, though there does not appear to be any communication between it and the vessels of the chicken.

The first indication of the permanent fabric of the chicken, and which is observable on the second day of incubation, is called the "primitive trace," which is, in fact, the foundation of the vertebral column or backbone. In the first instance, it is very minute, being a mere streak or furrow; but in time it rises up and arches over, so as to meet and convert the furrow into a canal.

During the progress of this change, another very important one is taking place, namely, the formation of vessels and arteries which are destined to take up the nourishment supplied by the yolk, and to convey it to the embryo of the chicken. The heart commences to make its appearance at the end of the twenty-seventh hour of incubation. At first, it is only formed of cells having no muscular structure, but very shortly this is formed and the pulsation of the heart commences. It is here that the first blood is formed, and the same process appears to be continued through the whole period of incubation; the yolk being converted into blood, and the blood being conveyed by the arteries and blood-vessels into the body of the embryo. We may, therefore, look at the yolk-bag in the light of a temporary stomach, gradually absorbing nourishment and converting it into blood, which afterwards serves for the formation of the permanent body of the chicken. Thus the whole of the yolk-bag is ultimately drawn into the stomach of the chicken, the former gradually shrinking as its contents are exhausted, and the latter enlarging so as to receive it at last as a little pouch or appendage.

Thus far we have seen the wonderful contrivance of nature for the nourishment of the chicken; let us now see how she has provided for its respiration, for the embryo, like the adult chicken, requires air, partly that its own heat may be kept up, and partly that the carbonic acid, liberated in the various processes of nutrition, may be set free. Owing to the peculiar and beautiful structure of the shell and the membrane covering of the albumen, the outer air is enabled to gain access to the interior of the egg; and at first its action upon the blood is sufficient. On the third day, however, a bag begins to sprout from the lower end of the body, and gradually and almost completely encloses it. This bag serves as the temporary respirating apparatus of the chicken till it is prepared to quit the egg, at which period, there is reason to suppose, it receives into its lungs the highly oxygenized air formerly mentioned as contained in the space at the large end of the egg; and, by the increased vigor thus acquired, it is enabled to perform the movements requisite for extricating itself from the shell, which is done entirely by its own exertions.

In conclusion, we may say that, in the whole of the economy of nature, there is nothing in which the fatherly care of an Allwise Providence is more signally conspicuous than in the means of reproduction which is given to animated beings; and among the various means which He has devised there is none more simple or more beautifully ordered than the one we have attempted to describe.

HOW WAR IS MADE.

As Francis I. was one winterly night warming himself over the embers of a wood fire, and talking with his first minister of sundry things for the good of the State, "It would not be amiss," said the king, stirring up the embers with his cane, "if this good understanding between us and Switzerland was a little strengthened."

"There is no end, sire," replied the minister, "in giving money to those people; they would swallow up the treasury of France."

"Pooh-pooh," answered the king, "there are more ways, Monsieur la Premier, of bribing States besides that of giving money. I'll pay Switzerland the honor of standing godfather for my next child."

"Your majesty," said the minister, "in so doing would have all the grammarians in Europe upon your back. Switzerland, as a republic, being a female, can in no construction be godfather."

"She may be godmother," replied Francis, hastily; "so announce my intentions by a courier to-morrow morning."

"I am astonished," said Francis I. that day fortnight, speaking to the minister as he entered the closet, "that we have had no answer from Switzerland."

"Sire, I wait upon you this moment," said Monsieur la Premier, "to lay before you my dispatches upon that business."

"They take it kindly?" said the king.

"They do, sire," replied the minister, "and have the highest sense of the honor your majesty has done them; but the republic, as godmother, claims her right in this case of naming the child."

"In all reason," quoth the king; "she will christen him Francis, or Henry, or Louis, or some name that she knows will be agreeable to us?"

"Your majesty is deceived," replied the minister; "I have this hour received a dispatch from our resident, with the determination of the republic on that point also."

"And what name has the republic fixed on for the dauphin?"

"Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego," replied the minister.

"By St. Peter's girdle, I will have nothing to do with the Swiss!" cried Francis I., pulling up his breeches, and walking hastily across the floor.

"Your majesty," replied the minister, calmly, "cannot bring yourself off."

"We'll pay them money," said the king.

"Sire, there are not sixty thousand crowns in the treasury," answered the minister.

"I'll pawn the best jewels in my crown," quoth Francis I.

"Your honor stands pawned already in this matter," answered the premier.

"Then, Monsieur la Premier," said the king, "by heaven we'll go to war with them!"

THE ICE-CAVE OF VERGY, IN SAVOY.

Caves where there is ice in Summer, but none in Winter, seem curious things indeed; but such really exist, and have excited no little discussion among the learned. Among the most remarkable of these is the Ice-Cave of Vergy, or, as the peasants call it, Montargy, not far from the village of Pralong, in the valley of Reposoir.

The grotto is hollowed out in the yellowish limestone, and forms a hall about fifty yards in depth, with a sloping floor covered with fragments of rock. All around you are stalactites, stalagmites, columns, platforms, so to speak, or inclined planes, not of mineral, as in many caves, but of pure, clear, hard ice. The forms of the great icicles depending from the roof were that of stalactites, but those rising from the floor were often conical, paraboloidal, or bottle-shaped—sometimes like a top reversed. One very curious one, seen by the artist whose sketch we give, rose from the ice-floor, and rested at the top against a rocky face,

looking like a waterfall congealed as it sprang from the rock. The material was a dead-white like porcelain.

This ice must be formed at the period of the year when the cold and water meet, in the Fall at the first approach of frost, and in Spring when he retires. Sometimes, though but rarely, ice is found here in Winter, but, as the peasants say, "a true ice-cave has no ice in Winter." It is just this popular observation, generally correct, that gives interest to the discussions of the learned. What influence is exerted by currents of air? What by the cooling of the air caused by the saturation of the vapors rising from the water? More connected facts are required to establish a theory, and, hitherto, no man of science seems to have watched, day by day, the formation of the ice, or its melting, so as to give us an intelligent explanation of the curious fact. Our illustration is from a drawing by Mr. Thury, who visited the Ice-Cave of Vergy in 1861, and represents the entrance to this singular cave.

COOKING BY THE HEAT OF THE SUN.—A FISH GLOBE, AS A LENS SETTING FIRE TO A HOUSE AT DURHAM, ME.

COOKING BY THE HEAT OF THE SUN.

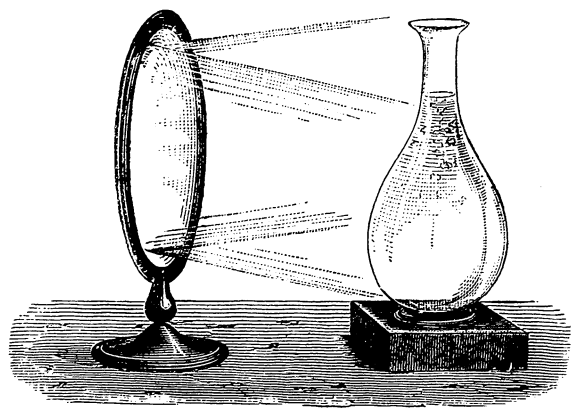
THE sun is the great source of light and heat, and we make its reflections permanent by compelling it to perform certain chemical action in the daguerreotype. But as it is the source of heat, why not use it?

All know the story of Archimedes destroying a fleet by means of mirrors. The idea of using the sun's rays to give heat for man's use in peace or war is not modern, yet, with all our inventions, it has taken no practical shape. Yet accidents sometimes occur that show us how readily the sun's rays could be turned to account. In the Autumn of 1873, a goldfish globe, full of water, hanging in the window of Dr. Mathewson's house at Durham, Maine, acted as a lens, and actually set the casement on fire, but it was fortunately seen in time.

Mouchot, a scientific man in France, has lately drawn attention to the subject.

In his investigations, he found that as far back as the time of the Crusades it was known that the Saracens used solar heat in distilling some of their precious liquors for medical and cosmetic use. In these distillations they employed polished concave steel mirrors manufactured at Damascus.

The students of science in Europe certainly caught the idea, and we give an illustration, from a work of Adam Lonicer, printed in 1551.



SOLAR DISTILLATION, FROM LONICER'S WORK, A.D. 1551.

The sun, with a gallantry worthy of Apollo, gave his first labors to the fair sex, to aid some of the complexions he helps to spoil.

Let us hear the venerable author:

"Means whereby an infusion in water of various flowers may be made, retaining the odor and the vertue thereof: Sette a concave mirrour in the burning sun, then place betwixt that orb and the mirrour the glasse jarre, so that the sun's rayes will reflect from the mirrour to the glasse, as shown in the cut set down herewith."

This hardly justifies our title. It is not exactly cooking, but we will come to that. In 1662, Villette, a Lyons optician, made a concave mirror, with a focus the size of half a louis d'or. Green wood, placed a yard from the mirror, was ignited instantly, and a copper coin drilled through in twenty-four seconds.

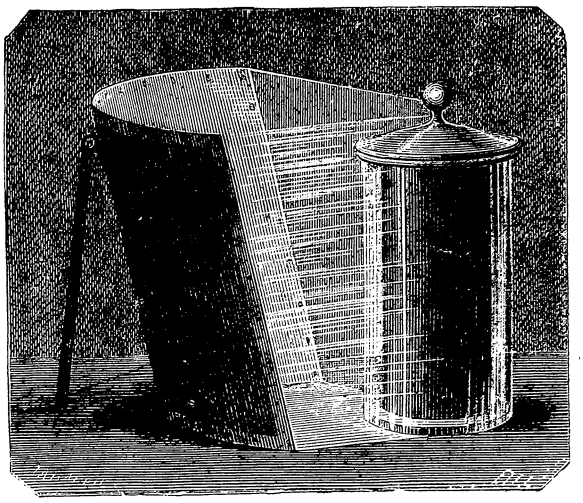
In 1687, the Baron of Tchirnhausen did cook by sun heat. He boiled water almost instantly in an earthen pot, by the help of the mirror, and cooked eggs; but you had to be quick, for they got hard in an instant, and before you knew it, the water had evaporated.

Mons. Mouchot, reviving the ideas of these early students, and following in the track of Buffon, Saussure, Ducarla, and Sir John Herschel, has obtained most satisfactory results, and now that analysis by means of the spectrum has enabled us to understand the chemical action of certain rays and counteract it, sun-cooking may become important.

A machine has recently been brought forward for drying fruit, vegetables, etc., almost instantly, retaining the sugar, and avoiding the loss of valuable ingredients which all sun-dried fruit undergoes by the fermentation produced by the influence of the chemical rays. As in Mouchot's experiments, the interposition of a red or yellow glass neutralized these chemical rays, tin reflectors may be made so as to dry apples, tomatoes, and other fruit and vegetables in red or yellow glass jars, far superior to the ordinary dried fruit.

Mouchot says, "I took a glass cylinder, the glass about the thickness of an ordinary window-pane, in which I set a copper or wrought-iron cylinder, with the rim resting on the glass, and with a glass cover over it. This solar pot gave very good results; for on setting it in the focus of a silver-

plated reflector, it boiled three litres (0.66 gallons) of water, starting at 15 deg. Réaumur in an hour and a half. As this kettle was convenient, I used it on several at-



MOUCHOT'S SOLAR BOILING AND BAKING APPARATUS.

tempts. It enabled me to make by sun-heat an excellent soup of a kilogramme of beef and a selection of vegetables. After four hours' insulation, the whole was thoroughly cooked, although the sun was at times obscured by clouds; and the soup was all the better from the great regularity with which the heat increased."

Our illustration shows the apparatus used. The semi-cylindrical reflector fifty centimetres (19.685 inches) high, the base the arc of a circle, the chord of which is a metre (39.37 inches). It is inclined so as to concentrate the rays on the metal pot, which is blackened. The light on its dark surface guides the experimenter in getting it into the focus.

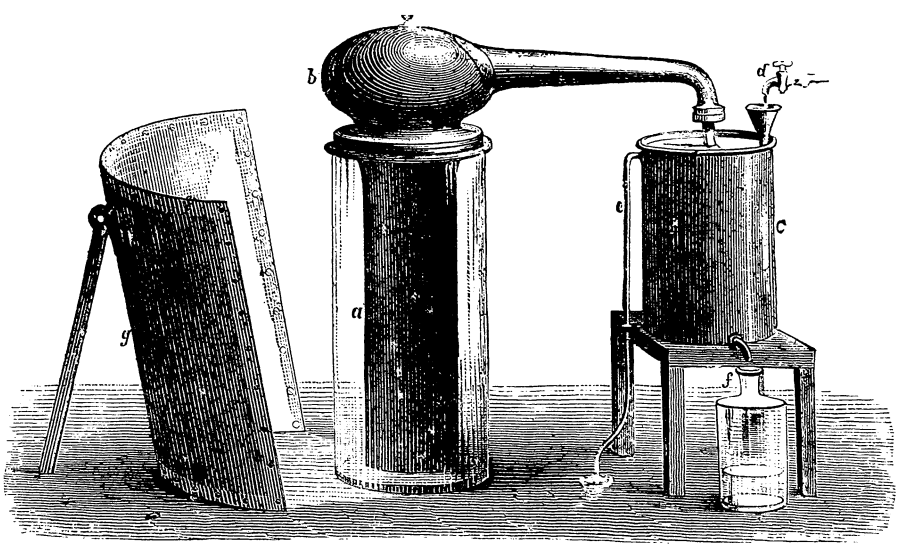
Once, by putting a wrought-iron cover under the glass, he made an oven in which a loaf of bread weighing one kilogramme (2,204 lbs. av.) was baked in less than three hours, and as well as in any baker's oven.

M. Mouchot, having succeeded in cooking and baking by means of his mirror, next tried it in distillation. Replacing the two covers by a still-head, fitting exactly, and connected with a worm passing through a vessel of water, he placed some wine in the iron jar, and in forty minutes obtained alcohol.

The apparatus heating slowly and continuously, the alcohol was concentrated, and had a very fine aroma.

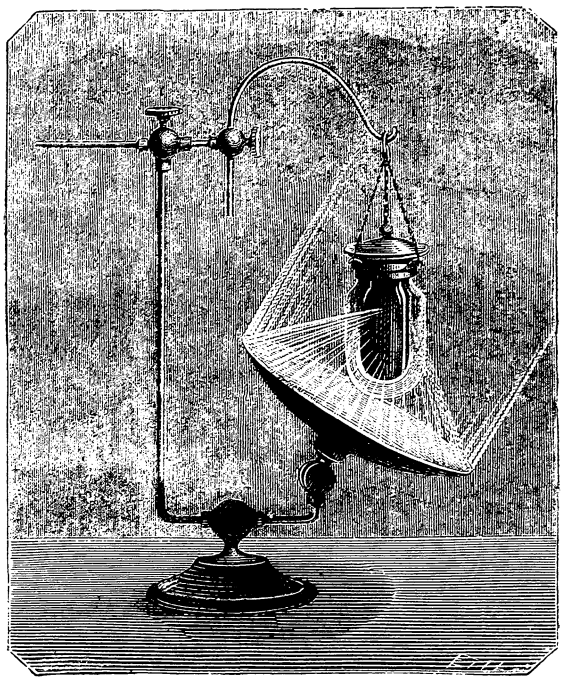
In our illustration, *a* is the jar containing the wine; *b*, the alembic, or still-head; *c*, the vessel containing the worm; *d*, the tap letting cold water around; *e*, the pipe discharging; *f*, the vessel to receive the alcohol; *g*, the reflector.

This reflector enabled him to roast meat in the open air;



SOLAR DISTILLATION REFLECTOR.

a Jar of wine; *b* still-head; *c* vessel with worm; *d* cold water-tap; *e* waste-pipe; *f* alcohol receiver; *g* the reflector.



MOUCHOT'S IMPROVED SOLAR COOKING-STOVE.

by placing at the focus a spit, with a piece of beef, veal, or mutton, he obtained in three hours a very well cooked piece of meat. But, to avoid the disagreeable taste given to it by the chemical rays, he set a yellow or red glass before the meat.

By leading a pipe from this jar to another containing vegetables or grain, he soon caused the water in the first jar to boil, and in quite a short time cooked the vegetables.

With a larger reflector he obtained still more speedy results, boiling five litres of water in thirty-five minutes, and this not in Summer, as some of our readers may imagine, but in February and March.

M. Mouchot gives a more elegant form of this Solar Cooking Stove, and which is shown in our second illustration. A spherical mirror, working on a joint, so as to be made to face the sun and turn the rays on the pot, which hangs from a branch, is so arranged that it can be readily brought into the focus of the mirror. The pot of blackened metal is set on a glass jar, the edge resting on the glass covered with a glass top. The reflector may be of polished tin instead of silver-plated. A cylindro-parabolic reflector of polished tin, of eighteen inches opening, easily raised water to boiling heat.

Our ingenious inventors have now to introduce portable Sun-cooking and Heating Apparatus, that, like Diogenes, the poor need only ask the princely Alexanders to step out of their sunlight.

SCIENCE.

THERE was lately shown at the rooms of the Society of Art, in London, a piece of milk, "solidified by the Hooker process," and weighing one hundred pounds, and which "has been exposed to the action of the air for four years and three months. "The *Agricultural Gazette* of that city says that "its quality was still so excellent that in a few minutes it was resolved, by churning, into good fresh butter."

A NEW Physical Observatory is to be erected at Fontenay, the head of which will be M. Janssen. It will be erected on the very spot where it was intended to build one when it was proposed some years back to remove the Paris Observatory. In a few months, then, Paris will have four observatories—the National, the Physical, and two meteorological observatories—one at Montsouris under M. Marie-Davy, and another which is being built at the Acclimatization Gardens.

ILLUMINATING GAS FROM CORK.—To the list of substances capable of furnishing illuminating gas of good quality cork is now to be added. Recent experiments, made in Bordeaux, France, have given results both economical and satisfactory, and it has been definitely decided to use the material in the lighting of the city. Works for burning cork are now in progress of construction. The fragments of cork, principally waste left after cutting bottle stoppers, are distilled in a close retort. The flame obtained is stated to be whiter and more brilliant than that of coal gas, while the blue zone is much smaller, and the density considerably greater.

A FRENCH firm of submarine engineers, Messrs. Denayrouze & Co., have invented a lamp which burns as well under water as in the open air. It has a neat and sufficiently light apparatus, which the diver may hold in his hand, as one might hold a stable-lamp, or set down on the ground beside him. The oil burned is petroleum. Air is supplied to the flame by a tube communicating with the surface, and the products of combustion escape by a carefully planned aperture into the surrounding water. The lamp can be lighted under water by an ingenious contrivance. In clear water it throws a light for several yards around, and with a number of such lamps a party of divers might make the depths of ocean as light as a well-regulated workshop.

SWEDISH MATCHES.—In Sweden the wood of the white poplar alone is used for making matches. The trunks are sawn in planks of an equal thickness to the length of the matches, and these are reduced into pieces by machinery. After they are completely dry, they are dipped in a solution of paraffine, dissolved in photogene volatile oil, and then again dried. They are then dipped by packets or bundles in the inflammable composition, composed of 400 parts of chlorate of potassium, 400 of minium, 300 of sulphate of antimony, 150 of acid chromate of potassium, and 67 parts of gum-arabic. The sides of the boxes which serve for igniting the matches are prepared with a composition of eight parts amorphous phosphorus and nine of sulphide of antimony.

THE remarkable discovery of a boiling lake in the island of Dominica has excited much scientific interest, and investigations of the phenomenon are to be made by geologists. It appears that a company exploring the steep and forest-covered mountain behind the town of Rosseau came upon the boiling lake, about two thousand five hundred feet above the sea level, and two miles in circumference. On the wind clearing away for a moment the clouds of sulphurous steam with which the lake was covered, a mound of water was seen ten feet higher than the general level of the surface, caused by ebullition The margin of the lake consists of beds of sulphur, and its overflowing found exit by a waterfall of great height. Some superstitious people believe this to be the mouth of hell, but as no one has ever yet been seen to enter the place, they are probably wrong.

CAMPHOR.—When small pieces of camphor are placed on the surface of water, it is known that they turn about with the most capricious movements. This phenomenon has lately been studied by M Lescœur (of the Chemical Society at Paris) in a number of other bodies. He arranges in two classes the substances that are endowed with the "epipolar" force: 1. Substances insoluble in water: once the spreading out has occurred, all movement is arrested, and the movement of any other body is suspended (fixed oils, fatty bodies, etc). 2. Substance soluble in water: the superficial layer produced is dissolved or volatilized with more or less rapidity, the movement is continuous. The saturation of the liquid, and of the surrounding atmosphere caused all the action to cease (camphor, acetic acid, essential oils). The phenomena is one of capillarity, or of the superficial tension of liquids.

"CORK LEATHER."—The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* writes to that journal: A stall has lately been added to the Maritime Exhibition by the Cork Leather Company, for the purpose of showing a fabric which is very like leather, but with qualities not possessed by any animal's hide. It is well known that cork is the most brittle of barks, and yet at the same time the lightest of materials. The cork leather, which now makes its appearance for the first time, is simply sheets of cork covered on both sides with thin linen, but so prepared that when bent double it neither breaks nor cracks. What the solution is which produces this effect I cannot pretend to guess. If used as leather, it is certainly one-fourth the weight of hide, and looks as well, at half the cost. If in the guise of macintosh, it is as supple and yet not sticky like ordinary waterproof. Boots and shoes are exhibited of this material, but the most efficient use to which it can be put seems to be for military accoutrements and tent-cloths. The French War Office has ordered a soldier's complete outfit to be made of the cork leather, and I understand that the Duke of Cambridge has directed similar samples to be sent to the Horse Guards. With regard to tents, the material is, without doubt, impervious to water, for this is practically shown at the Exhibition, while it is said, on good authority, to be superior to ordinary canvas in resisting heat. If it be used in the army, the tedious burden of kit, belt, and cartouche-box will be very materially decreased. The inventor is a M. De Berski.

SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES.

ANTIMONY.

IT has a specific gravity of 6.7, and a cubic foot of it weighs about four hundred and twenty pounds. It melts at a low temperature, and when it solidifies from fusion, it expands a little, the same as ice, and takes a perfect copy of a mold. This latter property enables us to employ it in the manufacture of type and music metal. We cannot employ antimony alone for this purpose, as it is too brittle, so we sometimes melt lead, and at other times tin with it. In different countries they use different metals to alloy with antimony to make types. Some English types were found to contain about sixty-nine parts of lead, nineteen and a half of antimony, nine of tin, and the balance of copper. Other specimens have recently been made of seventy-five parts of tin and twenty-five parts of antimony. The manufacturers of types have secrets of their own, which they naturally do not wish to divulge, a great point being to have the faces hard the impression sharp, and then to be able to cast the very smallest type.

There is a peculiar kind of antimony made by means of the galvanic battery, which explodes like gunpowder when it is touched with a red-hot iron. It is even not safe to scratch it with a file for fear of serious consequences. Fortunately, this form of the metal is not commonly met with in the arts, or dealers in the article would be exposed to much danger. Compounds of antimony are used in the manufacture of certain kinds of metals without phosphorus, but the explosive metal has no application for this purpose.

Antimony has been employed to impart hardness to iron, but as manganese is preferable, it is not very popular for this purpose. It is also used with copper and zinc to make brass, where a particular quality of that alloy is required. When we wish to make a pure transparent, colorless gloss, we sometimes use a little antimony.

A very curious fact has recently been observed by Parkinson, that when antimony is combined with ten per cent. of metallic magnesium, an alloy is formed which will actually deliquesce and melt away to water in the air. No uses have been suggested for this alloy, but it is worthy of note in the behavior of two metals.

An iron-black powder, used for bronzing plaster casts, papier-mache figures, and imparting a steel color to those and other similar objects, is finely divided antimony, produced by precipitation with zinc.

The beauty and permanence of antimony in the air suggests its use as a suitable coating for the protection of other metals, such as iron and copper.

The butter of antimony is dissolved in alcohol, and clarified with a little muriatic acid, and the bright copper surface is plunged into it for half an hour. It becomes coated with a beautiful bright film of antimony, which adheres strongly, and does not alter in the air. Copper-wire coated in this way can be bent without destroying the thin film.

We can make a powerful galvanic battery by employing antimony at one of the poles, instead of gas carbon. Amalgamated zinc in dilute sulphuric acid is used at one end, a massive block of antimony, immersed in a saturated solution of equal parts of common salt and epsom salts, at the other. This forms a simple, cheap, and powerful battery, suitable to electro-plating.

In England, the best Britannia-ware contains antimony, and the English Government harden their bullets and shot with it.

As an anti-friction metal, for the bearings of machinery, for the packing of railroad axles, it is now largely employed.

A beautiful carmine red color, and a fine yellow, are prepared from its compounds. In medicine, tartar emetic, which is partly composed of antimony, is well-known, and for a hundred years no substance has been the occasion of greater controversies, or more extravagant expectations, as a remedy in all cases of sickness, than antimony. It was even necessary, at one time, for the Government of France to prohibit its use, so great was the excess in its prescription.

Notwithstanding the numerous uses to which this metal is applied, there are not more than one thousand tons of it produced every year.

We have thus sketched a majority of the popular applications of antimony, and may have beguiled our readers into acquiring information which they did not possess before. It is worthy of note, that the cosmetic which was a favorite of the "broad-eyed" woman of ancient Greece, has not ceased to retain its supremacy in modern times, and the medicine that fattened hogs at the time of Valentine, is now prescribed by the veterinary surgeon as a panacea for the ills of horse-flesh. In fact, antimony plays an important *rôle* in the ordinary affairs of life; for we drink our tea, shoot our enemies, cure our horses, cross the ocean, travel on the railroad, paint our pictures (not to say our faces), sing our songs, strike a light, harden our steel, coat our copper, purify our glass, print our books, telegraph our messages, and use as a medicine this wonderful metal.

STUDY OF HISTORY.

To STUDY history is to study literature. The biography of a nation embraces all its works. No trifle is to be neglected. A moldering medal is a letter of twenty centuries. Antiquities, which have been beautifully called history defaced, composed its fullest commentary. In these wrecks of many storms, which time washes to the shore, the scholar looks patiently for treasures. The painting round a vase, the scribble on a wall, the wrath of a demagogue, the drollery of a farce, the point of an epigram—each possesses its own interest and value. A fossil court of law is dug out of an orator; and the Pompeii of Greece is discovered in the Comedies of Aristophanes.

AFFECTIONS OF HOME.

IF ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the true metal, and bear the stamp of heaven. The man of high descent may love the halls and lands of his inheritance as a part of himself, as trophies of his birth and power; the poor man's attachment to the tenement he holds, which strangers have held before, and may to-morrow occupy again, has a worthier root, struck deep into a purer soil. His household gods are of flesh and blood, with no alloy of silver, gold, or precious stones; he has no property but in the affections of his own heart; and when they endear bare floors and walls, despite of toil and scanty meals, that man has his love of home from God, and his rude hut becomes a solemn place.

THE HAPPY HOME.

IT is just as possible to keep a calm house as a clean house a cheerful house, an orderly house, as a furnished house, if the heads set themselves to do so. Where is the difficulty of consulting each other's weakness, as well as each other's wants; each other's tempers, as well as each other's health; each other's comfort, as well as each other's character? Oh! it is by leaving the peace at home to chance, instead of pursuing it by system, that so many houses are unhappy. It deserves notice, also, that almost any one can be courteous and forbearing and patient in a neighbor's house. If anything go wrong, or be out of time, or disagreeable there, it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show that it is nôt felt; or, if felt, it is attributed to accident, not design; and this is not only easy, but natural, in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another is impossible at home; but maintain, without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic societies. A husband, as willing to be pleased at home, and as anxious to please as in his neighbor's house; and a wife as intent on making things comfortable every day to her family as on set days to her guests, could not fail to make their own home happy. Let us not evade the point of these remarks by recurring to the maxim about allowances for temper. It is worse than folly to refer to our temper, unless we could prove that we gained anything good by giving way to it. Fits of ill-humor punish us quite as much, if not more, than those they are vented upon; and it actually requires more effort, and inflicts more pain to give them up, than would be requisite to avoid them.

NATIONALITY OF HANDWRITING.

IT is a remarkable fact, that no man can ever get rid of the style of handwriting peculiar to his country. If he be English, he always writes in English style; if French, in French style; if German, Italian, or Spanish, in the style peculiar to his nation. Professor B—— states: "I am acquainted with a Frenchman, who has passed all his life in England, who speaks English like one of our own countrymen, and writes it with ten times the correctness of ninety-nine in a hundred of us; but yet who cannot, for the life of him, imitate our mode of writing. I knew a Scotch youth, who was educated entirely in France, and resided eighteen years in that country, mixed exclusively with French people, but who, although he had a French writing-master, and, perhaps, never saw anything but French writing in his life, yet wrote exactly in the English style; it was really national instinct. In Paris, all the writing-masters profess to teach the English style of writing; but, with all their professions, and all their exertions, they never can get their pupils to adopt any but the cramped hand of the French. Some pretend to be able to tell the characteristics of individuals from their handwritings. I know not how this may be, but certainly the nation to which an individual belongs can be instantly determined by his handwriting. The difference between the American or English and the French handwriting is immense—a schoolboy would distinguish it at a glance. Mix together a hundred sheets of manuscript written by a hundred Frenchmen, and another hundred written by Englishmen or Americans, and no one could fail to distinguish every one of them, though all should be written in the same language and with the same pens and paper. The difference between Italian, Spanish, and German handwritings is equally decided. In fact, there is about as great a difference in the handwritings of different nations as in their languages. And it is a singular truth, that, though a man may shake off national habits, accent, manner of thinking, style of dress—though he may become perfectly identified with another nation, and speak its language well, perhaps better than his own—yet never can he succeed in changing his handwriting to a foreign style."

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A RAKE'S progress—Through a quantity of weeds.

AN old hulk of a husband is the wreck of a courtship.

A POOR place for a hungry pig—The *trough* of the sea.

IF you have tears to shed, prepare—a little horse-radish.

WHAT kind of paper most resembles a sneeze?—*Tissue* paper.

WHY is making love like studying law?—Because it's making ready for *courting*.

THE song of the repentant husband after knocking his wife down—"Come to my bosom, my own stricken dear.'

WHICH possess the most cheerful disposition—gas or candles? Why, you often hear of laughing-gas, but the best candles are always *waxy*.

TRUMPETERS.—They say that trumpet-players are doomed to short lives. We doubt it. We have known men who blew their own trumpets incessantly, and achieved a good troublesome old age.

SPEAK BY THE CARD—"Do they ring two bells for school?' asked a gentleman of his ten-year-old daughter, who attends "a select institution for young ladies."—"No, papa," she replied, "they ring one bell twice."

"Do YOU think, doctor," asked an anxious mother, "that it would improve little Johnny's health to take him to the springs and let him try the water?" "I haven't a doubt of it, madam." "What springs would you recommend, doctor?" "Any springs, madam, where you find plenty of soap."

SMART WORK.—A man down in Northampton, it is said, made so many pairs of shoes in one day that it took two days to count them! He was a smart one, but not equal to one up in County Tipperary, who built so many miles of stone fence in one day that it took him all night and the next day to get home.

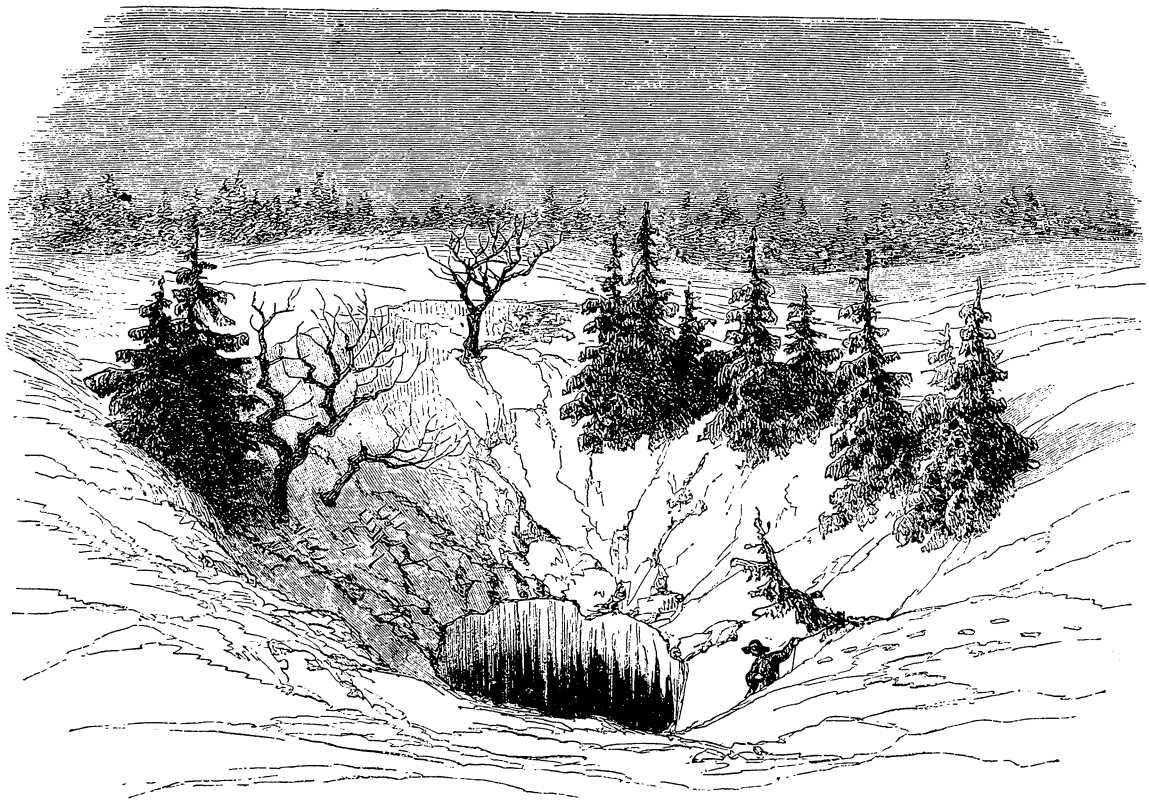
THE MISERY OF SHORT SIGHT—"There! don't you see him? He's waving his handkerchief, now, said a near-sighted but sentimental young lady to her companion as they sat on the hotel balcony. "Nonsense, stupid!" rep ied the other, "it's the waiter-boy shaking out the tablecloth after dinner." She fainted on the spot.

A WITTY, popular, and learned lord on the northern side of the Tweed, tells a story of a Scotch wife, shortly after the nuptial-knot had been tied, mildly expostulating with her husband for indulging in two tumblers of whisky-toddy just before going to bed. "My dear Agnes, a glass o' whisky-toddy maks anither man o' me." "But, my dear William, you take two." "Ay, Agnes, that gangs to the ither man."

ENGLISH—NOT THE QUEEN'S.—It would seem from the following that there is much need of a School Board at Weardale. A doctor there was lately summoned to a cottage at Harwood in Teesdale, and found a boy-patient in need of his services. "Put out your tongue," said the doctor. The boy stared like an owl. "My good boy," requested the medical man, "let me see your tongue." "Talk English, doctor," put in the mother; and then, turning to her son, she said, "Hoppen thy gobbler, and push out thy loliker." The boy rolled out his tongue in a moment.

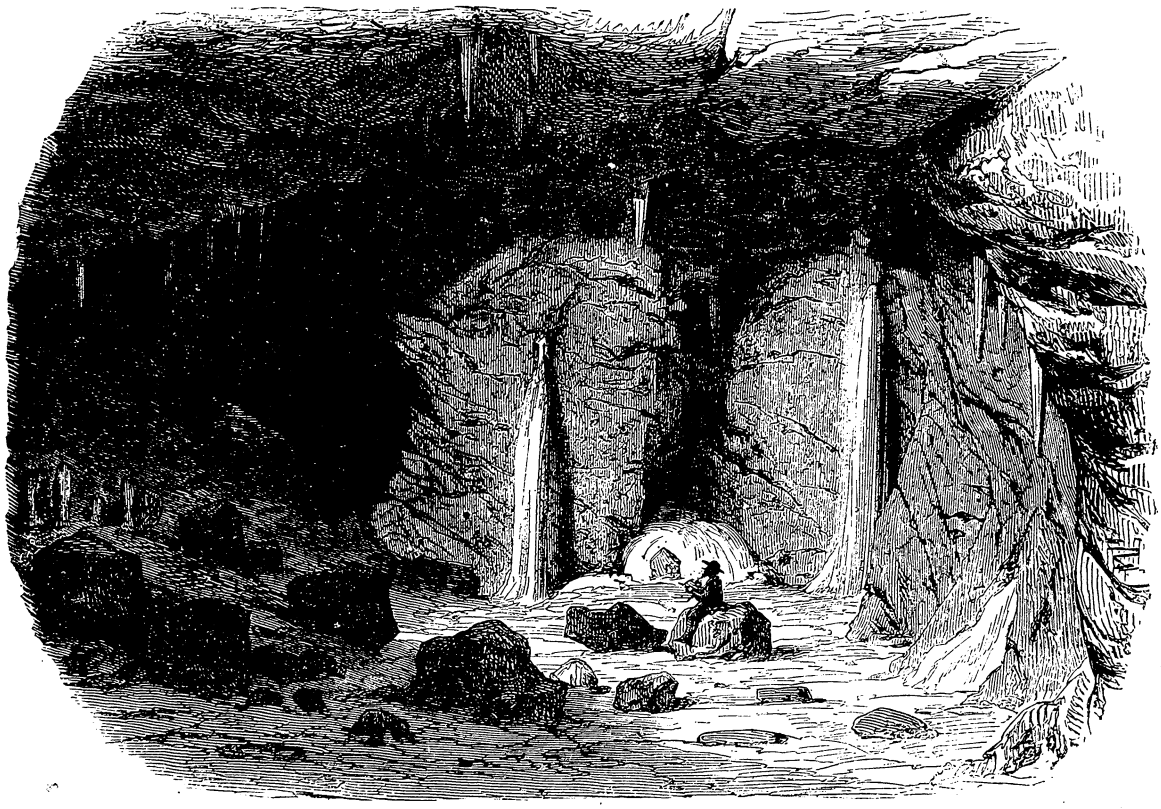
THE CLOWN AND THE POET.—When Lord Byron frequented the green-room of Drury Lane, he occasionally met Paulo, the clown, whom he guessed, from his name, to be an Italian. Paulo was Eng ish, not only to the back-bone, but to the very roots of his tongue, "Paulo" being merely his *nom de theatre*. His lordship, thinking to please the interesting foreigner by the dulcet sounds of the language of his native land, addressed him in the purest accents of Tuscany. Paulo was amazed, and, wishing to reply politely to his noble interrogator, answered, "Yes, sir—I mean, my lord—very likely—just so!" His lordship, perceiving his mistake, wished him "Good-night," and walked away. "Old 'un," said Paulo to his pantaloon, pointing to the retreating figure, with the well-known black cloak gracefully disposed to conceal the unfortunate foot, "see him?" "Yes." "Lord Byron—poet." "I know." Paulo placed his mouth close to the pantaloon's ear, and whispered, "Mad—as a hatter!"

THAT BOY!—Who does not know that boy? He is as numerous as the sands of the sea; he infests every neighborhood; every square of every city in the land has one of him. He is omnipresent and almost omnipotent for evil. He has a hand in all that is bad, and knows not that which is good. He it is who persuades that good little boy of Sunday-school proclivities to play truant and "go swimming" with him, that he may come back and enjoy his discomfiture when the parental protest and admonition is being vigorously applied. He chaseth the unwary cat, and tieth the tin-can to the caudal appendage of the family watch-dog. He lieth down to learn evil, and riseth up to practise it, and thus acquireth that widespread notoriety which putteth his name in the mouth of every one, and maketh him a terror in the land. There is no hope of relief from his wickedness, for he has existed from the beginning, and always will. As the seasons come and go, and the boy of yesterday becomes the man of to-day, even so do others rise up to follow in his footsteps and perpetuate a line we cannot hope will ever become extinct. Let our adjurations rest on him as we will, he yet remains to torment and distress us. He is the inevitable, whom we cannot avoid.



THE ICE CAVE OF VERGY, IN SAVOY.—SEE PAGE 251.

It is a curious fact that no water has been found in the storage cells of camels which have died in America, although, as is well known, the cell compartment of the camel's stomach is used in the East by the animal as a reservoir of water, whence it draws its requisite supply for drinking on long journeys across burning deserts. Naturalists suppose that the watering process ceases when the well-being of the creature no longer requires it.



INTERIOR OF THE ICE CAVE OF VERGY, IN SAVOY.

ENTRANCE TO THE SUEZ CANAL AT PORT SAID, ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. I.—No. 3. MARCH, 1876. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

AMONG the very many efforts of genius, industry, and perseverance in the way of labors designed to be beneficial to the progress and well-being of mankind, it is difficult to name another possessing the same romantic interest as that which surrounds the story of Ferdinand de Lesseps, and the Canal which he made across the Isthmus of Suez.

The revival of public interest in this great engineering feat, through the recent acquisition by Great Britain of an important financial interest in its success, and the possible political questions which may grow out of this occurrence, form sufficient reasons for giving at this time an historical account of the entire project.

One morning in the month of August, 1854, a French gentleman was engaged in superintending some masons, who were at work adding a story to his house at La Chênaie—a house that had once been occupied by the famous Agnes Sorel. For the previous two years he had devoted himself to agricultural and country pursuits. His career would, indeed, seem to have been closed, for he had led a busy, stirring life in foreign countries, having filled the various grades of consulship in Tunis, Egypt, Rotterdam, Malaga, Barcelona; had been minister at Madrid, and, finally, at Rome. He had shown himself a man of energy and purpose, and for his successful exertions at Barcelona, in 1842, to avert a bombardment, had been presented with a gold medal by the resident French, and an address of thanks from the municipality. But his chief experience had been gained in the East, where he had made friends and connections, and, with a Frenchman's sympathy, had thoroughly identified himself with the politics and manners of Egypt. After some five-and-twenty years' service he found that his course at Rome was not approved by his Government, on which, in 1849, he resolved, apparently in some disgust, to withdraw from the service and claim his retirement. The name of this gentleman was Count Ferdinand de Lesseps; and, as he was now about fifty years old, it might fairly be concluded that his career was closed, and that, beyond an occasional cast at the game of politics—open to a Frenchman at any age—life did not offer space for any important undertaking. But his eyes and ears were still turned fondly back to the picturesque land of Egypt; and he entertained himself with

THE KHÉDIVE OF EGYPT.

what could be no more than a dream, or a fabric as baseless —of "piercing" the Isthmus. At the moment almost of his retirement, this project began once more to fill his thoughts; for, indeed, twenty years before, when in Egypt, he had often turned over the scheme, and seen in imagination the waters flowing through the canal and the ships sailing along. In 1852 he had again recurred to the design, had drawn up a programme which he had translated into Arabic, and took the step of writing to an old friend, the Dutch consul-general, to know what chances there were of its acceptance by Abbas Pasha, then Viceroy. The answer was unfavorable. But already the mind of the projector was beginning to be stimulated by obstacles, and to show that fertility of resource which obstacles generated. One of the Fould family was then proposing to establish a bank at Constantinople, and De Lesseps seized the opportunity to have the proposal opened to the Sultan. It was coldly declined, on the ground of its interfering with the prerogative of the Viceroy. Seeing that it was hopeless, our projector laid the whole aside for the present, and, as we have seen, turned his thoughts to agriculture. And thus two years passed away.

On that morning, then, of August, 1854, when engaged with the masons, and standing on the roof of Agnes Sorel's house, the post arrived, and the letters were handed up from workman to workman till they reached the proprietor. In one of the newspapers he read the news of the death of Abbas Pasha and of the accession of Mohammed Said, a patron and friend of the old Egypt days. They had been indeed on affectionate and confidential terms. Instantly the scheme was born again in his busy soul, and his teeming brain saw the most momentous result from this change of authority. In a moment he had hurried down the ladder, and was writing congratulations, and a proposal to hurry to Egypt and renew their old acquaintance. In a few weeks came the answer, and the ardent projector had written joyfully to his old friend the Dutch consul that he would be on his way in November, expressing the delight he would have in meeting him again "in our old land in Egypt," but "there was not to be so much as a whisper to any one of the scheme for piercing the Isthmus."

On the 7th of November he landed at Alexandria, and was received with the greatest welcome by the new ruler. The viceroy was on the point of starting on a sort of military promenade to Cairo, and insisted on taking his friend with him. They started; but the judicious Frenchman determined to choose his opportunity, and waited for more than a week before opening his daring plan to his patron. It was when they had halted on their march, on a fine evening, the 15th, that he at last saw the opportunity. The viceroy was in spirits; he took his friend by the hand, which he detained for a moment in his own; then made him sit down beside him in his tent. It was an anxious moment. He felt, as he confessed, that all depended on the way the matter was put before the prince, and that he must succeed in inspiring him with some of his own enthusiasm. He accordingly proceeded to unfold his plan, which he did in a broad fashion, without insisting too much on petty details. He had his Arabian memoir almost by heart, so all the facts were present to his mind. The Eastern potentate listened calmly to the end, made some difficulties, heard the answers, and then addressed his eager listener in these words:

"I am satisfied; and I accept your scheme. We'll settle all the details during our journey. But understand that it is settled, and you may count upon me." Delightful assurance for the projector, whose dreams that night must have been of an enchanting kind! This was virtually the "concession" of the great canal.

But already the fair prospect was to be clouded; and, at starting, opposition to so daring a scheme came from England, and from Turkey, moved by England. It is certainly not to the credit of England that from the beginning she should have persistently opposed it; not on the straightforward ground of disliking the scheme, but on the more disingenuous one of its not being feasible. She had so industriously disseminated this idea, that it was assumed that the canal was impracticable. Those wonderful French *savants* who went with the expedition to Egypt had announced that there was a difference of level amounting to thirty feet between the two seas, so that the communication would only lead to an inundation or a sort of permanent waterfall. Captain Chesney, passing by in 1830, declared that this was not so; but the delusion was accepted popularly up to 1847, when a commission of three engineers, English, French, and German, made precise levellings, and ascertained that it was a scientific mistake. Robert Stephenson, the English member of the party, pronounced the whole scheme impracticable.

But, before proceeding with the recent history of this undertaking, we may properly relate a few facts concerning more ancient views and acts in the same connection.

The connection of the Mediterranean with the Red Sea by a canal was considered a desirable object at a very early period in the history of the world. Nekao or Nechos II., of the twenty-sixth Egyptian dynasty, in about the year 700 B.C., planned a canal across the Isthmus of Suez, from the execution of which, however, he desisted, warned by the advice of an oracle, after having lost 120,000 men in the attempt. It is even asserted that, as early as the time of the Pharaohs, such a canal was actually constructed, extending from the Nile, near Belbeis, to the Gulf of Suez. In more recent times Napoleon I. projected a canal across the Isthmus, and predicted that the execution of this great work would promote the prosperity and insure the safety of the Turkish Empire. But to proceed with our narrative of the progress towards success of the project of the great French engineer.

In 1855 a commission of eminent engineers selected from different countries was appointed to make an examination of the route proposed by M. de Lesseps. The report of this commission was favorable to the construction of a canal, and indicated Suez and Pelusium as the only points between which a ship-canal was practicable.

On January 5, 1856, the charter of concession was granted by the Viceroy of Egypt. This concession defined the work to be executed as: "First, a canal navigable for large vessels between Suez and Pelusium; second, a canal of irrigation adapted to river traffic on the Nile, connecting that river with the Suez Canal; third, two branches for irrigation and supply, striking out of the preceding canal in the directions, respectively, of Suez and Pelusium. This work to be completed in six years, and four-fifths of the workmen employed to be Egyptians; Lake Temaah to be converted into an inland harbor fit for vessels of the highest tonnage; a harbor of refuge to be constructed at the entrance of the maritime canal at the Gulf of Pelusium; and the necessary improvement to be made in the port and roadstead of Suez. The Egyptian Government to have a claim of fifteen per cent. on the net profits of each year. It is further provided that the canal shall always remain open as a neutral passage to every maritime ship; that the maximum toll of passage shall be ten francs per ton on ships and per head on passengers; and that the provisions of this charter shall be in force for ninety-nine years after the opening of the canal."

In November, 1858, the subscription was opened, and by the end of the month the entire capital of eight million pounds sterling was subscribed for and the company constituted in 1859. The dimensions of the ship-canal were set down to be 90 miles in length, 330 feet wide at the waterline, and its bottom 27 feet below the water-level in the

Mediterranean. The stupendous character of these works can be understood, when it is remembered that they had to be carried on by thousands of men at a spot many miles from where a drop of water or morsel of food could be obtained—in fact, in the midst of the desert; and also that the canal was always in danger of injury from drifting sand, and from bars formed by the immense quantity of sand and mud carried down by the Nile.

During the progress of the work, the scene was visited by the Viceroy in person, who could not but have experienced sentiments of pride in witnessing the labors whose results were to so benefit the world, and so honor his administration of Egyptian affairs.

The establishment of the overland route to India, in 1837, was the beginning of a series of attempts to shorten the way to India. The mails were taken to Cairo by large and small vessels built for the service, whence they were sent across the desert to Suez. Next came the railway built by Stephenson, from Cairo to Suez, which was opened in 1858.

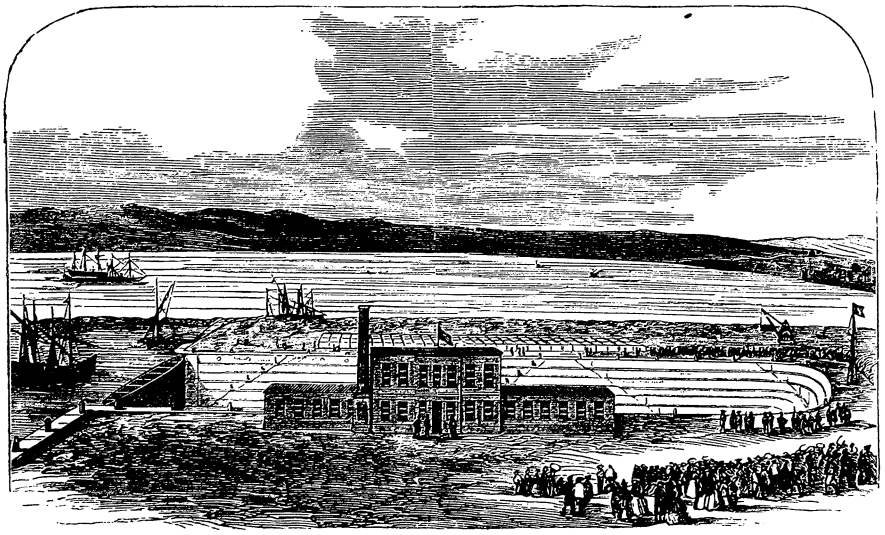
The Isthmus of Suez, at the part selected for the operations of M. de Lesseps, is about 72 miles wide, measured as the crow flies. The difference of mean level of the Mediterranean and Red Sea, supposed at one time to amount to 30 feet, is now known to be very small, the latest measurement giving it as only 6¼ inches. But whilst the former sea is nearly tideless, the rise and fall not exceeding nine inches, there is a tide of 3 feet 6 inches in the Red Sea. The general character of the Isthmus is flat, and it is the natural water-basin of the adjoining countries. Eastward of Damietta stretches a long and narrow bank of sand, forming a bar, the top of which is about five feet above the level of the Mediterranean. Within this bar are the Lagunes of Menzaleh, about 25 miles long. The Mediterranean mouth of the canal is cut through the sand bar at Port Saïd, 18 miles west of Pelousa. After passing through the Lagunes of Menzaleh, the canal cuts through a strip of sand, four miles wide, separating the Lagunes of Menzaleh from those of Ballah, the width of which latter is 14 miles. Then occurs the elevated plateau of El Guisr, the highest ground between Port Saïd and Suez. Through this the canal is carried in a very considerable cutting, nine miles and a half long, with a maximum depth of 55 feet. After crossing this plateau, a depressed plain is reached called Lake Timsah; the lowest level of this plain is 19 feet below the water of the Mediterranean. On the borders of Lake Timsah is Ismaïlia, a town built by the company, where they have located the general direction of the works. The canal then cuts through the ridges of Toussoum and Serapeum, 46 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and nine miles long. The canal then traverses the Bitter Lakes, and finally cuts through the ridge of Chalouf, 26 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, the southern slope of which forms the plain of Suez, 6 feet 6 inches above sea level. After crossing this plain, the Lagune of Suez is reached, which communicates with the Red Sea by a narrow inlet.

The fresh-water canal commences at a place called Zagazig, to which water is brought from the Nile by one of the branches of the main stream, passes within a mile or two of Ismaïlia, and thence to Suez, following a line not very distant from the sea canal. At the point where it turns southward to Suez, a branch is carried to Ismaïlia, to supply the population there, and also some hydraulic machinery, which forces water through a double line of nine-inch pipes, carried along the line of the sea-canal to Port Saïd. The fresh-water canal is navigable, and terminates at Suez in a lock, by which vessels drop into the creek which brings vessels from the anchorage to the town. The dimensions of the fresh-water canal are: width at surface, 41 feet; width at bottom, 26 feet; depth, 4 feet 6 inches. The general dimensions of the salt-water canal are: width at water-level in embankment, 328 feet; ditto in cutting, 190 feet; width at bottom, 72 feet; depth, 26 feet 3 inches; the batter of the sides varies with the nature of the soil, the steepest slope being about 2½ to 1.

The first work of excavation was performed by Fellahs, supplied by the Egyptian Government, the mode of operation being the primitive one of scooping up the sand and carrying it away in baskets on the head. Afterwards, the supply of Fellah labor by the Government was stopped, and the greater part of the excavation was performed by steam dredgers. These dredgers were driven by 35 horse-power engines, lifting twenty-six gallon buckets, at the rate of twenty per minute. Generally the dredge-buckets tipped their contents into a long timber shoot, sometimes 230 feet in length. Into this shoot water was pumped, so as to carry away the spoil and deposit it on the banks of the canal. The descent of the silt along the shoot was further facilitated, when necessary, by scrapers attached to an endless chain, passing over pulleys at each end of the shoot, and driven by the dredger engine. The shoots had a semi-elliptical section, 5 feet wide and 2 feet deep. They rested on a pair of lattice girders, carried by an iron frame, standing on a barge moored inshore of and parallel to the dredger. When the banks were too high to be commanded by the shoot, the "appareil élévateur" was used. This was designed to lift trucks full of spoil from barges, and run them to tip inshore. It consisted of two lattice girders, extending from a barge moored to the shore, carrying a tramway rising shorewards 1 in 6. This frame was supported partly on the barge, partly on a platform carriage on the shore. The lower or barge end of the frame was 10 feet above the water-level; the higher or shore end 46 feet. On the tramway ran a four-wheeled carriage, to which the sand trucks were slung. The spoil having been deposited in these trucks by the dredger, they were carried by a barge to the elevator. The trucks were then slung to the elevator carriage by a tackle, and raised by an engine to the shore end of the elevator, where by an ingenious arrangement they were tipped.

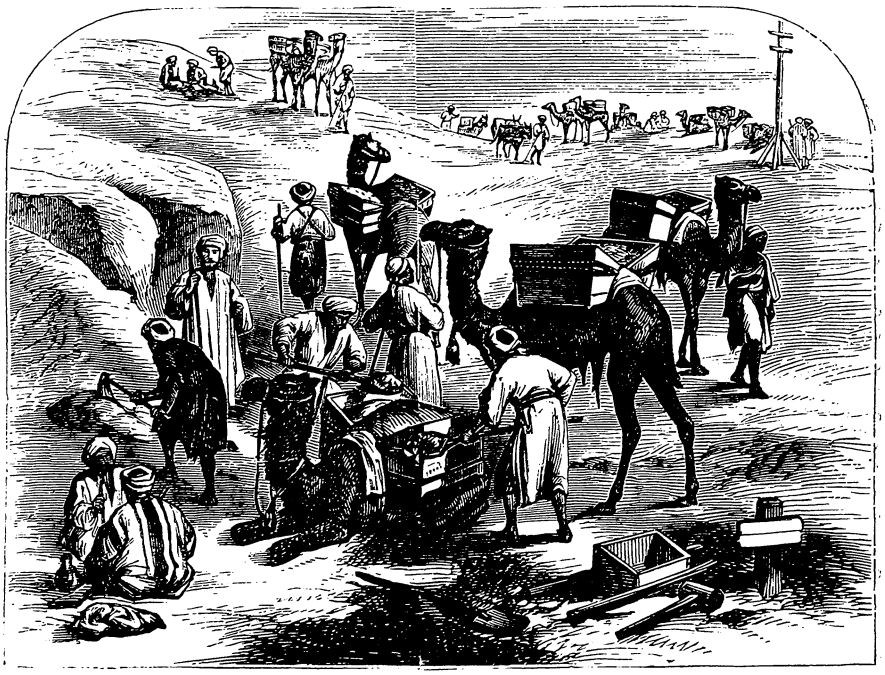
On leaving Port Saïd the canal enters Lake Menzaleh, through which the channel runs for twenty-nine miles. The waters of this lake are shallow and the bottom composed of mud. At times the sea washes over the strip of sand to the north of the lake. It was found, however, that a firm dry soil was below the mud. Leaving Lake Menzaleh at Kantara, a station on the desert route between Egypt and Syria, the course of the canal for two miles lies through low sandhills. It then enters Lake Ballah, traverses it for a distance of eight miles, and then enters a deep cutting extending from El Ferdane to Lake Timsah. Near El Guisr, four miles south of El Ferdane, the deepest cutting throughout the line had to be excavated, varying from sixty feet to seventy feet. The characteristics of the first half of the Maritime Canal are that about thirty four miles of its course lie through lakes, the remainder through elevated plateaux. The second half of the channel, from Ismaïlia to the Red Sea, divides into two portions; in the first the canal skirts the eastern shore of Lake Timsah and enters the cuttings at Toussoum and Serapeum; in the second it passes through the Bitter Lakes for twenty-four miles, goes through the last cutting at Chalouf, and enters the Red Sea a mile to the southeast of Suez. The most southern point to which the waters of the Mediterranean have as yet penetrated is at Toussoum.

Lake Menzaleh extends from the Damietta branch of the Nile to the Pelusian Plain. The Pelusiac branch of the "Seven mouthed Nile" passes through this lake. Around this large sheet of water are many celebrated places, amongst which is Zoan, built seven years after Hebron—Numbers xiii. 22, and called in the Psalms "The Field of

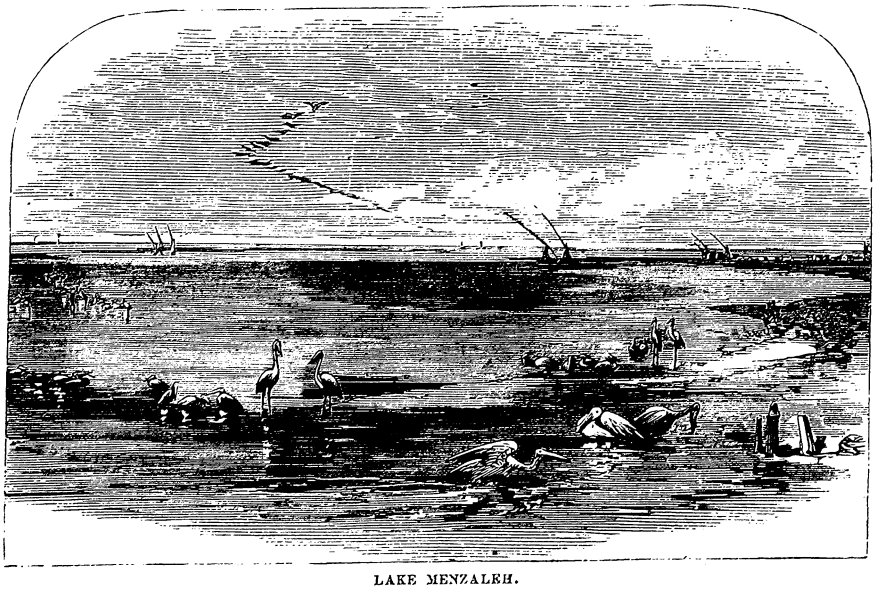


BASIN FOR THE SUEZ CANAL AT SUEZ.

Zoan" (lxxviii. 12) and stated to be the scene of the miracles of the Exodus. It is one of the oldest cities in Egypt, and obelisks, broken statues, and fragments of granite still remain as indications of its ancient importance. In the Museum of Egyptian antiquities at Boulak, near Cairo, there is a fine piece of sculpture found at Zoan, or Zan, as it is now called. It represents two figures, sitting, with reeds growing up to their knees; in the reeds are fish, and on the men's laps are presentations or offerings of fish. The faces of these men are quite distinct from the types of Upper Egypt, and they are clearly and most artistically expressed. The fish are evidently as truthful portraits as the men, and show the character of the locality at that time to be exactly as we find it to-day. The lake is full of fish, and consequently the people are all fishermen. There is almost no other occupation. Fish is salted and sent by boat, by camels and asses, to all parts of Egypt. The birds are also of the Ichthyophagi. There is an Isle of Pelicans. Herons and wading birds of all kinds are plentiful, and the fish are so abundant that there is ample food for all. In looking across this vast lake one sees, as far as the horizon, long strips of land; islands with a short herbage on them; here and there an Arab village of reed huts; and among these islands may be seen boats, with their crews busy at work in the only employment of the place. When the Nile is full the lake rises, and



WORKMEN LOADING A DIRT TRAIN OF DROMEDARIES.

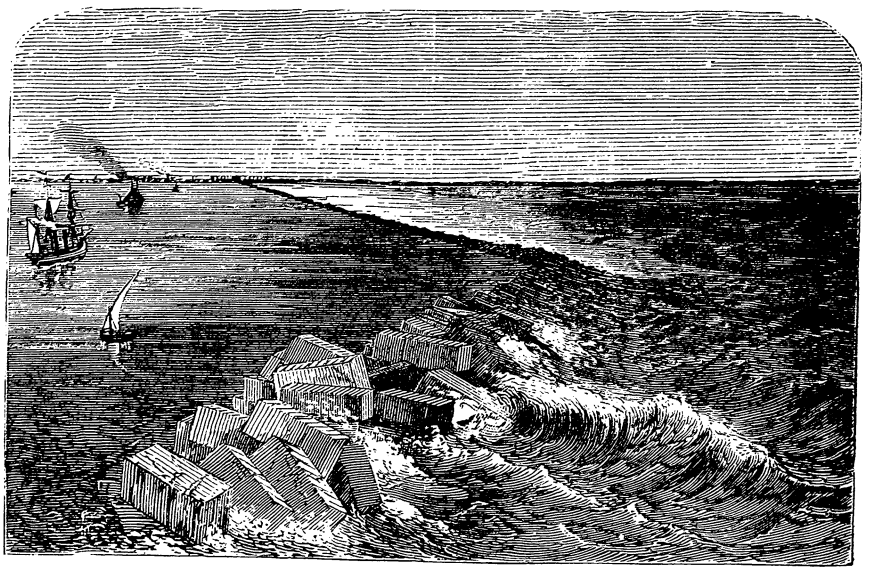


LAKE MENZALEH.

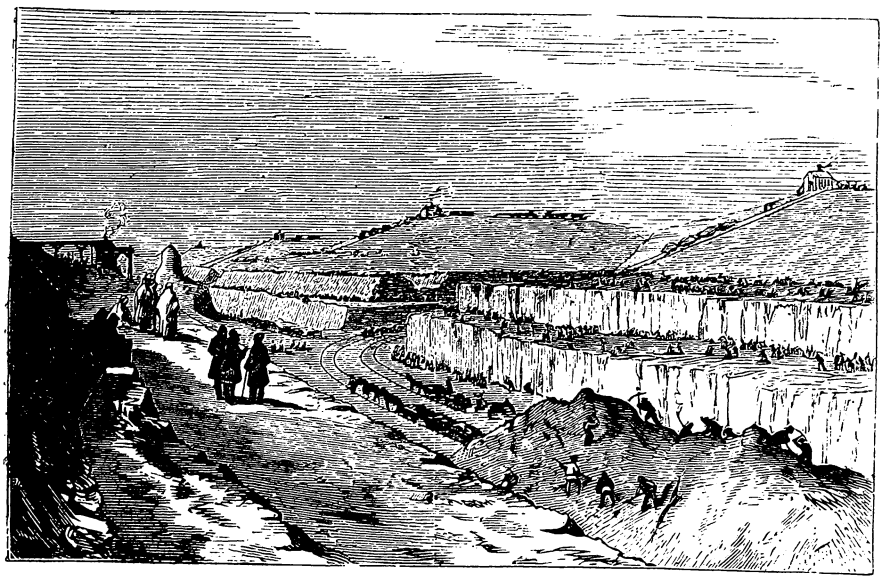
all the islands are covered, and even the Pelusian Plain; and the level is higher than that of the Mediterranean, and consequently above the canal. As the Menzaleh lake is on the west, the plain of Pelusus is on the east side of the Suez Canal. This plain is, in fact, the portion of the lake which has been filled up and become solid ground—a process which has been evidently going on for many a day. As islands on the lake are the features on the one side, small lakes on the plain form the distinctive character of the other. The highway from Palestine, Syria, and Persia came by this plain; a road still exists, and a ferry had to be established at Kantara, which word expresses "ferry," and tells of the former ex-

istence of the means of crossing the waters of the lake at this place. Not far from this was the ancient Migdol of Scripture, a tower or fortress defending the way. The houses for the people employed on the canal at Kantara are principally built from the bricks of an ancient city in the neighborhood, supposed to have been Selé.

In Summer the heat is intense and almost intolerable; thermometrical observations taken during 1867 and 1868 show that the mean temperature of the four months, beginning with June and ending with September, was 94 deg. Fahrenheit, and that 120 deg. in the shade was not an uncommon record, while the minimum of night was 75 deg.



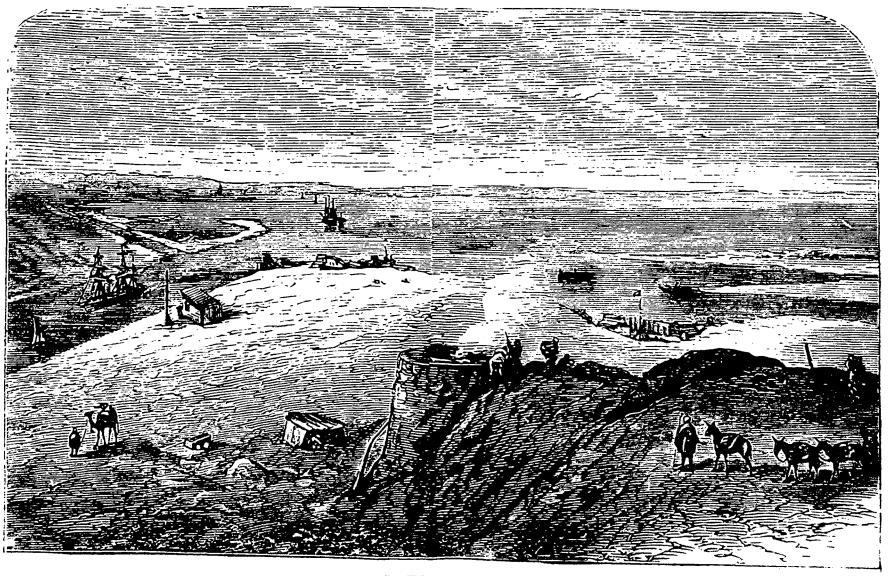
BREAKWATER AT PORT SAÏD.



DIGGING THROUGH THE PLATEAU OF CHALOUF.

During the succeeding four months the mean temperature was 74 deg.; and the Winter, if so it can be called, proved that the lowest range of the thermometer was 45 deg. Until the year 1867 rain was unknown, but in the twelve-month ending April, 1868, there were actually fourteen days on which rain fell. "The scenery about Ismaïlia," says a recent observer, "is monotonous, but it can scarcely be regarded as uninteresting. Cloudless skies of the richest blue are contrasted with the vast expanse of yellow sand which stretches away into a hazy distance. The dark waters of the lake sparkle and flash unceasingly, for there is always a fresh breeze to temper the extreme sultriness. The desert is susceptible of many shades and transitions of color, sometimes so gradual as to be scarcely perceptible, often so sudden and mysterious that it is hard to understand by what subtle atmospheric changes such strange effects have been produced. At Ismaïlia the stranger can fully realize the balm and beauty of the Egyptian night; and, sitting on the balcony of the Hôtel des Voyageurs, which commands the view of Lake Timsah, he may watch the moon rising slowly in a silver dawn while the rosy tints of the sunset are still lingering in the West.

The present Suez Canal has not the same dimensions throughout its entire length. For nearly four-sixths of the distance, it is 327 feet wide at the level of the water, and 72 at the bottom at a



LAKE TIMSAH.

depth of 26 feet. It is said that the earth and sand removed was not less than 96,000,000 cubic yards. Dredging machines were employed, and also a large number of the people of the country—the Fellahs, aided by Nubians, Syrians, Greeks, and Dalmatians, who were attracted by the pay. The entire length is 99 miles, and at the Mediterranean end M. de Lesseps created the town of Port Saïd, now containing thousands of inhabitants—natives, Abyssinnians, and Greeks. Two points here jut out into the sea, affording space for a harbor, the eastern end being 2,000 and the western 2,760 yards, with a distance of 760 yards between them.

Another new town built by him is Ismailia, on the north bank of Lake Temsah. It has good hotels, cafés, a Roman chapel, Mohammedan mosque, a theatre, and even gardens of flowers. Among the interesting features of the desert are the so-called "Fountains of Moses," twelve in number in the midst of gardens enclosed by hedges of cactus.

On the 19th of March, 1869, the waters of the Mediterranean Sea were brought into the "Bitter Lakes," in the presence of the Viceroy and of a vast assemblage of the surrounding population. In the same month, when the great pilgrimage to Mecca took place, thousands of the pilgrims went by way of the Suez Canal as far as was then practicable, this being the first occurrence of such an incident.

In December, 1869, the canal was opened by the Viceroy, in the presence of the Empress Eugénie, who had traveled from Paris for the purpose, and of many representatives of foreign powers; but the political importance of the event gave great offence at Constantinople, and the Khédive was compelled to send a long letter to the Sultan deprecating his displeasure. The statistics of the Suez route, since its establishment, are as follows:

	Vessels.	*Tonnage.*
1870	491	634,915
1871	761	1,142,260
1872	1,081	1,741,481
1873	1,173	2,088,072
1874	1,234	2,423,672

The receipts have been:	*Francs.*
1870	5,159,327
1871	8,993,732
1872	16,407,591
1873	22,837,319
1874	24,859,383

By the above figures we see a constantly increasing return of receipts, and this, it is understood, amounts to nearly 200,000 francs per month. It has always been expected that the Nile sand and mud, carried eastward by the local current, would interfere with the navigation of the canal; but this has been avoided by the use of powerful dredging machines constantly working and keeping an open channel. At present sixty per cent., or forty million pounds sterling, of the trade between Europe and America and India passes annually through the canal. A trade has also sprung up between the Mediterranean countries, Austria and Syria appearing for the first time in the relations of trade with India. Many predictions have been falsified in regard to the working expenditures of the company. In the year 1873 the receipts were $5,000,000, and the expenditure $1,150,000, leaving $3,850,000 as a net revenue. In 1874, against gross receipts of $5,000,000, the expenditure was $1,250,000. Port Saïd has not been choked up by a deposit of Nile mud, the canal has not been filled by the sand blown into it from the desert, and the water in it has not been carried off by evaporation—all of which misfortunes, it was confidently asserted, six years ago, would certainly happen.

The most recent important event in the history of the Suez Canal, and, indeed, in that of Egypt itself, is the purchase of the Khédive's shares in the canal by the British Government for £4,000,000 sterling. The secret history of this transaction goes to show that the scheme originated in the brain of Mr. Frederick Greenwood, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and author of the well-known experiences of "The Lambeth Casual."

Mr. Greenwood, it is said, suggested the idea to Lord Derby, who proposed it to Disraeli, who jumped at it at once.

The financial situation of the Canal Company is said to be as follows: Besides bonded shares and delegations, the capital of the Suez Company consists of 2,500 founders' shares, 1,500 of which belong to the Viceroy, and 1,000 to the French holders. There are 400,000 shares of $100 each, 177,642 of which were purchased by England lately, and 222,358 are in the hands of French capitalists. The remaining capital consists of 333,330 debenture bonds called Obligations, representing a loan of $20,000,000, borrowed by the company, also 120 delegations, and 120,000 thirty-year bonds; the latter representing a loan of $4,000,000. The capital already acquired by England is an inalienable property, while the shares in the hands of French holders are redeemable in 99 years. The financial importance of Great Britain's purchase of the Khédive's stock in the canal cannot be overestimated. As to the political results, it is difficult to judge concerning them at the present time. Considerable feeling has been produced by the transaction, both in France, where it is felt that a serious mistake has been made in not obtaining the stock for that country, and likewise in Russia; the *Moscow Gazette* having already considered the subject from a Russian standpoint, recognizing the preponderance of England in a political way by this acquisition, and caviling at such diplomacy in a manner which indicates that the feeling in Russia is, if anything, inimical to this remarkable episode in financial diplomatics.

In fact, it is among the possibilities that Russia might be roused to such a pitch of chagrin concerning the whole matter, as to make practical interference between the act of Great Britain and the hoped-for result. A recent newspaper correspondent, familiar with the entire question, sums the whole matter up in a sentence: "Suppose England gets full ownership through Egypt, and then Russia renews the Battle of the Nile and closes Port Saïd?"

Having rapidly sketched the history of the Suez Canal, and described its financial and business progress, we may not improperly turn our attention to some consideration of the purposes which this important project was designed to subserve.

COMMERCE WITH INDIA.

From the time of the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, the trade with India has always been a desideratum among the commercial nations of the earth. Endowed with almost fabulous wealth, the seat of manufactures unrivaled elsewhere among the empires of the earth, with a facility of production unsurpassed, there is little wonder that India should have long ago become the cynosure of the commercial eyes of the West. Combining the central and southeastern peninsulas of Asia, India, to-day, comprises an area of 1,576,746 miles, and a population of nearly 240,000,000 of people. Its cities are magnificent and wealthy. Among those having a population of more than one hundred millions, we may name the following: Calcutta, capital of Hindostan, situated in Bengal on the Hoogly river; Bombay, the chief seaport on the western coast; Madras, on the Coromandel coast; Benares, the chief city of the Hindoos, on the Ganges; Patna, in the province of Behai; Allahabad, situated at the confluence of the Jumna and Ganges; Lucknow, capital of Oude; Delhi, the metropolis of the Mohammedan empire in India.

So great a diversity of surface and scenery is presented by

India, that it has been called an epitome of the whole earth, consisting, as it does, of mountains far above the level of perpetual snow, broad and fertile plains bathed in sunshine, arid wastes, and impenetrable forests.

The first trade with this extensive, rich, and populous country was carried on by the ancient cities of Tyre and Carthage, from which it descended to Genoa and Venice, when those cities gained their commercial supremacy; from them again to the Portuguese, Dutch, and English, at periods ranging between the Middle Ages and the eighteenth century.

With his Portuguese bride, Charles II., King of England, received the Island of Bombay as a portion of her dowry; and it is an interesting incident of the history, both of India and the British East India Company, that he ceded this possession to the latter in 1669. Another episode of Indian history is furnished in the career of the great Warren Hastings, who assumed the administration of the East India Company's affairs in 1772, and in 1774 received the title of Governor-General, being the first so designated. Our readers will be at once reminded of the remarkable State trial of Warren Hastings in 1786, when he was impeached at the bar of the House of Lords for tyranny, corruption, and general malfeasance in office. He was attacked by Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and Earl Grey in speeches whose rhetorical display have rendered them remarkable in the history of English literature; yet, despite this array of talent and the terrific onslaught which had resulted from the course of his administration, Hastings was acquitted on the one hundred and forty-ninth day of the trial, in 1795. He was afterwards pensioned by the Government, and, at a later period, made a Privy Councillor. His administration of affairs in India is characterized by Macaulay as having been equal in its manifestations of energy and ability to that of the celebrated Cardinal Richelieu in France.

But all this *en passant*. We must return to the question of East Indian trade and commerce in their reference to the western nations of Europe; and, concerning this, we find that, until the Turkish conquest of Constantinople and Egypt put an end to it, the commerce with India was conducted chiefly by the Italian republics, in later days, by means of the overland route, *via* Suez—a significant fact, when we reflect that, after an expiration of more than three centuries, western civilization returns to this channel of communication with India, though now reopened, and made more feasible than ever, through the genius of the man whose labors we have already considered in the course of this article.

The Saracen conquest created the necessity for a new route to India, and, in the fifteenth century, the great object of navigators was to lay such a route by sea. The myth of the voyage around the Cape of Good Hope, said to have been made by Hanno, the Carthaginian navigator, who lived in the fifth century, rested then, as it rests now, upon no solid foundation. And, whatever effort might be made in that direction, must be made in blind faith. With some such faith, if not in fate, at least in the possibilities of his own capacity, Vasco da Gama left Lisbon on the 8th of July, 1497, and sailed around the Cape of Good Hope, touching at various places on the hitherto unknown eastern coast of Africa. Availing himself of the services of a native Indian pilot, whom he picked up somewhere in these quarters, Da Gama struck out to sea from western Africa, crossed the Indian Ocean, and arrived at Calicut, in India, on the 12th of May, 1498. He, however, was not favorably welcomed by the native princes of that portion of the coast which he had reached, and soon turned his course homeward, casting anchor at Lisbon in September, 1499, where he was received with great distinction.

As a result of this exploration, we see Portugal sending forth squadrons of ships, which founded the colonies of Mozambique and Sofalla, Bombay, Calicut, and concluded a peace with the native Rajah. After this, the Portuguese conquests in India increased rapidly, and were presided over by viceroys appointed by the Portuguese king. The Portuguese now, for nearly a century, monopolized the trade of India. In 1587 the Government chartered an East Indian Company, which was, however, abolished in 1640.

In the meantime, however, Holland, then a flourishing commercial country, had begun to have dreams of conquest and commercial supremacy in India; and, in 1595, a Dutch East India Company was formed, and soon returned large dividends, besides owning there, through capture or purchase, immense properties in valuable colonies, which were fortified and heavily garrisoned, while large fleets of vessels conducted a constantly increasing trade in this new field of commercial enterprise.

Batavia was founded by the Dutch, and is still the capital of the possessions of the Netherlands in the East Indies. It stands on the northwest coast of Java, and is an important commercial seat of the Far East, rivalling Singapore in this particular. The Batavian markets present at once all the productions of Asia and all the manufactures of Europe.

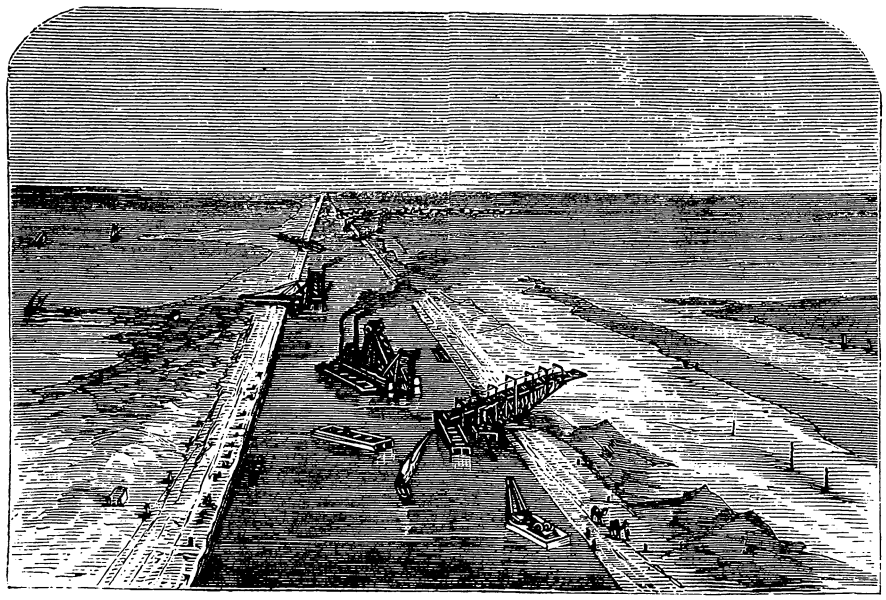
The Dutch Government has recently laid a telegraphic cable along a line of six hundred miles between the two cities, Batavia and Singapore. The chief industries of Batavia are factories for making machinery, for distilling, and for sugar works, dyeing, etc. The nutmeg, Kakao, and cocoanut tree are successfully grown.

Meanwhile the position of France and England proved a steadily increasing impediment to the progress of the Dutch East India Company; although, in 1700, it held cities of importance in Ceylon, Sumatra, Java, Borneo, and in fact throughout the Indian Archipelago, with colonies in South Africa. The Dutch commanded also trade with Pegu, Siam, Tonquin, Japan, the Moluccas, etc. The charter of this company was renewed for the last time in 1776; and, in 1781, the States General were forced to assist it with a loan. In the first French Revolution it lost nearly all its possessions in the East, and in 1795 terminated its existence—its affairs passing into the hands of the Government.

A French East India Company was founded in 1664, and was broken up in 1770. A Danish East India Company, founded in 1618, was dissolved in 1634, reconstructed in 1670, again dissolved in 1729, and reformed in 1732. It continued prosperous during the eighteenth century, since which time it has declined.

All of these companies, however, in the extent of their commerce, in their wealth, and in their political significance, were totally eclipsed by the great British East India Company. The first Englishman, who sailed to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope, was one Captain Stephens, who performed the voyage in 1582. Sir Francis Drake followed him; and Thomas Cavendish, in July, 1586, sailed from England with a little squadron fitted out at his own expense, and explored the Indian Ocean, returning home after a most successful voyage. These new experiments in English navigation doubtless gave the impetus which resulted in the formation of the company whose career we are now about to consider.

The British East India Company was chartered at London in 1600, and was abolished by Act of Parliament, August 2, 1858, when the East Indian possessions, trade, and power reverted to the crown, and the Queen of England could write among her titles that of Empress of India. It may be said of this corporation that it reached a height of power,

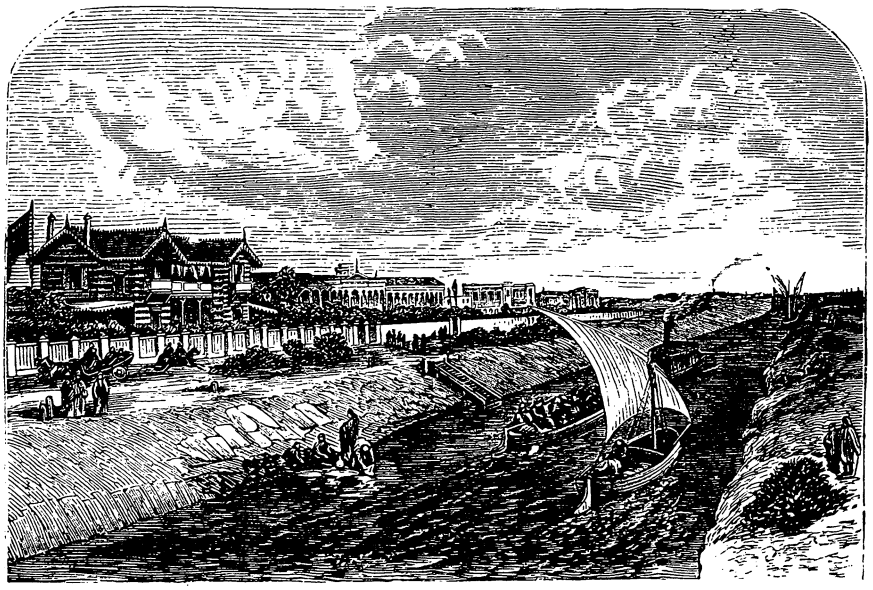


VIEW ON THE CANAL NEAR KANTARA.

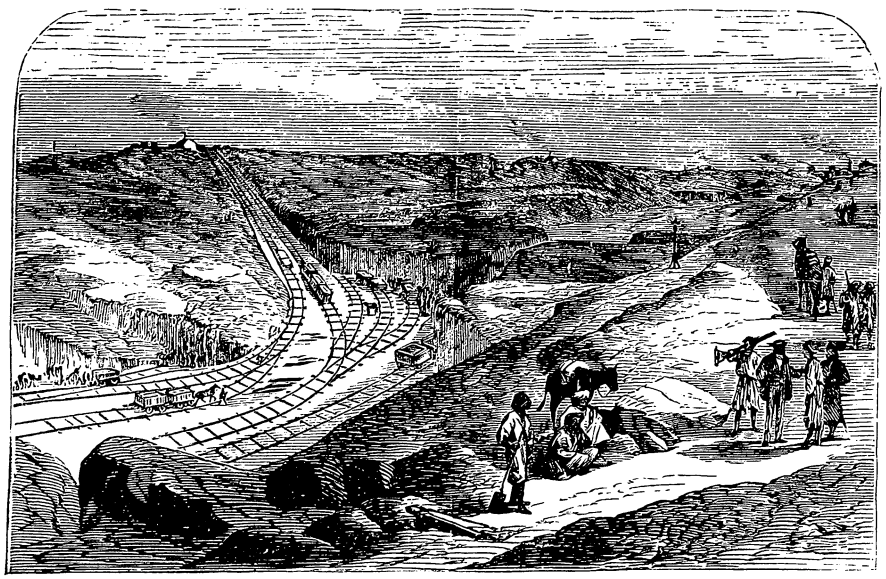
wealth, and aggrandizement never equaled by any other similar association.

It owned vast and thickly-populated provinces, held native rulers tributaries and their Governments as appendages, and drew from the wealth of Indian provinces sums amounting to millions of pounds annually. Its factories were extended to Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Banda Islands, Celebes, Molucca, Siam, and the Coromandel and Malabar coasts. It had at one time power to make peace or war with any native people, to establish fortifications, garrisons, and colonies; to export, free of duty, ammunition and stores to its settlements, to exercise civil and criminal jurisdiction, and other valuable privileges.

For more than two centuries the East India Company wielded this tremendous power, and was only finally overturned by corruptions engendered within itself, although the immediate instrument of its destruction was the brief but bloody Indian revolt of 1857–58, whose occurrence directed public attention in England to the mismanagement of affairs in that sorely-abused country. The East India Company even sustained its own army in the country over which it held jurisdiction. At first, when agents were sent out to India for trade purposes only, an army was not thought of. This adjunct was one of the results of the exigencies of the time. Naturally, in the prosecution of the vast enterprises of the company, con-



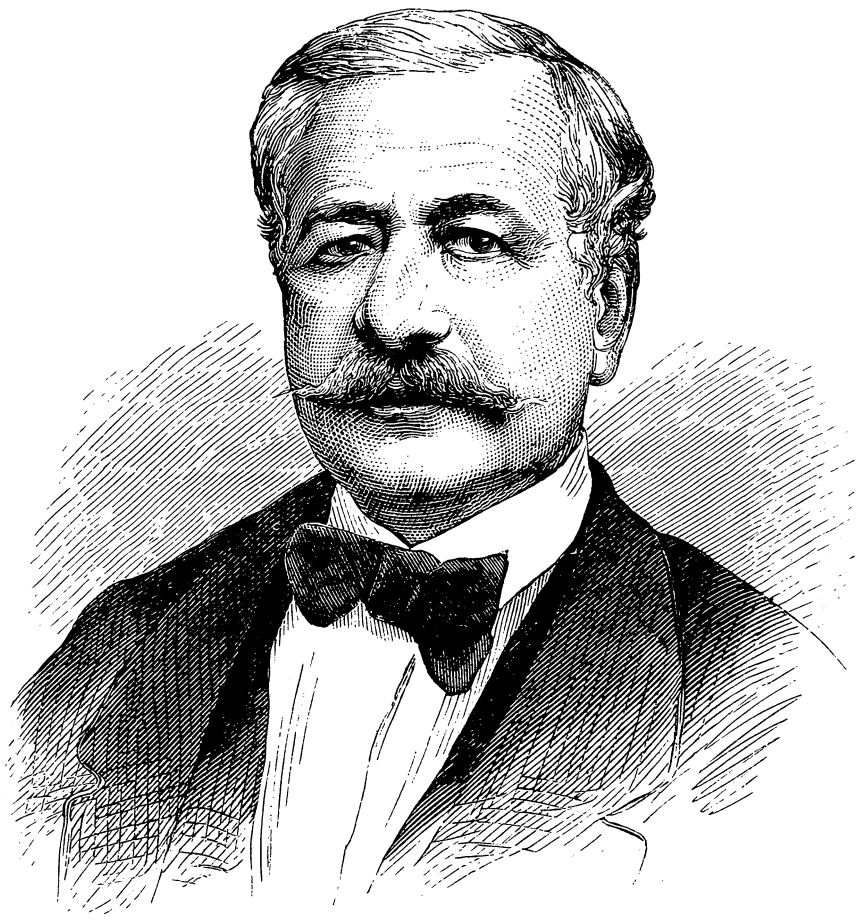
ISMAÏLIA AND THE FRESH-WATER CANAL.



THE CUTTING NEAR CHALOUF.

flicts would occur, and this necessitated military organization of some sort for self-protection. Some of the first troops in the company's pay were mere adventurers, some liberated convicts, some deserters from European armies. Gradually organization was introduced into this heterogeneous compound, improved arms were furnished, and, under the influence of drill and discipline, a respectable army was created. As the power of the company spread and increased, natives entered its battalions, until at length most of the troops were Hindoos or Mohammedans, drilled by non-commissioned officers sent out from England, and officered by Englishmen. A few regiments were raised in England,

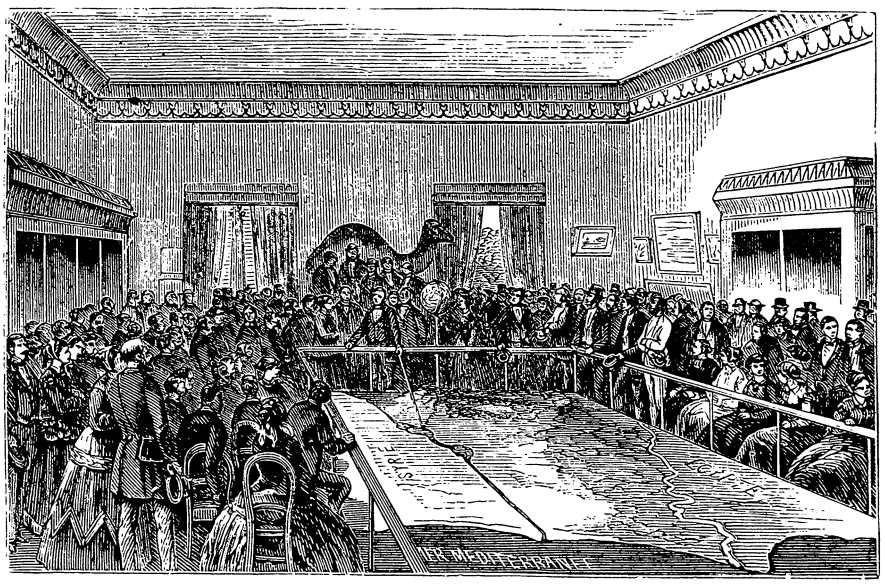
a much larger number in India, and all alike were officered by young Englishmen, who were liberally paid, and had many opportunities for making rapid fortunes. At the period immediately preceding the outbreak of '57, the army in the pay of the company comprised about 24,000 royal troops, lent to and paid for by the company; 18,000 European troops, raised and drilled by the company in England; 180,000 native regulars; and 60,000 native irregular horse; making about 280,000 in all. This number was irrespective of 40,000 contingents, furnished by the native and semi-dependent princes.



FERDINAND LESSEPS, PROJECTOR OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

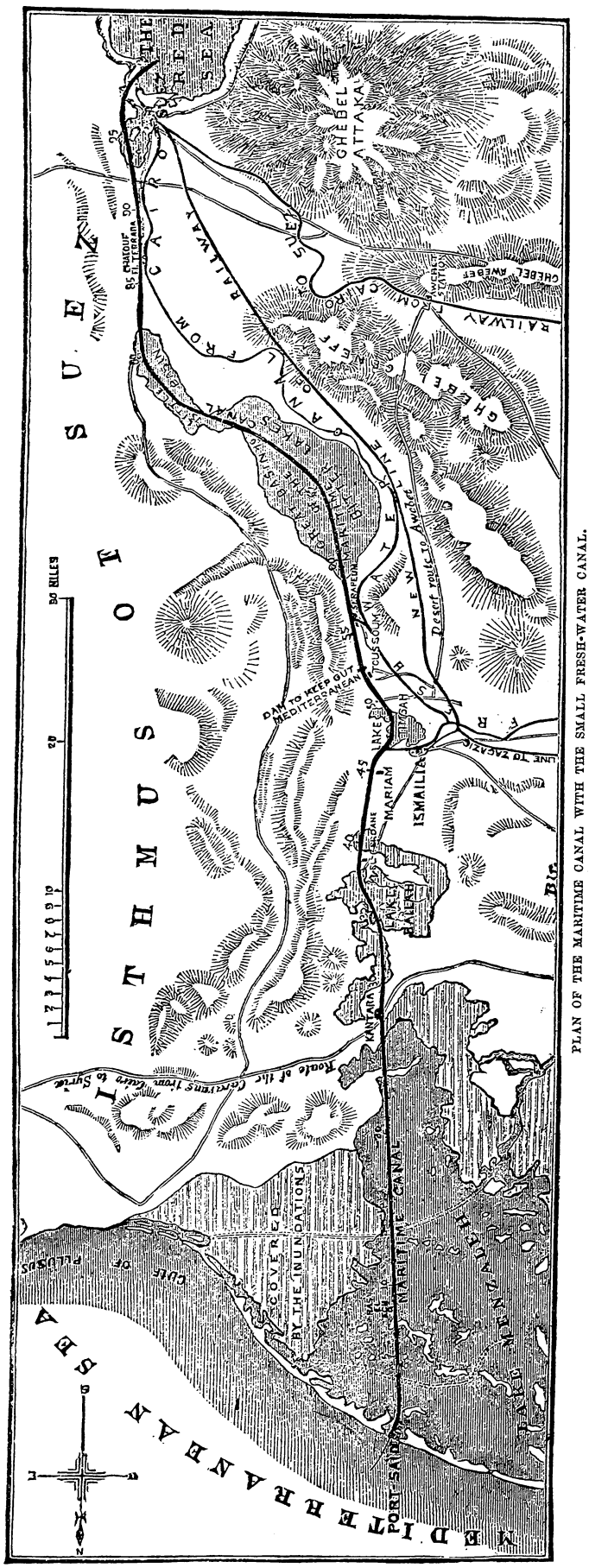
During the revolt the fidelity of the native portion of this snow army was sorely tried, and, in fact, it melted away like beneath the sun. It is said that the armies of the Madras and Bombay Presidencies alone remained faithful, and of these particularly the infantry. It was in the Bengal army that the desertion chiefly occurred. The irregular troops — both cavalry and infantry, raised among the Sikhs and Punjaubese — were, in almost every case, faithful.

In August, 1858, the Act which transferred the Government of India from the company to the crown received the royal assent. The army was transferred as well as the political power, but no attempt was made to reorganize the native Bengal regiments, which had proved so treacherous. Properly speaking, the East India Company, as originally organized, were only merchants sending out bullion, lead, quicksilver, woolens, hardware, and other goods to India, and bringing home calicoes, silk, diamonds, tea, porcelain, drugs, sulphur, etc. Not merely with India, but with China and other parts, the trade was monopolized, and hence arose their great trade in tea, porcelain, and silks. By degrees avarice led many to take part in the native quarrels. These gave them power and influence in the native courts, whence arose the acquisition of sovereign powers over vast regions. India became thus valued by the company, not only as commercially desirable, but as offering to the friends of the directors opportunities of making vast fortunes by political or military enterprise. In fact, we have represented in the East India Company, at the height of its power in India, a gigantic "Ring"—perhaps among the earliest in history—whose concentric satellites managed easily enough to work mischief in the immediate field of its action, to an extent far exceeding the petty efforts of later specimens of the genus.



M. DE LESSEPS EXPLAINING ON A RELIEF MAP, AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION, THE COURSE, DIFFICULTIES, AND ADVANTAGES OF HIS PROJECTED CANAL.

In the eighteenth century, the East Indian Nabob was a familiar individual in London, whither he had returned, laden, doubtless, with lacs of rupees, but burdened likewise with melancholia and liver complaint—the more serious results of the climate of India upon the constitution of the



PLAN OF THE MARITIME CANAL WITH THE SMALL FRESH-WATER CANAL.

Englishman. This word "Nabob," by-the-way, is a corruption of the Hindoo word, "Nawab," which means "an administrator of a province and commander of an Indian army under the Mogul empire." These men acquired great wealth, and lived in true Oriental splendor, which gave rise to the expression, "rich as a Nawab," afterwards corrupted into that of Nabob.

It is not, however, to be supposed that the East India Company succeeded in gaining its great influence and in accumulating its wealth without opposition.

The fact is, that by the latter part of the eighteenth century the monopoly had become utterly dissatisfactory to the British nation at large, and being obliged to obtain a loan of a million pounds from the Government, various restrictions were imposed upon the company, so that in its later years its powers became anomalous, since it could neither trade nor govern without the sanction and continued interference of the Imperial Government. In fact, the wars in India since 1833 had been waged by England as a nation rather than by the company, and England practically became responsible for the enormous expense of these wars. The last renewal of the charter of the company, with the further lessening of its power, occurred in 1853, and was to run twenty years—an arrangement, however, with which the Indian revolt interfered.

The company continued to exist, however, but for little purpose, in a military and political way, except to assist the Home Government by their general knowledge of India affairs. These affairs are now managed by a secretary and council at the new India office. The valuable library and museum of the company were passed over to the Crown; and an Act of Parliament, in 1873, provided for the paying off of the Indian stock, and the final extinction of the once famous East India Company.

But whatever corruptions or improprieties may, legitimately, be complained of with regard to the management of British affairs in India, it is certain that her supremacy has resulted in a most wonderful development of that country, and a thorough utilization of its resources.

Railways, constructed by the British, now overspread the entire land. There are lines running in the valley of the Ganges from Calcutta to Delhi, and connected with Lahore and Lucknow, and others, by which Bombay, Allahabad, and Calcutta are similarly connected. In 1873 there were 5,478 miles of railway in Hindostan, and 15,102 miles of telegraphic wire. A submarine cable connects Suez with Bombay, while land-lines extend from Constantinople to Bagdad, and thence to the head of the Persian Gulf, which, by submarine cable, is united with Kurrachee, the only port in the province of Scinde for sea-going ships, lying about twelve miles north of the Indus river, and from which place are exported camels, fish, hides, tallow, oil, bark, salt, indigo, cotton, and grain, while it has an active inland trade with Cashmere, Turkestan, Afghanistan, and Thibet. As there are also telegraphic cables between Madras and Singapore, and between the latter port and Hong Kong, there is complete telegraphic communication between Great Britain, her Indian possessions, and China.

The foreign trade of India has been for centuries famous for its value and importance. In 1871 and 1872 there were engaged in it 1,230 square-rigged vessels, 948 steamers, and 50,000 native craft. The manufactures and products of the country comprise articles required by the civilization of all the rest of the world.

In Bengal and Mysore there are extensive manufactures of silk, while Delhi is celebrated for its manufactures of this article. Benares and Ahmendabad are noted for gold brocade; the Punjaub for silks, woolens, and white and colored cottons—amounting to £4,850,000 annually; while the cotton manufactures of Oude, the Central Provinces, and Mysore, are likewise of great importance, and in the latter section cutlery works and manufactures of gold and silver lace are extensive and flourishing. It may be mentioned here that silver is the standard of value in India, the unit being the rupee of 45½ cents.

The products of India are chiefly as follows: rice, which is the chief article of food of the country, and is produced in all parts of the country in which irrigation is practised; while maize and wheat are the grains cultivated in the northwestern provinces. Opium is one of the most valuable products of India. Coffee is largely produced in Ceylon, and the cultivation of the plant is rapidly spreading in southern India. Tea cultivation is now carried on successfully in Assam, the amount of its yield in 1872 having been 6,257,643 pounds. It is also rapidly spreading over all the hill-countries of northwestern India. Cinchona, or Peruvian bark, introduced from South America in 1860, has been naturalized with great success. The growth of cotton in India was much extended during our rebellion, but has since received less attention and has considerably fallen off. Jute is grown in Assam and Bengal, and has given rise to an important trade since the establishment of the Suez Canal. India rubber is another important product of Assam, the demand for which is increasing. Indigo is a staple product of India, having been a native production since a very remote period. It was imported thence by the ancient Greeks and Romans, but was lost to Europe during a great part of the Middle Ages. Bengal produces annually about 9,000,000 pounds of indigo. The importance of indigo in pigments will be readily appreciated when it is understood that, besides its ordinary coloring product, aniline was first obtained from it, while from this are produced the two tints, *mauve* and *magenta*.

In the year 1871–2 the statistics of the Indian trade were as follows, the principal articles only being given:

EXPORTS.		IMPORTS.	
Coffee	£1,380,409	Cotton twist and yarn	£2,473,353
Cotton	21,272,430	Cotton piece-goods	15,009 981
Grains, including rice	4,865,743	Machinery	405,835
Indigo	3,705,475	Manufacturing metals	925,839
Jute	4,117,308	Raw metals	1,464,936
Opium	13,365,228	Rail'y materials & stores	516,996
Seeds	2,728,127	Salt	913,915
Tea	1,482,185	Raw silk	651,595
Wool	906,699	Silk goods	480,948
		Wines and liquors	1,381,961
		Gold and silver	10,097,720
	£53,823,609		£34,323,079

The imports into India, which in 1866 had risen to £56,156,529, or double the amount of 1857, in 1871 had fallen to £38,858,728.

The exports which, on account of the American war, had likewise reached the high figure of £69,471,791 in 1865, and had fallen to £44,291,497 in 1867, rose in 1871 to £57,818,022, showing a constant increase during the years since the opening of the canal.

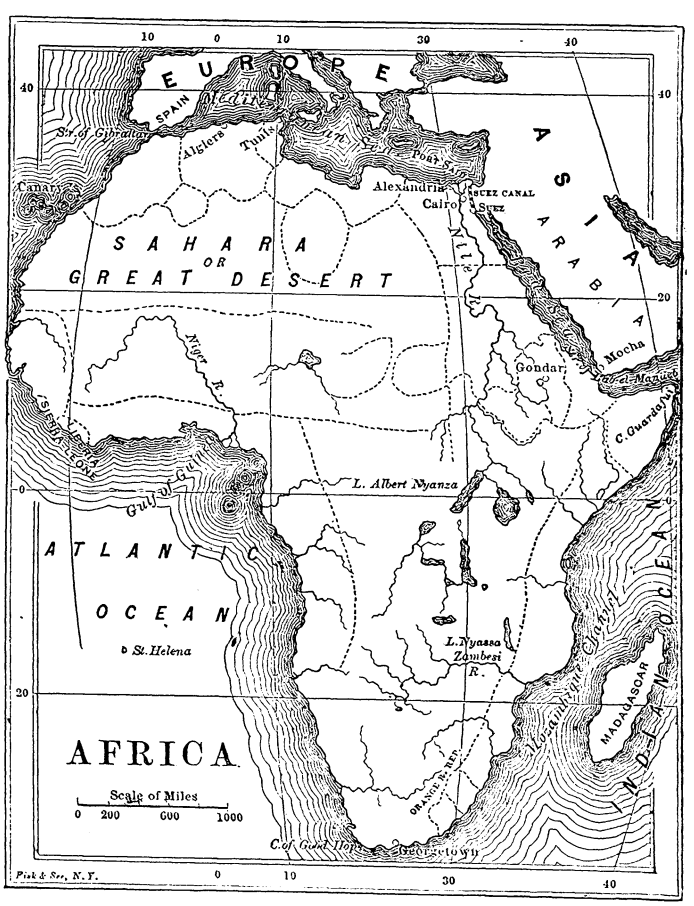
Sufficient has here been given to display, at least in an approximate fashion, the importance of the commerce of India to the rest of the world. Under all circumstances, the attention of the civilized world is likely to be directed towards the affairs of the Suez Canal and the commerce, *via* Egypt, with India for a very long time to come.

NONE BUT HIS OWN ENEMY.

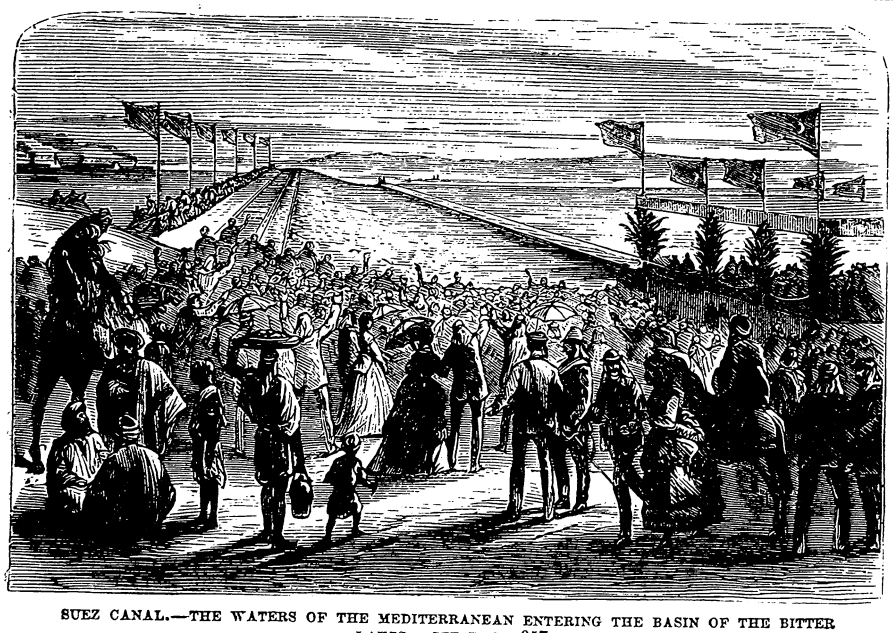
"No MAN'S enemy but his own" happens generally to be the enemy of everybody with whom he is in relation. The leading quality that goes to make this character is a reckless imprudence, and a selfish pursuit of selfish enjoyments, independent of all consequences. "No one's enemy but his own" runs rapidly through his means; calls, in a friendly way, on his friends for bonds, bail, and securities; involves his nearest kin; leaves his wife a beggar; and quarters his orphans upon the public; and, after having enjoyed himself to his last dollar, entails a life of dependence on his progeny, and dies in the odor of that ill-understood reputation of harmless folly which is more injurious to society than some positive crimes. The social chain is so nicely and delicately constructed that not a link snaps, rusts, or refuses its proper play, without the shock being felt like an electric vibration to its utmost limits.

ADVANTAGES OF EARY RISING.

WHOEVER has tasted the breath of morning knows that the most invigorating and most delightful hours of the day are commonly spent in bed; though it is the evident intention of nature that we should enjoy and profit by them. Children awake early, and would be up and stirring long before the arrangements of the family permit them to use their limbs. We are thus broken in from childhood to an injurious habit that might be shaken off with more ease than when first imposed. Suppose we rise with the sun at Christmas, and continue so to do till the middle of April, we should then find ourselves rising at five o'clock, at which hour we might continue till September, and then accommodate ourselves again to the change of season.



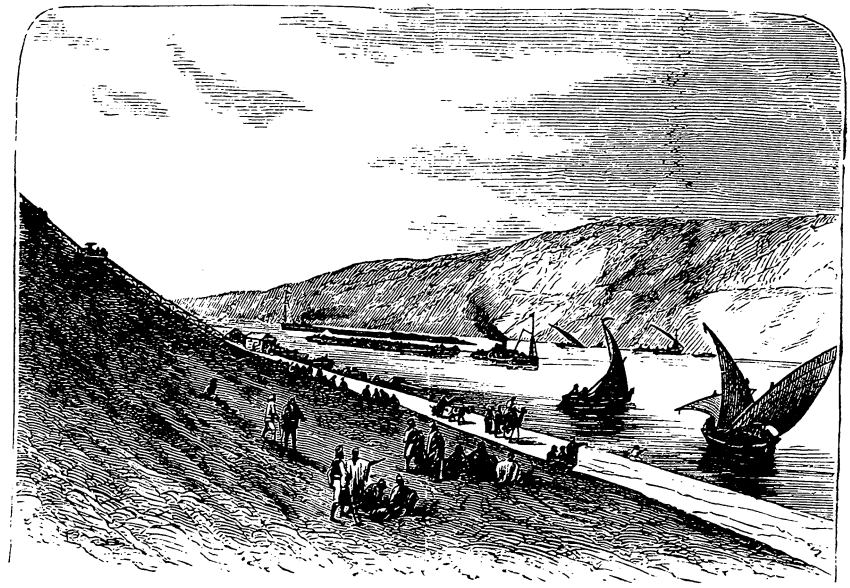
MAP TO SHOW WHAT IS GAINED TO NAVIGATION BY THE SUEZ CANAL.



SUEZ CANAL.—THE WATERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN ENTERING THE BASIN OF THE BITTER LAKES.—SEE PAGE 257.

The Drolleries of Gotham.

THE idea of a number of foolish or weak-minded people dwelling together in a community, and the various absurdities and extravagances which may be supposed to result from their deliberations, is a subject which seems to have amused the imagination in all ages. Among the Greeks a reputation of this kind clung for many centuries to the inhabitants of Abdera, in Thrace, otherwise celebrated as the birthplace of Democritus. The Abderites became a proverb in the mouths of their countrymen, and may be said to have achieved the illustrious reputation of having been the first bull-makers upon record. It was not that they were represented as deficient in ideas, but that the ideas seldom suited the occasion for which they were required. It once occurred to them that a city like Abdera should have a fountain in the centre of the market-place, and a famous sculptor was sent for from Athens to prepare a group, representing Neptune, in a chariot, drawn by sea-horses, and surrounded by Tritons and dolphins, who should spout water from their nostrils; but when the wish was completed, it was discovered that there was scarcely enough water to wet their noses—so the entire group had the appearance of suffering from a very severe cold. In order to stop the laughers the work was removed to the temple of Neptune, and, when exhibited to strangers, the sacristan was accustomed to express the sorrow of the worshipful city that so splendid a production of art was rendered useless by the poverty of nature. On another occasion they purchased a lovely Venus of Praxiteles. It was about five feet high, and intended for an altar. As soon as it arrived all Abdera fell into ecstasies about it. "She is too beautiful," exclaimed the townsmen, with one voice, "to be placed upon a low pedestal; a master-piece that does our city so much honor, and which has cost us so much money, should be the first thing that strikes the eye of the stranger on his visit to Abdera." Whereupon, the small and exquisitely-wrought statue was perched upon an obelisk eighty feet high, and as it

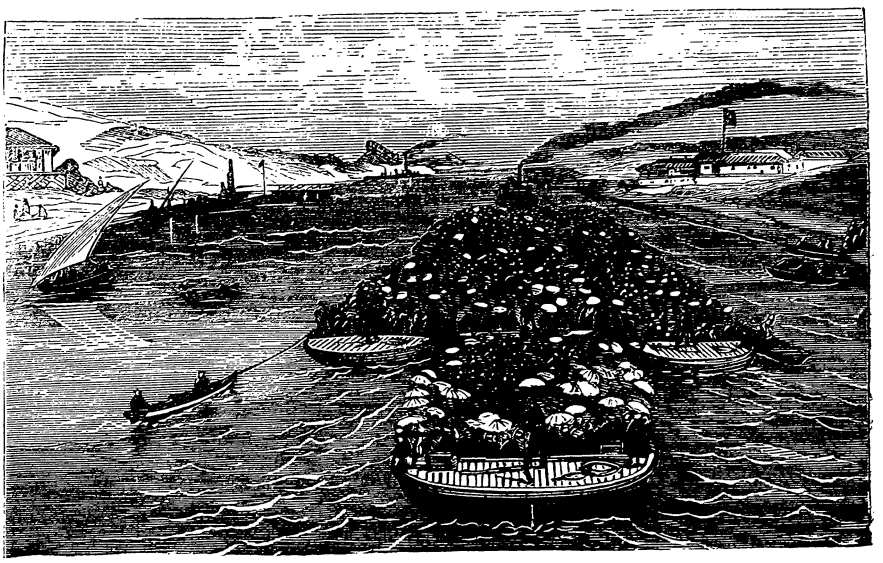


SUEZ CANAL.—VIEW OF THE CANAL AT EL GUISR STATION.

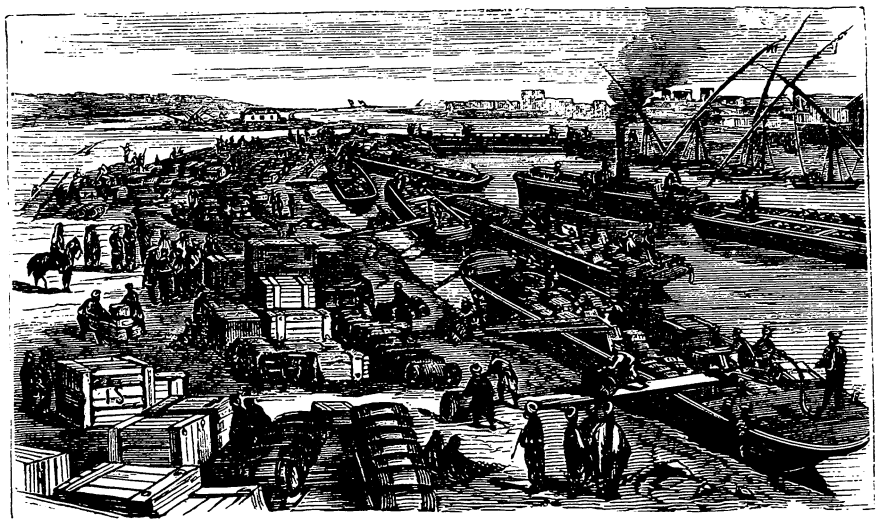
SUEZ CANAL.—THE FOUNTAINS OF MOSES.

was quite impossible at that distance to know whether it was a goddess or a cat, it became necessary to engage a keeper to assure all strangers that nothing more divinely perfect was to be seen, provided you could only see it.

In early English literature we find the men of Norfolk accredited with many of the attributes of the Abderites, and at a somewhat later period we begin to hear of the wise men of Gotham. The stories of their wonderful feats appear to have been first collected by Andrew Borde, a physician of the time of Henry VIII., who seems to have believed in the comfortable doctrine that mirth is a valuable ally of medicine. Innumerable editions of his work have been published since, and



SUEZ CANAL.—MECCA PILGRIMS RETURNING THROUGH THE PARTLY COMPLETED SUEZ CANAL IN MARCH, 1869.—SEE PAGE 257.

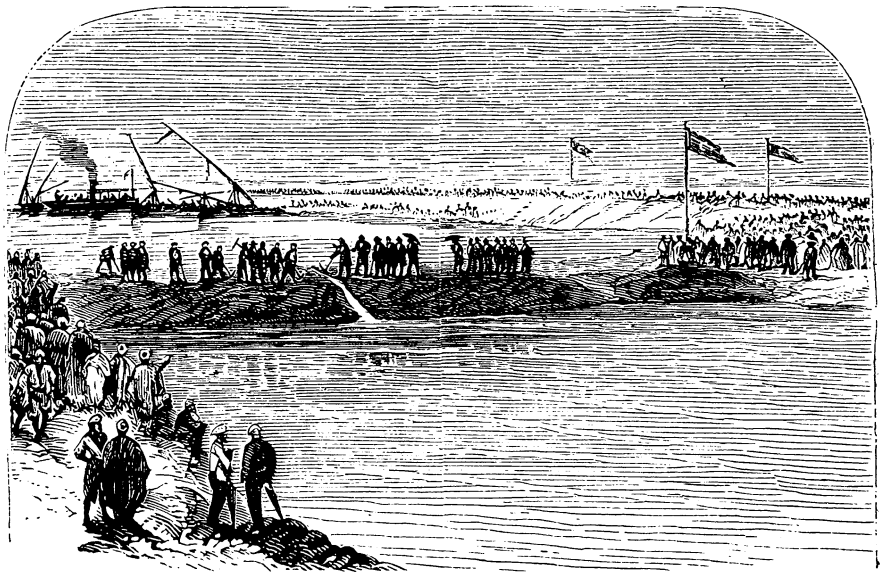


SUEZ CANAL.—ARRIVAL OF MERCHANDISE AT SUEZ BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE CANAL FOR THROUGH TRAFFIC.

we know from the frequent allusions to the tales in our old popular and dramatic literature that the book was a great favorite for at least two centuries. Until quite recent times a chap-book version of the "Merry Tales of Gotham," was a very saleable article of the pedlar's pack in the more remote districts of the west of England. One of the most famous of the stories—which is met with in slightly varying forms in almost every country in the world—relates the attempt to impound the cuckoo. The men of Gotham observing that it was almost invariably fine sunny weather when they heard the cuckoo, determined to keep the bird with them the year through, in order to improve their climate. "So, in the midst of the town, they made a hedge round in compass, and got a cuckoo, and put therein, saying to her, 'Sing here all the year, thou shalt lack neither meat nor drink.' The cuckoo, as soon as she perceived herself encompassed within the hedge, flew away. A vengeance on her,' said they; 'we made not our hedge high enough.'"

Another relates to the clever way in which they contrived to get fish for Lent:

"When that Good Friday was come the men of Gotham did cast their heads together what to do with their white fish and red herrings, their sprats and salt fish. Then one consulted with the other, and agreed that all such fish should be cast into the pond



SUEZ CANAL.—UNION OF WATERS OF RED SEA AND MEDITERRANEAN, AUGUST 12TH, 1869.

or pool which was in the middle of the town, that the number of them might increase again the next year, and they might all fare like lords. At the beginning of the next Lent they immediately went about drawing the pond, imagining that they should catch a great shoal of fish, but were much surprised to find nothing but a great eel. 'Ah!' said they, 'a mischief on this eel, for he hath eaten up our fish.' 'What must we do with him?' said one to the other. 'Kill him,' said one. 'Chop him into pieces,' said another. 'Nay, not so,' said another; 'but let us drown him.' So they immediately went to another pond, and did cast the eel into the water. 'Lie there,' said these wise men, 'and shift for thyself, since you can expect no help from us.'"

Another inhabitant of Gotham rode to the market with two bushels of wheat, and, in order to save his horse, carried one of the bags upon his own shoulder, but still continued to ride. When he arrived at his journey's end, he said, with great satisfaction, "The just man is always careful of his horse."

It must be confessed that the humor of these stories is of the thinnest. Like the song of the lace-makers, mentioned in "Twelfth Night," it is "silly sooth," and "like the old time," but not without a flavor of the dry, fatuous imbecility which amuses us in the speeches of Silence and Slender.

The real Gotham is a small, picturesque village, pleasantly situated amongst the Nottinghamshire hills, and the inhabitants relate the following story to account for the origin of their unenviable reputation:

"King John, once upon a time, journeying northwards, desired to pass through their meadows, but was prevented by the inhabitants, under the impression that the ground over which a king passed ever afterwards became a public road. The king, greatly incensed at this proceeding, sent from Nottingham two commissioners, with instructions to levy a heavy fine upon the village for its gross contumacy. Hearing of their approach, the clever Gothamites thought of an ingenious expedient to turn away the king's wrath, and when the messengers arrived they found all the people of the place engaged in a variety of idiotic pursuits, such as running about with boughs of trees to induce the crows to settle thereon, wheeling barrowfuls of sunshine to dry the corn that was got in wet, rolling cheeses down hill that they might get to Nottingham market, and other similar performances. The commissioners rode away under the impression that nothing was to be made of such a village of fools. King John, appeased, continued his progress, and the men of Gotham said, 'We ween there are more fools pass through our town than remain in it.'"

There is another village of the same name in Sussex, and the Sussex antiquaries, naturally anxious for the honor of their county, claim it for the original shrine, upon the ground that Andrew Borde, the great chronicler of Gothamdom, was a native of the neighborhood; but, on the other hand, the inhabitants of the Nottinghamshire village point with pride to the possession of the original cuckoo-bush, which is still flourishing, and the object of many pilgrimages.

In the north of England, the most famous of the second-rate Gothams, is the village of Austwick in Craven, which before the days of railways must have laid very much out of the world. The villagers are invariably called "Austwick carles"—carles being a dialectical form of the old English ceorl or churl. When an Austwick man comes down into the civilized parts of Yorkshire he is generally asked, "Who tried to lift the bull over the gate?" the tradition being that an Austwick farmer, wishing to get a bull out of a field, procured the assistance of nine of his neighbors, to assist him in lifting the animal over the gate. After trying in vain for some hours, they sent one of their number to the village for more help. In going out he opened the gate, and after he had been some time away, it occurred to one of the remaining nine that the bull might be allowed to go out in the same manner.

When knives were more expensive than they are in these days, it is said that there was only one knife, or whittle, as it is called in this part of Yorkshire, in all Austwick. It was kept under a tree in the middle of the village, for use in common, and if it was not there when wanted, the person requiring it shouted out "Whittle to tree!' until returned. This arrangement worked well for many years, until one day it was taken by some laborers to a neighboring moor to cut up their pies for dinner.

To save themselves the trouble of carrying it back, they agreed to leave it there until next day, and looking about for an object to mark the locality, they stuck it into the ground under a very black cloud which just then happened to be the most remarkable object in sight. Next day the cloud was gone, and the whittle was never seen again. There is a proverbial saying well known in Yorkshire relating to this place. "The best at the bottom, as the Austwick carles say," generally said of any dish or beverage which improves as it approaches the end. This is said to have originated in a scene which occurred at the drowning of an Austwick carle, who, reaching over a pond, had fallen in. Whilst drowning, the water made a gurgling noise in his throat, which the bystanders, who did not attempt to help him, interpreted to mean "Good! good! good!" "Ah," said they, "he finds it best at bottom." The thatch of Austwick Hall was once covered with a fine crop of grass, and it is said that the inhabitants held a meeting to consider the feasibility of getting some cows to pasture upon it. Even in these railway days Austwick has not entirely lost its ancient reputation. About a year ago, a story went the round of the Yorkshire papers about a farmer of this place who had to take a wheelbarrow to Clapham (the nearest) station. Instead of going by road, which was the longest route by about a hundred yards, he went through the fields, and had to lift the barrow over twenty-two stiles.

It was the well-known remark of the sage Queen Elizabeth during one of her royal progresses, that the farther she went towards the west the more sure and certain became her faith that the wise men really came from the east, and the reader, therefore, will not be surprised to hear that there are several Gothams upon the sunny western moors.

In Wiltshire, near the Marlborough downs, are two or three villages which have achieved great distinction in this way, and the *sobriquet* of "Moonrakers," applied to Wiltshire folks in general, is said to have taken its rise in one of these remote hamlets. A philosopher, returning from late work in the hay-time, endeavored to rake out of a pond the glowing reflection of a fine full moon, which he took to be a large cheese. In vain, however, he raked, for the agile cheese eluded the prongs like a jelly-fish, and would not come to land. His neighbors came to the rescue, and by midnight every man, woman, and child in the parish were engaged in the pursuit, which was continued with great ardor, until a passing cloud sank the cheese, and dispersed the disappointed assembly. Such, however, is the ingenuity of human nature, that the Wiltshire folks have not only contrived to take the sting out of this story, but positively endeavor to make it tell to their own advantage. According to their version, the real object of the raking was a keg of prime brandy which had been hidden in the pond, and the cheese story was invented for the benefit of the exciseman who had interrupted the proceedings. The revenue officer had his grin, but the Wiltshire men had both the laugh and the brandy! Another of these rustic drolleries relates the absurd adventures of a farmer, who determined to cure his

hogs of their dirty habits by making them roost upon the branches of a tree like birds. Night after night the perverse brutes were hoisted up to their perch, and every morning a pig was found with his neck broken, until at last there were no more left. But there is a great sameness in all these stories. The plots which form the original *nuclei* of the tales are surprisingly few in number, and show a poverty of invention which contrasts poorly with the more imaginative stories of the Celtic races.

There are numerous Gothams upon the Continent. At Belmont, near Lausanne, in Switzerland, we meet with nearly all the stories of the English Gotham, and a few new ones. Some Belmonters, they say, once desired to move their church three yards farther to the west; so they carefully marked the exact distance by leaving their coats upon the ground. They then set to work to push with all their might against the eastern wall. In the meantime a thief had gone round to the west, and stolen the coats. "Diable!" said the Belmonters, when they found their coats gone, "we have pushed too far!"

The French provinces are full of Gothams. One of the most famous is the pleasant little town of Pont-à-Mousson, in Lorraine, so well known in the annals of the last war. The most absurd stories are fathered upon the inhabitants of this favored town, who are said to combine with great simplicity a truly Gascon sense of their own importance. Their chief magistrate was once traveling in Italy, and chanced to arrive in the Eternal City on the night of a grand Pontifical festival. Rome was one mass of radiant flame, and a myriad of lamps lit up the dome of St. Peter's. "Pardieu!" said the Mayor of Pont-à-Mousson, "how on earth did they know I was coming?"

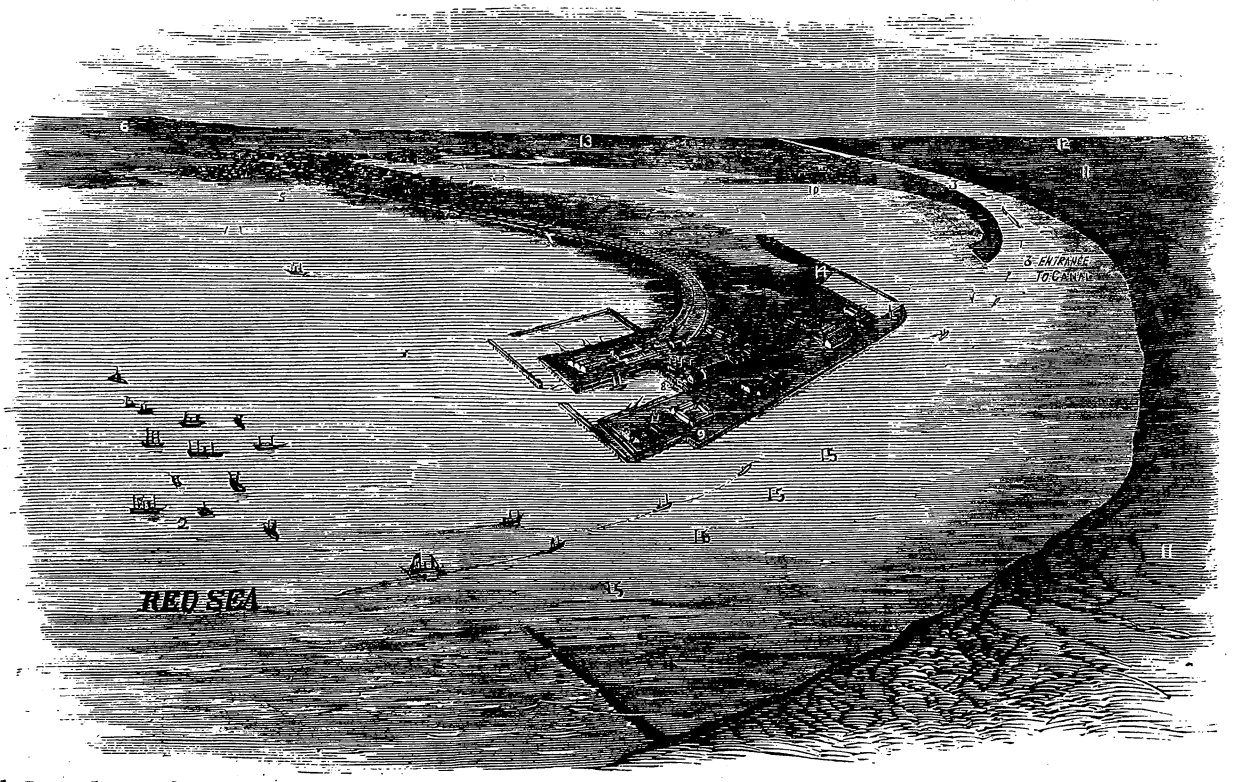
FASHIONS, ORIENTAL AND OCCIDENTAL.

How few there are of the votaries of fashion who bestow a thought upon the origin or the vagaries of fashion they so slavishly follow—the pedigree of the idol they worship! No sooner is a pretty costume adopted than it becomes common. Then the fickle female mind casts it aside for any novelty, however *outré*—strangeness and the power of creating a sensation being great causes of recommendation. France is the country that for many centuries has been the arbitrator and creator of fashions, though now it may be said to be very difficult to devise new modes, the changes being but a series of adaptations and combinations carried out at the suggestion of mantua-makers and manufacturers. These prey upon their patron-puppets, the essayists, who promenade in society habited in garments, or, more properly, fanciful forms, that meet with applause or condemnation as fancy wills, climate and the dictates of reason having little influence. "The costume of the period" is anything but of the present day. It was suggested by the fashion af the empire on which it is founded, guided by Oriental and Japanese taste, and with a dash of the Louis XVI., some of it very pretty. Parisian patronage and *gout* being able to do what England could not, who, notwithstanding she owned the Indies, and was the first to import Oriental articles, has been the last to be influenced by their teachings.

At the British International Exhibition of 1862 the English were the first to display the exquisite taste of the Japanese in design—a taste that was highly appreciated by a few of the more enlightened of her artists, though disregarded by the people at large, it being reserved for the French, at the next Universal Exhibition at Paris in 1867, to show the Japanese *chez eux*, for in an enclosure in the park they installed a Japanese house, with fittings, and native occupants, both male and female, the magnificent

wardrobe of the Japanese girls affording wonderful and exciting lessons to the Parisian ladies, who were never tired of watching the movements and habiliments of the almond-eyed demoiselles of the mysterious islands of the China seas, as they sat upon their mat-covered floors, chatting, or following the ordinary occupations of their daily duty. *A la queue*, the Parisians slowly moved on, to enter and re-enter, feasting their eyes with the marvelous combinations of color and exquisite finish, until they imbibed some of its spirit and teaching. In natural knowledge of color, the Japanese, like the Indians, are unrivaled, as also in designing forms, by which we mean spiritual creative drawing, apart from the study of the human form—a study that seems always to have chilled the eye and damped the soul; Greek art may be considered the antithesis of that of Japan—cold, severe, symmetrical, and monochromatic; the Athenian taste pales before the youthful freshness and glorious daylight of Japanese art, which, whilst conventional, is never symmetrical. How at variance with the classic is the costume of Japan—the long folds of white or tinted garments finding no favor with a people who revel in design and color, and who recline upon the floor and take their meals at tables like stools! On the carpet all Oriental costumes are seen to advantage, and particularly that of the Japanese ladies, who strenuously avoid, even when walking, an upright carriage.

To contrast our example with the European, we have made both figures erect, to show the chignons and general contour—the apology for a bonnet that occupies the place of a comb; the form of the sun-shade (in vogue at present); the long robe tucked up before and behind, in imitation of the broad scarf worn round the waist, a practice common with both sexes in the East, where the people lounge, and corsets could hardly be endured, the ample folds of the *ceinture* being necessary to keep the vital parts at an even temperature, whilst in no way to interfere with the organs of respiration. This part of the costume is more apparent in the second cut of the glee-singers, whose really serviceable hats afford a contrast to the bonnets worn at

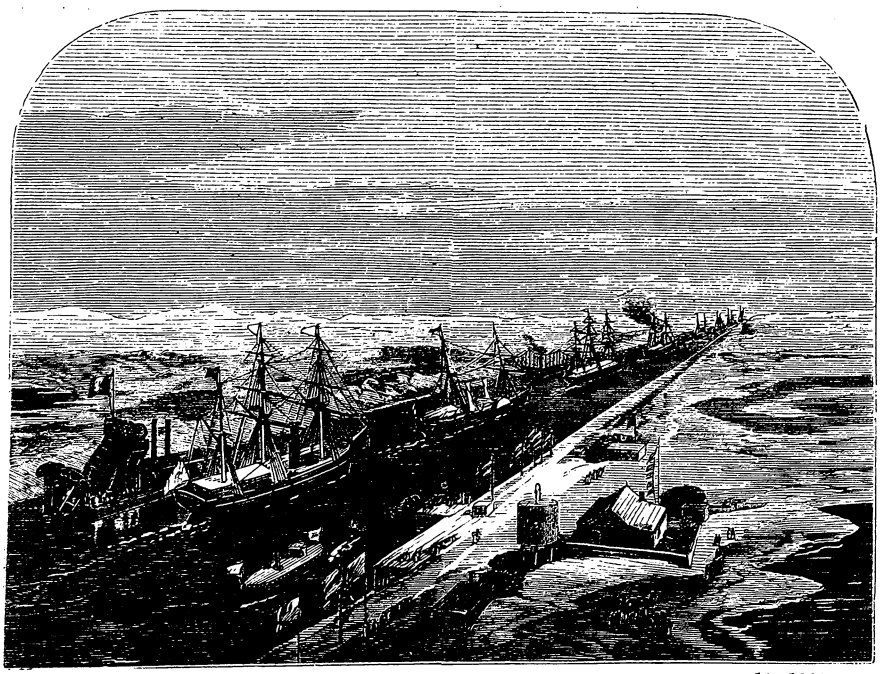


1. Eastern Jetty. 2. Roadstead of Suez. 3. Entrance to the Maritime Canal. 4. The Sweet Water Canal. 5. City of Suez. 6. Mountain of Attaku. 7. The Road to the City from the Port. 8. The Repairing Dock. 9. The Offices of the Suez Canal Company. 10. Quarantine. 11. The Desert on the Asiatic Side. 12. Mountains of Syria. 13. Zebel Genéffe. 14. The Basin of the Suez Canal Company. 15. Floating Buoys along the Maritime Canal.

THE SUEZ CANAL.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ FROM THE ROADSTEAD.

present. Never having been disported at Paris, they remain unappropriated. Of course the Japanese dress, as depicted above, being a costume, exists apart from fashion, a thing formerly unknown in the territory of the Tycoon, though now being adopted with other European vices, at least by the men, who are very fond of encasing their dapper little figures in broad cloth, boots and gloves, things formerly unknown in Japan.

Oh, that Fashion, that great spoiler of nationalities, should find such worshippers, as if variety of texture and difference of color were not enough, that man should desire to cut stuff to ribbons at the dictates of folly! With all their wonderful feeling for art, the Japanese are apt imitators, little appreciating the natural gifts they possess in a high degree—gifts that are denied to Europeans. In Japan they sometimes produce marvelous effects, and sketch nude forms and things in action with a facility far beyond the dull comprehension of academy teaching. Endowed with fertile imaginations and creative powers of the highest order, they do not produce pictures; yet in power of pictorial art no Oriental nation comes near them; but if picture-making is to destroy "the simple native of the new-found isle," God protect us from picture-making and the art of frippery!



THE SUEZ CANAL.—FORMAL OPENING—PROCESSION OF SHIPS IN CANAL, NOVEMBER 16, 1869.

PURPOSES, like eggs, unless they be hatched into action, will run into rottenness. It is these thorny "ifs," the mutterings of impatience and despair, which so often hedge round the field of possibility, and prevent anything being done, or even attempted. "A difficulty," said Lord Lyndhurst, "is a thing to be overcome"; grapple with it at once, facility will come with practice, and strength and fortitude with repeated effort. Thus the mind and character may be trained to move with a grace, spirit, and liberty almost incomprehensible.

GILLIAN.—"'GISBERT! IS IT YOU—IS IT REALLY YOU!' 'IT IS I! I PROMISED—DO YOU NOT REMEMBER?—TO RETURN SOME TIME.'"
SEE PAGE 174.

A YEAR'S WORK.

SITTING beside the casement
In the chill October day,
While Twilight, wrapped in her misty veil,
Was sobbing her life away;
Hearing the tinkle of the beck,
And the chirp of the lingering bird,
And the whistle of the homebound hind,
And the low of the distant herd;
Watching the red leaves floating down
From the branches one by one;
Thinking of all that a year could do,
Of all that a year had done.

Sweet as an April morn it rose,
The love that failed so soon,
Strewing her path with bright May flowers,
Brilliant and warm as June.
It drooped in August's fervid smile,
It fell like the year's last rose;
She will scarcely trace its resting-place,
'Neath December's coming snows.
The blossoms will bloom into life again
At the call of the Summer sun,
But no time nor tide can undo for her
What a single year has done.

Sitting beside the casement
Till the stars gleam through the firs,
The large tears dropping, slow and cold,
On those folded hands of hers.
They glitter as bright in the red fire-light
As the diamond that she wore
Ere she drew it off, the mocking pledge
Of a troth whose truth was o'er.
The hollow darkness around her creeps,
The day's long watch is run,
And all that they swore but Death could do,
A little year has done.

GILLIAN.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

IN an antiquated street of the queerest and quaintest of all the New England towns—I mean the old seaport of Marblehead—stood the house. Tall, steep-roofed, and many-windowed, with its face to the rocky harbor, and its back, as it seemed, turned on the cottages of the shoemakers and the fishermen, it wore always an air of antique grandeur and gentility, quite in keeping with the character of its owner; for Captain Elkanah Endicott, master of the staunch trader *Mary Jane*, and a lineal descendant of that Massachusetts Governor who hung the Quakers upon Boston Common, was as proud and uncompromising a tyrant as ever trod a quarter-deck.

A wide hall stretched through the house, with broad, shallow stairs, and a tiled fireplace painted with Scriptural scenes. All the rooms were wainscoted, and crossed by massive beams. Beautiful foreign knick-knacks abounded in them, along with chairs and chests of drawers as old as Cotton Mather's time. The windows had deep-cushioned seats, wherein Gillian, the sole daughter of the house, was wont to sit and watch the coasters and fishing-boats, and listen to the wild easterly storms rioting up and down the crazy, straggling streets of the town.

"She is like her father," Aunt Constance was wont to say, "but with a difference."

The captain's wife had been dead for many years. His household consisted of his daughter, his sister-in-law, who acted as housekeeper and governess, and Keturah, who had served the family for half a century.

Gillian was just thirteen when Captain Elkanah wrote from Martinique the following letter, which a homeward-bound ship brought in due season to the Marblehead house:

"DEAR SISTER-IN-LAW: I take my pen in hand to let you and the little one know that the *Mary Jane* and I are anchored safe in Port Royal harbor after a perilous voyage, wherein we nearly foundered in a hurricane in the Caribbean, and also lost at Santa Cruz two seamen by yellow jack, which misfortunes I ascribe to the rage in which I got with Keturah, and the oaths I let fly at her about packing my sea-chest on the day I left Marblehead.

"I wish you to give her a Spanish doubloon out of my strong box, and tell her to send me favoring winds and good health, and I'll remember her still further when I come.

"Last night I went ashore to dine at the house of my old friend St. Cyr, the richest planter on the island, and a member of the Privy Council. He is in great trouble about his son, a likely, mettlesome lad, who has been reading too many sea-yarns, and is wild, in consequence, to become a sailor. Madame St. Cyr, the daughter of the governor, and the grandest lady on the island, had thought to send the boy this same year to France, to there complete his education, and marry his cousin, and she is almost out of her wits. As young Gisbert will listen to no reason, monsieur and madame have decided to cure him of his folly by sending him on a voyage with me, which, be sure, I shall take care to make a bitter pill for his proud young stomach. Get the house ready for a guest, for I shall bring him when I come. He is sixteen years old, and so well-bred that he will give you no trouble. You may expect us about the first of October.

"Yours to command, etc."

"Martinique!" meditated Aunt Constance, as she smoothed the letter out upon her knee, "that is one of the Caribbee Islands. The people are French creoles. Poor boy! we must do our best to give him a hearty welcome."

"I hope he is nice," said Gillian, knitting her smooth brows; "I am sure he must be, if he is fond of sea-stories. Papa will make him scour the decks, and climb the masts in storms, and all that, I suppose."

"Very likely. Run, my dear, and get the doubloon." Gillian ran to the cabinet, where the captain's strong box was kept, and brought the gold piece twinkling in her hand.

"News, Keturah! news from papa!" she cried, flying off to the kitchen.

Captain Elkanah might boast descent from a Massachusetts Governor—Keturah, his servant, was the daughter of the Massachusetts kings. Their blood still showed in her high cheek-bones and black, deep-set eyes, and in the brown skin which hung upon her neck like tanned leather. She was an old woman—a hundred years old, at the very least, it seemed to Gillian. She always wore a cotton gown of bright pattern, a scarlet handkerchief, pinned upon her bosom, and a necklace of colored beads.

Aunt Constance called her a witch. Captain Elkanah—superstitious, like all sailors—held her in wholesome awe. Gillian, whose nurse she had been, loved her.

"Keturah," said she, waltzing across the hearth, "did you send the hurricane and the fever to papa's ship because he swore at you the day he went away?"

"The hurricane and the fever! they are God's messengers. Would they come or go at my bidding, do you think?"

"No," answered Gillian, meditatively; "but papa said so, and here's a doubloon for you——"

"Tut! tut!" snapped Keturah; "let him keep his money;" nevertheless, she put it in her pocket.

"So he's sailing home across seas, eh! and bringing with him a stranger—one from far away?"

Gillian stared at her in amazement.

"Oh, Keturah!" she cried, "*how* do you know? We have but just read the letter."

"The fire told me," said Keturah, laughing weirdly; "you may expect them with the next moon, ladybird."

Sure enough, one October night, when the harvest crescent was shining on the harbor waves, Captain Elkanah came home.

With a great bluster, like a northeaster blowing, he burst in upon Aunt Constance and his daughter, swinging in one hand a cage holding a white parrot, and followed by a pale, disheveled lad, with fair hair, and the look and mien of the Prince Perfect of Gillian's fairy tales.

"How d'ye do, sister-in-law?" cried Captain Elkanah; and he gave his rough paw to Aunt Constance, and then bent to smack Gillian's dog-rose cheek. "Hallo, little one! You're as pretty as a pink! Here is Monsieur Gisbert. He's been sick ever since we left Martinique;" adding, in a lower voice, "and, if I haven't cured him of his hankering for blue water, I'll eat the island and all its mountains."

Aunt Constance, sweet, motherly soul, hastened to take the young creole's hand and lead him to the fire.

"Dear me!" she began, compassionately. "How ill you look! You have had a rough voyage. Welcome to——"

But here she paused, for, with a faint attempt to raise her hand to his lips, young monsieur reeled toward the chair and fell in a dead faint.

The voyage had been too much for the son of the island planter. He lay without breath or motion, his face like the dead.

Gillian, in great fright, mixed with pity, screamed out:

"Oh, papa—you dreadful papa! you've killed him!" and began to wring her hands.

Aunt Constance alone preserved her senses.

"It is a swoon," said she; "he is quite exhausted. Run for smelling-salts, and burnt feathers, and Keturah."

In came Keturah, and slapped his hands, and burnt feathers under his nose, till his lids lifted, and he looked around.

His wondering, home-sick gaze turned from object to object, until it rested upon Gillian — Gillian, leaning over him, in a cloud of shining hair, tears on her lashes, and a smile parting her red young mouth.

"See!" she cried; "he is better."

The young creole lifted himself to look at her.

"Oh!" he breathed in slow delight, "who are you?"

"I am Gillian," she answered—"Gillian Endicott."

"Shall I see you as long as I stay here?"

"Every day."

"*Ciel!* what happiness!" he murmured, and fell back fainting again.

This was how he came to the old Northern seaport; Aunt Constance petted him with motherly tenderness; even Captain Elkanah was kind; and as for Gillian, from the first hour of his arrival the two adored each other.

One day they quarrelled. Gisbert took his flute and went off to a lonely corner, and began to play a wild, wailing improvisation, which pierced to the window where Gillian sat sulking. She would not turn or look. He played on awhile, the sweet notes growing sadder and sadder, but still she did not heed. Then he flung the instrument from him, and crossed to her side.

"If you do not forgive me at once," he hissed through his teeth, "I will throw myself from the rocks!"

"You dare not!" she answered, scornfully.

His violet eyes grew black with rage.

"Do you mean that? *Eh bien*—you shall see!" said he.

And, turning on his heel, he was tearing off in very truth, when she, following after, flung herself upon him.

"Stop!" she sobbed—oh, stop, Gilbert! I only am to blame. Forgive me!"

He snatched her in his arms, and kissed away her tears.

"Ah! have I made you weep?" he cried, remorsefully. "Why do you treat me so? When you are kind to me, I am in heaven; when you flout me, I am ready to die."

On another occasion, when Aunt Constance was taking her peaceable after-dinner nap, this pair of young creatures slipped out of the house, and flitted till they reached a wharf, where Gisbert, who had a plentiful supply of pocket-money, hired a boat. The two scrambled into it, and, having set the sail, went dancing off through the sunshine.

"You love the sea," cried Gillian, "and so do I—oh, so much! Let us go on a voyage together."

"To do that," said Gisbert, "we must have a compass and a bag of sea-biscuit."

"We can stop for them at the nearest port."

He looked doubtfully across the gray waters.

"If you wish it, that is enough; I will go with you to the end of the world."

Then a flaw of wind struck the boat and capsized it, and the next instant the two were struggling in the water.

The French lad rose to the surface like a duck, and struck out for a crop of hazel hair floating on a great wave near by. He seized it as it was sinking, and held it fast.

The tide was setting strong against him; the shore looked far, far away. Nevertheless, he started for it gallantly.

"Let me go!" cried Gillian; "you will drown if you do not!"

"Then I will drown," he answered, holding her closer still.

He was a superb swimmer, but the odds were fearfully against him.

"Save yourself!" still entreated Gillian.

"Never—without you!" he replied, indignantly.

Some fishermen in a distant boat had witnessed the calamity. They tacked now, and came hastening to the rescue. More dead than alive, the two were drawn out of the water, and carried back to the house.

They sat battling one night over a set of superb chessmen which Gisbert had brought from Martinique, when Aunt Constance began to talk to her guest about his island home.

"You will go back to your dear mother," said she, "and never again think of the sea."

"Ah, madame, how could I think of you and Gillian, and not of the sea which will be between us?"

"Well, you will never again cross mamma's wishes?"

He hesitated; the blood leaped into his blonde face.

"I cannot promise that, for she has set her heart upon marrying me to my cousin."

Gillian looked up quickly.

"And do not *you* wish it?" asked she.

"No," said Prince Perfect.

"Do you not love her?" urged Gillian.

He cast down his eyes, and looked red and rebellious.

"She lives in Paris. She is a great heiress; but she has also a crooked back. No, I do not love her; it was to escape her that I wished to go to sea."

A heavy step sounded in the hall, and Captain Elkanah, grizzled and bluff, unbuttoned his overcoat and walked in.

With a certain exhilaration in his manner, he advanced to the fire, rubbing his hands.

"I've done it, sister-in-law," he announced, briefly.

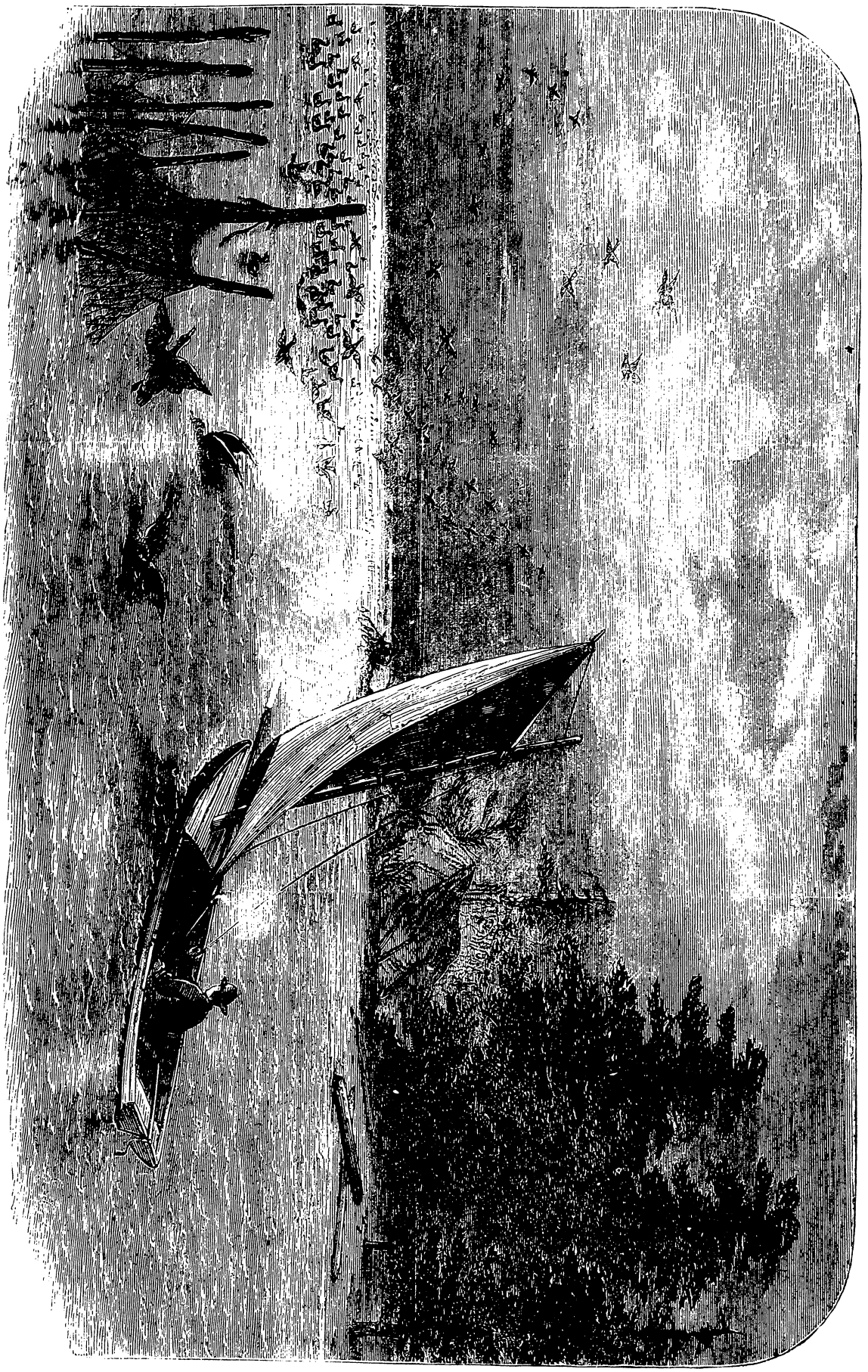
"Done—what?" queried Aunt Constance.

"Made an investment, ma'am—salted down ten thousand dollars for our old age. I was dining to-day with Fordham. There was a State Street broker in the company. He talked bonds to me, and I listened."

Then he caught sight of Keturah, who was just bringing in the lights.

"Hey!" cried he; "have I done a good thing to-day, Keturah, or have I not?"

DUCK-SHOOTING IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.—SEE PAGE 281.



DUCK-SHOOTING IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.—SEE PAGE 281.

She looked him over carefully with her cunning black eyes, then seized the poker, and, plunging it into the fire, sent a shower of sparks dancing up the chimney.

"There's your money!" she answered, "gone!"

"What do you mean?' cried Captain Elkanah, slapping his breast, angrily. "The bonds are a good investment—I've the word of honest men for it."

"Honest men," scoffed Keturah, "are hard to find in these days. You'll never see your money again," and she turned and vanished from the room.

The creole boy was as full of extravagant ways and fiery tempers as an egg of meat. Aunt Constance used to wonder if all French people were like him. He would sit for hours sketching portraits of Gillian, and then tear up his work in fury, because, as the child saucily said, he could not make her pretty enough. His fondness for her, his admiration of her beauty, knew no bounds. Often he astonished the grizzly captain, and deeply perplexed Aunt Constance.

"They are a perfect pair," Keturah was wont to mutter, as she watched the two children—"a perfect pair—made by the good Lord for each other."

On night Gillian went to bed with her head full of Aunt Constance's ghost-stories. In the dead of the night Gisbert dreamed that he saw an angel hovering with outspread wings upon a pinnacle. He awoke with a great start, and ran to his window.

As he looked forth into the night, lo! in the open space before the window, he saw a human shadow, flung from some point high above, moving back and forth in the moonlight.

It was very odd. The boy dressed hastily, and stepped out into the passage. Gillian's door stood wide open, and the room within was empty. Familiar by this time with all the winding ways of the house, he stopped only to cry out at Aunt Constance's door, "Arise, madame! Something has happened!" and then hurried to the attic. As he mounted its stair a rush of cold wind greeted him. The scuttle was standing open, and a ladder rested against it. The French lad climbed the rounds and looked out.

The steep roof, with its covering of mingled snow and ice, shone in the moonlight like pearl. Far to one end, poised upon the dizzy edge, as if for heavenward flight, like the angel of which he had dreamed, stood Gillian. She was in her night-clothes, and her white feet were bare. Her hazel curls streamed around her shoulders. Her face was peaceful and pale; the eyes were closed; a faint smile hovered on the calm red lips. The child was walking in her sleep—upon that steep and icy roof, where an inadvertent movement might plunge her down, where the next step was death!

For a moment Gisbert stood petrified, then he dropped his shoes, and, nimble as a cat, sprang upon the roof. It was as slippery as glass. Inch by inch he climbed and clung, drawing nearer and nearer to her.

Would she walk straight off the dizzy edge, or would some invisible hand hold her there till he could reach her? He crept on—he touched her nightdress, then balanced himself firmly, and grasped her with both arms.

She awoke with a frightened scream. He held her fast, and retracing his steps, lowered her through the scuttle around which the whole household was now gathered.

"That was well done!" commented Captain Elkanah, as the young hero descended the ladder.

As for Aunt Constance she rushed at him and hugged him till he was breathless.

"You brave boy!" she sobbed; "you splendid boy! What do we not owe you for this?"

Well, the weeks crept on, and the sojourn of the planter's son at the old New England house drew near its close.

In the attic, already mentioned, stood a cedar chest, with curious brass mountings and a spring lock, but the key was lost, as both the children had heard.

They were rioting through the house one afternoon when Gillian crept into this fragrant retreat to hide.

Down upon her, swift as lightning, banged the lid. Gisbert ran through the attic, searching and calling her in vain. At last, he heard, or fancied he heard, a faint noise from the chest. He tried the lid, and found it fast.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried he, and flew for a hatchet and a box of tools which he had seen among the rubbish of the place.

He hacked and sawed away the lock and released the prisoner, but not until the blood spurted in a stream from his own hands, and Gillian was nearly suffocated.

The two came gliding down the stair in the gloaming, very pale and subdued, and found Captain Elkanah standing on the hearth, talking with his sister-in-law.

"Come, young monsieur," he cried, at sight of Gisbert, "make your adieu with the little one! To-morrow you will be on your way to Martinique."

The lad staggered back a step.

"I will not go!" he gasped.

"Hey!" cried Captain Elkanah; "what would, monsieur, your father, and madame, your mother, say, should I appear in Port Royal Harbor without you?"

"I cannot go!" he persisted; "I cannot leave Gillian!"

"My dear," said Aunt Constance, "sometime you will come and see us again."

With such breath as remained to her, Gillian began to sob and roar. As for young monsieur, in mingled French and English he continued to reiterate his determination to remain unless Gillian should be allowed to go with him. When Aunt Constance pronounced this impracticable, he seized all his beautiful carved chessmen and flung them into the fire, crying out: "Nobody shall touch them after *her!*" and then sent his flute on the same journey with, "None shall hear me play it again;" after which he flung himself down, tearing his fair hair in misery.

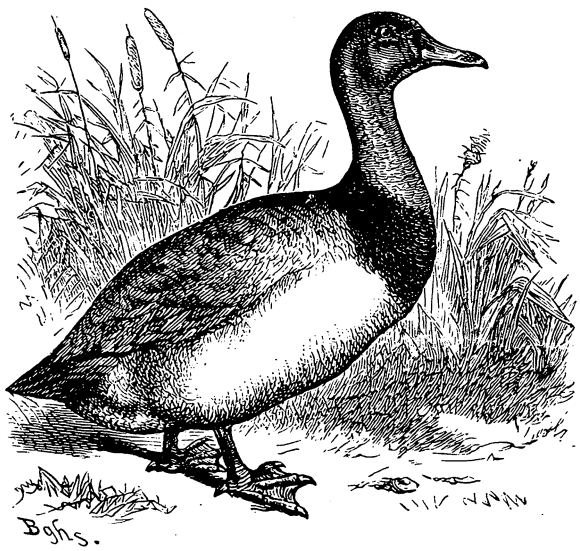
Then he fled from them all, and hid himself in a nook of the dark staircase, where Gillian found him after weary search, and mingled her tears with his.

The next morning they parted.

"You must wait for me!" whispered the pale lips of the creole boy in the ear of weeping Gillian. "I adore you! I will come back some day."

"No," she sobbed; "you will marry your cousin and forget me. I shall never, never see you again!"

"I will come back," he repeated; "I swear it!"



DUCK-SHOOTING IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.—CANVAS-BACK DUCK.
SEE PAGE 281.

Aunt Constance embraced him, and bade him be a good boy henceforth, and mind his mamma.

Keturah, in the background, called out to the Captain:

"When we see you again, master, you will be upon four legs."

"Four legs!" cried the captain. "What! am I to be turned out to grass, like Nebuchadnezzar?"

"What's writ is writ," said Keturah, enigmatically.

Then they went their way, and the good ship *Mary Jane* sailed down past the forts and islands of Boston Harbor, and Gillian's fairy prince, with his blonde face and his tropic heart, faded out of her life like a splendid dream.

THAT was Captain Elkanah's last voyage, Paralysis seized him on shipboard, and when he came back to the Marblehead House Keturah's prophecy was verified; for he could move only upon crutches, and the old life was over for Captain Elkanah.

It was a terrible blow. Then, too, his investments had proved unlucky. Loss of money was added to loss of strength, and his temper, savage enough at all times, now became diabolic. Dark days—days of sickness and trouble—had come to the old house.

No word from Martinique ever reached Gillian. She wore a ring, which Gisbert had sent her on her father's return. All that the girl knew of her lover was that he had been sent to complete his education in France before *Mary Jane* weighed anchor for home. He was rarely mentioned now in the house, except by the parrot, who, in certain moods, would still call out for "Gisbert, Gisbert!"—at which the tears always started in Gillian's eyes.

She was just seventeen, oval-faced, pearly-skinned, and with plenty of fine manners and graces, when John Fordham first saw her.

It was a Winter twilight. With a sort of proud patience in her face, she was sitting by the captain's side, reading to him by the light of the open fire. Her elocution, it seemed, had failed to satisfy him, and he was just lifting his crutch, to reprove her with a blow, when Keturah ushered this stranger into the room. He strode across the hearth, and seized the old man's arm.

"Good God, sir!" he cried, "you would not strike a creature like this?"

Captain Elkanah stared up into the shocked, red-bearded face of the new-comer.

"Why not?" he answered, peevishly. "She's my daughter; I may do with her as I like. Ah, Mister John, see what a wreck I have become! I shall never walk the deck of the old *Mary Jane* again!"

John Fordham kept his fascinated eyes fixed on Gillian. Rising from her chair, pale and unspeakably lovely, she returned the look in amazement.

"I am the owner of the *Mary Jane*," he stammered. "I come to pay my respects to the man whom my father used to call the best sailor that ever trod a quarter-deck."

He was a stout, good-looking fellow of thirty, with a florid face and kind blue eyes. Gillian bowed, and retreated into the nearest window.

"I never knew before that you had a daughter," said Fordham to the captain.

"Ay," answered he; "she's the last of the stock, and she'll be next door to a beggar when I go."

Fordham remained to tea. He talked principally to the captain and Aunt Constance, but he looked only at Gillian. When he had taken his departure, Captain Elkanah called his daughter to his side, and eyed her closely and critically.

"Bless my soul! you're grown up!" he cried.

"Yes, papa," said Gillian.

"And you're not ugly, either! We must be looking out for a husband for you—eh, sister-in-law?"

"There is no hurry," replied Aunt Constance; "she is but seventeen."

John Fordham came again, and delicately apprised the captain that he had settled upon him an annuity for past serviees.

"I am only sorry," said he, "that I did not think of it before. But I have been abroad for years, and knew nothing about my father's affairs until his death."

After this he became a constant visitor. His purpose was understood by all save Gillian.

Sometimes he found her reading to the savage old captain, or trying to amuse him with chess, or cribbage, or piquet; and then he would take her book, or board, or cards, with such eagerness, such evident desire to relieve her for a little, that she could not but be grateful. Sometimes she sat in her favorite window-seat, with the white Martinique parrot on her shoulder, and her eyes fixed in a far, dreamy gaze upon the sea. Sometimes she worked at bits of sewing or embroidery, like other women, or played at an old piano. But whatever she was doing, John Fordham's eyes dwelt upon her with deep and steadily increasing passion.

An inkling of the truth first came to her one blustering night. With a cloak of sables thrown across his arm, and his good-natured face red by the frost, John Fordham entered.

"How I wish," he said, as he crossed to Gillian's corner, "that you would once look as if you were glad to see me, Miss Endicott!"

She did not withdraw her eyes from the darkening waters.

"I cannot be otherwise than glad," she answered; "for your visits here are a great comfort to papa."

"And are they nothing to *you?*" he urged.

"Oh, yes!" she answered. "You are the only person in the world who takes the trouble to visit us."

"Why are you always gazing at that sea." he murmured. "like Hero watching for Leander? I wish you would look at me instead, Gillian."

He got her hand somehow betwixt his own.

She drew it away.

"Gillian, pretty Gillian!" called the Martinique parrot, sleepily, from her cage overhead.

"Gillian, *darling* Gillian!" groaned John Fordham, in a miserable, tremulous voice, and he laid his hot lips upon that burnished hair.

She sat for an instant as if thunderstruck; then started to her feet, flashed him one strange, astonished look, and was gone before he could utter so much as a word.

The next time he came Gillian would not see him.

"She has a headache," whispered Aunt Constance, deprecatingly, to the captain, "and has gone to bed."

"Go up and bring her down," he answered.

Aunt Constance went, but returned again alone.

"She will not come," was the message she telegraphed to him across John Fordham's shoulders.

Captain Elkanah seized his crutch and hobbled out of the room and up the stair to the door of Gillian's chamber. He flung it open without ceremony, and limped in.

She lay on her white pillows, reading her Bible by the light of a candle. With a face like a thunder-cloud, he advanced and, lifting his crutch, shook it over her head.

"Get up!" he commanded.

"Oh, papa, papa!" cried Gillian, affrighted at his look.

"Get up, I tell you, and come down to John Fordham! You think because I am crippled that you can defy me, eh? You shall see!"

"Oh, papa," moaned Gillian, "spare me this once. I do not want to see John Fordham again."

"I will give you five minutes in which to dress," retorted

the brutal captain; "if you are not ready I shall drag you down as you are."

Gillian made her toilet, and descended to the room below. She found John Fordham alone. As she entered, pale and perfect, he little dreamed of the scene above stairs. She gave him her cold finger tips.

"Gisbert! Gisbert!" called a sudden voice from the window.

It was the Martinique parrot. She had awakened on her perch, and was fluttering uneasily in the firelight. Gillian's hand dropped from John Fordham's. A swift, sharp pang struck to her heart. Her fairy prince, her hero, her lover—where was he now? Had he quite forgotten his early love? Without a doubt. Gillian moved, shivering, to the fire.

"I hope I have not disturbed you," stammered Fordham, his florid face growing redder; "but it is time, Gillian, that you knew my heart. I love, I have loved you passionately for weeks. I think, yes, *know* that I can make you happy. Will you marry me?"

She shrank away, pale as Niobe.

"I will not deceive you," she answered; "I have never given you a thought. If I marry you, it will be solely to please my father. There is no will in this house but his."

"That sounds very cold," said John Fordham.

"Yes," she replied, listlessly; "but I am not like other women—I have no heart."

"Be that as it may, I will take you, Gillian."

After which there was nothing for her to do but lay her white, reluctant hand in his.

The only one of the household who did not rejoice in Gillian's betrothal was Keturah.

"You will never marry him, ladybird," she said.

"For heaven's sake," cried Aunt Constance, "don't listen to that old creature, child! Love will come in time. There was Gisbert St. Cyr and his cousin——"

"Hush!" cried Gillian, "don't speak of him."

The old house began to ring with notes of preparation. Gillian, who was losing flesh and color, came to Keturah.

"They have set my wedding-day," said she.

"No matter," answered Keturah, "you will never marry him, I tell you!"

"My bridal dress is bought."

"You will never wear it, ladybird."

"Oh, Keturah," prayed Gillian, "do not deceive me."

"I will not," replied Keturah.

Years after, Gillian remembered the weeks preceding her marriage day as a dreary, confused dream. She neither tried nor wished to love John Fordham. She knew from the beginning that she could not.

It was a Winter morning. In her chamber stood Gillian, robed in misty white—the palest, loveliest bride that morning light ever shone upon.

Aunt Constance tried to kiss her; she thrust her away.

"Don't!" she said, coldly. "You are a Judas, Aunt Constance—you have helped to betray me."

Then she turned to Keturah, who was sweeping up the coals on the open hearth.

"Oh, Keturah," she cried, "you promised that I should never marry him."

The old woman did not lift her eyes from her work.

"You never will," she made answer.

"How dare you still tell me that?" scoffed Gillian. "All things are ready, and everybody is here."

"No," contradicted Keturah, "the bridegroom is not."

True, guests and clergyman had arrived, but not John Fordham. A half-hour went by—an hour; he did not come.

Gillian stood at her window, staring out upon the storm-swept sea. Everybody felt that it was no trivial matter which kept the ardent, eager bridegroom from his expectant bride.

"Poor Gillian—poor Gillian!" croaked the Martinique parrot from her perch.

Far down the crooked street the sound of horsehoofs rang suddenly out above the clamor of the storm. Gillian at her window was the first to see the messenger.

"Alas! none ride so fast as he that bears ill news. A great chill and terror crept through her veins. He stopped at the house, and leaping from the saddle, entered with his tidings among the gathered guests.

Gillian heard voices and confusion, and then the door of her chamber was flung wide open, and Captain Elkanah and his crutches stood on the threshold.

"Take off that dress, girl!" cried he, his old face terrible with grief and baffled hope, "and put on widow's weeds! John Fordham is dead. He was flung from his horse this morning, and killed instantly."

The room whirled, the day vanished. In the bridal white, which, in truth, she was never to wear at the altar, Gillian fell senseless to the floor.

After that day Captain Elkanah never again held up his grizzled head. Hardly had Gillian donned crape for her lover when the old tyrant departed on his last long voyage, and left his empty chair in the chimney nook.

Blow followed blow. Aunt Constance began to droop perceptibly. At the end of a twelvemonth, she, too, died, and Gillian and Keturah were left alone.

To its desolate hearth the two came back from Aunt Constance's grave.

They sat on either side of the fire—Keturah, old and feeble; Gillian, in her deep mourning, with big, sorrowful eyes, and cheeks from which the roses seemed forever fled.

"Keturah," she said, as the tears slipped one by one off her lashes; "what are we to do? Do you think we two can live on here alone?"

Keturah roused herself slowly from her torpor.

"Hark!" she muttered, "there is some one coming over the snow."

Gillian listened. The wind screeched in the chimney; the clock struck out the hour. But that was all.

"I hear no one," she said.

"There is some one coming over the snow," repeated Keturah, like one talking in a dream, "and he will tell you what you are to do."

A sudden peal rang out from the brass knocker on the hall-door. A visitor, and upon this night, and at this hour! Gillian looked up, startled and amazed.

"Who can it be? Go; open the door!" she said to Keturah.

The old woman obeyed. Lo! out of the storm and out of the night, a traveler stepped across the threshold!

"Does Captain Endicott still live in this house?"

"No," said Keturah; "he is dead."

"And his daughter?"

"She is here alone."

Gillian started up from the chimney corner. She saw a man, blonde, bearded, lordly as a young Antinous, but with the heart of his boyhood looking still from his eyes.

He saw a woman, with parted lips and lustrous hair, complete in every promised grace, who was to the Gillian of his memory what the radiant blossom is to the closed bud. They stood on that familiar hearth and looked into each other's eyes. She was the first to speak.

"Gisbert!" she pronounced, "is it you—is it *really* you?"

He still retained the extravagant ways of his boyhood—he sank at her feet.

"It is I! I promised—do not you remember—to return sometime?"

"And you have not married your cousin?" she faltered, betwixt smiles and tears.

"How could I, when my heart and soul were yours? She has taken the vail at Paris."

Then he told her of the long battle which he had waged with all his kindred and, finally, of the death of his father, and his succession to the family estates whereby he was for the first time enabled to follow the dictates of his own faithful heart.

"Your memory," he said to Gillian, "has grown with my growth and strengthened also with my strength. But you—how is it with you? Do you love me still?"

"I have never loved other than you — never!" she answered, shivering as she thought of John Fordham.

And so he married her, and carried her away to Martinique, and Keturah went with them. But the old house still stands overlooking the harbor of Marblehead, and the story of this pair—highborn French lad and beautiful New England girl—haunts it still like a spell.

A YEAR'S WORK.—SEE PAGE 274.

—o—

Duck-Shooting in Chesapeake Bay.

THE canvas-back duck (*Aythya valisneria*), so well known in this country as an article of luxury, is a species exclusively North American. The excellence of flesh to which it owes its value and celebrity is due, in a great measure, to the nature of its food during the Autumn and Winter months, which at that season consists chiefly of the *Valisneria Americana*—an aquatic plant growing in rather shallow and brackish waters within the influence of the tides, and sending long narrow leaves up to some height above the surface. The root is white, and its flavor is said to resemble that of celery. This, which is the only part of the plant eaten by the bird, it obtains by diving, and, when abundant, all other kinds of food are passed unheeded. So attractive is it that, wherever the plant is found, there the canvas-back is sure to congregate; though the converse does not always hold good, as has been asserted. Flocks are frequently met with on parts of the coast where the plant does not exist, and they are then found to subsist on molluscæ, different marine plants and algæ—a diet which generally deteriorates the flavor and delicacy of the flesh to a greater or less extent. The most noted resorts of the canvas-back have always been Chesapeake Bay, the mouths of the Potomac, and James river, with several other lesser streams and river mouths in the same quarter, all of which abound with the *valisneria*.

As most persons are probably aware, the canvas-back derives its name from the resemblance which the marking of the back bears in its appearance to that of canvas, being of a light gray, curiously covered with fine dusky lines, closely intersecting one another like crossed threads. This peculiarity occurs also in the common pochard or dun bird (*Fuligula ferina*), which being somewhat similar in many other respects, though not in flavor or delicacy, is often sold in Europe as the genuine canvas-back. The following points of difference, however, if attended to, would prevent any one from being so deceived. When in good condition the male canvas-back weighs about three pounds, and the female about two pounds and three-quarters, while the pochard averages only one pound and three-quarters. The bill of the canvas-back runs high up on the forehead, is perfectly black, and an inch longer than that of the pochard; or three

inches instead of two. In the latter it is also narrower and slighter, and generally of a slate color, with black base and tip only. Further: the legs and feet of the canvas-back are larger and of a much paler ash color than those of the other. There are likewise minor differences in the color and markings of the plumage, but the above distinctions are sufficient to enable any person to tell the one from the other.

The following is the plumage of the canvas-back: the forehead and cheeks are a dusky brown, all the rest of the head, as well as the neck, being of a bright chestnut. The upper portion of the breast is black, extending round to the canvas-like marking of the back, which has been already described. The lower plumage is white, marked somewhat similarly to the back, though more faintly, the sides being dusky freckled. The wing-coverts are gray speckled, the wing feathers slate color, with a narrow edging of deep black on the inner ones; underneath the whole are white. The legs and feet, the latter of which are rather large in proportion to the size of the bird, are of a pale ash color. The tail, which is short and sharp-pointed, is a brownish roan, and the tail-coverts are black.

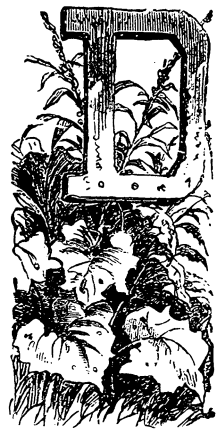
The female has the sides of the head and the throat of a buff color, and in lieu of chestnut her neck is brown, which color extends down to the breast and replaces the black of the male bird. In other respects there is no difference excepting in that of size, as already noticed.

The canvas-back appears in Canada and the Northern States, like nearly all the rest of the order, only at two periods of the year—in Autumn, on its way South, and in Spring, on its return. At these times, though it is a very shy and difficult bird to approach, a great many are killed on the lakes and rivers along their route, though of course nothing to be compared with the numbers killed at the great rendezvous along the Atlantic coast, where they are slaughtered merely as a matter of trade and without any regard to sport. Wilson gives the following description of some of the various modes practised to get within gunshot of them: "The most successful way is said to be decoying them to the shore by means of a dog, while the gunner lies closely concealed in a proper situation. The dog, if properly trained, plays backwards and forwards along the margin of the water, and the ducks, observing his manœuvres, enticed perhaps by curiosity, gradually approach the shore, until they are sometimes within twenty or thirty yards of the spot where the gunner lies concealed, and from which he rakes them, first on the water and then as they rise. If the ducks seem difficult to decoy, any glaring object, such as a red handkerchief, is fixed round the dog's middle or to his tail, and this rarely fails to attract them. Sometimes, by moonlight, the sportsman directs his skiff towards a flock whose position he has previously ascertained, keeping himself within the projecting shadow of wood, bank, or headland, and paddles along so silently and imperceptibly as often to approach within fifteen or twenty yards of a flock of many thousands, among whom he generally makes great slaughter."

They pass through Canada in great numbers on their flights North and South, and are mostly shot in the Detroit river and the St. Clair Flats, but are not so easily got at in the latter. The American widgeon is almost invariably to be seen feeding in company with them, attracted also by the *valisneria*, as already explained.

PIETY and policy are like Martha and Mary — sisters. Martha fails if Mary help not; and Mary suffers if Martha be idle. Happy is that kingdom where Martha complains of Mary; but most happy where Mary complies with Martha. Where piety and policy go hand-in-hand, there war shall be just, and peace honorable.

AN AMERICAN'S VISIT TO MUNICH.



DURING the recent representation of Wagner's operas, I was frequently attracted by descriptions of artistic performances in Munich, as well as in the whole extent of the Bavarian kingdom. The youthful, romantic, and progressive king now occupying the throne, is, by himself, an attractive character, and so I presumed that the city where he ruled, and the circle of artists by which he is surrounded, must be well worth studying. I therefore concluded that, on my next trip to Europe I should not stop to admire only London, Paris, the Alps, and Italy, but should visit Munich, and there pay tribute to the genius of art. My visit to this cyclopedia of all artistic tendencies and attainments of modern times has satisfied my mind beyond expectation; thus it is I recommend Americans visiting the European continent, and who appreciate art, to study attentively the treasures and monuments so liberally exhibited in Munich.

The number of its inhabitants scarcely exceed one hundred and eighty thousand, and the city is built in a perfectly level and partly swampy, unhealthy tract of land, on the banks of the rapid Isar. The nearest Alpine ridge lies at a distance of thirty miles to the south, and its contours become plainly visible only when the atmosphere is dimmed by moisture or approaching rain. On the northwest lies an uninviting, peat-producing plain, which is rapidly crossed by the trains coming from Augsburg. The traveler then alights in the spacious, high-arched depôt, and soon finds himself on a large square with a neat, attractive look. The centre of Munich forms its most ancient quarter, and has clean but very crooked streets and lanes, quaint-looking private residences with high-gabled roofs, peculiar to some parts of Germany, and vividly recalling the ancient wood architecture, high-vaulted temples of worship constructed in the nondescript rococo-fashion, and a few wide halls for marketing and grain-selling purposes. The new parts of the city widely differ in appearance from the old; their streets intersecting at right angles in true American fashion, and are lined by large brick houses, many vacant lots yet intervening between them. The uniform rows of high-stoop or four-storied private residences, as constructed in many American or English cities, have been avoided; but a graceful variety is perceptible.

The streets are wide, well paved, and ornamented with fountains of running water, and people of every class, and vehicles of all descriptions, are continually moving up and down. In this part of Munich most of the public buildings were erected by the art-loving monarch Lewis I.

The beautiful days of September, with their transparent, healthy atmosphere, are most propitious for a visit to Munich. The scorching heat and the clouds of dust have passed; the Winter days, with their rash changes of temperature, inducing malarial and throat diseases, have not arrived. In that month the air assumes in these elevated plains a very constant, mild, and agreeable temperature, which will induce every stranger to leave his hotel or apartments to see the sights either in the precincts of the city or on the neighboring lakes, hills, castles, or valleys; and, when the Fall is spent at Munich, you will just have time enough to reach Florence, Rome, or Naples before Winter.

One of the glories of the Bavarian capital, the *Ruhmeshalle*, can be perceived at a great distance by travelers on

the railroad, and is, therefore, first visited by many of them. This conspicuous monument stands on the western outskirts of the city, and overlooks an extensive lawn, the "Theresienwiese," on which horse-races take place every year. The overwhelming impression which the classic proportions of this columnar structure will leave on every unbiased mind is partly due to its being built on a slight artificial eminence. Its ground-plan forms two large wings on each extremity, and its recess faces the capital; in the middle of this recess stands the colossal statue of "Bavaria." The *Ruhmeshalle*, or *Hall of Glories*, is a structure of very recent origin, having been erected but thirty years ago by King Lewis I. to immortalize the most eminent poets, prose-writers, artists, scientists, inventors, and military chiefs of Bavarian origin.

When you have ascended the steps of the basement-wall, which has a height of seventeen feet and sustains the whole marble building, you enter a lofty colonnade of forty-eight fluted columns, whose dimensions and solemn appearance fill you with a feeling of religious awe. Here you stand in a sanctuary of bygone ages, where the worthies of southern Germany are appropriately honored.

The heads of eighty men, noted in the political, ecclesiastical, literary, or artistic annals of Bavaria, are here exhibited in marble busts of heroic size. Their series commences with the fifteenth century, the earliest of them being the painter Schongauer, who died in 1499, and the century in which we live exhibits, perhaps, the largest share of names of world-wide fame, as are those of the poet and satirist Jean Paul Richter, of the metaphysician Schelling, of the artists Schwanthaler and P. von Cornelius, and the architect L. von Klenze, to whose productive genius Munich owes so many of her proudest moments, and who was the originator and architect of the Ruhmeshalle itself, probably one of the happiest imitations of the grandiose style of ancient Doric temples. The purple of the walls, against which the busts rest on high pedestals, reflects their outlines to the greatest advantage. When viewed from a distance on the Theresa-lawn, the double-winged Ruhmeshalle, with the "Bavaria" in the centre, presents an exceedingly satisfactory spectacle to all, and especially so to those who have had the chance to study art and architecture from antiquity down to their most recent achievements.

The "Bavaria" statue, which I have already mentioned, is a representation of the female genius of the kingdom. Here Bavaria is allegorically and very appropriately represented, in a standing position, as a vigorous, well-proportioned Teutonic woman, arrayed in the early, almost prehistoric, furry dress of the German race, and holding up in her left hand the oaken wreath of distinction to every citizen deemed worthy to enter the Hall of Glory. The sword of defense she grasps in her powerful right hand, and at her feet crouches the king of beasts, the mighty lion, who has figured in the arms of the country from times immemorial. The statue is of bronze, and has a total height of sixty-six feet up to the wreath, without counting the forty-foot pedestal. Its interior is, of course, hollow, and the metal becomes gradually thinner as it rises from the ground, being not over an inch thick on the top.

Impelled by curiosity, I followed the example given by others in ascending the sixty-six iron steps in the interior that lead up to the head of the figure. But, before reaching this lofty aim, I had to pass the narrow neck of the statue, and this put me almost into the straitened circumstances as we encounter in the passages of our inland stalactite caves—called "the fat man's misery." Being a novice in such perilous ascensions, I knocked my head several times in the dark against the bronze neck, but finally got up into the head to find there two comfortable little sofas made of the same rather hard material. I had the satisfaction to learn afterwards that the skull-bone of many other ascensionists had not been more fortunate than mine, and found here that another's woes, if not too serious, can sometimes afford some consolation for one's own.

On the day of inauguration of the Ruhmeshalle as many as eighteen persons crowded themselves into the narrow space figured in our illustration, and, to make the joke complete, they shoved up two more boys into the hollow hair-tuft of the colossus. But I presume the company were not very comfortable in that lofty brain-pan. The shaded features visible on one side of the seats are the inside impression of the Bavaria's face, and closely correspond to her impressive features when seen from without. The lines where the single castings composing the statue were riveted can still be discovered throughout its inside walls.

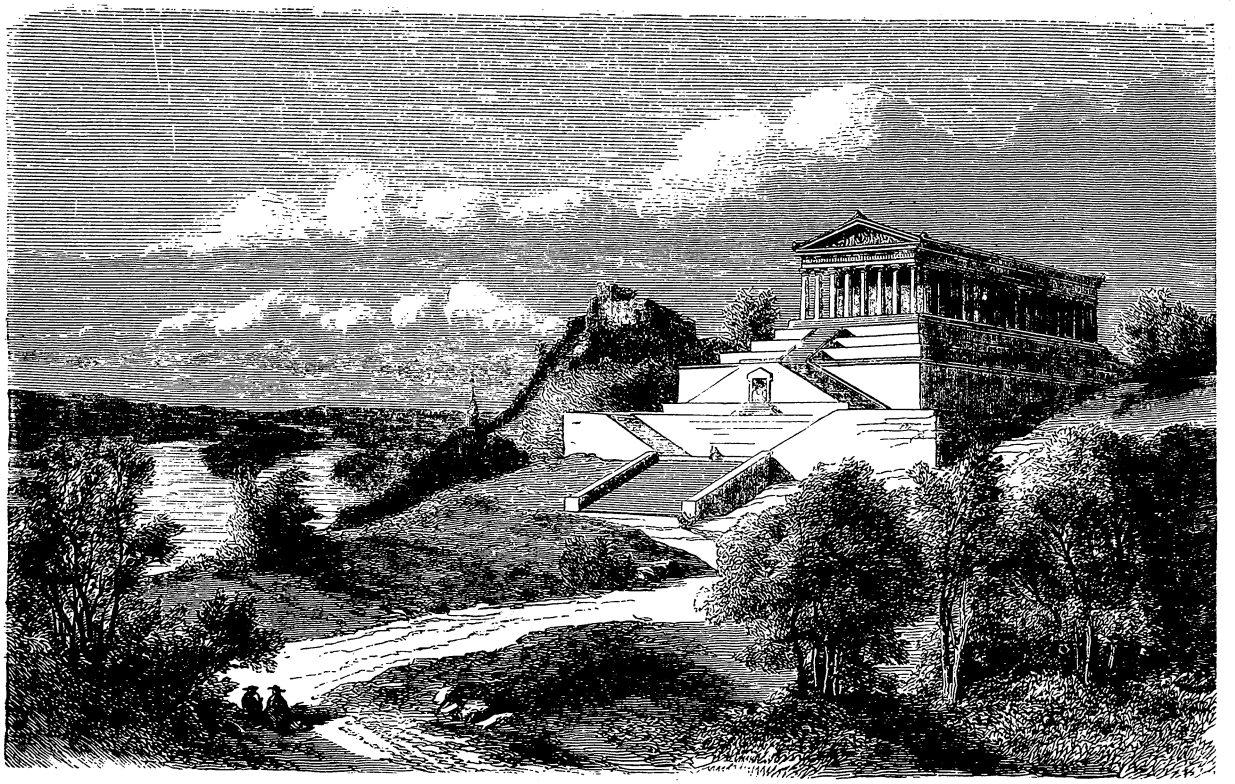
Two little lights, invisible from outside, let the daylight in and allow the visitor a glimpse of the distant Alpine ridge and of the city of Munich. A great deal of caution is necessary in descending the steps, which are smooth and slippery. A fall would have the most terrible consequences.

The moment of separation from the Ruhmeshalle was really painful for me. Such magnificence expended in honoring the deceased talent and genius (for busts of *deceased* men only are received there) is a fact which by far transcends such prosaic, commonplace beings as constitute the majority of men. The pious feeling which Bavaria feels for her great men touches our hearts, and we shall soon see that in Munich, as well as in other parts of the wide country, large mausoleums have been erected to their memory. This is the true method of exciting the young generation to strive after immortal fame and real merit, and to postpone to this lofty aim the immediate, glittering profits of the fugitive hour. This, I proclaim, is the real "civil service reform" for every country, whose citizens are educated so far as to see the only high-road to permanent welfare in mental acquirements.

What I had seen the very first day in Munich gave me a very high idea of the other wonders of human genius, whose contemplation I reserved for the coming week. Intending to see first the palaces of the youthful King Lewis II., it occurred to me that a monarch brought up in the midst of so many magnificent triumphs of art and science, fostered by the high spirit prevailing in his dynasty and the institutions of an art-loving Church, could be anything else but a romantic character. He is, we all know, romantic to a high degree, but at the same time progressive, and appreciates perfectly well the tendencies of the epoch in which we live.

The royal palaces, excluding those belonging to princes and relations of the king, form one large plot almost in the centre of the city, about a mile distant from Isar, which passes east of Munich. The most conspicuous is the New Palace, or "Königsbau," seen in our illustration; it has a large, lofty brown-stone front, with two stories of arched windows. It was erected from 1826 to 1835 by Klenze, after the model of a Florentine palace of the fourteenth century. It makes on one's mind the impression of uniformity, although a good finish is observed in the details of this royal mansion. It faces a fine square, in whose centre stands the pedestrian statue of Max Joseph, the first ruler of Bavaria who assumed the royal title, and who died in 1825.

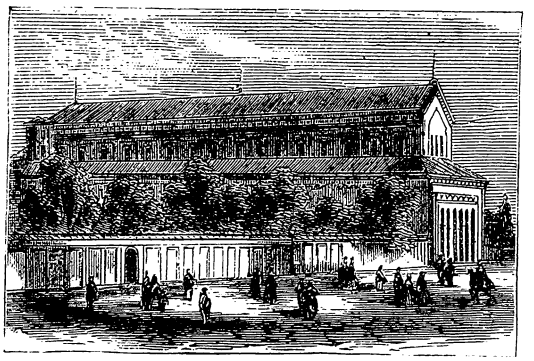
I failed to visit all the nooks and corners of the Königsbau's interior, although many valuable treasures of sculpture and painting have been collected by the former monarchs and stored there. But every stranger will visit the principal artistic gem to be found in that palace; the admirable representations of the exploits of the Nibelungen heroes, painted *al fresco* by Julius Schnorr. They consist of nineteen large wall-paintings, without the smaller paintings between doors and windows, and fill five large halls. Those of my readers who are acquainted with the soul-stirring rhapsodies of the Nibelungen will, by the



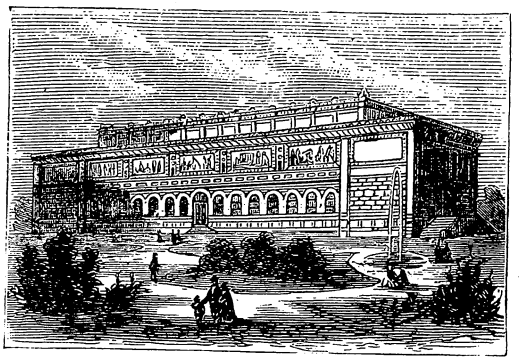
THE WALHALLA—EXTERIOR VIEW.

subdivision of the different scenes of the poem into the five rooms allotted to the artist, at once perceive how judiciously he has availed himself of the principal moments of the saga for his artistic purposes.

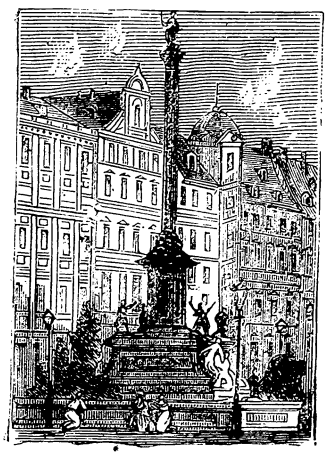
The contiguous buildings of what is called the "Old Residence" are separated from each other by five court-yards, and are profusely ornamented in the Baroque style of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This peculiar style of a bygone period may be well studied in the "Grotto Yard," where a vein of water trickles from a grotto built of



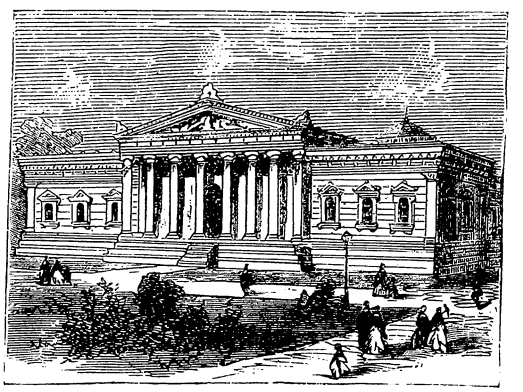
BASILICA OF ST. BONIFACE.



NEW PINAKOTHEK.



MARY COLUMN.

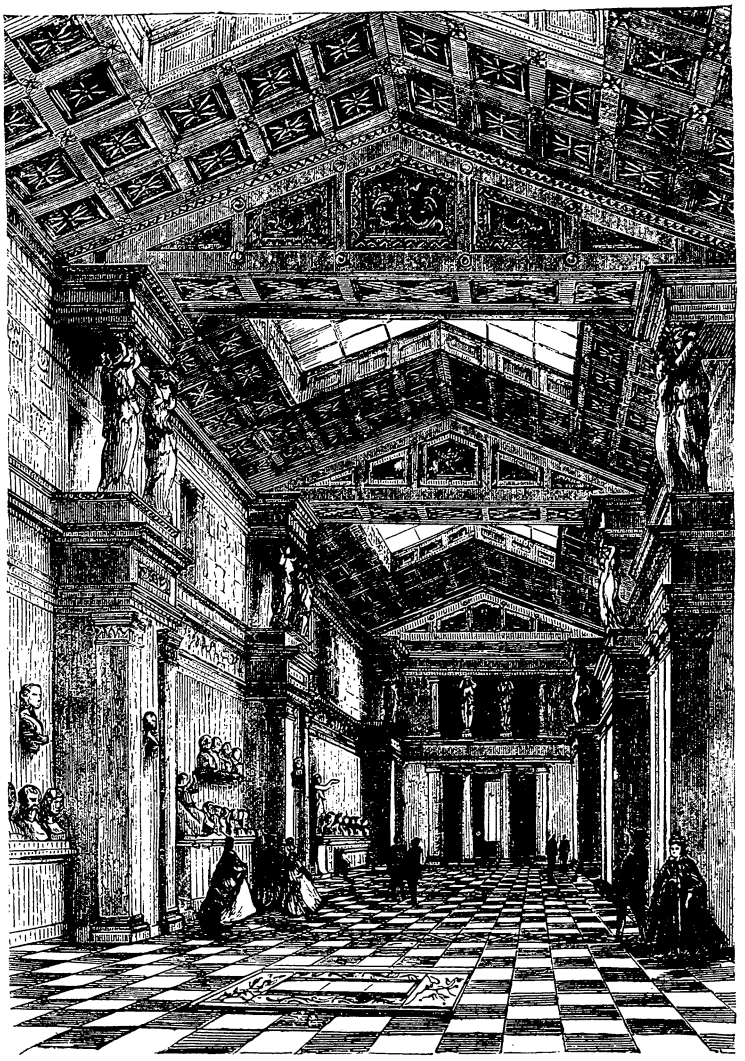


THE GLYPTOTHEK.

GATE OF VICTORY.

shells, the hero Perseus in the centre, and around him juvenile genii handling porpoises and fish. Among the manifold treasures stored in the picture and the mirror gallery, amongst the crown jewels, in the hall of marble sculptures, and other apartments, nothing attracts the attention of the ladies so much as the splendid sleeping-chamber with its royal bed, whose rich ornamentation with inlaid gold, and other precious substances, cost about $350,000 gold.

The Festsaulban also forms a part of the royal palaces, but is of modern origin, and contains some most remarkable oil and fresco paintings, representing scenes from the life of Charlemagne, Barbarossa, and Rodolph of Hapsburg — three of the most celebrated German emperors. The Hall of Battles contains many thrilling scenes from those Napoleonic wars in which Bavarians took an active part, and two of the most attractive rooms are the "Cabinets of Beauties," with thirty-six oil portraits of female beauties. Twelve ancestors of the actual dynasty are immortalized in bronze statues in the "Hall of the Throne."



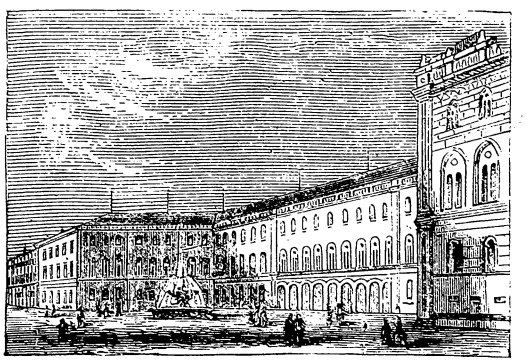
THE WALHALLA—INTERIOR VIEW.

Adjoining the royal palaces stands a small court theatre, with only eight hundred seats—then the National Theatre—the largest house in Germany devoted to dramatic performances, and holding 2,500 spectators. The creations of Wagner's genius were for the first time introduced here to the judgment of the public, and classical plays or operas are given in this theatre in preference to others. The entrance is formed by a Corinthian portico of very beautiful and pure proportions, and the stage contains the most modern improvements now introduced in the machinery of theatres.

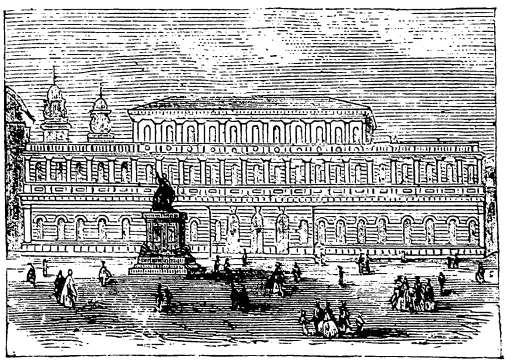
Close to it stands the "New Court Chapel," far-famed for the magnificence of its polished marble walls, its paintings on a gilt gold, and its admirable chiaroscuro. This small Byzantine edifice is remarkable for the manner by which light enters, the eye of the visitor being perfectly at a loss to discover whence it comes. I left the chapel with the impression that too much gilding, ornamenting, and painting fail to produce the intended artistic effect.

After a few days' stay in Munich the impressions from the art productions of all countries and epochs began to crowd so heavily upon my mind, that I concluded to make a short trip to the surrounding rural tracts, where I would not be compelled to "see too much at a time." An excursion to the popular resorts of Grosshesselohe, Mentersch waig, and the Lake of Starnberg, gave me an opportunity to study the habits of the laborious country people of Upper Bavaria.

The southern part of the realm is peopled by a tall, stout, and sturdy race of peasants, faithfully attached to the Catholic Church and to their dynasty. A stronger mutual reliance exists between the inhabitants of this part of the country and their rulers than is observed in the north and west of Bavaria. The dress looks very quaint and



THE UNIVERSITY.



PALACE OR RESIDENZ.

antique; the men cover themselves with black felt hats, not unlike those of our Continentals during the Revolutionary War, and dress in short trowsers, scarlet vests, and dark cloth coats, fabulous in length, but decidedly too short in the waist. Enormous silver buttons are sewed very closely to each other on one side of the coat only, and, as they are of intrinsic value, they serve sometimes as money.

The women are nearly as tall and robust as the men, and do not dress more elegantly. Their short bodice is richly ornamented with all sorts of fineries, but shows no adaptation to the bodily frame; evidently these women entertain opinions about tight-lacing just the reverse of those held by our ladies. Their dress does not form a very artistic drapery, for a multitude of small folds fall down from the waist, one just like the other. A small tasty bonnet or hat adorns the head.

Having returned from the pretty country resorts and castles situated on the Starnberger See, I found myself promenading the next day in the Ludwigsstrasse. This noble thoroughfare is twice as wide as Broadway in New York, and is about one and a half miles in extent. With its numerous public buildings, palaces, churches, and monuments, it is not so much a business as a monumental street, and is exclusively a creation of King Lewis I., who abdicated in 1848.

The most remarkable constructions between its two extreme points—the Hall of Captains in the south, and the Arch of Victory in the north—are as follows: The Odeon, with an equestrian statue of the king in front of it; the palaces of the Duke of Leuchtenberg and Duke Maximilian; the office of the War Department, the public library, the Ludwigskirche (church of Lewis I.), the Asylum of the Blind, the University. Considered from an artistic standpoint, the Library, Ludwigskirche, and University will be found to exhibit the most interest to foreigners.

The first of these buildings is constructed in the Florentine style of architecture, contains upwards of 900,000 volumes and many curiosities, chiefly manuscripts, of medieval times, which are exhibited in show-cases. Statues of literary celebrities adorn the entrance and the gorgeous marble staircases leading to the upper stories; and, while libraries are generally blessed in Europe with a very commonplace exterior, we might state that Science has found here a temple worthy of itself.

The Ludwigskirche is a spacious, elegant temple, built of limestone in a modern romanesque style, approaching the Byzantine; its ground-plan forms a large cross of about 240 feet in length, and two magnificent square towers face the street, measuring 228 feet in height. Schwanthaler and Cornelius adorned the interior with their skillful chisel and brush.

BEER GIRL IN A BREWERY.

The half-yearly courses at the University Building, whose exterior we give in our illustration, are often attended by 1,400 students, and such a throng may be considered the fairest test of the ability of the professors. The attendance is continually on the increase, as no sectarian or governmental influence is prescribing to the academic teachers or students the number of the courses, the time of attendance, or exercises any religious bias upon the treatment of their doctrine. However, every freshman of Bavarian origin has to undergo a severe preliminary examination, and must show that he is fit to listen with success to the difficult subjects expounded by the professors. Professor Justus von Liebig has long been one of the proudest ornaments of this university.

The triumphal Arch of Victory forms the northern limit of the populous capital, and is, no doubt, a meritorious reproduction, but does not show to advantage amid the tall poplar-trees. A monument like this ought to stand free and open to the eyes of all, like the Arc de Triumphe de l'Etoile in Paris, which is, moreover, placed on a slight eminence. The Arch in Munich has three openings for vehicles, is constructed of a whitish stone, and was dedicated by Lewis I. to the Bavarian army. The national genius, "Bavaria," is represented on its top platform entering the city on a triumphal car drawn by four lions. Numerous bassi-relievi on the sides, and both fronts, recall to memory the exploits of the army.

Another thoroughfare, second in importance only to the Ludwigsstrasse, and of almost equal length and width—the Maximiliansstrasse—is the creation of Lewis's son and successor upon the throne, Maximilian II. It forms a large esplanade, and, being planted throughout with alleys of trees, the city derives the same benefit from it as we do from our parks. On both sides it is lined with statuary and noble private and public buildings, the most conspicuous institution on it being the Bavarian National Museum, completed in 1866. Visitors and students will find there rich collections of implements, weapons, vases, tombs, tombstones, architectural and sculptural ornaments, carvings, altars, paintings on glass, tapestries, candelabras, statues, and statuettes, all manufactured in Bavaria, or having some reference to that country. It surpasses by far in richness the Musée Cluny in Paris, as well as the South Kensington Museum in London, and the objects are all exhibited to their best advantage and arranged in scientific order. The street starts from the River Isar, which is crossed there by a bridge, and joins the Ludwigsstrasse near the royal palaces, where the "Mary Column" stands in commemoration of a Bavarian victory on White Mountain, near Prague, in 1638.

The great art-collections purposely devoted to the study of the history of art are the Old and New Pinakothek for oil paintings, and the Glyptothek for sculpture. All three are located in close contiguity to each other in the northwestern part of the city.

In the Old Pinakothek are exhibited over fourteen hundred productions of the old German, Italian, French, Spanish, Dutch, and Flemish masters. The building is constructed in the Renaissance style, and intended to be a reproduction of the palatial style of later Roman emperors. Visitors may admire leisurely in these lofty halls the masterworks of Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Murillo, Velazquez, Zurbarán, Titian, Guido Reni, etc., and also the gems of the old German masters—Dürer, Cranach, Holbein, and of many others. A side alley, divided into twenty-five partitions, and therefore called the "loggie," contains a goodly number of interesting pictures, which will give the most valuble hints concerning the historical development of the art of painting.

The New Pinakothek, finished in 1853, is of smaller dimensions than the old, and contains only productions of modern artists, chiefly of disciples or adherents of the Munich school of the present century. The building forms a compact square, the exterior profusely ornamented with weather-worn frescoes, painted after sketches of Kaulbach. We find here the canvases of Kaulbach, Kobell, Schraudolph,

Rottmann, Adams, Diday, and other modern celebrities, and the collection increases every year.

The Glyptothek forms a large square, with a spacious courtyard in its centre. It is the work of the architect Klenze, who has combined here the Ionic pillar with the vaults and arches of ancient Rome. The building is one of the oldest creations of Lewis I., and its construction was ordered by him for the purpose of exhibiting a number of exquisite originals of Grecian sculpture, and remains of temple-fronts which had been secured and brought to the capital by the enlightened monarch. The evolution of the sculptor's art is here laid open from its earliest productions, found in Egypt and Assyria, through the Greek and Roman period down to the most recent times, and, as the principal Greek masterpieces, we behold here the Sleeping Satyr, Silenus, holding the infant Bacchus in his arms, and several busts and torsos from the far-famed temple-group of the Niobids, other fragments of which are now in Florence. The "Hall of the Romans" contains a fine collection of original busts of Roman emperors and empresses.

In the vicinity of these three temples of art are some public buildings, which deserve more than a passing notice: the Palace for permanent Art-Exhibitions, the Crystal Palace, built in 1854, the Polytechnic School, and the Propyleum—an imitation of its Athenian model on the Acropolis, terminated in the year 1862.

Medieval styles of architecture are frequently observed in the construction of Munich churches. The new Auerkirche, with its spires and buttresses, is a happy imitation of the older Gothic; the Frauenkirche, the oldest of all, exhibits the later Gothic style—its two unfinished steeples, with their pear-shaped apex, soar to the height of 360 feet. Not for its unassuming exterior, but for its magnificent interior and peculiar style, well adapted to the service of the Catholic Church, is the Basilica of St. Boniface remarkable. This temple is a very happy imitation of the ancient Christian basilicas or halls of worship of the fifth and sixth centuries, and is composed of five naves, resting on sixty-six marble pillars. The ceiling within is blue, studded with gold stars, and the centre nave has an elevation of ninety feet. The soft tone of the shades on the ceiling, windows, pillars, and the most agreeable chiaroscuro resulting from it, fills the visitor with an unspeakable, trance-like feeling of admiration. The royal founder, Lewis I., and his queen, Theresa, are buried here.

After having contemplated all the unrivalled improvements of the small but interesting Bavarian capital, the idea of my departure commenced to tell heavily upon my mind. As a traveler is unwilling to leave an interesting landscape, the mariner the uproar of the sea, or the lover the charms of his betrothed, so I tarried and deferred the hour of my departure to enjoy so much longer these unparalleled artistic results. I had to take leave of the city, but before quitting Bavaria I concluded to visit the Walhalla, one hundred miles northeast of Munich.

This temple of German honors is erected on a high eminence. The material is a grayish-white marble quarried in the vicinity. The Walhalla is a close imitation of the Athenian Parthenon, having fifty-two columns of the Doric order; its dimensions are 240 feet in length and 120 in width by 75 in height. The illustrations will best exhibit the general appearance of the exterior and interior of this noble pile. The interior forms one large hall of 170 yards in length, which receives its light from above only. The roof has an elevation of fifty-five feet, and is disposed in small blue squares with white stars in the centre, and richly gilded. Fourteen caryatids support the heavy cross-beams, and are supported themselves by pilasters of the Ionic order.

The men and women immortalized here for their great genius, talents, or achievements, are generally not of Bavarian origin, but were born in other provinces of Germany, and their names were selected by King Lewis I. himself. One hundred and one of them are represented by marble busts resting upon splendid pedestals; of sixty-three, tablets only recall the names to our memory, because we have no portraits of them left from the medieval times in which they lived. As an instance of this, I mention the poet of the Nibelungenlied. The earliest of all the persons represented is the Emperor Henry I. of Germany, who lived a thousand years ago, and from him the series goes chronologically down to Schiller, Goethe, and Beethoven. Among the celebrated women is to be found Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria. A bust of Martin Luther was introduced only after the abdication of the royal founder of the Walhalla, and ostensibly was admitted only on account of his merits in improving the German language. A few tombstones are immured into the beautiful marble floor.

The trouble of an ascent to the top of the structure will amply repay the visitor, by the extensive and diversified view enjoyed there over woods, fields, the rolling waves of the Danube, and the city of Regensburg. When the atmosphere is very clear, a view may also be obtained of the Alpine ridge, distant at least one hundred and thirty miles.

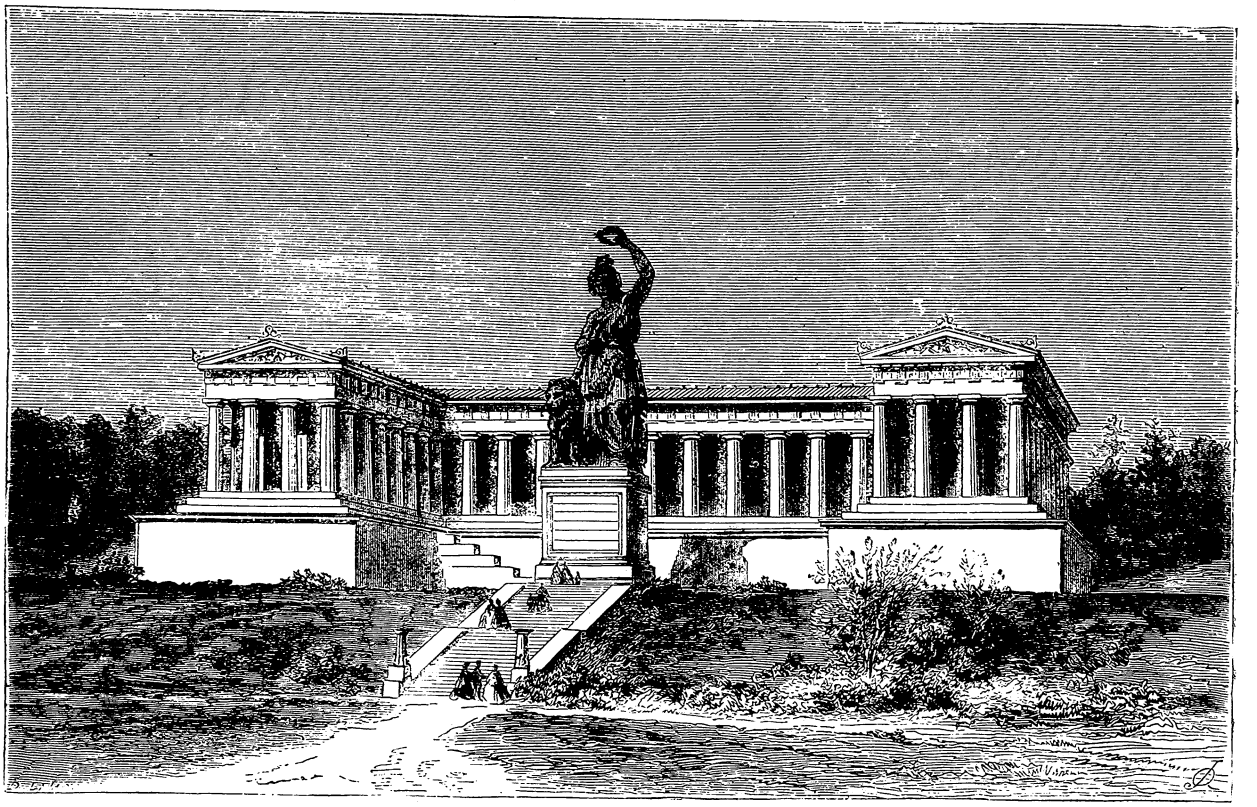
The Walhalla, with all the endowments providing for the maintenance of this majestic construction, has cost over three million florins in Rhenish money, say, $1,300,000 American gold. The lavish expenditure of Lewis I. for purposes of art and architecture, while neglecting many branches of interior administration and imposing heavy taxes on the citizens, has often been the subject of reproachful comment. But we must at least avow that he has infused into the population, not of Bavaria only, but of Germany at large, a taste for cultivation of art and of scientific study hitherto unknown, and by fostering the idea of the *unity of the German race*, at a time when the country was cut up into thirty-six principalities and small duchies, he has contributed immensely to the final establishment of the political union of all the German States and Governments. He did not live to see his idea realized, but its fulfillment took place a short time after his demise; and, considering this result, it would be wrong to count the sums expended to realize his magnanimous and prophetic idea of German unity.

ECCENTRICITIES.

The Earl of Pembroke, celebrated for his art-collections, was a deep lover of mice. "He would always," says Horace Walpole, "cut a slice of bread into small dice, and spread them on the chimney-piece of the dining-room. I was at first surprised at this ceremony, till I saw a number of mice creep from invisible crevices to partake of the Earl's unusual hospitality."

Pennant, famous for his "Tours," had a habit not quite so inoffensive. Among his eccentricities was a singular apathy to wigs. His fancy was to pull off the wig of his neighbor and fling it into the fire. He could suppress his yearning until he had drank a little too much wine—then off would go the wig next to him. We are told that, dining once at Chester with an officer who wore a wig, Pennant grew half intoxicated; another friend who was in company carefully placed himself between Pennant and the wig, to prevent mischief. After much patience and many a wistful look, Pennant started up, seized the wig, and threw it into the fire. It was in flames in a moment. The officer ran for his sword. Down-stairs rushed Pennant, and the officer after him, through all the streets of Chester, but Pennant escaped. Such a habit, in the days when wigs were the *mode*, must have been found decidedly inconvenient.

Dean Swift's eccentricity was a surly bluntness, which, says



AN AMERICAN'S VISIT TO MUNICH.—COLOSSAL STATUE OF "BAVARIA," AND PORTICO.—SEE PAGE 282.

Pope kindly, was mistaken by strangers for ill-nature. If it were not ill-nature, there is no instance on record to prove it amiability. To show how odd the man was, Pope told a story: "One evening Gay and I went to see him. On our coming in, 'Heyday, gentlemen,' says the doctor, 'what's the meaning of this visit? How came you to leave all the great lords that you are so fond of to come hither to see a poor dean?' 'Because we would rather see you than any of them.' 'Ay, any one that did not know you so well as I do might believe you; but since you are come I must get some supper for you, I suppose?' 'No, doctor, we have supped already.' 'That's very strange; but if you had not supped I must have got something for you. Let me see: what should I have had—a couple of lobsters? Ah, that would have done very well—two shillings; tarts—a shilling. But you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so much before your usual time only to spare my pocket.' 'No, we had rather talk with you than drink with you.' 'But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must have drank with me. A bottle of wine—two shillings. Two and two is four, and one is five; just two and sixpence a piece. There, Pope, there's another half-crown for you, sir; for I won't save anything by you; I'm determined!'" Being serious, he forced them to take it.

THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF "BAVARIA."—INTERIOR OF THE HEAD OF THE STATUE—THE FACE.

THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF "BAVARIA."—INTERIOR OF THE HEAD OF THE STATUE—THE CHIGNON.

THE CHURCH CLOCK'S SECRET.—"WE SWUNG ALONG, MAKING EVERY IMAGINABLE NOISE, AND IN THE VERY UTMOST DISORDER. BY TEN, BRADBRIDGE CHURCH LOOMED UP. THERE WAS A LIGHT IN THE LOFTY TOWER, AND THE HANDS OF THE GREAT CLOCK—THOSE TWO PATIENT, WEARILESS SENTINELS OF ETERNITY—WERE MAKING THEIR STRANGE, GHOSTLY ROUNDS."—SEE PAGE 290.

THE CHURCH CLOCK'S SECRET.

SNOW, snow, snow! Would it never cease? Down fell the feathery flakes, touching the ground with hushed step, like the footfalls of people in a child's sick-room. I stood in the doorway watching the white earth and black gray sky, and thinking dreamily as we all think at these times.

At last I grew tired, and, shivering, I stole along the corridor, and back into the warm parlor. Slippers tell no tales, and they did not now tell of my presence to two people whispering in the curtained recess but a little distance from where I sat. I had left them there, and, as they had no suspicion of my return, I might, if I chose, listen to what they were saying. It was very certain they were making love, and forty years had passed since I had known personally of that; and I felt my dry old breast would freshen and be the better for what I should hear, if I did not perform the very unnecessary act, strictly speaking, of clearing my throat at this moment. So I sinned by permitting myself to become an eavesdropper.

I am a practical, cynical, disagreeable old man, and what they call a pump and a fogy; and that is why I have never been able to make out what Bob Wayne and my little friend Bella Darling meant by conversing in the style that follows:

"Is dis my 'ittle mouse's nose?" asked Bob, and I was certain he had found a lady somewhere, and was fondling it.

"Ess, dat's your 'ittle mouse's nose," returned a voice I instantly recognized as Bella's.

"Does I lubs my 'ittle mouse?" asked Robert, with much seriousness.

"Ess," answered Bella, with the same gravity; "and I lubs my big mouse."

"Who is your big mouse?"

"You is my big mouse, and I 'is your 'ittle mouse."

"Oo ain't anybody else's 'ittle mouse, is oo? All mine?"

"Ess; all my big mouse's."

"Is diss my 'ittle mouse's mouf?"

"Ess; and yours, too."

"Den, let me kiss my 'ittle mouse's mouf."

Something pleasant followed, and happily for me (I was in a frightful state of dread), the door opened noisily, and Miss Teesdale entered.

Miss Teesdale, I will say, was a discreet person, and I knew if she found out that I had been listening, she would not expose me. So I rose as if I likewise had just come in; and as I did so Bob and Bella appeared.

Bob was a great big fellow—a dragoon sort of a built man—and I always before supposed in perfect health. I glanced anxiously at his face to see what traces there were there of the insanity which I now felt possessed him.

But Robert was as grave and practical as granite itself. Bella, however, was evidently just recovering from a blush.

"What have you folks been doing?" asked Miss Teesdale. "You're all very quiet."

"Oh!" said Bob, solemnly, "Ive been giving Bella her lesson in geometry. She asked me a day or two ago to teach her something of problems and those sort of things, and we just finished the subject for to-day as you turned the knob."

"And dull enough it was," added Bella, yawning.

Fortunately I had my pocket-handkerchief at hand. Without it I should have exploded in the fit of laughter which seized me, and all would have been known. I sauntered over to the window, suffering everything from my stifled hysterics.

Presently Miss Teesdale joined me, and we talked of Christmas.

"How very dreary everything is going to be!" she sighed. "The house is full of people, and yet it is dull as if there was no one here. I am dying for something exciting. Can't you think of means to avoid another mopy evening, Mr. Wix?"

(Wix, I may explain, is, to my misfortune, the name I bear. I don't fancy it, because everybody feels bound to call me "Old Candles.")

"Charades," I suggested, feebly.

"They are too silly. All of us put together haven't wit enough to devise one or two really good ones. What was the fate of the last attempt—your word, you know? Failure, complete and ridiculous. Do you remember how you were made game of as the heavy villain?"

Pleasant person Miss Teesdale, very. Her candor was considered remarkable and a credit to her. But somehow plain-speaking never agreed with me. I was decidedly in favor of a change of subject."

"Robert may be able to think of some means of disposing of Christmas Eve," I said. "Let us ask him."

Miss Teesdale, in her purring fashion, came closer to me, and her voice sank considerably. Never before had I thought the description of her as "the kitten of the house" so just.

"Mr. Wix," she said, softly, "I am going to tell you something. Mr. Wayne is a person I detest."

"Good gracious! I didn't know any one disliked Bob. He is handsome, bright, cheerful, sincere, forgiving, and I can't enumerate what all. You surprise me, Miss Teesdale."

"It is true that I never fancied him from the first. To me he is positively ugly."

"But you like Bella, I hope?"

"Yes—oh, yes, Mr. Wix," she answered, clasping her hand; "I love dear Bella. We are more than sisters, as you know."

"I'm glad—very glad."

"But, Mr. Wix, why do you speak of Mr. Wayne and Bella in the one breath?"

If I could have told her of the mouse dialogue she would have understood my most excellent reason; as it was, this was impossible; so I said, rather lamely, I didn't know.

"Forgive me; but I suspect you do. Come now!"

"Well, because they are always together, and, I suppose, are lovers."

"How *can* my darling think so much of him! Oh, Mr. Wix, it is impossible! They would never be happy if they were to marry. The tyrant is written in Mr. Wayne's face."

"I must declare, Miss Teesdale," I returned, tired of her purring, "that the penmanship there is certainly very fine, though I can't read it as you do. Who is this?"

It was old Doctor Warfield, Miss Georgie Warfield, Jack Elder, and young Mr. Pauncefort. They came bustling in, and we all crowded around the fire, so much crisp wintry air had come with them.

The room had grown darker, and, without, the dusk was falling with the melancholy snow.

"Bless my soul!" shouted the doctor, rubbing his hands, "here's another Christmas Eve! What shall we do with it, eh?"

"The very question which has agitated me, doctor," said Miss Teesdale. "Nobody seems capable of a fresh, clever suggestion. Mr. Pauncefort, your brain usually teems with excellent ideas—let us have one now."

It was this young man's infirmity that he could not pronounce the letter S. He made every S an F.

"It would give me great pleafure, ladief," said Mr. Paunce-fort, smiling with much self-satisfaction, "to do af you re-queft; but weally juft at thif moment I'm afraid I can't suggeft anything at all."

That scamp, Jack Elder, struck out a little applause by tapping his thumb-nails together.

The question went around, and all answered it alike.

"Ah me!" sighed Miss Teesdale. "Better give up expectation altogether."

Suddenly the old doctor slapped me on the back.

"Wix, what a noodle you are! Why didn't you think of Bradbridge Church?"

"Bradbridge Church!" echoed a chorus.

"Yes; Midnight Mass there, and the chimes in the tower. We'll go and see the Swiss clock."

Miss Teesdale ran up to the doctor, and kissed him.

"You're an angel!" she said.

"It's a wonderful thing," continued the doctor. "We should be there about ten to see Fifer, the sexton, wind it up. It will take us nearly an hour to walk over. The snow is getting deep."

"I don't mind the walk over," said Georgie; "but I decidedly object to climbing up the great steps to the steeple."

"But such a grand, rare sight, dear!" said Miss Teesdale, reproachfully.

The confusion began from that moment. Everybody ran about in the wildest excitement. It was quite night now, and Jack lit the gas; and, then, presently the tea-bell rang. We hurried through, and the girls were making off upstairs.

"Stop!" shouted the doctor. "Wrap up well, or you'll be frozen to death. By Jove! we had better ride."

"No, no, no!" was screamed from all sides.

"Very well, then; but you'll wish you had."

I went to my room, and, after smoking, buried myself in a perfect vault of an overcoat, secured my feet in rubber overshoes, my ears and nose and eyes in a wonderful comforter, and my head in the most astounding fur cap ever seen.

Then, presenting the appearance of an extraordinary species of brown bear, I descended.

Some one was in the corridor at the table where the hats and wrappings lay. It was Miss Teesdale.

She did not perceive my approach, so absorbed was she in her own thoughts, and I beheld her raise a pair of yellow gauntlets to her lips, and kiss them passionately a hundred times.

"My lost love!" she moaned. "My lost love, and breaking heart!"

Then she laid down the gloves, and went into the parlor.

My curiosity was naturally much excited, and I went over and examined the gauntlets.

They were Robert Wayne's, and his name was written in gold thread at the wrists.

* * * * * * *

We rushed out into the open air at nine precisely, whooping and screaming and laughing like a flock of mad people, and immediately sank into the deep drifty snow. Jack Elder turned a somersault like a harlequin; Bob Wayne hung Bella on his arm, and set off at a gallop; Mr. Pauncefort ambled along with Georgie; Miss Teesdale seized the doctor, and I tramped quietly by myself.

"This is all very fine," said Doctor Warfield; "but you'll have dreadful colds to-morrow."

"I won't!" said Bella. "See how well I am protected!"

She had on a gorgeous white astrachan; and, as she was remarkably close to her "big mouse," I suspected they designed escaping as soon as possible, to repeat the performance of the afternoon.

We swung along, making every imaginable noise, and in the very utmost disorder. The snow poured down, it seemed, in clouds; the wind shrieked by our ears like invisible demons of the night, and every word we spoke was carried a mile beyond.

As we passed farm-gates, great dogs came out of their warm quarters, bounded down, and barked furiously at us. Windows were raised in the dwellings above, and lights shone for a moment, and then all was still again.

By ten, Bradridge Church loomed up. There was a light in the lofty steeple, and the hands of the great clock—those two patient, weariless sentinels of eternity—were making their strange, ghostly rounds.

The sight silenced us somewhat, and we entered the building thoughtfully. At the door we encountered the sexton, Fifer, an odd man, with a lantern in his hand, a bunch of enormous keys at his belt, and a matronly cat at his heels.

"Fifer," said the doctor, bustling forward, "you promised to show me all that was to be seen in connection with Herr Desvaches' clock."

My old friend was in wonderful spirits at this moment.

"Just in time, sir. Big Tom wakes to-night, and roars. Ha! ha! ha! Only once a year for Tom—the rest, sleep. At twelve he strikes. This way, sir. Ladies—service!" said Fifer, nodding a great many times.

He led us along the lower part of the great, musty, dank church, the light routing the old shadows, and creating new ones; and at last we reached a cold, cheerless room behind the confession-boxes, used to store rubbish in. Here were frayed ropes, old brooms and buckets, shovels and picks, a rickety bier, a broken *prie-dieu*, rusty candlesticks, a one-legged missal-desk, and a hundred other odds and ends—the collection of years.

In the middle of the floor there were to be seen the outline of a hatchway, and by it a closed trap. Fifer stooped, and, clasping the worn iron ring, drew the latter open. A long stairway appeared, shrouded at the foot in obscurity.

"What use do you make of this great hatchway, Fifer?" asked the doctor.

"It leads below to graves, sir. Many's the man was buried here afore we were born or thought of, sir. Push away the bolt there, and the floor sinks."

He pointed to a heavy bar of iron near us.

"Thank you, Fifer. Surely we don't go down those horrible stairs?"

"Ay, sir; to see me wind Big Tom."

The ladies began to shudder, and make faces, and crowd together, and I noticed that Bob felt it his duty to shield Bella with both his arms, drawing her to his broad bosom.

"Girls, don't be foolish!" said Miss Teesdale, reprovingly.

"But it is so dark down there!" remonstrated Georgie. "Something might catch us!"

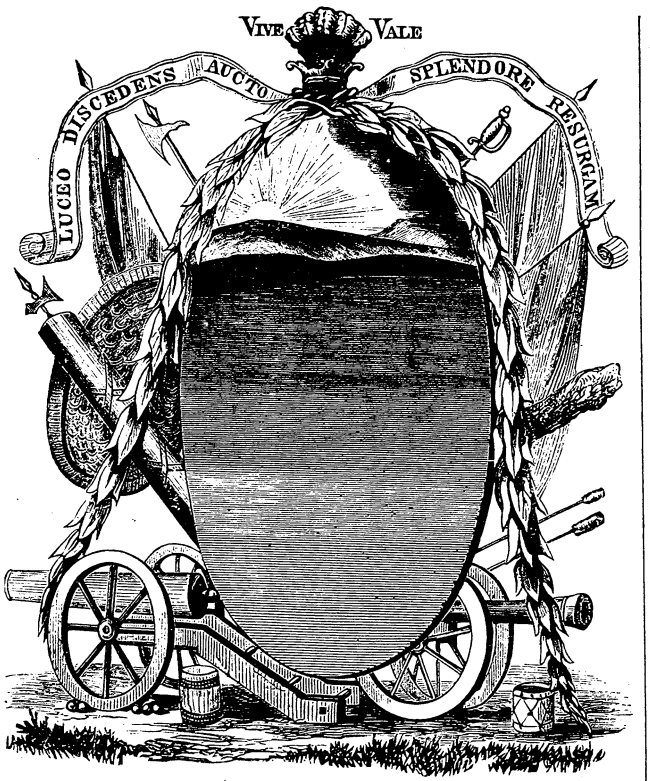
"Are there any ghosts about, Fifer? The church is certainly old enough to have a ghost," said Jack Elder. "I'm quite sure there is a ghost. Come, now."

"A foolish tale, sir," laughed Fifer, looking, in a meditative way, at his cat.

Everybody instantly became grave. Plainly a phantom was not so anxiously desired, after all.

"They *do* say as there's the White Abbess here, who walks at this season," continued Fifer, telling his tale with evident relish, though slowly.

"Ah!" said the doctor, shaking his head. "Always a White Abbess, or a Black Monk, or a Gray Nun! We need one thing, sir, greatly, and that is, some variety in our ghostly traditions. You needn't pause to relate the legend, Fifer. I know what it is—a love affair, a runaway, vengeance, somebody run through with a sword, somebody else drowned, and an uncomfortable spirit haunting the church ever since. Let us go downstairs and see you wind Big Tom."



THE MISCHIANZA TICKET.—SEE PAGE 296.

Fifer, rather disappointed at being cut short in his narrative, led the way, clumping down the creaking stairs, and we all followed, shivering. Across the black cellar we took our way, and at length, in the dim glare of the lantern, an immense box, like a coffin on end, loomed up. This opened and disclosed a recess at the touch of the sexton's key, and a door was perceptible to the left.

But in the recess were the works communicating with the clock in the tower. Across an iron beam was written the word "Desvaches," the name of the inventor of this wonderful horologue. I will not attempt any description more elaborate than to say that I beheld, beneath, above and behind this beam, pulleys, wheels, cranks, springs, chains, and a great deal of rope.

Upon a shining dial were nine slender indices, and, at the point of each, the designation of the bell it controlled. The hand directed perpendicularly governed the word "Avalanche."

"Big Tom, sir," said Fifer, touching it; and I of course understood that he had chosen this distinction for the bell above himself. "Three minutes before I wish him to speak, I turn his index forward three degrees."

"I perceive there are sixty degrees, and, consequently, if you wind him at eleven, he strikes at twelve," said Doctor Warfield. "Quite interesting, Fifer. The number of his strokes is, of course, regulated by the machinery about us."

"Has he a very loud tone to one standing close?" asked Miss Teesdale.

"Miss," said Fifer, emphatically, "to hear him a-standin' two feet off would bust the drum o' your ear. That deaf boy as plays about here lost his hearing by big Tom. Pigeons, you know," added Fifer, briefly. "Skittles would break his neck at squabs."

"You will wind now?" asked Bob, to whom Bella still clung, her great bright eyes shining in the glare of the lantern, and her pretty face all aglow.

"Ay, sir; may as well. And come back to touch off at quarter to midnight."

Fifer set down his lantern, and took off his bunch of keys, First he unlocked a cabinet in the corner, and brought out two cylinders. These he placed in the machinery somewhere, and then he went behind, and presently was heard winding, winding, winding, until the heavy, laboring, discordant noise produced became almost intolerable. Finally, he reappeared, out of breath.

"Warms you up, that does!" he said.

"When does Mass begin?" asked Bella. "We must stay for that."

"Nigh upon midnight. So when the 'Gloria in Excelsis' comes, miss, the chimes will play, and Big Tom chant his Hymn to Christmas."

Fifer took off his cap, and bent his head with a rude reverence that was quite notable.

"Now, Fifer," said the doctor, "as we have seen everything here, let us go up to the home of the bells."

"Ready, sir," answered the sexton, picking up his light. "This way."

He opened the tall, gaunt door to the left, and we found ourselves at the foot of a spiral stairway.

"The tower steps. We reach the gallery, and then the steeple."

We all began to shudder again. The teeth of the ladies clicked like magic dice.

"Oh, I am getting so frightened!" whispered Georgie. "Something is going to happen, I know!"

"Be calm, deareft," answered Mr. Pauncefort. "There if weally no caufe for feriouf alarm."

"I'll go far ahead, and hold the light so you can see, said Fifer, beginning the ascent. "It is a tiresome tramp, ladies."

The strange old fellow faded out of view, and we were alone in the darkness and cold of this horrible vault.

Suddenly a hasty movement was heard, as of a rush of wind, then of footsteps, and then all was still.

"What was that?" shrieked Bella.

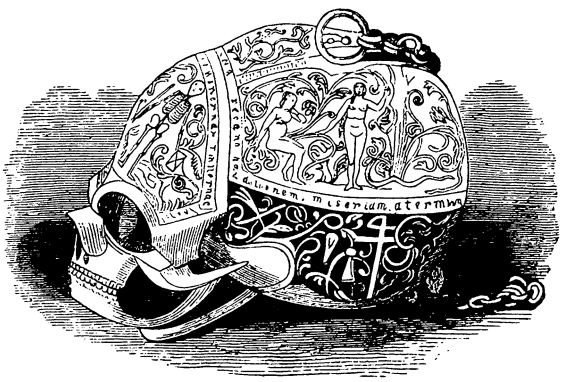
"Ready!" shouted Fifer, in the distance.

There was a general rush for the steps, and Georgie, screaming, asked the sexton for explanation.

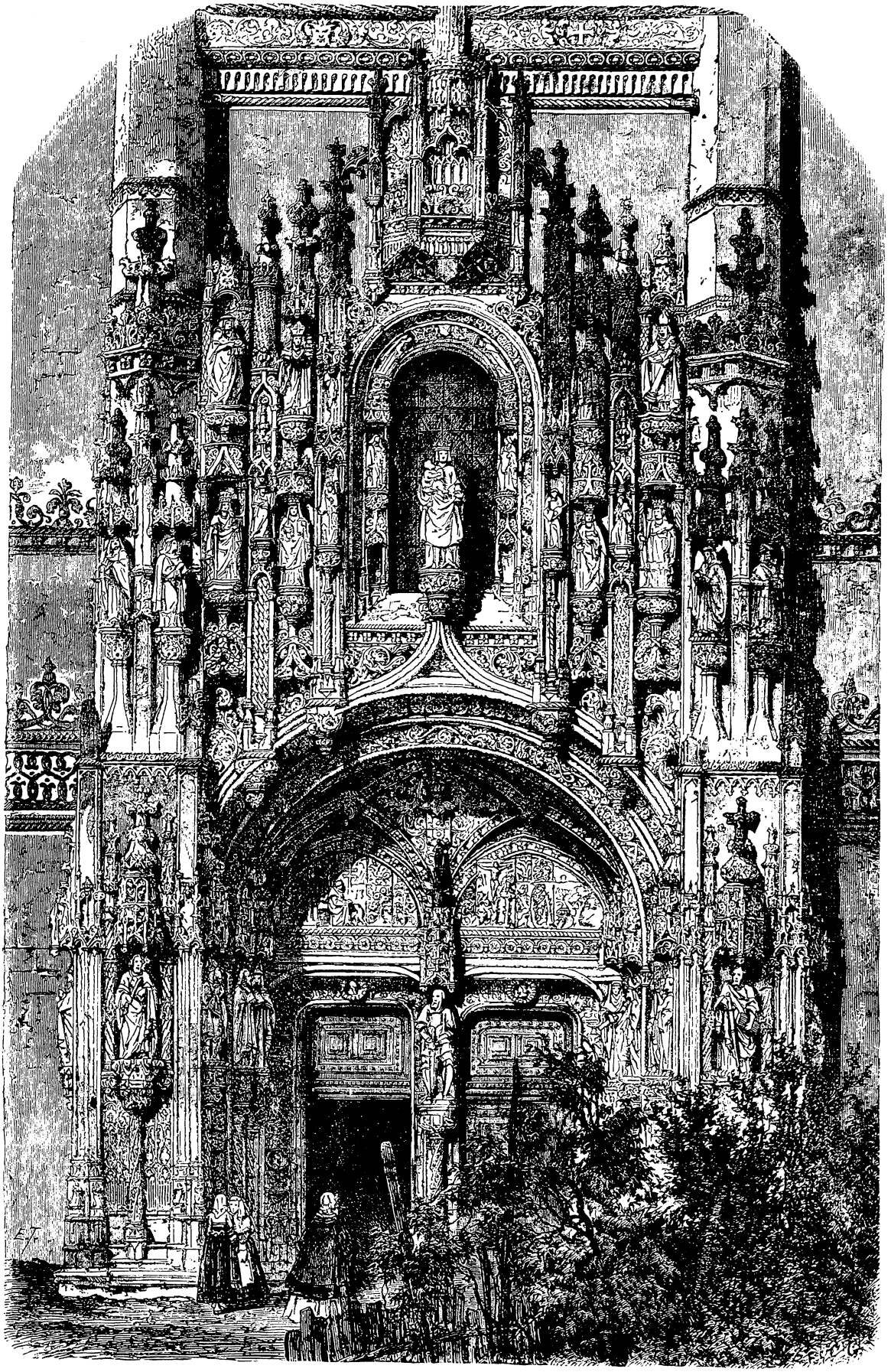
"Rats, miss. Don't be afeard," he replied, looking at us over the iron banisters, and guiding us by the light.

We quieted down, and began our tedious march. Up, up, up we went, our shadows falling on the cold walls, our tread re-echoing above and below, the wind sweeping past with a lonely moan, and the cold chilling us to the bone.

At last we reached the narrow gallery. In silence we crossed this, and, with a few yards more accomplished, we had gained the tower. The nine mute, icy bells hung about us—the Avalanche, in solitary majesty, above all the rest. We stood awed. Without, the blasts of Winter howled, the snow poured down, the night spoke in its thousand mystical voices; but here all was still, except the patient, relentless clock, which toiled on, and ticked the fleeting moments one by one into unknown eternity.



MEMENTO MORI WATCH.—SEE PAGE 295.



SOUTH FRONT OR PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DE BELEM, AT JERONYMOS, NEAR LISBON.—SEE PAGE 296.

Fifer moved forward, after a brief while, and motioned us to follow him.

"We can return to the church by the choir-steps," he said.

When he had passed aside, the girls seemed to be whispering among themselves, for none dared to speak aloud. By the faint glimmer of the distant lantern we resumed our way, and slowly went down the winding stairs.

Our progress had been short, indeed, when it was stopped by an incident that was the absolute culmination of everything mysterious and terrifying that imagination can well conceive.

We were in total darkness, perfect silence had fallen, when suddenly the great bell, the Avalanche, tolled out one slow, booming stroke!

The shrieks that followed were agonizing. One fearful plunge was made by all downward; but the sight which met us only increased our fright.

At a door in the wall, which led to the organ-gallery, stood Fifer, paralyzed by terror. His lantern had dropped to the ground, his eyes were staring, his under-jaw hung down, and his face was marble itself!

Again the bell moaned out its dreary knell.

"This way to the church!" shouted Fifer; and, darting through the doorway, he ran to the gallery, and we after him.

Flying from we knew not what—flying in that selfish flight which causes each one to have regard for his own safety alone—we sped on, falling over everything that came in our way, creating the maddest racket and confusion, the bell tolling in our ears, until at last we reached the church below.

Fifer, who had kept ahead, suddenly cried out, his voice ringing through the dense darkness all around:

"For love o' God, look to the tower gallery! The White Abbess!"

The morbid fascination of terror itself caused us all to glance upward one instant. By the clock-light we discerned a solitary white figure. Then we rushed on again, out of the building, and into the night—into the storm of resistless wind and blinding snow!

But, after a few yards of frantic flight, progress was impossible. The snow was up to the waists. I hailed and called out:

"Halloa!" came a reply back.

It was the doctor's voice. I followed the sound and reached him. By his side stood Robert Wayne, Pauncefort, Georgie, and Jack Elder.

"This is disgraceful!" gasped the old gentleman. "Let us get together and go back to the church. We are all children!"

"Who is missing?" I asked.

"Bella and Miss Teesdale and that fool Fifer!" answered the doctor, testily.

"It is a dreadful night," I returned, much concerned, for I now realized a new danger. "We must find them at once."

"Great heaven!" exclaimed Bob Wayne, "they may have wandered off into the fields! They will be lost! No one could live an hour in such a storm as this! Who saw Bella last? She seemed to be by my side till the bell tolled. Oh, coward! coward!"

He covered his face with his hands, and dropped on his knees in the snow.

"There is no time to be lost," cried Jack Elder. "I will return alone for the lantern."

He darted off in the direction of the church, from the tower of which the bell was still ringing its dismal knell, and we waited his return.

"It is useless to think about standing here," said the doctor. "You girls must all return to the church, 'White Abbess' or not. Not a moment can be spared. Some one of us will remain with you—Mr. Pauncefort, for instance—and the rest of the gentlemen will search for the lost."

No one objected, and we walked back, meeting Jack Elder by the way. The ladies were sheltered in the vestibule, Pauncefort remaining; and with the lantern, Bob, Jack, the doctor, and myself set out upon our almost hopeless mission.

We plodded slowly over the fields, taking care to find our way well, shouting and bellowing at every step.

At last we heard a feeble cry in answer.

We ran toward it, and, lying extended in the snow, we found Miss Teesdale.

"Where is Bella?" asked Bob Wayne, in a voice of agony, as he raised her up.

"She left me and ran on. I could not go further. We were so frightened," moaned Miss Teesdale.

"Lost, lost, lost!" exclaimed Bob, and I saw something there seldom seen—a great burly man weeping scalding tears that, hot and passionate as they were, froze upon his cheeks as they came forth.

We bore Miss Teesdale to the church, where we found the girls crying, of course, and Mr. Pauncefort's teeth chattering; and then, after a few words of reassurance, we resumed our task.

Suddenly through the night—all know how sound goes when the air is icy and the ground all snow—came the music of approaching sleigh-bells.

We paused, gathered in a group, our lantern flinging gaunt beams of light upon the white earth, and the brisk melody grew nearer.

"Holloa!" shouted Jack.

The challenge was answered some distance away, and we went in its direction. We came to a fence, crossed it, and found ourselves in the road.

A large, old-fashioned country sleigh was drawn up, in a halo of vapor from its occupants and the champing horses, and the doctor went close and told the narrative of the night's strange adventures.

"I am the parish priest, Father Raymond," said a rosy old gentleman, occupying the driver's seat, "on my way to celebrate the Midnight Mass. These are friends of mine."

He introduced the other occupants of the capacious sleigh.

"And so you were frightened by the 'White Abbess,'" laughed the priest. "That is really too bad. We must have that extremely unpleasant person suspended from her functions. But you tell me that a lady is perhaps lost in the snow?"

I answered briefly.

"And Fifer has fled, too. Well, we must not delay in our search. The congregation will be coming presently, and I shall put all hands out, and each party must carry a lantern. There are plenty in the sacristy."

He divined rightly, for it was now near midnight, and, by the time we had again reached the church, sleighs were jangling up from all quarters; and among the arrivals not one showed lack of heartfelt interest in the fate of the poor lady lost that bitter Christmas Eve in the snow.

Soon the fields were all gleaming with lanterns as far as the eye could see.

All were out—some with keen-scented dogs—ploughing through the snow, shouting, anxious, sympathetic.

But the Mass was celebrated, and she had not yet been found. Poor Bob gave way to utter despair.

There were no chimes that night. The choir-door had blown to, the trap in the room behind the confession-boxes was closed, and Fifer had driven back the bolt, and so, when Big Tom had ceased, the belfry was silent.

But all that dreadful night Bradridge was a scene of excitement. Dawn found squads of people still undauntedly seeking the pretty girl who had gone out into the storm a few hours before, and not yet returned.

They discovered poor Fifer about six o'clock—frozen stiff. The fright of the evening before was still in his dead, icy eyes. He had fled more than a mile from the church; but how he had succeeded in making his way through the mountains of snow piled around him will never in this world be known.

In those hours of distress, I felt my own grief so heavily that I did not seek sleep, or even break my fast, when I had accompanied our party home in the morning.

Miss Teesdale had grown much worse. Lying in the snow so long through the fearful night, she had caught cold; this had produced a fever, and she was now unconscious and raving.

I could not bear to remain in the house, and some perverse, mad influence drew me back to the church.

On my way I met a man standing at a stile in deep thought. He seemed unconscious of the freezing atmosphere and the keen blasts that whistled in our ears.

It was Robert Wayne.

I took his arm, and we went our way in silence almost hideous.

The organ was sounding forth its magnificent and most solemn music; the church was bright and gay; through the great colored windows came the sunlight, falling on the heads of the congregation.

Mass was celebrated with rare splendor.

But throughout the church hung a mysterious gloom. The horrors of the night before had not yet been dissipated. Even the gorgeous brightness of the day failed to redeem the ghastly festival.

"This," whispered Bob, "is Christmas!"

I felt fully the mockery which glistened like a cruel knife through his speech.

But the ceremony continued, and at length the priest intoned those majestic words:

"Gloria in Excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis."

The organ crashed forth, the choir took up the hymn, the congregation rose to their feet; but something happened even more startling yet.

The bells in the tower began to chime!

Faces grew pale; my companion trembled; the priest paused in the sacrifice, and turned toward the auditory:

"My brethren," he said, "there is some strange mystery here which we must penetrate. The male members of this congregation within the six first rows of pews will obtain an entrance to the chambers underneath and examine the works of the clock."

I was among those so selected, as was Robert. We opened the hatchway and trap in the rubbish-room by force, and descended. Our torches shone upon a white figure lying at the foot of the spiral stairs.

A cry from Robert told me all. It was Bella Darling!

We brought her up into the beautiful light of day; and, as we reached the doors of the church, an old man with white hair met us and knelt by the litter.

"All is known," he said, softly. "Miss Teesdale has confessed." It was Doctor Warfield.

And so the truth came out. I shall not delay by elaborate description. Unhappily for poor Bella, she and Miss Teesdale had fallen in love with the same man, Robert Wayne. The expedition at midnight to Bradridge had furnished a long-looked for opportunity for Miss Teesdale's vengeance. The rush and footsteps in the dark had been hers, to arrange the indices of the dial so that the Avalanche might strike at the proper instant; to cause Bella to linger in the tower after we had gone, so that the bell might sound its ponderous stroke, and for the moment stun her, her enemy had whispered a message from Bob, apparently, requesting her to remain after us all; and these events had come to pass as designed.

Bella waited; the bell struck, petrifying her for the moment with the startling shock. Recovering, she had ventured along the gallery in her white astrachan coat. We had mistaken her for the legendary phantom; she had gone down the steps, and found the door of the choir closed (shut by the wind after Jack Elder had got the lantern); proceeding slowly on, she had at last reached the bottom of the spiral stairs, where she had fallen insensible.

Awaking, she remembered Fifer's directions regarding the indices on the dial, and she moved them two degrees. Within nine minutes after, she was free and safe.

The church-clock had told its mystery.

A MEMENTO MORI WATCH,

Given by Mary Queen of Scots to her Maid of Honor, Mary Setoun.

This singular watch is illustrated the same size as the original in Smith's "Historical and Literary Curiosities"; and from the description there appended we extract the following account of it:

"On the forehead of the skull is the figure of Death, with his scythe and sand-glass. He stands between a palace on one hand and a cottage on the other, with his toes applied equally to the door of each; and around this is the legend from Horace, 'Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas Regumque turres.' On the opposite or posterior part of the skull is a representation of Time devouring all things. He also has a scythe, and near him is the serpent, with its tail in its mouth, being an emblem of eternity. This is surrounded by another legend from Horace, 'Tempus edax rerum tuque invidiosa vetustas.' The upper part of the skull is divided into two compartments: on one is represented our first parents in the Garden of Eden attended by some of the animals, with the motto, 'Peccando perditionem miseriam æternam posteris meruere.' The opposite compartment is filled with the subject of the salvation of lost man by the crucifixion of our Saviour, who is represented as suffering between the two thieves, whilst the Marys are in adoration below; the motto to this is, 'Sic justitiæ satisfecit, mortem superavit, salutem comparavit.' Running below these compartments, on both sides, there is an open-work of about an inch in width, to permit the sound to come more freely when the watch strikes. This is formed of emblems belonging to the Crucifixion—scourges of various kinds, swords, the flagon and cup of the eucharist, the cross, pincers, lantern used in the garden, spears of different kinds, and one with the sponge on its point, thongs, ladder, the coat without a seam, and the dice that were thrown for it, the hammer and nails, and the crown of thorns. Under all these is the motto, 'Scala cæli ad gloriam via.'

"The watch is opened by reversing the skull, and placing the upper part of it in the hollow of the hand, and then lifting the under jaw, which rises on a hinge. Inside, on the plate, which may thus be called the lid, is a representation of the Holy Family in the stable, with the infant Jesus laid in the manger, and angels ministering to him; in the upper part an angel is seen descending, with a scroll, on which is written 'Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis.' In the distance are the shepherds, with their flocks and one of the men is in the act of performing on a bagpipe.

"The works of the watch occupy the position of the brains in the skull itself; the dial-plate being on a flat

where the roof of the mouth and the parts behind it under the base of the brain are to be found in the real subject. The dial-plate is of silver, and is fixed within a golden circle richly carved in a scroll pattern. The hours are marked in large Roman letters, and within them is the figure of Saturn devouring his children, with this legend round the outer rim of the flat, 'Sicut meis sic et omnibus idem.'

"Lifting up the body of the works on the hinges by which they are attached, they are found to be wonderfully entire. There is no date, but the maker's name, with the place of manufacture, 'Moyse, Blois,' are distinctly engraven. Blois is the place where it is believed that watches were first made, and this suggests the probability of the opinion that the watch was expressly ordered by Queen Mary, at Blois, when she went there with her husband, the Dauphin, previous to his death.

"The watch appears to have been originally constructed with catgut, instead of chain—as it now is—which must have been a more modern addition. It is still in perfect order and performs wonderfully well, though it requires to be wound up within twenty-six hours to keep it going with tolerable accuracy. A large silver bell, of very musical sound, fills the entire hollow of the skull, and receives the works within it when the watch is shut. A small hammer, set in motion by a separate escapement, strikes the hours on it.

"This very curious relic must have been intended to occupy a stationary place on a *prie-dieu*, or small altar, in a private oratory, for its weight is much too great to have admitted of its being carried in any way attached to the person."

This watch is now in possession of the family of Sir T. D. Lauder, Bart., of Grange and Fountain Hall, who inherited it through the Setoun family, from which they are descended; it having been given by Queen Mary to Mary Setoun, of the house of Wintoun, one of the four Marys, Maids of Honor to the Scottish Queen.

THE MISCHIANZA.

AN ANECDOTE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

ON the 18th of May, 1778, a remarkable *fête*, known by the name of Mischianza (Italian for a medley), took place in Philadelphia. A British army, under General Sir William Howe, had occupied the city as Winter quarters for some months, while Washington lay with his shoeless army in a hutted camp a few miles off.

The British troops had found the possession of Philadelphia barren of results, although they had friends in a portion of the population. Howe, disappointed, was about to retire from the command and go home. The army itself contemplated withdrawal, and did, a month afterwards, withdraw. It was, nevertheless, resolved to put a good face upon matters, and hold a festival, professedly in honor of the retiring general.

The affair took a character of romance and elegant gaiety from the genius of a young officer, named André.

There was first a regatta on the river Delaware; then the main personages landed, and made a splendid procession for about a quarter of a mile to a piece of ground destined for the land *fête*. There a tournament took place between six knights of the "Blended Rose" on one side, and as many of the "Burning Mountain" on the other; all in fantastic silk dresses, with ribbons, devices, and mottoes, lances, shields, and pistols, each attended by his squire, and professing to serve some particular lady of his love.

Lord Cathcart, who acted as chief of the knights (and whom the writer remembers seeing thirty years afterwards in much soberer circumstances), rode at the head with a squire on each hand; the device of his shield, a Cupid mounted on a lion, and professing to appear in "honor of Miss Auchmuty."

One of the knights of the "Blended Rose" was the young Captain André already alluded to, who stood forth for Miss P. Chew, with the device of two gamecocks, and the motto, "No Rival."

The first set of knights caused their herald to proclaim their intention to maintain by force of arms the supremacy of their ladies in wit, beauty, and virtue; the herald of the other set responded with defiance, and they closed in mock fight, shivering lances, discharging pistols, and finally taking to their swords, until the marshal of the field, at the request of the ladies, ordered them to desist.

Then the gay party adjourned to a large and handsome house near by, where, in finely decorated rooms, they entered upon a series of dances. Afterwards, a pair of hitherto concealed doors being thrown open, they moved into a large pavilion laid out with an elegant supper.

Fireworks completed this fantastic entertainment, the like of which had never before been seen on the west side of the Atlantic.

A few days afterwards, General Howe withdrew to England, and three or four weeks later the English troops vacated Philadelphia.

The tragic fate which three years after befell the sprightly and ingenious André, the moving spirit of this show, gives it a sad interest.

THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DE BELEM, AT JERONYMOS, PORTUGAL.

THE Church of Santa Maria de Belem (Our Lady of Bethlehem) is one of the finest specimens of the revival in architecture in Portugal, and is a noble monument on a famous spot, for here stood a little chapel, dear to mariners, built by the great navigator Prince Henry, and in the walls of which the commanders and crews of all those great naval expeditions assembled to ask God's blessing before they bore the standard of Portugal to unknown seas.

Here, with a heart swelling with gratitude, Vasco de Gama knelt, after returning from his great voyage. The monastery which now occupies the spot was begun January 6, 1500, by the architect Boytaca, who was succeeded in the great work by Joao Castilho and Rodrigo de Pontezylha, the last of whom reared the splendid south front shown in our illustration. Unfortunately, we know nothing of him beyond the fact that he achieved this work.

It is built of hard liais, so common near Lisbon, so durable, and so agreeable to the eye. The circular arch is so softened by Gothic-work and relievos that it gradually divides into two portals, separated by a column supporting a statue of Prince Henry in complete armor. On the sides are the twelve Apostles of the same size. The main arch has a Gothic summit crowned by a statue of Our Lady of Kings, which stands out from a very peculiar but very beautiful niche-like window, which is surrounded by statues in a series of Gothic pilasters of great beauty and symmetry, forming to the eye a most charming *coup d'œil*.

Our illustration shows the south or principal porch of this famous church. Of it, Lady Jackson, in her recent work, "Fair Lusitania," says: "The principal porch on the south side of the church, with its numerous statues, wreathed columns, and profusion of ornament, is superb, and scarcely less elaborate than the portal of Batalha. But it is better to enter this beautiful temple by the west door, the carvings of which are also profuse and handsome, and have been lately restored. The groined roof, at the western entrance, strikes you as exceedingly low, and the shrine in semi-darkness, on either side, adds to its air of mystery and solemnity. But, on advancing a few paces, you emerge

CARDINAL RICHELIEU AND THE CAPUCHIN FATHER JOSEPH.—SEE PAGE 298.

from beneath the low arch into the grand and lofty nave, and, thus viewed, this part of the interior has a singularly imposing effect, the vaulted roof rising from slender columns beautifully sculptured, turned with flowers, and enriched with the most fanciful and delicately wrought carvings. The church contains a few pictures, and several finely sculptured royal tombs. Behind the high altar the body of the unfortunate Dom Alfonso VI. is entombed. Queen Catharine, the wife of Charles II., is buried here, and the tombs of Dom Manoel, the founder of the church, and his son and successor, Dom Joao III., and their respective queens, are in the north and south transepts.

There are two fine organs in the west gallery, and round the arches supporting it much exquisite sculpture. The mausoleum to the memory of the famous Dom Sebastian was erected by Don Felipe II. The bones sent from Africa as those of the young and much-loved monarch were not deposited in it till about a hundred years after his death. But these bones are not believed to be those of Sebastian, whose death was shrouded in mystery, and whose return to his country was looked forward to long after it was possible that he should be living."

RICHELIEU.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU," ETC.

THE death of the great Henry once more plunged unhappy France from the very pinnacle of prosperity to the lowest depths of turbulence and misery. Left to the guardianship of an infant king and an ambitious, weak, unworthy woman, what fate was in store for her?

While in the streets and the dwellings of the citizens all was woe and mourning, while the public apartments of the palace presented one sombre aspect of unrelieved black, and faithful servants and honest men wandered through them, in ghostly silence, with tearful faces and saddened hearts, Marie de Médicis and her Italian minions held secret conclave amongst gold, purple, and embroidery; from behind their closed doors came sounds of laughter and songs of gladness; every semblance of even outward decency was cast aside; it was the exultation of a band of freebooters, who saw before them a wealthy country, in which law was dead, laid open to pillage. Honest Sully was no companion for those vampires, and, with a heart bowed down with grief for the loss of his noble master, and even yet more so for the sorrow of seeing the labors of his life about to be destroyed, retired to his estate, and left them to wreak the ruin he was powerless to avert. The chief favorite of the Queen Regent was a Florentine, named Concino Conchini, better known by his French title of Maréchal d'Ancre, an unscrupulous adventurer, whom she loaded with riches and dignities.

Conchini and Leonora Galigaï, afterward his wife, had come to France in the train of Marie de Médicis; from the first they were the Queen's most evil councillors, filling her ears with scandals and her heart with bitterness against her husband. *If* the assassination of the King was the result of a plot, and not simply of individual fanaticism, there are reasons to suspect that these Italians, as well as the Duc d'Epernon, were concerned in it; indeed, were it possible to prove the existence of such a conspiracy, it might be difficult to exonerate the Queen herself from participation. Her behavior after the tragic event sufficiently warrants the assertion that Henry's death, far from being a source of grief, was regarded by her as a relief.

D'Ancre, his wife, the Pope's Nuncio, the Spanish Ambassador, D'Epernon, and a few others, formed this privy council, of which the object was the total overthrow of that policy under which France had grown great and prosperous, the reopening of religious persecution, and the appropriation of the treasures amassed by the dead King for the execution of his great design.

The effects of this combination were soon fatally apparent The genius and firm hand of the great Henry repressed the power of the nobles and kept it within the boundaries of the law, but under the feeble rule of a weak woman it again agitated the State with factions and conspiracies. Bribes and largesses to the amount of forty million livres were scattered among the malcontents for the purpose of conciliating them. But, while they shamelessly accepted the money, their turbulence continued to increase; many withdrew to their domains, assembled their men-at-arms, and prepared for civil war. The more honest, desirous to reform the abuses of the State, demanded the convocation of the States-General, and the Government, powerless for all save evil, after futile preparations for an armed resistance and many more bribes, was compelled to submit. But little or nothing could be achieved by an assembly the interests of the different parts of which were so utterly opposing. And so after much talk, complaining, and disputing, it was dissolved, not to meet again for one hundred and seventy years. And then how different the result!

And yet this gathering of vapid, purposeless talkers, that passed away and seemed to leave behind it no more trace of its existence than does a fleeting cloud upon the face of heaven, was pregnant with great results, since it brought into the light a man destined to remodel the political world of France. That man was Armand du Plessis, afterwards Cardinal Duc de Richelieu.

Armand Jean du Plessis was born in the Château de Richelieu, in Tournine, on the 5th of September, 1585. His father was the Seigneur de Richelieu, and captain in Henry IV.'s guards. There were three sons; the eldest, according to the custom of noble houses, followed the career of arms; the second entered the Church; the third, Armand, created Marquis de Chillon, was likewise educated for the military profession, which he followed until his brother, who had been appointed to the bishopric of Luçon, turned ascetic and entered a Carthusian monastery. The bishopric having been for many years in the Richelieu family, so valuable an appanage could not be permitted to pass into the hands of a stranger, and the young Marquis, then only eighteen, was called upon to take his brother's place. He does not appear to have offered any opposition to this sudden change of career. Eight hours a day for four years he is said to have devoted to the study of theology, and thereby to have permanently injured a constitution always frail and delicate. Not having attained the age prescribed for the episcopacy, he took a journey to Rome to solicit his institution. The Abbé Siri tells an anecdote of this time which foreshadows the future cardinal. He deceived the Pope in his age, and after he had received consecration begged absolution for the deceit. "This young bishop," said the Pontiff, "is gifted with a rare genius, but he is subtle and crafty."

Seven years passed away, and never was prelate more pious, more unassuming; theological studies and the conversion of heretics formed the sole objects of his life; but he had also gained a great reputation as a preacher. Probably his ambition at this time—for there never could have been a time when Armand Richelieu was not ambitious—was confined within the pale of the Church. But the convocation of the States-General summoned him from his retirement. The clergy chose him as one of their representatives, and, on account of his before-mentioned priestly eloquence, selected him for their orator. No fierce denouncer, however, of corrupt power was the Bishop of Luçon; on the contrary, he introduced into his speech such adroit flatteries to the Queen Mother that, having already insinuated himself into the favor of the favorite, Leonora Galigaï, she appointed him to be her chaplain. So well did his fortunes progress that within two years we find him, thanks to Maréchal d'Ancre, Secretary of State for War and Foreign Affairs. A not very noble figure does the future great Cardinal cut at this period as the toady of the Queen Mother and her minion.

But the days of the latter were numbered. The boy-king

was carefully secluded by the ambitious Marie from all state affairs, and passed his time in hunting and puerile amusements. Among his attendants was a gentleman named Albert de Luynes, whose ambition meditated no less a design than to destroy Conchini, subvert the power of the Queen Mother, and rule in their place. To accomplish this, he irritated the pride of the young Louis to such an extent, by representing the condition of tutelage and almost imprisonment in which he was kept—a condition, he averred, that would continue as long as the Maréchal lived—that he prevailed upon the boy to enter into a plot for his assassination. And on the 24th of April, 1617, Conchini was murdered in the broad daylight in the court of the Louvre, not by common hirelings, but by barons, officers, and "men of honor." After the murder followed a yet more revolting scene; each murderer, anxious to prove his share in the deed, fell upon the dead man and stripped him of his accoutrements and property; one seized upon his sword, another upon his ring, a third upon his scarf, a fourth upon his cloak, and rushed away, eager and breathless, to lay these spoils at the feet of the King. Jean Baptiste d'Ornando, a Corsican colonel, had the *honor* to reach the royal presence first. Upon learning the success of the plot, Louis showed himself at the window of the grand *salon*, and to the shout of "Vive le roi!" which rose from the court below, responded, "Many thanks to you, my worthy friends; now I am King indeed!"

Wolves devour wolves. The downfall of the favorite was the signal for the destruction of all his belongings; and those who had cringed lowest to him in his days of power were now the most inveterate against all who claimed kin with him. His wife was the first victim. She was immediately arrested, and brought before the Parlement, upon accusations of sacrilege, witchcraft, and political crimes. Being weak in health, and finding no relief from ordinary physicians, she had engaged the services of a charlatan, who pretended to the knowledge and exercise of the occult sciences. Her credulity afforded an excellent means for her destruction. She was accused of performing pagan sacrifices and of communing with the powers of darkness. She was asked by what kind of sorcery she had dominated the Queen Mother? "By no other than the power by which strong souls govern the weak," was the answer. Her innocence of the greater part of the charges brought against her was so palpable that several of the judges, knowing her death to be a foregone conclusion, retired from the deliberations. The sentence declared Conchini and his widow guilty of *lèse-majesté* divine and human, condemned the memory of the husband to perpetual infamy, and the wife to be beheaded, and her body burned.

It was for this treacherous assassination and false *procès* that Louis obtained the agnomen of "The Just"!

Marie de Médicis was, it need scarcely be said, included in the ruin of her party, and was kept close prisoner to her own apartments until she obtained permission to retire to her estate at Blois.

The Bishop of Luçon, who had ever been one of the most assiduous flatterers of the unfortunate Conchini, was one of the first to felicitate the King upon having "done justice." Nevertheless, he had to follow the Queen Mother into her exile. But soon afterwards, De Luynes, probably considering him too clever a servant to be safe, ordered him to seek some other abode. He retired into a priory in Poitou, "being desirous," he said, "of devoting himself entirely to the combating of heresy." Here he also composed and published controversial and devotional works, and played the hypocrite *à merveilles!*

Marie de Médicis was no better off at Blois than she had been in the Louvre; De Luynes surrounded her and her adherents with spies, two of her friends were broken upon the wheel for holding secret correspondence with her, others were sent into perpetual banishment. But after a time the nobles grew impatient of the yoke of the new favorite, who was quite as rapacious and tyrannous as the old; to break it, it was necessary to reinstate the Queen, and the Duc d'Epernon headed an enterprise which effected her escape. The court was in great alarm; but, too weak to crush the rebels, was compelled to negotiate with them. The man chosen to conduct these negotiations was the Bishop of Luçon. The friend who procured him this mission and consequent recall to court was Père Joseph. This man had some time previously attracted Richelieu's attention; the subtle attraction of kindred minds had drawn them towards each other and brought about a close attachment, which was dissolved only by death. Joseph had been a soldier before he turned Capuchin, had been a great traveller, and was possessed of a subtle, powerful genius, and a resolution so indomitable and tenacious that at times it was capable of supporting even that of the Cardinal. Could all the secret springs of that age be laid bare before us, we might perhaps see his *Éminence grise* frequently playing the part of wire-puller, his *Éminence rouge* that of puppet, to use the two nicknames attaching to the Cardinal and his confessor.

Père Joseph had, thanks to his patron, obtained so good a footing at court, having been employed upon more than one important affair to foreign courts, that he was enabled to insinuate that patron's return. And with such skill and prudence did the Bishop conduct his delicate mission that he succeeded in bringing about a temporary reconciliation between Marie de Médicis and her son. But it was of short duration. De Luynes, still all powerful, soon recommenced the persecution of her friends; the great nobles, more disaffected than ever, retired to their estates and took up arms; the Huguenots, fearing repressive measures, followed their example; D'Epernon, rallying himself with their chiefs, De Rohan and La Trémouille, broke into open revolt. The King marched against them in person; there was an engagement in which the rebels had the worst of it. A second reconciliation was patched up, and Louis published a declaration to the effect, that all which had been done by his mother and those allied with her had no end but the good of the State.

During this time the Bishop of Luçon, while still retaining the mother's confidence, contrived to preserve the favor of De Luynes, and even, through one of his nieces, to ally himself by marriage with him. But the genius of the subtle churchman had already begun to excite apprehensions in the favorite's mind, and he cared not to let him become too powerful. The Bishop desired to be a cardinal, but the King, under the inspiration of his minister, while openly supporting the bishop's claim, sent secret instructions to the Pope to refuse him the hat—a proceeding highly characteristic of this weak and treacherous monarch.

The death of De Luynes, who expired of a fever while engaged in military operations against the Protestants of the south, left the helm of the State free to the first hand daring and powerful enough to seize upon it. The next year Richelieu obtained the coveted hat. In 1624 he again became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, but only after much coquetting and dissimulation. His health rendered the country air necessary to him; his tastes were not for mundane affairs, but for study and seclusion; these and other like excuses rendered his acceptance of the post an apparent sacrifice. But from that time his rise was swift and sure. Day by day his powerful mind and striking genius made themselves felt in the national councils, and his giant intellect, mastering the puny dwarfs by whom he was surrounded, quickly grasped the supreme power.

Austria, which was master of both ends of Italy—Naples and Milan—desired a route which should unite the empire

with Spain and the German with the Italian possessions, so that it could, when necessary, march an army from one side of the Alps to the other without opposition. The Valtelline Valley, situated between Tyrol, Venetia, Milan, and the Grisons, to which it belonged, fulfilled these requirements; and taking advantage of the religious feuds which were then raging in that district, the Empire would have annexed it but for the decisive action of Richelieu. Taking up the policy of the great Henry, he resolved by every means to weaken the power of the Colossus. His reply to the ambassador, who sent him a long despatch setting forth the difficulties of interfering in this affair, and especially urging the ambiguous conduct of the Pope, is highly characteristic of the man.

"The King has changed his council and the ministry its policy. We shall send an army into the Valtelline, which will render the Pope less uncertain, and the Spaniards more tractable."

It was not foreign affairs alone, however, that engaged his attention. The whole land was in a state of ferment that threatened universal anarchy. The Huguenots were in a chronic state of revolt, and the great nobles combining in incessant conspiracies. Most dangerous of the conspirators was the King's brother, Gaston Duc d'Orléans. History cannot furnish, even out of the family of which he was the founder, a character more revolting and contemptible than that of this prince. The first to initiate a plot, the first to fly upon discovery; arousing discontent in every heart, and ready to betray and sacrifice every man who listened to his councils; there was no villainy, no treachery too black for his approval; there was no meanness, no degradation to which he was not ready to submit to save himself from the consequences. Seven years had elapsed since Louis's marriage with Anne of Austria, and still there was no heir to the crown; the King's health was delicate, and the chances were thus greatly in favor of Gaston's succession. This gave him an influence among the *noblesse* even greater than his position warranted. It was but in the ordinary course of things that Orléans and his faction should be the bitter opponents of Richelieu; to them were joined in the league of hate the Queen and her friends, the Duchesse de Chevreuse—the remarried widow of De Luynes—and the Princesse de Condé. From the first there had been feud between the Queen and the Cardinal. It has been said that he made dishonorable addresses to her, and that the rejection of his advances was the cause of that enmity with which he ever afterwards pursued her. There is nothing improbable in the charge, for his gallantries were notorious, as Marion de l'Orme could have testified; but her dislike, probably, arose at first from the fact of his being a favorite of Marie de Médicis, between her and whom there had ever been implacable hostility.

Out of these complications was hatched a conspiracy which aimed, not only at the destruction of the Minister, but the dethronement of the King, his divorce from the Queen, and her marriage with Gaston. Joined with the arch-traitor in this design was the Duc de Vendôme and his brother, the natural sons of Henry IV., the Comte de Soissons, the Duc de Montmorency, the Comte Chalais, and D'Ornano, one of the assassins of Conchini. Informed of the plot, Richelieu struck the first blow by arresting the latter. A few days afterwards Gaston was upon his knees before the Minister in abject submission, swearing upon the Gospel to love those who loved the King and the Queen Mother, and to inform his Majesty of the least word he heard uttered against him or his councillors, expressing at the same time his approval of the arrest of D'Ornano, who had hitherto been his most faithful servant. Once more the Cardinal played the part of the humble, studious priest, for the relentless animosity of his enemies intimidated him. Once more he pleaded his desire to retire from mundane affairs—he was weary of pomps and vanities; the weak, vacillating king, alarmed at the thought of being left to govern alone, would not hear of his retirement, and even wrote with his own hand the most lavish promises to defend him against all enemies, whoever they might be: "Assure yourself that I will never change," ran the document, "and whoever attacks you, you shall have me for your second." But his *ruse* obtained him a far more substantial protection than this royal bond in the shape of permission to raise a company of musqueteers to serve him for a body-guard. Armed and omnipotent, he ordered the arrest of the Duc de Vendôme, the Grand Prior, and several personages of the highest consequence, among whom was the King's favorite, the Comte de Chalais. Upon being arrested, the unfortunate young man, hoping thereby to save his life, made certain revelations which implicated the Queen in the plot; but on the scaffold he recalled the accusation, and firmly protested her innocence. This, however, goes for nothing; he would have been a poor creature who would not have done as much under similar circumstances. There was a private judgment held upon the unhappy Anne in the King's chamber, in the presence of Marie de Médicis and the Cardinal; Louis accused her of desiring his death in order that she might espouse Orléans.

"What! from Louis to Gaston; there would be too little to gain by such a change!" was her disdainful retort.

The death of Henry IV. had once more loosed the persecution of a fanatical populace upon the Protestants, who were compelled to arm in self-defence. In the south and west they were under the leadership of such powerful names as Soubise, Trémouille, and Rohan, and formed a league, whose organization, army, and treasury were perfectly distinct from those of the State, thus forming a government within a government. So dangerous a combination, which threatened to permanently divide the kingdom, could not be permitted by so sagacious and powerful a statesman as Richelieu. As early as the period of the Valtelline expedition the royal fleet had gained an advantage over the league in the waters of La Rochelle, which important naval and military town had always been the headquarters of the Huguenots, and captured the Isle of Ré; but France did not possess at the time sufficient ships to blockade the port, and so the advantage was lost.

Richelieu may be justly considered to have been the creator of the French navy. When he entered upon power, the nation did not possess a single vessel of war fit for service. This branch of the national defences was in a state of deplorable incompetency, as was every person connected with it; the admirals were nobles who knew no more of the sea than do the Lords of the Admiralty in England. He abolished the office of Grand Admiral, and instituted in its place a Superintendent of Navigation; established schools of pilotage and of marine artillery, and published a complete maritime code. In a few years he had created a fleet capable of coping with those of Spain and England.

In 1627, however, the attitude of England compelled Richelieu to again turn his attention in that direction. Buckingham, to avenge himself upon Lou[illegible] and Richelieu, had long since resolved upon war with France. To provoke this, he had encouraged English privateers to seize upon French ships, which were confiscated as prizes. A[illegible] application for assistance from Soubise, one of the great Huguenot leaders, gave him the opportunity he desired, and, at his solicitation, Charles fitted out a fleet of one hundred vessels, and an army of seven thousand men, for the invasion of France, of which the duke himself, who was neither soldier nor sailor, was entrusted with the command. Nevertheless, he succeeded in effecting a landing upon the Isle of Ré.

With all the energy the situation required, Richelieu set to work to repel the invader. Concealing the crisis from the King, who was sick at the time, he took the whole

MARIE DE MÉDICIS.

responsibility upon himself. He made every provision, spent his own money, engaged his credit, collected all the munitions of war, covered the menaced coast with troops, and, doffing his cardinal's gown and hat for breastplate and helmet, commanded the expedition in person. Buckingham was completed routed, and two-thirds of his army destroyed. The Royalists now laid siege to Rochelle. By the orders of the Minister, a mole, 4,700 feet in length, was thrown across the harbor, thus isolating the town from the sea, and rendering further assistance from England impossible. Twice was the gigantic work thrown down by the waves, but the inflexible Cardinal began afresh each time, and the third succeeded. After a most heroic resistance, during which, it is said, 25,000 people, out of a population of 30,000, died by famine or the sword, the town was obliged to capitulate. The Cardinal, issuing from the trenches, where he had performed the part of captain and engineer, doffed his armor, and, donning his gown, celebrated a thanksgiving mass in the Church of Sainte Marguerite.

But his enemies were like the fabled hydra; he had no sooner destroyed one batch than others sprang up in their places. His grand and comprehensive policy had long since

soared above the weak intelligence of the Queen Mother. Jealous of the absolute power he wielded over the State, and, above all, jealous of the influence he had won over her son's mind, she now manifested towards him only bitterness and hostility. He no longer bowed before the storm, as in the old days, but faced it with haughty reproaches. "Considerations of State frequently oblige us to rise above the passions of princes," he said, and peremptorily demanded permission to retire from the ministry. Louis dared not accept his resignation, and was fain to humble himself to his all-powerful servant.

More absolute than ever, he turns his attention to the re-establishment of French influence in Italy, assembles a large body of troops, superintends their discipline, draws out a plan of campaign, and, carrying the King with him, is soon at the foot of the Alps. A complete victory over the Duke of Savoy and the Spanish army terminates the campaign. With his soldiers flushed with success, he again turns his arms against the Huguenots; Privas, Alais, Nimes, their last strongholds, fall before him; De Rohan makes submission, and on the 28th of June, 1629, the last flames of the civil war are extinguished. At Privas, while he was sick, there had been a cruel massacre; but at Montauban he received the Huguenot ministers with much graciousness, telling them that the King looked upon them as his subjects, and in that quality made no distinction between them and the Catholics. He used his victory with the most generous moderation, and obtained an ordinance from the King which left the conquered the free exercise of their religion. Richelieu's was too large a mind to be a persecutor of opinion.

Another campaign against Savoy quickly followed this success. With armor on back, and sword at his side, he led the troops in person, endured all the dangers and fatigues of a common soldier, carried Pignerol and Chambéry, and, with the assistance of a brilliant victory gained by the Maréchal de Montmorency at Vegliana, brought the war to a close. But while the nation was growing greater and more powerful day by day, while the acclamations of the people followed his steps wherever he moved, the envy and hatred of little minds were endeavoring to rob him of the fruits of his labors. The two Queens, putting aside for a time their mutual antipathies, made common cause against him; the mother, whose sympathies were with Savoy, her son-in-law, importuned Louis night and day to dismiss his minister. But once more these enmities redounded to his honor, and letters patent conferring upon him the title of "Principal Minister of State" raised him to a still greater height of power.

Towards the end of the Italian campaign, however, Louis was seized with a fever at Lyons, and his life was despaired of. Even around the sick man's bed the courtiers held council how the obnoxious Cardinal should be disposed of after the King's death. De Guise was for exile, Bassompierre for perpetual imprisonment, the Maréchal de Marillac, the Mother's favorite, counselled death. An unseen listener, Richelieu overheard all, and marked each speaker for the doom he had proposed. But the crisis passed, and the King lived. The affectionate solicitude shown by the Queen during his danger softened his heart towards her, and inclined him to lend his ear to her accusations against the Cardinal, and to the prayers of the Mother for his dismissal. In vain did Richelieu, by the most humble advances, endeavor to conciliate her; implacable in her hatred, she only redoubled her importunities.

The result of these intrigues will be best conveyed to the reader in the following graphic scene, bequeathed us by the Abbé Siri, which was acted in the Luxembourg, Marie de Médicis' palace:

"As she was in the midst of her discourse, and was earnestly pressing her son to accord her what she desired, the Cardinal suddenly entered the chamber; he had in truth found the door closed and express injunctions given to the usher to admit no person, and, above all, him, if he presented himself; but, as he knew all the ways of the palace, he went to the wardrobe of that princess, and through there entered the chamber, having gained for that end one of her women named Zuccole, who, being in her mistress's confidence, was left sole guard of that entrance. The unexpected arrival of the Cardinal quite confounded the Queen Mother. Very soon, however, she recovered from her surprise, and the presence of the Cardinal served only to redouble her anger as much by the remembrance it renewed of all the offences he had committed as because she saw herself interrupted in the accomplishment of her designs, so that, full of fury and resentment, transported with anger, she called him, in the presence of her son, a double-faced, insolent, audacious traitor, and bestowed upon him many other injurious epithets. She recapitulated to the King in his presence all that she had already said to him upon the subject before he arrived, omitting nothing that was calculated to still further blacken him in his mind. The Cardinal, astounded and confused at the extreme fury of this princess, replied not a single word to all the abuse she heaped upon him; he endeavored only to soften the bitterness of her mind, and to moderate her anger. That is why, with a respectful countenance and in the most humble and submissive terms he could find, accompanied even with tears, which he always had at his command, he addressed her in the most feeling manner in the world, and the most proper, to soften her. But her hatred and anger against him had risen to such a height that neither his submission, his prayers, nor his tears were able to move her; on the contrary, she cried, with a loud voice, that he was a crafty knave who well knew how to play his part, and that all he was doing was mere mummery, and a mere trick to deceive her once more. The Cardinal, seeing this, turned to the King and entreated him te permit his retiring and passing the remainder of his days in repose, it not being right that his Majesty should retain him in his service and continue him in the ministry against the wish of the Queen. At these words, the Monarch, testifying a desire to defer to the wishes of his mother, accorded him his request, and desired him to leave the presence."

Without losing a moment's time, the Mother appoints two of her favorites—the brothers De Marillac—to the premiership and the command of the army, throws open her *salons* to the crowd of fawning sycophants, and gives way to the exultation of victory. But her confidence is premature; Richelieu is not yet defeated. Upon quitting the Luxembourg, Louis repairs to his hunting-lodge at Versailles; thither the Cardinal follows him, and obtains admission to his Cabinet. What passed at that interview history has not recorded; but at the moment De Marillac, the premier, arrived to be formally installed in his new dignity, the King was taking leave of Richelieu, and commanding him to retain his office and serve him well in it. The would-be minister was arrested upon the spot, and his brother the same night, at a supper he had given to celebrate his new fortune. French wit has recorded these events in history under the heading of "The Day of Dupes."

Maréchal de Marillac, under the pretence of exactions and peculations carried on during his government in Champagne, was brought to the scaffold after a two years' *procès*. The condemnation of this man, a soldier who had served in the army forty years, was an act of lawless tyranny; the Parlement of Paris twice declared the commission appointed to try him to be illegal, and was twice compelled to rescind its decree. Once resolved upon a course of action, Richelieu was prepared to trample upon every law and every institution. He constituted himself the sole judge of the right and

the wrong, and his WILL was the only fixed law of the nation. All the creatures of the Queen Mother, down to the meanest, were cast into the Bastille, and she herself exiled from France never to return. The cowardly Gaston immediately sought other dupes with whom to concoct conspiracy. This time he found a noble one in the Maréchal de Montmorency, who placed himself at the head of a body of malcontents vowed to the destruction of the Cardinal. They were defeated in an engagement near Castelnaudry, and the Maréchal and the Duke fell into the hands of the Minister. Orléans betrayed his victims as usual, and he vowed to evermore love all the King's ministers, and Richelieu especially. Being the King's brother, he was permitted to join his worthy mother in Brussels. But Montmorency was condemned to the block, spite of the prayers of the people and an almost universal intercession.

While suppressing the power of the Protestants at home, the Cardinal assisted them abroad; thus we find him taking part with the revolting Netherlands, and allying himself during the Thirty Years' War with the great Protestant champion, Gustavus Adolphus. The revolution which wrested Portugal from Spain also greatly owed its success to his countenance and succor. Varying fortunes attended the arms of France during this period. In 1635 the Imperialists and Spaniards crossed the frontiers at different points, and the latter advanced within thirty-five leagues of Paris. A universal cry rose from every Order in the State. Richelieu would have retreated before it, but for the encouragement of Père Joseph. He held his ground, and conquered. The invaders were beaten back, everywhere defeated. Not in vain had he taken up the mantle of the great Henry; the decline of the House of Austria and the ruin of the Spanish monarchy date from this period, as well as the permanent preponderance of France in the affairs of Europe.

Not all the terrible examples could repress plots against him. The Queen continued her correspondence with the exiled foes of the Minister, and especially with the Duchesse de Chevreuse, and even to hold treasonous communication with those foreign powers most hostile to France. Such despatches, more than once intercepted, brought upon her ever increasing humiliation. But in 1638, in the twenty-second year of her unhappy married life, a Dauphin was born; an event that did little to soften the King's habitual coolness towards her.

Orléans was as indefatigable as ever in plotting, and continued to bring better heads than his own to the block. De Soisson's conspiracy, however, which broke out in 1641, and which was supported by the Duc de Bouillon, Spain, and Austria, might have brought about a revolution had not the leader been killed in the first engagement. To distract the King's maundering affections from Mademoiselle de Hauteville — for he could not endure that Louis should have any favorite, male or female, unless of his own choosing—Richelieu had placed about his person, in the capacity of a spy, a young gentleman named Cinq-Mars. This youth, who was very handsome and engaging in manners, quickly became supreme favorite, and his royal master's bosom confidant. Louis, in his weak, fretful way, would constantly complain to him of the Cardinal's tyranny and his weariness beneath the yoke; from which this shallow-sighted courtier conceived the assurance that he might attempt the destruction of the obnoxious Minister and leap into his place. The result was a conspiracy, which embraced De Bouillon, Orléans, and all the other haters of the great man. While this was concocting, a severe illness kept Richelieu away from the court. He suspected, however, that mischief was brewing, but could obtain no proofs. One day he received anonymously a sealed packet which contained a copy of the conspirators' treaty with Spain. With the spring of a tiger he was upon them: Cinq-Mars was arrested, and Orléans, so swift had been his movement, unable to fly, sent him the most humble excuses, the most cowardly supplications. The condition he imposed upon this double traitor was that he should give up the names of all his accomplices; a condition which he scrupulously and with all alacrity performed. Cinq-Mars boldly asserted that the King knew of his projects, and had not discouraged them. Louis was compelled to admit that a proposition for the Cardinal's destruction had been made to him, but he gave up his favorite to the tiger's fangs with cruel indifference.

More than ever did Louis now fall beneath the domination of his minister, and never had that minister been so triumphant and terrible. His progress from Lyons, where the execution had taken place, to Paris was that of a Cæsar. Being in ill-health, he was carried by his guards in a gorgeous litter, which accommodated, besides his bed, seats for two other persons; it was so large that in places walls had to be taken down and gates widened to admit its passage. But the Nemesis of blood was upon the conqueror in the midst of his victory. Sick in body and in mind; the burden of taxation created by the ceaseless wars maddening the lower classes to riot; every hand armed with a dagger against his life; every person that approached the throne threatening that which was dearer to him than life — his power; he dared not stir abroad, even to the King's antechamber, unless surrounded by guards; fear and hatred were the only sentiments he inspired. At last came the end, when the iron will could no longer sustain the frail body, and, worn-out by labor and anxiety, the great minister lay upon his bed of death. "Sire," he said to the King, who came to visit him, "in taking leave of your Majesty, I have the consolation of leaving your kingdom more powerful than it ever was before, and your enemies abased." Henri Martin thus pictures the closing scene:

"On the 3d of December, in the afternoon, the King came to see the Cardinal for the last time. The doctors, having given up all hope, had abandoned the sick man to some empirics who procured him a little relief, but his weakness increased; on the morning of the fourth, perceiving the approach of death, he desired his niece, the Duchess d'Aiguillon, to retire, 'the person,' according to his own words, 'whom he had most loved'; it was the only moment, not of weakness, but of tenderness, that he had had; his immovable firmness was not belied during all his long sufferings. All the assistants, ministers, generals, relations, and domestics were bathed in tears; for this terrible man was, by the confession of contemporaries the least favorable to him, 'the best master, relation, and friend that ever existed.' Toward noon he heaved a deep sigh, then a feebler one, then his body sank down and remained immovable—his great soul had departed."

Five months afterward, on the 14th of May, 1643, Louis followed him into the tomb, thus dying ere he could realize the irreparable loss he had sustained.

A figure at once elegant and imposing, a majestic bearing, features delicate, yet stern, and the eye of an eagle, such is the portrait of the great Cardinal, which has been handed down to posterity. In society the terrible and relentless statesman was gay and *spirituel;* his conversation, from the extent of his knowledge and the depth of his mind, delightful, and at the same time diversified by *bon mots*, and the gossip of the time. In the society of ladies he was the most polished of gallants; he was a constant frequenter of the Hôtel Rambouillet; assisted at the *théses d'amour* of the Précieuses, and even spoke the jargon of the romances of the period. His ordinary life was one of unceasing labor. He usually retired to rest at eleven o'clock, but slept only three or four hours. His first sleep passed, he had his portfolio brought to him in bed, and either wrote himself or dictated to a secretary. At six o'clock he went to sleep

MARRIAGE OF MARIE DE MÉDICIS TO HENRI IV. OF FRANCE.

again, but rose between seven and eight. Having performed his devotions, he set his secretaries to copy the despatches of which he had made minutes during the night. After this he dressed, and received his ministers, with whom he shut himself up until ten or eleven. Then he heard mass, and took a walk round the garden, where he gave audience to the numerous inferior persons who sought him. After dinner he conversed for several hours with his guests. The rest of the day was employed in State affairs, in receiving ambassadors and other functionaries. In the evening he took another walk for recreation, and to give audience to those who could not obtain it in the morning.

Judged by the petty canons of a superficial age, of which the littleness of soul is surpassed only by its inflated vanity, the grand, antique figure of this mighty statesman is that of a tyrant and wholesale murderer. But it is by the canons of his own time, and by the broad principles taught by universal history, not by those of milksop humanitarians, that Armand Richelieu and his deeds must be judged at the present day.

THE SERF'S REVENGE.

A Story of Siberian Exile.

By COLONEL THOMAS W. KNOX.

During the revolution in Poland, in 1830–31, there were many Russians living near the Polish frontier who became more or less involved in the movement. Many of them sympathized with the Poles, and where they could not publicly take part in the revolution they did so privately. Some gave money to the insurgent cause, and while they would not inform the Government officials of any plans of the conspirators, they were ever ready to tell the latter what the Government was doing against them. Their houses frequently gave concealment to the messengers of the Poles, when pursued by the Government scouts, and furnished convenient hiding-places for refugees, who found their own homes too hot to hold them. A great many proprietors of landed estates were suspected of disloyalty, though it was often difficult to prove it against them. They were able to conceal their true character in much the same way that some of the residents of the border States during our late war used to pretend to be on both sides of the political fence at the same moment, and favored the Union or the Rebellion as best served their purpose.

The Government made a great many arrests among these frontier residents, and held investigations over their conduct. Some were discharged on giving proof of their loyalty, or on no evidence being found against them; others were imprisoned on account of the suspicions against them, and when there was proof of their disloyalty they were banished to Siberia. The banishment was in proportion to the extent of their offence, and varied all the way from a few years up to the duration of the natural life of the offender. Some were marched in chains over the long road into Northern Asia, and frequently their journey lasted more than two years before they reached their destination. More distinguished prisoners were entitled to ride, and went forward day and night with great rapidity; thus they traveled in a few weeks the road that the pedestrian prisoners were many months in passing to the end.

THE SERF'S REVENGE.—"DOLAEFF, IN A FIT OF ANGER, STRUCK HIS SERF A BLOW THAT FELLED HIM TO THE GROUND."

THE SERF'S REVENGE.—"A WEEK LATER DOLAEFF WAS ARRESTED ON A CHARGE OF AIDING IN THE INSURRECTION."

Among the residents on the Russian frontier at that time was a nobleman named Dolaeff, who had served in his youth at the court of the Emperor at St. Petersburg. The atmosphere of the court did not suit him, and so after a few years he left the service, and retired to his estate, where he hoped to live in peace. He formed an acquaintance with a few noblemen living near him, and made occasional visits to Warsaw whenever the solitude of his country-place began to weary him. By-and-by the insurrection broke out, and speedily assumed the proportions of a revolution. Most of the Poles espoused the cause; some of the Russians living on the frontier declared in their favor, and others against them; while still others, as before stated, remained, or professed to remain, neutral.

Of this last number was Dolaeff.

He argued that as he had served in the army, and had always been thoroughly loyal to his Emperor, the latter could need no special proof of his adhesion to the Government cause. On the other hand, his estate was so near the frontier that, if he pronounced emphatically in opposition to the rebellion, his life and property would be in great danger from the hostility of the Poles. He remained quietly at home in attendance upon his affairs, and hoped to escape all trouble.

Among the serfs on Dolaeff's estate, the master was not particularly popular. He was imperious, and often cruel, and in the collection of the *obrok*, or annual dues, from such as had control of their own time, he was never merciful. He demanded always the last copeck upon an agreement, and no plea of sickness, bad harvests, or low markets had any weight with him. Occasionally a serf was severely beaten at his order for some trifling offence, and he was never backward in demanding, on all occasions, the exercise of his full seignorial rights. Masters of this class were in about the same proportion among Russian noblemen, under the system of serfdom, as were men of the Legree stamp in the days of American slavery. No one, whatever his political faith, will deny that the world would be better off if it contained fewer of these petty tyrants.

Ivan Stepanof was one of the most intelligent serfs on the estate, and often assisted his fellow-laborers in getting out of

difficulties with each other, or with their master. Dolaeff regarded him very favorably, and generally showed him more kindness than was his wont toward others. Ivan was prosperous, in a worldly point of view, and on two or three occasions had relieved Dolaeff from financial embarrassments. But one day, after a heavy loss at cards, Dolaeff sent for Ivan, and asked him for a sum of money greater than he could command. Ivan protested that he had not that amount, and could not raise it. Dolaeff, in a fit of anger, struck his serf a blow that felled him to the ground; then, kicking him in the side, he turned away, and just as he was getting out of earshot he heard Ivan mutter:

"I will have my revenge for this."

A week later Dolaeff was arrested on a charge of aiding the insurrection. It was shown that several rebels had been concealed in his house at different times, and that one, with whom he was particularly intimate, was the chief of a gang of conspirators whose place of meeting was at Warsaw. He was taken to the nearest Government town, and in due time tried, found guilty, and sentenced to Siberia for life. Ivan was not to be found at the time of the arrest, and the master naturally attributed it to the revenge that his servant had promised to obtain for the blow and kick he received.

Dolaeff was ordered to be taken to Siberia as rapidly as possible. He was kept a day or two in prison after his sentence, and then placed in a *telyaga*, or common country wagon, and started on his long journey eastward. By his side was a soldier, to whom he was chained, while a postillion sat on the box with the driver, and allowed the latter to waste no time. They halted at the stations only long enough to change horses and obtain food. Occasionally the postillion and the soldier exchanged places, so as to allow the former to obtain the sleep he could not easily get while sitting bolt upright on the box. The *telyaga* is an ordinary wagon, mounted on wooden springs, which have very little elasticity; and, where the roads are rough, the jolting is very uncomfortable. To ease the motion a little, the traveler generally fills the vehicle with straw or hay, and lies, half-sitting and half-reclining, upon it. The horses are driven at the best of their speed, if the postillion demands it, as he generally does. Most travellers are anxious to proceed as rapidly as possible, in order that their journey may be ended at the earliest moment. Whether they are on pleasure or business, or going into exile, they are quite willing that their time on the road shall be brief.

The exiles who go on foot rest every third day, but those who ride make no delay. Very often the pedestrian prisoners ask to be allowed to go forward without these third days of rest, but the request is not allowed on account of the confusion it would make among the convoys of prisoners on the road. It is quite desirable that proper distances should be maintained between the travelling parties, so that no two of them shall be at the same station at once. The stations are strong buildings surrounded with palisaded fences, and generally a little distance from the villages. They are not very neatly kept, and in Summer the prisoners prefer to camp on the ground and sleep in the open air, either in the station-yard or outside of it.

Dolaeff's guard showed him every attention consistent with his duties; but, as the guard is held to a strict responsibility in case of the escape of a prisoner, he could not allow him many privileges or relax his vigilance toward him. Sometimes at the station he prolonged the halts more than was necessary for refreshment and the change of horses, but he could not allow many delays of this kind lest the increase of time over the usual length of the journey should attract attention. The postillion looked upon the journey much as his prisoner did, and often bemoaned his fate in being assigned to that duty. "Poor wretch that I am," said he; "I am going to Siberia as well as you, and it may be months before I am able to return. What if I should be forgotten, and allowed to stay there for years!"

Day by day and night by night they rolled along. They passed Moscow—the holy Moscow—beloved by every true Russian, and venerated by the subjects of the Czar with a feeling akin to that with which every true Moslem regards the birthplace of Mohammed. They skirted the banks of the Volga, and despite his mental depression at the thought that every step was bearing him further from home and nearer exile, Dolaeff grew enraptured at the picturesque scenery which each turn of the road and river unfolded to his eye. Rough and huge-bearded ferrymen carried them over its waters just as the domes and towers of Kazan glittered in the sunlight above the battlemented walls, where, three hundred years ago, the Tartar power was dominant, and only expelled after a long and bloody conflict, and the loss of many Russian lives. They followed the lovely valley of the Kama till the peaks of the Ural Mountains rose into view, like a wall built between the European and Asiatic world. Climbing the wooded slopes, they passed the boundary, and entered Northern Asia; two hours later they halted in Ekaterinburg, the first city on the eastern slope of the mountains, and nestled in a charming position on the banks of the little River Isset. On and on they went among the foot hills that every hour grew smaller until they reached the great Barabinsky steppe, which seemed to stretch away limitless as the ocean, and apparently as trackless. Along the level steppe they galloped, with little to vary the monotony of their journey. Ferrying the Irtish and the Ob, those great rivers of Western Siberia, passing town after town, and village after village, they came at length to Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, when Dolaeff was delivered to the hands of the official, and his weary postillion released from further care.

The prisoner, after a few days' rest, was appointed to settle as a colonist a thousand miles to the northward, and once more his journey was resumed. When this destination was reached, his duties were assigned to him. With a fellow-prisoner—sentenced for the same cause and to a similar period of exile—he was assigned to the hard duties of a farmer in a new country. A quantity of land equal to about fifty acres was given to them in the valley of a small river, and they were at liberty to cut as much wood and timber as they pleased from the public domain that surrounded them. They were supplied with axes and all other tools necessary for clearing their ground, building a house, and tilling the soil. The Government gave them food and clothing, seed for planting their fields, and everything absolutely necessary to their subsistence for the first two years of their residence; at the end of that time they were expected to take care of themselves.

Once a week the two prisoners were required to report to the *starvst*, or head man of the village, four miles away. They endeavored to plan an escape, but could see no possibility of leaving the country. The road was long; it was more than three thousand miles to European Russia, and at almost every step there were difficulties to be encountered. They had no passports, and without them no one can travel in Siberia; they could not pass in the disguise of peasants, as their language would betray them; they had no money for their expenses on the road, and would be certain of detection and severe punishment. So, after canvassing the possibilities of escape, and finding the chances altogether against them, Dolaeff and his companion abandoned hope, and in the sadness of despair pursued their dreary labors as colonists in Siberia.

After the arrest of his master, Ivan was drafted into the Russian service and assigned to a battalion of the army about to move upon Warsaw. Dolaeff's estate, like all the property of men convicted of treason, passed into the pos-

session of the Government and was managed in the interest of the Crown. Ivan's battalion was not long in finding active service, and took part in the battles that had for their object the capture of Warsaw. In the last attack upon the fortified capital, in September, 1831, he distinguished himself by his skill and bravery, and was mentioned in the reports of his regimental commander as worthy of an officer's commission.

The gulf between the Russian soldier and the Russian officer is a wide one; it cannot be easily crossed; but when a man has once left the ranks and passed the gulf, his promotion is comparatively easy. Ivan devoted his whole time and attention to his duties, and won the admiration of his superiors. Step by step he advanced; the battalion was ordered to St. Petersburg, and four years after his entry into the service Ivan found himself on duty at the palace, and frequently under the eye of the Emperor.

Nicholas was pleased with him, and one day said to Ivan that he would grant any favor he might ask, provided it were not too great. Ivan busied himself a day or two in the preparation of a paper, and then tremblingly presented it to the Emperor. The latter glanced a moment at the document, frowned, and turned away.

That evening a courier left the palace and hastened away eastward as fast as his horses could carry him. Four months later he returned, and with him Dolaeff. They waited in the ante-room until Nicholas was ready to see them and were summoned to his presence.

"Your Majesty," said the courier, "I have brought the man for whom you sent me. This is Paul Dolaeff."

"Send for the lieutenant of the guard," was the only response of the Emperor. A messenger left the room and in a few moments Ivan was brought before the Czar, and into the presence of his old master.

"You are pardoned," said Nicholas to Dolaeff; "and all your estates, titles, and civil rights are restored to you. This meritorious officer, whom I promised to grant any favor he would ask, instead of seeking promotion, interceded in your behalf, and to him you owe your release."

This was the revenge of Ivan Stepanof.

The Origin of the Diamond.

Some philosophers have supposed that diamonds are in all probability a cosmic product—chips of original creation, so to speak—which the earth has picked up in the course of her travels through space; in short, that they are of meteoric origin. To the popular mind there must be something plausible in the suggestion. Indeed, what could be more plausible to those whose knowledge of the diamond is embraced by the one word, carbon, and whose acquaintance with it is limited to some little familiarity with the appearance of the cut gem? How pure, how hard, how brilliant! What fitter product could there be of the heavenly spaces? But facts are earthly and very stubborn, prone ever to take the shine out of splendid theories. It is true that the diamond is a puzzle even to chemists; that the mode of its formation is a mystery; that even its place in the order of nature is a matter of doubt. Like amber, it is found among minerals. Amber is known to be a vegetable product; and the diamond is thought by some to show strong evidence of a similar origin. As surely as flies in amber prove the presence of animal life during some stage in the formation of that singular substance, the vegetable organisms found in diamonds are proof that these gems were formed amid surroundings not consistent with the presence of vegetation, perhaps in water; a supposition that finds support not only in the fact of their inclusion of organic matter, but still more in the presence of dendrites, such as form on minerals of aquatic origin. Crystals of gold, iron, and other minerals have also been found inside of diamonds; still, other diamonds are superficially impressed by sand and crystals, which leads some to believe them to have been originally soft; but is quite as probable that these foreign substances may have interfered in some way with a perfect development of the diamond crystals, forcing them to grow around or partly around the obstructions. Though supremely beautiful in its best estate, the diamond appears to be but an earthly product, after all, subject, like everything else, even theories, to earthly imperfections. There may be a diamond factory up in the sky somewhere, but the evidence of it is not strong.

Alchemy.

The conduct of the scientific alchemists of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries presents a problem of very difficult solution. When we consider that a gas, a fluid, and a solid may consist of the very same ingredients in different proportions, and a virulent poison may differ from the most wholesome food only in the difference of quantity of the very same elements; that gold and silver, and lead and mercury, and, indeed, all the metals, may be extracted from transparent crystals, which scarcely differ in their appearance from a piece of common salt, or a bit of sugar-candy; and that diamond is nothing more than charcoal—we need not greatly wonder at the extravagant expectation that the precious metals and the noblest gems might be produced from the basest materials. These expectations, too, must have been often excited by the startling results of their daily experiments. The most ignorant compounder of simples could not fail to witness the magical transformations of chemical action, and every new product must have added to the probability that the tempting doublets of gold and silver might be thrown from the dice-box with which he was gambling. But when the precious metals were found in lead and copper by the action of powerful re-agents, it was natural to suppose that they had been actually formed during the process, and men of well-regulated minds even might have thus been led to embark in new adventures to procure a more copious supply, without any insult being offered to sober reason, or any injury inflicted on morality.

Influence of the Seasons on Health.

The seasons, which exercise such a striking influence upon the vegetable kingdom, influence the diseases of the human race. The reduction of temperature alone, when the atmosphere reaches the freezing-point, is fatal to a certain number of persons; at the same time many artisans are thrown out of employment, the small earnings of the poorer classes are diminished, and, as fuel is dear, the air, to exclude the cold, is shut out of their dwellings until it becomes highly insalubrious. Warm weather creates a demand for labor out of doors, and excites all the functions when it is not carried to excess. As the temperature advances, and Autumn comes on, dead vegetable and animal matter undergoes rapid decomposition; the living are infected; and, where the miasmata are concentrated in cities or in undrained lands, remittent fevers, dysenteries, plagues, and malignant maladies, are generated.

LAOTIAN STAG-HUNT.

The people of Laos, one of those little known countries of Further India, are of Mongolian origin, although, strangely enough, there seem to be Caucasians in their midst. They appear to have come from the uplands of Thibet. The Northern Laotians call themselves Thay, which means Freemen, and the Siamese, who claim descent from them, call themselves the Lesser Thay. The term

THE SERF'S REVENGE.—"IVAN BUSIED HIMSELF A DAY OR TWO IN THE PREPARATION OF A PAPER."—SEE PAGE 305.

Laotian, or Léo, is that applied to themselves by the inhabitants of the valley of the Cambodia.

The Laotian is generally well made and vigorous. His eyes are less inclined, his cheek-bones less prominent, his nose straighter than those of other Mongols, and his complexion is lighter. They shave the head all but what we would call a scalp-lock. The common people wear simply the breech-cloth; that worn by the wealthy is of silk, and to this they add a light vest, buttoned close over the chest, and another piece of silk as a sash. Great personages wear, on important occasions, a kind of slipper, but this article is laid aside as soon as possible. They tattoo the body from the waist down.

The women wear a piece of cotton around the waist, falling a little below the knee. They do nearly all the work, the men never exerting themselves except to hunt or fish.

A general hunting scene, as described by a French officer, was stirring and curious. For several days the men of the village had been busy manufacturing nets from rattan and other fibres of remarkable strength, as well as looking over old ones to see that the meshes were all perfect. Some visited neighboring districts to borrow.

On the morning of the hunt the whole village was early in motion, and some on foot; others mounted on such animals or vehicles as they could command, pushed for the scene of the hunt, an isolated strip of woods not far from the foot of the mountain. The net-bearers, as the line approached the woods, struck off first to the western skirt of the wood, on which the rising sun was not yet pouring its flood of light, but only gilding the tall tree-tops.

The officer, eager to see the operation, joined this party; he found the wood on that side filled with a dense undergrowth, through which no animal could force its way, but at intervals paths made by the wild denizens of the forest led from the recesses, well-trodden by animals of various kinds, whose various spoors were distinctly seen.

The natives proceeded to close these openings one after another with the nets, which were of great size and immense strength. The ends were fastened to trees on either side, and the net hung down, closing the path almost to the ground, and rising about fifteen feet.

When the nets had been set most of the party prepared to rejoin the main body, starting in two divisions, one taking the north, the other the south side of the wood, and leaving only a few to guard the nets.

"Preferring active service to being a mere sentry, I started with a moving column which took the north side," says he, "and soon came upon a flanking party at the side of the wood. The word was given to these, and every man started up with arms, or some queer culinary article, in his hand. We met band after band, and the same scene ensued.

"At last we reached the eastern end, rather weary with our long march, and here found the leaders of the hunt. Half an hour's rest came not at all amiss. Then the signal was given. The leader, with ten others, fired their guns, and at once not only from our band, but from the flankers north and south, came responsive shots, and a din of kettles, drums, pans, mingling with yells and cries that made the very trees reel.

"At once the silent woods started to life. We could hear the rush of animals westward, and cries of alarm. Into the wood we plunged, keeping up our infernal racket, and ere long were joined by the first flanking parties, who, seeing the animals dart past the opening near which they were posted, pushed in to bring up the rear.

"The whole plan was now clear, and, accepting a proffered horse, I rode out and galloped down to the nets. There the almost-naked sentinels were at work, and as deer of various kinds and other animals came bounding on the nets checked them, and, while entangled, a spear finished them. Now and then one would by a tremendous leap clear the net, but this was rarely the case. Few escaped, and one of these I took in mid-air with a rifle ball. Before long we heard the approaching cries and din, and frenzied animals came huddling down, some almost petrified by fear.

"Almost the whole of the living tenants of the wood had been captured and slain, and all the men were soon busy preparing the game for transportation.

"A dinner under the shade of the trees, a lounge during the sultry afternoon; then, when the evening breeze began to rustle the leaves, the caravan began the homeward march."

THE SERF'S REVENGE.—"'TO THIS MERITORIOUS OFFICER YOU OWE YOUR RELEASE.' THIS WAS THE REVENGE OF IVAN STEPANOF."

AN ARMFUL OF OVEN-WOOD.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

Chapter I.

S pretty a girl as you ever saw was Orra Barnes, when she came into that grim old meeting-house, on a Sabbath morning, with her straw gipsy canted a little on one side of her head till the roses upon it mingled with her soft brown hair, and a gossamer fall of lace at the edge forming an almost imperceptible shadow across her white forehead. "Pretty as a pink," the young fellows in the neighborhood were apt to say of her. But I never liked that old-fashioned comparison. The hot scarlet of carnation leaves gave you no idea of the soft, bright color that came and went in that fair young cheek. It was only the plump lips that carnations had anything in common with.

Small, slender, delicately graceful, Orra Barnes certainly was; piquant too, and saucily smart enough for fifty common girls. Everybody said that, and, for once, everybody said the truth. So, if you expect me to give this girl a perfect character, we may as well close my story here, and have done with it.

Had you seen Orra on the day I am thinking of, out in the garden of that old farmhouse, with one foot on the kitchen chair which Delia, "the help," had brought out for her, and the other bearing down the lower branch of a fine peach-tree, which she was despoiling of its fruit, I doubt if you would not say, with me, that she was one of the most charming little creatures you ever saw.

"Don't bruise them," she said, handing down the great red-cheeked peaches to the help. "Lay them softly on the grass, for I mean to take them over to Mrs. Hutchenson. Would you believe it, a whole lot of the Shruboak women have gone in there to tea without letting her know a word about it? I know she hasn't got a thing ready, and they'll just mortify her to death. Mrs. Deacon Haynes is among them, and I haven't a doubt she has taken her unawares on purpose, poor dear soul! if she wasn't worth them all put together I'd never speak to her again. There, Delia, I think we have got enough. Now run into the house while I pick them up, and rummage the pantry for everything you can find good to eat. Bring a handful of the best gunpowder tea—a good big handful, remember. She hasn't got a drawing in the house, I know. There is a pound-cake uncut, and lots of things, so don't skimp in anything. And, Delia, skim the morning's milk, I want a pitcher full of cream for the peaches. I will carry them over and be talking with the visitors while you slip in at the back door; leave everything on the table, and off again."

Delia listened to these directions with some impatience, for she was rather restive under authority, but at last left Orra to gather up the peaches in her white apron, and met her at the door with a pitcher of cream in her hand, and a basket laden down with dainties on her arm.

Orra took the cream, gave a few more directions, and, walking down the deep yard in front of her home, crossed the street to a small brown house that stood a little back from the highway.

A footpath, bordered with plantain leaves, ran through the thick grass to the front door, which Orra abandoned half-way down and turned off to a window curtained so thickly with scarlet leaves and morning glories that her presence scarcely darkened it at all. She had heard the buzz of voices from the path, and went that way in order to conceal the advance of Delia toward the kitchen door.

The girl had no idea of listening; but she did not wish the people within to know of her presence just then, and gathered in almost unconsciously what they were saying.

"I tell you," said a tall angular woman, with pink cap-ribbons streaming over her shoulders, "that girl wants a great deal of looking after."

"Yes," answered an old lady, while she settled her knitting-needle in its sheath; "I agree with you. She'll want holding in afore long. Some people say she's put her foot down upon help sitting at table when there's company. Only think of that for a girl like her—not a day over seventeen."

"Oh my!"

"Did you ever?"

"No, I never did."

All the visitors had paused in their work except good-natured Mrs. Hutchenson, who sat blushing and turning pale by turns.

When these exclamations had exploded, the visitors fell to work again, and for a moment nothing but the click-clack of knitting-needles was heard. Then Mrs. Deacon Haynes, having passed her seam-needle, spoke again.

"For my part, I can't help feeling as if that gurl was nothing more or less than a robber of the Lord; before her father, the doctor, died, Deacon Haynes had no calculation stronger than that he meant to leave his house to the Society, for our minister to live in."

"Did he promise it?" asked Mrs. Hutchenson, timidly.

"Well, not exactly in so many words; but then it was so handy to the meeting-house that it seemed as if any Christian-minded man would have done it. When the lawyer went up to make the doctor's will, Deacon Haynes went along, just on that account, and, says he—when the house came in—says he, doctor, that ere property naterally belongs to the Lord. Don't forget that."

"What did the doctor say to that?" asked a voice.

"You'll hate to believe it, but this is just what that dying man said; says he, looking straight at the lawyer, 'You can put that down for my beloved daughter with all the rest.' Now, wasn't that nigh upon blasphemy, putting the gurl afore the Lord in his heart?"

Two or three oint groans broke into the conversation here.

"Now just reflect on what has followed that stiff-necked will. The gurl has got everything—house, land, money, and see what airs she puts on! There is her Uncle Jase left guardene instead of the deacon, who naturally expected it. No man in these parts can keep up a farm better than he can, but he hain't got the first idee how to train up a creatur' like Orra. As like as not you hain't any of you noticed it, but that gurl don't go to meeting more 'en every other Sabbath day."

"You can hear every word of the sermon from her front stoop," suggested Mrs. Hutchenson, with a sort of timid championship. "Orra is a gurl that I like, anyway. One takes to her naturally, as you love a bird that sings under your window. Dear me!"

This exclamation was uttered under the good woman's breath, for lifting her eyes she saw the half-laughing, half-angry face of Orra Barnes peeping through the morning-glory vines, while her pitcher of cream rested on the window-sill.

"Dear me, what a clicking of needles! How do you do, Aunt Huldah? Enjoying yourselves with hard work? Mrs. Hutchenson, I saw company coming up the road, and ran over with a few peaches and some cream from the morning's milk. There they are, red-cheeked fellows, from our rare-ripe tree. They cut up deliciously."

Never did a human voice, sweet as a bird-song, create such

consternation. The women started and looked grimly at each other, as it floated in among them. Mrs. Hutchenson, after a moment of natural confusion, arose and went to the window where Orra, looking through the morning-glories, made a picture so blooming and so sweet that the sunshine fairly seemed to dance around her.

"There, too," said Orra, lifting up her white apron, through which the red-ripe peaches glowed. "The pitcher took both hands, so I had to bring the rest in this. There they go, helter-skelter. Good-day, Mrs. Hutchenson; good-day, Aunt Huldah."

Away went the young face from the window, and directly the music of her voice rang back from the foot-path.

"What a voice the gurl has!" said Aunt Huldah. "Got it kind of softened down at boarding-school, I reckon."

"What a heart!" Mrs. Hutchenson ventured to say. "There never was a kinder heart than hers."

"Do you think she heard what we were saying? I, for my part, don't care; never saying behind people's backs what I won't say to their faces. But did she?" inquired Mrs. Deacon Haynes.

"I'm sure she did," answered Mrs. Hutchenson, rather enjoying the scene, "for her eyes were brimful of mischief, and it seemed to me as if the pitcher had been standing there a good while."

"That's just like her—brought up to listen at her boarding-school, I shouldn't wonder. Not that I care," said the deacon's wife, with a defiant motion of the head that made her cap-strings quiver. Hear her! I do believe she is singing a song this very minute."

"No," interposed kind Mrs. Hutchenson, "it's something about coming through the rye. One of Watts' harvest hymns, I reckon."

"If there ain't something about a kiss in it my name isn't Haynes," answered the deacon's wife, firing up for the contest.

"Bliss!" answered the hostess, "I'm sure it was heavenly bliss. There ain't a more common name in the hymn-book or Bible. Then there is something about crying, which is penitential. Now, what harm is there in a poor girl practising her hymns out of doors?"

"I only wish she'd practice them a little more in the meeting-house," rejoined the deaconess, "and not crowd them into a tune that I, being in my senses, set down for a song. I'm not satisfied yet that it's anything else."

Here Mrs. Haynes looked around grimly to see if any one was bold enough to disagree with her, but was interrupted in her search by an announcement that tea was ready.

Chapter II.

A self-willed, spoiled, and generously reckless little person was Orra Barnes. With all her pouts, she possessed the beauty of an angel, the voice of a nightingale, and the wilfulness of a jealous mocking-bird, which always sings his barn-yard airs when you most desire him to be on his good behavior.

Panting with anger, and half enjoying the mischief, she had heard all that this group of gossips had to say about her. No doubt the girl was open to criticism. Poor motherless child, how could she help it? She had indeed a strong will and sharp temper of her own, which even Uncle Jase, her good old guardian, had never even attempted to control, for he loved her better than all the world besides, and could see nothing but graciousness and brilliancy in anything she said or did.

As for Delia Scott, with all her crabbed ways—and she had enough of them—she worshipped the young heiress, and allowed no human being to find fault with her save herself. She had her private doubts regarding the thirst for dominion which sometimes made sudden outbursts in the kitchen when the young lady invaded that sacred domain; but, having great faith in her own reserved resources, had made no complaint yet.

Of course, all that was scornful and defiant rose uppermost in the girl's nature when she turned from that window and left her defamers behind.

"They think my dear dead father should have given my home to the society, do they? As if he didn't know best which was dearest to him. She thinks I don't go to meeting often enough! As if I didn't go every Sunday for a month when my Spring bonnet was new, and sing my very best when the young minister was here! But when the old one came back with his seven-headed sermons, and led out nothing but Greenbank and Old Hundreds, what was the use? If they want to have my voice let them take that."

Here Orra broke out into a naughty burst of "Coming through the Rye," and flung it back at the women all the way up the footpath—a song she had never dared to sing above her breath before, and which poor Mrs. Hutchenson had done her very best to smuggle down into a hymn of praise.

"As for going to meeting three times a day, I hope they may catch me at it—that's all!"

This angry sentence broke into her song with a dash of sharp prose, and when Orra went into the house she made Delia Scott stand up to her duties, I can tell you. Some one had to pay the penalty of her outraged feelings, and there was no one else in that great old house on which her resentment could fall.

The next Sunday came, and Orra Barnes remained obstinately at home, and, glorying in her resolution, watched the congregation pass into the meeting-house, two by two or in family groups, through the tall white lilac-trees that rose up to her chamber windows, and had been for years the glory and pride of the whole neighborhood.

The girl was a little lonesome that morning, for there was a great lack of social excitements in the neighborhood, and the very gathering of a congregation had its charm. All at once the girl started from her seat, and pushed back the lilac branches with her eager hands.

"Who can it be? Who on earth can it be?"

As Orra asked this question, which there was no one to answer, a young man, who was walking slowly toward the meeting-house, happened to look up, and saw those bright eyes gazing on him through the foliage.

Orra darted back when she met those laughing blue eyes, and stamped her little foot with vexation.

"To think that of all days I should have set my foot down against going to meeting this one! It's enough to provoke a saint. How Mrs. Haynes will chuckle over it! A stranger, so handsome, so genteel, swinging his cane so lightly! It's enough to make one strike her own grandma. Oh, how I wish Uncle Jase would coax and entreat me to go just this once for his sake, or even say I must, right out! Or Delia, she might come and urge me. But no; they haven't the courage of mice. That's the front door! There they go without so much as looking up, as if a girl was always to be taken at her word. There now, I've just done it for myself!"

Here Orra sunk back into the great dimity-covered easy-chair which she had dragged to the window, and dashed some angry tears from her eyes.

Directly a burst of music came swelling in through the open window, and took a certain harmony of sweetness as it was filtered through the common rose-bushes and trumpet honeysuckles that made a leafy struggle against the lilac-trees, and carried the richness of their perfume deeper into the year. This was not unnatural, for the music came from

the throats of those new English worshippers in a spontaneous stream, like the prayers, that were much longer than our fashionable sermons are nowadays, and to a sensitive ear the softening effect of distance had its advantage.

Orra listened eagerly, for a new voice, powerful, clear, and inexpressibly sweet, rang out from the usual jangle of sounds with a distinctness that took her breath away.

All the more clearly did the girl hear this one strange singer, because organs were unknown even in churches in these old times. The sounding-board above that high box-pulpit, in which a small family might have lived, and a tuning-fork, in the hand of Deacon Haynes, was quite as much instrumental assistance as any Presbyterian congregation in all Connecticut would have tolerated. So that grand, sweet voice rang out with a silvery accord through both morning hymns, and Orra Barnes listened to it fascinated. Her own love of music was spontaneous as the heath of a warm Summer's day, as her voice, rich with sympathetic sweetness, broke out in that silent chamber, and floated on with the strange harmony as a nightingale answers to the roses.

During all that long reverie, Orra never once left her chair. She slept a little through the sermon, lulled into a sleepy calm by the monotonous droning of the old clergyman's voice; but the closing hymn aroused her thoroughly, and when the congregation came pouring out she sat on the very edge of her chair, and with her elbow on the window-sill and her chin nestled in a curve of her hand, watched eagerly for that strange young man to appear.

He came out with the crowd, holding his hat in one hand, thus revealing a splendid head, covered with thick brown hair, which threw back the sunshine from every curving wave. He was speaking to some one in the road. Who could it be? Surely not her Uncle Jason! Yes, it was, and the two were coming across the street together. What could it mean?

Orra left the great dimity-chair in haste, ran to a looking-glass that hung between the windows, and began to twist her curls around her shaking fingers. Then she fastened a knot of blue ribbon at the throat of her dress, and arranged another, snood-fashion, into her hair, making a perfect picture of herself, which she regarded very doubtfully in the glass.

"Delia—I say, Delia!"

There was nothing shrill in her voice then, only a sweet, hushed impatience.

"Delia, I say, who is it? Come, tell me—do, Delia, please."

Delia came with affected reluctance, trying her best not to smile.

"Is it the young man that has come home between meetings with you, Uncle Jase, that you want to know about?" inquired the help, feeling her power, and resolved to use it, but tenderly.

"Yes, Delia, yes."

"Well, I don't know positive."

"Oh, Delia, how can you be so hateful!"

"I said positive, Orra; but Mrs. Hutchenson told me that it was a young man that had come to see about opening a singing-school right here in Shruboak."

"A singing-school! Oh, Delia, won't that be splendid!"

"For them as can afford to go," answered Delia, "and have got voices worth while."

"Well, you have a voice, Delia, and I can afford to pay for both. We must get up a good class of scholars."

Delia condescended to brighten up and take a more lively interest in the school.

"Delia, the time between churches is so long, suppose you set out something to eat in the meeting-room. You can roll the paper blinds down in front, so that the people need not see in and make a fuss about it."

"Just as you think," answered Delia; "so long as you don't ask me to get anything hot on the Sabbath day; I couldn't answer to my conscience for that."

"Hot—no; only let it be something nice. Skim all the new milk if you want to, Delia, and be sure you set on one of your nice pot-cheeses. The best china, too. I shall not be angry if you get that out, Delia. And, Delia, just step in and see if my dress is all right."

Delia stepped into the room, gave the white dress a superfluous jerk or two, and disappeared. The young mistress went demurely downstairs, and pretended to be greatly astonished when she found company sitting with her uncle in the low-ceiled, old-fashioned family room below. The young man, equally surprised, started from his chair and made a low bow, while Uncle Jase was introducing him, looking innocent of all memory regarding the face he had seen through the lilac bushes.

Scarcely was the girl seated at the very farthest window, when Uncle Jase began the subject of the singing-school, in which the young man made two or three polite attempts to draw out the young lady; but she kept a decorous silence, while listening with all her senses. After a while she stole from the room, gave a peep into the kitchen, and fluttered through the back door, carefully keeping out of view from the windows.

By-and-by Delia looked into the sitting-room rather stiffly, as if conscious of a sinful innovation, and announced that a cold bite was ready in the other room, if the young gentleman felt like taking a mouthful of something to eat.

Then Uncle Jase arose, followed by the young gentleman, who glanced into a looking-glass in passing, brushed the thick hair up from his forehead, and marched after Uncle Jase across the hall and into the best parlor, where he caught Orra hurriedly twining a quantity of bright flowers and green leaves around a little basket of peaches—for she had robbed the rare-ripe tree of its best fruit while the singing-school discussion was going on. She had also snatched as many flowers as she had time to pluck from the beds, to adorn the table with.

When the girl was thus surprised at her pretty work, she dropped the flowers as if there had been some sin in them, and took a seat at the table, blushing, and all in a shiver of agitation. Those people who charged Orra with being a bit of a shrew would have taken every word of it back had they seen her on that Sabbath day.

That Sabbath day—why it was the one day of that young girl's life, for then and there she fell so desperately in love with the young singing-master, that she was shy of her very self, and scarcely spoke above her breath.

You would not have blamed Orra in the least had you seen the young fellow, with all that light in his wide-open, blue eyes and that smile which flashed out on every feature of his face. Who was he? Why, nothing in particular—a young fellow bound to make his way in the world, and ready to take hold of anything that promised to help him forward, as long as it was honest and respectable. Just now he was intent on getting up a singing-school, and laying the foundation of a decent choir in the old meeting-house. He wanted Uncle Jase to help this object along, and so got Deacon Haynes to introduce him, which resulted in this surreptitious little feast at noonday in the best keeping-room of the farmhouse, and, in two cases, of undoubted love at first sight. The very next day young Forbes took board at Mrs. Hutchenson's brown house—at a cheap rate of course—and began to canvass the neighborhood most vigorously.

Before another week a large singing-class was organized in the school-house, half a mile up the road, and every Saturday night the chestnut grove back of it fairly trembled under the bursts of church music that surged through the windows. Of course Orra Barnes was the pride and glory

of this class, and when Forbes managed to take his choir into the gallery, and silence all the cracked old voices down in the body of the meeting-house, this girl fairly filled the vast building with the glory of her own proud happiness coined into music.

Yes, it was a beautiful truth, Orra loved and was beloved. I do not go into particulars here, holding the first love of a young girl as something too sacred and pure for common discussion. So I say nothing of the moonlight walks through the longest way from the school-house or the minutes those young dreamers lingered at the gate before the last good-night was said.

Neither will I give any reason why Orra became so desperately intimate with Mrs. Hutchenson, and was constantly flitting to and fro between her own home and the little brown house, sometimes with flowers from the garden, sometimes with red-cheeked apples, a pot of fresh butter, or a mince-pie, done up so daintily in a home-made napkin. All such gossip would be superfluous were I traitoress enough to betray what I could tell about the matter, for the leaves were scarcely off the trees that Autumn before the whole neighborhood knew all about it in the most orthodox way.

spare room of the red farmhouse, listening to the disjointed music and looking into each other's eyes for more perfect melodies. The one was a great heiress for those days, and the other possessed little beyond his native energies; but there was no thought of these things with the young couple. They were both desperately in love, and full of rich, young life. They would have given worlds to be out in the fields gathering chestnuts, but an enormity of that kind would have been an almost penal offence; so they sat in that dim room, like two birds in a cage, listening, wondering, and breaking forth into little outbursts of loving fun now and then, with a delicious sort of wickedness that gave piquancy to their voluntary confinement.

As the day grew old, Orra's mischievous excitement became intense. The hour of her fate was at hand. In a few minutes her name would sound through that old meeting-house coupled with that dearest to her on earth. There would be commotion, excitement, smiles, envious looks. Oh, how she would like to witness it, if that were possible, without blushing!

Orra started from her place on the settee and would have gone to the window, only Forbes held her hand tightly, and

A LAOTIAN STAG-HUNT.—SEE PAGE 307.

It happened after this fashion: One Sabbath neither the singing-master nor Orra Barnes were at meeting, and, though the choir did its very best, and sang its loudest, there was felt to be a great deficiency in the music, which surprised every one except the minister, who gravely proceeded to enlighten his congregation, after service, by reading the banns of marriage between Frederick Forbes and Orra Barnes.

Oh, what a commotion broke out in front of that old meeting-house after the benediction was fairly given! Such whispering, such interchanges of knowing looks, such subdued giggling among the young girls, and grave looks among the matrons, had never been known in years! Even Mrs. Deacon Haynes stopped majestically in front of the east door, with a little eager group about her, and said "she had always thought—yes, she might say, dreaded—that it would happen, and she only hoped it might turn out well for the young man; but she was constrained to say that, as a Christian woman and the head of a family, she had her doubts." At which her audience was wonderfully impressed, and broke up in great commotion.

All this time Orra Barnes and her lover were sitting in the

took an unfair advantage of her face, which turned to his in surprise, and drew it closer with unscrupulous audacity.

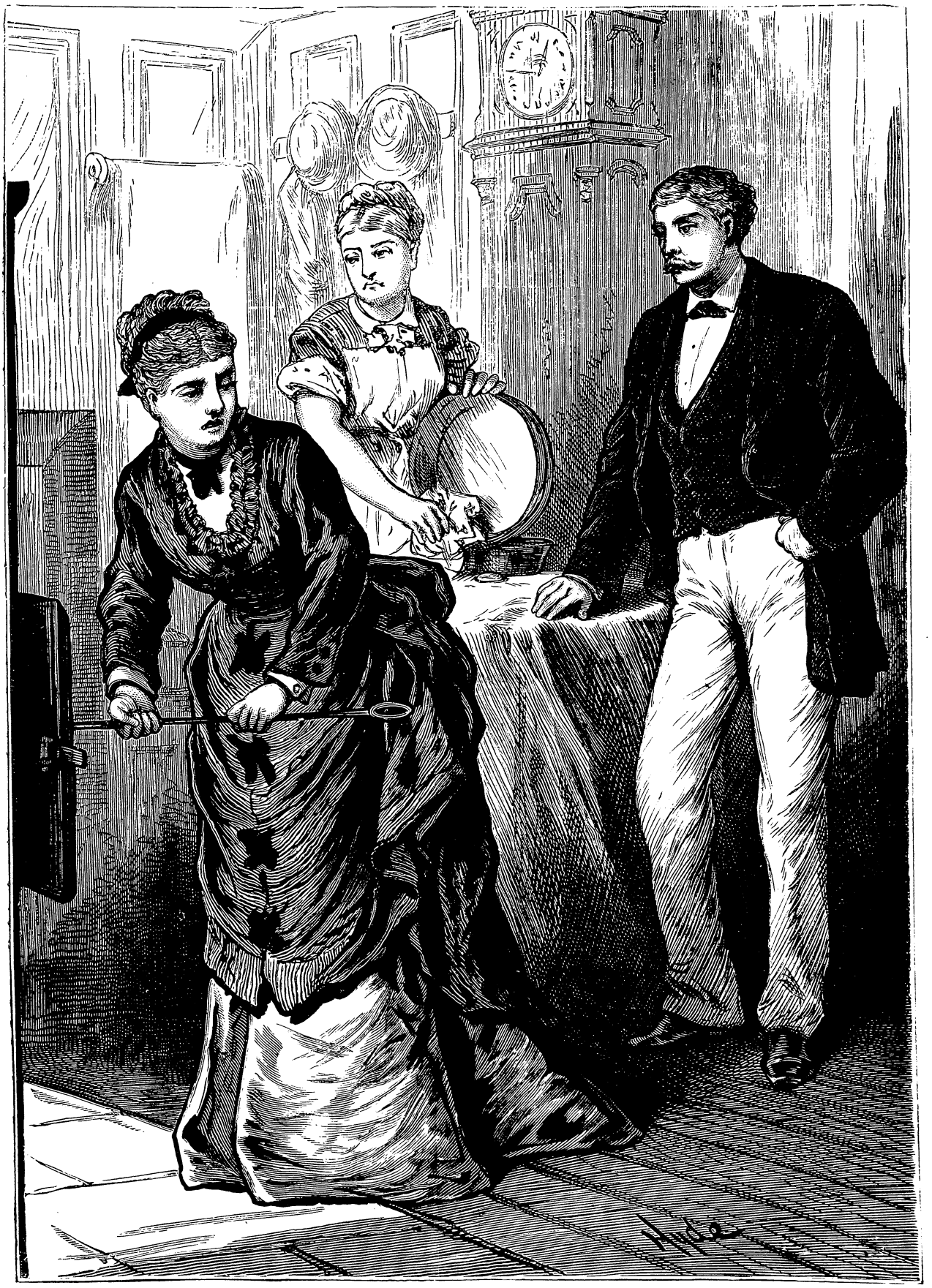
"Oh, Fred," she cried out, laughing, blushing, and struggling, "for shame! Don't you know it's against the law to kiss any one on Sunday? I could have you brought up and fined five dollars for every time."

"Which would leave me so poor that I couldn't begin to pay the minister for marrying us," said Forbes, attempting to renew the sweet offence; but Orra broke away from him, and went on tip-toe to the window, where she leant her flushed face and listened.

"The minister is praying; I hope to goodness he won't pray for us out loud by name. He would though, if he only knew. Hush! hush! Stay there, I tell you! He's reading the hymn—now they're pitching the tune. Oh my! in a few minutes it will all be out!"

Here Orra crept back to the settee, and stealing her hand into the ready clasp of her lover, sat, breathless and pale as a lily, listening.

"They're coming! It's all over now!" she said, starting from her seat, and turning up a corner of the window-shade that she might peep through. "The young folks first,



AN ARMFUL OF OVEN-WOOD.—"SHE WAS BUSY RAKING-UP THE EMBERS IN THE OVEN WITH A LONG-HANDLED IRON SHOVEL, WITH WHICH SHE MADE ANGRY LUNGES THAT FAILED TO WORK OFF HER EXCITEMENT."—SEE PAGE

fluttering and swarming together like bees. Oh! there is Mrs. Haynes standing by the door-step. Do look, Fred; isn't she laying down the law! She sees the minister and the deacon coming, and breaks up her crowd. Now they are all scattering. Here comes Mrs. Hutchenson, smiling like an April morning, and Uncle Jase, looking as if honey wouldn't melt in his dear old mouth. I say, Fred, pick up the Bible; you can be reading that chapter in Ruth, you know, where she says she'll see all her relations farther before she'll give up the good old woman that has been kind to her. I'll run upstairs and study 'Baxter's Saint's Rest." They must think you've just come in and are waiting for them; and, Fred, its wicked, I know, but one might as well die for a yearling as a lamb."

Here Orra put up her red lips as if craving the bite of a ripe cherry, and ran upstairs.

Chapter III.

PRETTY Orra Barnes had been married almost a year.

"Was she happy?"

Yes, I think she really was; for up to that time everything had gone well with her. The wedding had been something wonderful. The splendor of its lights, the bridal dress, the immense cake, and that rich overflow of red wine, were the talk and boast of the neighborhood even to that day. She was a married woman and a housekeeper; no one could dispute her right to regulate the old farmhouse now. The wonderful store of animal life that made her so active and bright as a girl was thrown into her housework with an energy that carried everything before it. She had plenty to do, and wielded the authority it gave her joyously and saucily enough—sometimes against the splendid young fellow she had married.

"Did he like this?"

Could a proud young man, full of life and honest self-respect, become the appendage of a wife, without a feeling of rebellion? While the honeymoon was at its height, the repose and languor of an idle life was delightful; but the ecstacies of a grand passion cannot last forever, and after awhile the masterful spirit of the man asserted itself. Would he submit to see his life quenched before its first energies were kindled to action?

Orra never asked herself these questions. How could she; so young, so self-willed, so utterly inexperienced? The very bounty of her love threatened to enslave her husband and paralyze all his fine qualities; but how could she understand that?

Uncle Jase had always controlled the farm; and Orra had protested, with affectionate arrogance, against any attempt that her husband made to share in these duties. The young man had no profession to fall back upon for independent occupation, and felt himself sinking into that insignificant thing—the dependent husband of a rich, smart wife.

Forbes felt this keenly. Toil, privation, trouble of any kind, he could have battled bravely with it; but his whole nature revolted against this worthless existence, and, as his self-respect was wounded, that which he had felt for his wife waned a little. True there was no quarrel between them—unconscious oppression on one side, unrest and growing impatience on the other—that was all.

Did you ever see a noble Newfoundland dog, with a mouth that opened like some pink-hearted shell, faithful brown eyes, and bright hair waving all over his powerful limbs, submitting himself to the yelps, caressing bites, and vicious snarls of a dainty little skye-terrier? Scorning to put forth his massive strength against the pretty offender, and rendered impotent from his own native magnanimity, he wheels gravely about and walks away, not really knowing what to do with himself.

If you have ever witnessed a scene like this, I need not describe the position in which young Forbes found himself on Thanksgiving week, about a year after he married pretty Orra Barnes.

That year the great New England dinner was in the first stages of preparation at the old farmhouse, where all the second, third, and even the fourth cousins, of the young wife were to assemble and hold high festival. Of course the household was all in commotion. Pumpkins of enormous size were brought in from the cornfields; turkeys gobbled hoarsely, and ran off to hide themselves whenever Uncle Jase showed himself in the barnyard; the sound of the chopping-knife was heard incessantly in the kitchen. Extra help was difficult to get, and Delia was compelled to sit up late at night and break her rest early in the morning, which was accompanied with groans of discontent. Of course Orra was in full command, and busy as a queen-bee. I beg pardon—queen-bees never are busy. Well, busy as a bee that gathers honey for a living. She fluttered around in great excitement, and, I am afraid, scolded a good deal more than was becoming in a happy young matron.

In fact, as the last working day wore on, things lagged, and went wrong to an aggravating extent. Everything had got behindhand, the young wife said, burning with impatience, and flashing angry looks at poor Delia, who had allowed the fire to burn so low that the great brick oven, buried deep in the chimney, was getting cold.

"If anything is done properly, I must do it myself!" she exclaimed, starting up with a flushed face, and emptying a pound or two of raisins from her lap to the kitchen table. "There never was a creature surrounded by so many lazy people!"

Just then young Forbes came in, and stood gazing around on the confusion. Orra did not see him. She was busy raking-up the embers in the oven with a long-handled iron shovel, with which she made angry lunges that failed to work off her excitement.

Delia stopped short in her work, began to roll down her sleeves, and snapped back a tart reply.

"What is the matter? Can I do anything?" inquired the young husband, coming forward at the moment Delia's words stung her mistress deepest.

"Can you do anything? As if you ever tried! You are all alike—only, if there is one person more shiftless than another on this farm, it's you. Go out and get me an armful of oven-wood—I suppose you can make out to do that."

The young man stood on the hearth a moment, white and cold. Even the blaze stirred up in the oven failed to give his handsome face a tinge of color. Then he turned his eyes from the flushed face of his wife, and, without a word, went slowly from the room.

Delia was frightened by the still pallor of his face, and sat down with both hands in her lap, gazing at the door.

Orra, who scarcely knew what she had been saying, drew back from the oven and wiped her face with her apron.

"Where is he? Where is Frederick?" she said, looking anxiously around.

Delia did not answer.

"I thought Frederick was here. Why don't you speak? Where is he?"

"Gone out for oven-wood, where you sent him," answered the girl.

"Where I sent him? So I did. Go right out and get the wood yourself!"

Delia did not move. She saw dismay in her young mistress's face, and enjoyed it, maliciously ignoring her sharp command altogether.

"Oh, Delia, do go. He will be angry."

"Just as like as not," muttered the help, "but it ain't no business of mine. I didn't call him lazy; I didn't tell him he was just good enough to bring in oven-wood, and nothing else."

"Delia! Delia! how dare you? I never said that, or anything like it."

"I reckon you did say just that," answered Delia, smoothing down her linsey-woolsey apron with aggravating nicety. "I only hope you'll see him coming back with the wood in his arms. That's all I've got to say."

All the red heat went out of Orra's face. She put both hands up to her temples, and pushed the hair away as if stunned.

"What do you mean? What can you mean?" she said, beginning to tremble.

Delia could not withstand that wild, piteous look.

"Nothing particular, Miss Orra. It don't make no difference what I say when I'm out of sorts."

"Yes, it does—it does. He has had time to come back. I will go myself. That's what I ought to have done at first. Oh, Delia, I did not say that!"

Orra drew the white apron over her head, and hurried out of the back door, pale and helpless.

The wood-pile lay a little distance from the house. She could not distinguish any person near it from the back door, but ran that way, sure of finding her husband; but when she reached the place, an ax sank deep into a log of wood, and a small heap of pine knots lying near, was all she found.

She went behind the great wood-pile, sobbing as she moved. She called her husband by name, again and again. No answer, no sound, but the tread of her own feet among the loose chips or the sweep of her dress along the frost-bitten grass—as she returned heart-sick to the house.

Chapter IV.

THERE was no Thanksgiving dinner at the farmhouse that day. A man was sent round on horseback, early in the morning, to disappoint the cousins, and Orra spent the hours, that should have been full of festivity, wandering from room to room, wild with nameless dread, heavy-eyed, and sadly pale, watching through the windows for news of her husband, for no word or trace of him had reached her since he left the farmhouse so silently on the day before.

"What, indeed, had become of him? Where could he have gone?"

Uncle Jase was out all day, making inquiries in a quiet, thoughtful fashion, down at the tavern where the stage-coaches took up passengers, and on the banks of the river, which he approached with inward dread, born of a cry that had broken over night from the young wife's lips.

"Is he dead? Have I driven him to that?" she cried, wringing her hands as she roamed from room to room, in the desperate hope of finding her husband somewhere in the house. "He was so proud—I knew it. I meant to hurt some one, and the insult fell on him. Oh, if I could see him one minute—only one minute; just long enough to tell him how sorry I am! Oh, Uncle Jase! Uncle Jase! go to the river—go to the river and search for him there!"

This wild dread had shaken the old uncle, who went down to the river alone, when all other inquiry was useless, and searched for some trace of the young man along its banks, shuddering lest he should find them, and so drive his niece almost mad.

While he was by the river, Orra joined him, possessed by the same awful fear.

"Had he seen anything? Had he examined the banks closely?" she inquired, in hoarse undertones. "She would stay with him. It was getting dark and chilly, but when the moon was up they would go down stream together. Perhaps his white face might rise up from the water and kill her at once! At any rate, they two would walk there all night."

The kind old man was shocked by that pitiful voice and dreary face. He strove to give some comfort, and argued, strongly, that there was no reason to fear that a young man so full of life, so little given to extremes, would take the desperate step she dreaded. In a fit of resentment he had gone away; but the anger would soon die out. She would soon see her husband again, and have a chance to tell him how sorry she was.

Here Orra clung with both hands to the old man's arm, and, bowing her head, sobbed out her passionate regret.

"Oh, if he would come back, Uncle Jase—if he would only come back!"

"Maybe he is there now, waiting for us," suggested the old man, who felt the young wife shiver and droop under the cold night fog, that was stealing like a funeral vail over the water. "Anyway, Orra, you had better go home. There is no use waiting here. Forbes wasn't the man to kill himself for a sorry word or two. He's mad enough, I hain't no doubt? but I reckon he'll come sooner or later. Young married men do, I notice."

Orra lifted her face in the moonlight, and, wiping her tears, tried to smile.

"Do you think so, Uncle Jase—do you really think so?"

"I really think there is no sort of use looking for him here, Orra."

While the old man spoke he drew the shivering young creature close to his side and led her home.

Orra went into the family room. The fires had burned down to ashes on the hearth, and a pair of long-wicked candles burned dimly on the little round stand, filling every corner with shadows.

She stood a moment by the door, cast a wild, yearning look around; then, drawing a deep breath, that ended in a moan like that of some wounded creature, crept upstairs.

Uncle Jase was wrong. Frederick Forbes did not come back to the farmhouse in a few days, nor did any message reach his wife, who never heard a step on the walk or a gate shut that she did not gasp for breath, and listen, while bitter disappointment settled back upon her heart.

Nothing but the wonderful vitality of her nature kept her from a sick bed. As it was, she drooped, grew pale, and suffered in proud, dreary silence, avoiding her neighbors, shrinking from their sympathy and censure alike, and guarding the secret of her agony well.

Of course the whole town was full of wonder, gossip, and condemnation. Spinning-wheels were carried from house to house with portentous ostentation. Women went to and fro with knitting-sheaths at their sides, and balls of mixed yarn in their work-bags, from which long steel needles, as sharp as their own tongues, protruded.

For weeks and weeks various little parties of tea-drinkers gathered at some house to discuss the news that never came, and conjecture causes for which no explanation could be obtained from the farmhouse. They knew that young Forbes had left his house, but why or how no one could ever learn.

Foremost and most assiduous of these gossipers was Mrs. Deacon Haynes, who looked upon the desolate loneliness

that had fallen upon Orra as a judgment for her light ways, and held her up as a solemn example to her own children.

The poor young wife knew all this, and bore up under it with marvellous dignity. She neither sought nor accepted sympathy—gave no sign to her enemies of the pain that lay forever close to her heart, or of the half-desperate hope that kept her alive.

Thus time wore on, and the enforced widowhood of Orra Forbes had dragged two years out of her young life. The melancholy days had come again. The second Thanksgiving was at hand—the gloomiest time of all the year to her, for then memory became vivid and hope sickened in her bosom. One of these evenings Uncle Jase came in from the village, and found her sitting in a gloom of firelight, drooping under her memories like a wounded bird.

"You are thinking of him," said the kind old man, drawing his chair close to hers, and patting her little hand, as if it were a flower he was afraid of crushing.

"Yes," she said, with the sweet, patient smile that had become habitual to her of late, "I was wondering if he ever would come back. It seems very cruel that he should leave me so, without even a word; but perhaps it was all for my good. I never might have taken time to think how overbearing I was, if he had forgiven me easily. You think he will come back, Uncle Jase?"

The old man looked tenderly down into the sweet, wan face as piteously uplifted to his. It was greatly changed; the expression had deepened, and it had gained in delicacy all that it had lost in bloom.

"Of course he will come back, Orra; no doubt of that. Fred isn't no sort of a man to stay mad out of reason; yet, I must say, it's unfeelin' in him to keep it up so long."

Here Orra broke into a flash of her old spirit.

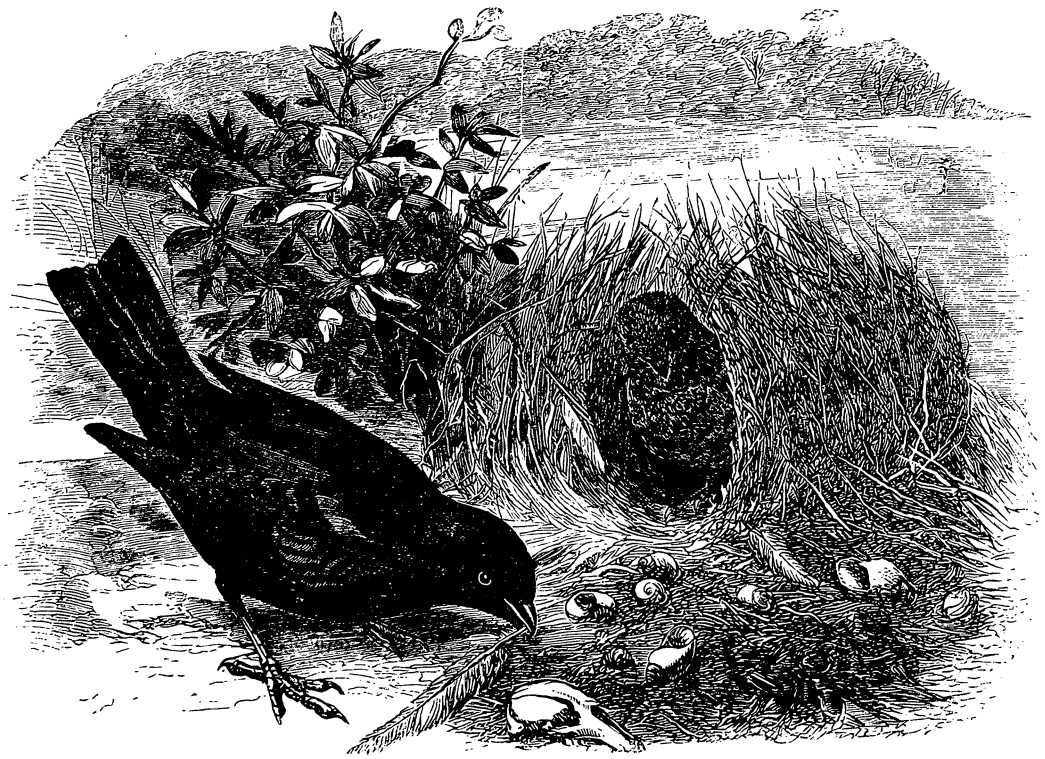
"No, no, uncle, not unfeeling but just. I begin to think kindly—just. I only wonder he could have lived with me so long, going on as I did; but it was your fault, Uncle Jase—yours and Delia. You had no business to pet me so much."

"I know, I know," answered the old man. "In course it was my fault; I never could see any wrong in you, so went on like a blind old idiot till I brought you this."

Uncle Jase's voice shook, and slow tears crept into his eyes, tears that wounded Orra worse than her own pain.

"There it is again, I never can be good. It's just like me to heap all the blame on you, the best, the dearest—oh! Uncle Jase, don't believe a word I said; no one spoiled me. It was my own haughtiness; no one is to blame but myself."

"Yes, there is one other to blame," snapped a voice from the door, which Delia had opened. "I for one! Who ever learned you to go about scolding like a hailstorm, when there was any extra work to do? Why, me—me; nobody on 'arth but me! Who went blounging about the kitchen when things didn't go to suit her? Why, me! Washing dishes in the best milk pan, and setting sich examples daily before a smart young gal, that was sure to ketch 'em up as turkeys gobble corn. Speaking of turkeys, Uncle Jase, I just came in to say that this 'ere funeral has been kept up too long. Two Thanksgivings gone, and not an extra bite took on these premises. Now, day after to-morrow is Thanksgiving Day, and we're bound to have a dinner worth while. I just came in to say that there must be six chickens brought in early in the morning. That young gobbler has carried his red comb long enough. He'll look well on the kitchen table, so send him along by the legs."



THE SATIN BOWER BIRD.—SEE PAGE 319.

Delia was interrupted by a burst of passionate sobs. Orra had thrown her arms around Uncle Jase's neck and clung to him.

"What on 'arth is the matter now?" demanded the help. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, nor nothin'. What have I done?"

"Nothing—nothing, Delia; only, only—never mind about me. You want the dinner got, and I felt foolish about it, that is just the selfish creature I am."

"It's no such thing," snapped Delia; "never had a selfish bone in your body; but it's my belief that a good dinner, with nobody but us, and maybe Mrs. Hutchenson and the boys—but that's just as you like."

GRANDMAMMA'S BIRTHDAY.—SEE PAGE 319.

"Not just yet; we will have the dinner all by ourselves this once," said Orra, hushing her sobs and trying to smile. "We will get up early and see to the cooking."

"Will you help?" demanded Delia, flushing red with surprise.

"Yes, Delia; I will help."

"And go to meeting Thanksgiving morning?"

Orra hesitated an instant, then turned to Uncle Jase.

"Yes, uncle, we will go to meeting together."

Delia went out, wiping her eyes with a corner of her

apron. The old man drew Orra closer to him and kissed her tenderly. Then her sobs broke forth again and her slight form shook in the clasp of his arms.

"Oh, uncle, it is so hard, so hard! How can I bear it? Two years—two whole years."

The poor young thing wiped her eyes, resolutely, at last, and placing a hand on each of his shoulders, looked wistfully into his honest eyes.

"Oh, Uncle Jase, I am trying so hard to be good! Have you any hope—or are you saying he is sure to come back to pacify me?"

"If he would only just look in here now, all creation couldn't keep him away," said the old man, with tears in his eyes. "Come back? Of course he will. I only wonder he could find it in his heart to stay so long."

"Uncle, kiss me again. Do you know, I rather seem to like having a dinner, and—yes, I think I don't much mind going to meeting with you."

"There, now, good-night. I will be up early in the morning."

Orra was up just as the golden sun of a fine Indian Summer day glinted through the curtains of her window. For the first time in two years, she went to work in her own kitchen. Delia was in a splendid humor, and the preparations for the old-fashioned feast went on quietly enough. Now and then Orra faltered in her work, and fell into thought. Sometimes tears would gather into her beautiful eyes, and a deep, long breath stir her bosom; but she gave no other sign of the tender grief which this occupation brought upon her.

Delia saw it all, but said nothing. When the tears came thick and fast, she would need help about the mince-pies, or take counsel regarding the pound-cake. At last everything was ready for the oven, which had been allowed to burn down a little too low.

"Just you cut one of your purtyest brake-leaves into the middle of this crust, and pinch it in a border round the plate, while I run out for some more wood. We're going to have a baking worth while," said Delia, pushing a half-finished pie toward her young mistress.

With this, Delia took her bonnet from its peg, and was trying it on, when the back-door opened, and a man appeared, so strangely, so suddenly, that she was struck almost dumb.

Orra was busy ornamenting the pie-crust, and did not look up; so Frederick Forbes walked quietly to the hearth, laid down his burden, and said, in the most natural way possible: "My dear, I have brought your oven-wood!"

Chapter V.

ORRA and her husband were sitting together at the chamber window, behind the white lilac-trees, on which a few leaves still shivered.

"Oh, how could you—how could you — keep angry with me so long?" she questioned, looking at him through her happy tears. I was *so* sorry, before you could have got out of sight!"

"I did not keep anger, Orra; before I had gone five miles all that was over. But your saucy outburst filled me with grave thoughts of the future. I could not endure the idle life you had arranged for me. I saw that our marriage had been a mistake—as to time, not in itself—dear. It was cowardly when I took upon myself the pleasures of a husband without its duties. You did not know it, but I had studied medicine a year before we met. I resolved to complete those studies, and fit myself for an independent, useful life before we met again."

"But why not write to me? Why not tell me?"

"Because you would never have consented to the necessary separation—because I loved you so dearly that it was impossible to give myself up to hard study while you were near to attract me from it. Besides, Orra, I thought of all that was growing up between us, and felt that solitude and thought might benefit you."

"Oh, Frederick, it was a hard lesson!"

"Yes—for both of us; but we are still young, still love each other, and these two years have not been lost. I left you a proud, saucy girl; I find you——"

"Well, darling, how do you find me?"

"The prettiest, sweetest, and best little woman in all Connecticut. That is what I find you, Orra."

"And you?"

"Oh, I am an M.D., with a diploma on parchment, a year's hospital practice, and a splendid pair of new saddle-bags stuffed full of medicine. In my vest-pocket you will find a lancet, and, the very first thing to-morrow morning, I want you to make twenty yards or so of bandages. Next week we will have a brass plate on the front-door where your father's was taken off, and you must begin business by calling me 'Dr. Forbes,' whenever you can crowd the dignity in."

Orra shook her head.

"Is that all I can do?"

"No; I had forgotten. If you have a good, steady horse in the barn, that won't be frightened when I fling the saddle-bags over him, my outfit will be complete. Have you a useful animal of this sort, wife?"

Orra threw back her head, and her old sweet, ringing laugh sounded through the room.

"Oh, Fred, how funny you will look riding down between the poplars sitting on a pair of saddlebags!"

"Exactly, my dear, and the very first patient I expect will be Mrs. Deacon Haynes, who will be taken ill with astonishment and spite when she sees us come into meeting together."

"Poor woman! I really think she will. It almost killed her when, with all her spying and questioning, she never could find out why you went or where you had gone."

"Then you gave no information?"

"No, I would have died first."

"Wise little woman. But Uncle Jase?"

"You know Uncle Jase—he has listened and smiled, and told nothing."

"But Delia?"

Orra shook her head, and made a vain effort to look grave.

"Fred, I am afraid Delia is just a little crafty. Would you believe it? She has a brother in New York, and, after you left, all his letters came directed to me, inclosing one to her. Do you understand that?"

Doctor Forbes shook his head, and Orra explained:

"Of course they kept asking at the post office if any letters came from you."

"Oh, ho! I understand. Letters did come?"

Orra nodded her head.

"Yes, postmarked New York. I should never have thought of it. But Delia—you have no idea how bright she can be where I am concerned—I really don't know the stories about your coming home every month or two that she has told."

The doctor laughed heartily, then managed to get out a question.

"Orra, suppose we give Delia a first-class silk dress for her Thanksgiving? I have one in my trunk, when it comes up from the stage-house."

"Have you? That is splendid."

"And, Orra, if you will just take a peep through the lilac-bushes perhaps you will observe that the people are going into the meeting-house."

"Are they? Dear me, how the time flies!"

During the next ten minutes there was the brightest and happiest face you ever saw peeping into the looking-glass, and darting away again to the window.

At last a prettily-gloved hand was laid on the doctor's shoulder, and a happy voice said:

"Here, sir—I am ready. Hurry, hurry! Uncle Jesse is waiting on the doorstep. I promised to go with him, and he remembers."

Down the stairs this young couple hurried, scattering happiness around them like sunshine as they went. On the doorstep Orra put her hand on the young doctor's arm, looked smilingly around to make sure that Uncle Jase was on the other side, and, thus escorted, walked gravely toward the old meeting house, the proudest and happiest creature, I venture to say, that ever entered that building.

THE SATIN BOWER BIRD.

THIS beautiful and remarkable bird is found in many parts of New South Wales, and although it is by no means uncommon, it is so cautious in the concealment of its home, that even the hawk-eyed natives seem never to have discovered its nest. Perhaps they may be actuated by some superstitious reverence for the bird, and have therefore feigned ignorance of its residence, for it is well known that the voracious native, who will eat almost anything which is not poisonous and will yield to his sharp and powerful teeth has in many portions of the country so great an awe for this bird that he will never kill it.

The chief peculiarity for which this bird is famous is a kind of bower or arbor, which it constructs from twigs in a manner almost unique among the feathered tribes.

The form of this bower may be seen in the illustration, and the mode of construction, together with the use to which the bird puts the building, may be learned from Mr. Gould's account:

"On visiting the cedar bushes of the Liverpool range I discovered several of these bowers or playing-places. They are usually placed under the shelter of the branches of some overhanging tree in the most retired part of the forest; they differ considerably in size, some being larger while others are considerably smaller. The base consists of an exterior and rather convex platform of sticks, firmly interwoven, on the centre of which the bower itself is built. This, like the platform on which it is placed, and with which it is interwoven, is formed of sticks and twigs, being so arranged as to curve inward and nearly meet at the top in the interior of the bower; the materials are so placed that the forks of the twigs are always presented outwards, by which arrangement not the slightest obstruction is offered to the passage of the birds.

"For what purpose these curious bowers are made is not yet perhaps fully understood; they are certainly not used as a nest, but as a place of resort for many individuals of both sexes, who, when there assembled, run through and round the bower in a sportive and playful manner, and that so frequently that it is seldom entirely deserted.

"The interest of this curious bower is much enhanced by the manner in which it is decorated, at and near the entrance, with the most gaily-colored articles that can be collected, such as the blue tail feathers of the Rose-hill and Lory parrots, bleached bones, the shells of snails, etc. Some of the feathers are stuck in among the twigs, while others, with the bones and shells, are strewed about near the entrance. The propensity of these birds to fly off with any attractive object is so well known, that the blacks always search the runs for any missing article."

So persevering are these birds in carrying off anything that may strike their fancy, that they have been known to steal a stone tomahawk, some blue cotton rags, and an old tobacco-pipe.

The satin bower bird bears confinement well, and although it will not breed in captivity, it is very industrious in building bowers for recreation.

The food of this bird seems to consist chiefly of fruit and berries, as the stomachs of several specimens were found to contain nothing but vegetable remains. Those which are caged in Australia are fed upon rice, fruit, moistened bread, and a very little meat at intervals—a diet on which they thrive well. It is rather a gregarious bird, assembling in flocks led by a few adult males in their full plumage, and a great number of young males and females. They are said to migrate from Murrumbidgee in the Summer and to return in the Autumn.

The plumage of the adult male is a very glossy satinlike purple, so deep as to appear black in a faint light, but the young males and females are almost entirely of an olive-green.

GRANDMAMMA'S BIRTHDAY.

'Tis grandmamma's birthday, and all cluster round her—
Her daughter, her son, and the little ones twain;
"Many happy returns of the day," they all wish her,
All are lovingly bound in affection's sweet chain.
The fair chubby child brings a rich blooming nosegay,
And dear, very dear, is the offering, I wis;
Grandma clasps to her heart both the child and the flow'rets,
And the distance of years is bridged o'er with a kiss.

WEIGHING THE DONKEY.

THERE were ten children of the name of Hington. The eldest was thirteen years old, and his name was Alfred. The youngest was called Baby; she was only one year and four months of age. Then there were Polly, Herbert, Susie, Nanny, and Georgy, with three more, whose names I cannot think of now. The little Hingtons sang very prettily—not Baby, of course, she could only laugh and crow. So at Christmas they gave a concert, and sold their tickets at three cents each to their aunts, uncles, and cousins. Their mamma played the piano for them, and they all sang together pretty songs and simple glees; even Susie, who was scarcely as high as the table, helped with her little voice. You will like to know what they did with the money they got for their tickets, but I do not think you would ever guess, so I had better tell you at once — they wanted to buy a donkey. Their papa and mamma said they might keep one if they liked to buy it with their own money; so to get the donkey they gave a concert, and a few days after their music-party the donkey was bought and brought home. You can fancy how very pleased the little Hingtons were when Herbert and Alfred led the donkey up and down the walk before the house, and mamma, and nurse, and baby, came out to look at him.

The donkey was called "Bumble"—a funny name, was it not? He had a long mane nearly black, and a nice thick coat of hair of a dark-brown color, and when the boys spoke to him he would look at them, as if he wished to tell them that he would be very good if they were very kind to him.

Bumble was to live in the stable behind Mr. Hington's house, and for three or four days after he came to the little Hingtons nurse had hard work to keep the children out of the stable, they did so beg to be let go and see Bumble. They saved bits of apple and apple-paring for him, and Alfred and Herbert hunted for thistles, and when Bumble heard their footsteps he began pushing at the door to get it open, for he knew his little friends had something nice to give him, and he would take what they had brought very gently out of their hands. But though Bumble was so quiet and tame, he had a temper like most donkeys, and tried to get his own way, as you will hear.

One day Alfred's cousin lent him his saddle that he might have a long ride, and Alfred's papa and mamma said he might go to a village near. Bumble went off in a very good temper, at a trot or gallop, as he liked best, and Alfred thought that there never was such a donkey as Bumble, when all at once Bumble saw something or other in the hedge, and stopped to look at it. Then he pushed his nose into the grass, and began eating as if he had not been fed all day, and move from the hedge he would not. Alfred coaxed him with: "Go on, Bumble, dear old Bumble, go on," but Bumble did not heed.

Then he scolded him, saying: "Naughty Bumble; bad Bumble, are you not ashamed of yourself?" but Bumble did not care.

Then Alfred gave him two or three kicks and blows, for he had a little stick with him; but Bumble only held up his head for a minute, and looked at Alfred, as much as to say: "Oh, that does not hurt me!" and then he began eating again.

Poor Alfred did not know what to do; he did not like to get off the donkey, lest he should not let him get on him again, so there he had to sit close to the thorny hedge, whilst Bumble turned over the weeds growing on the bank, and ate what he chose.

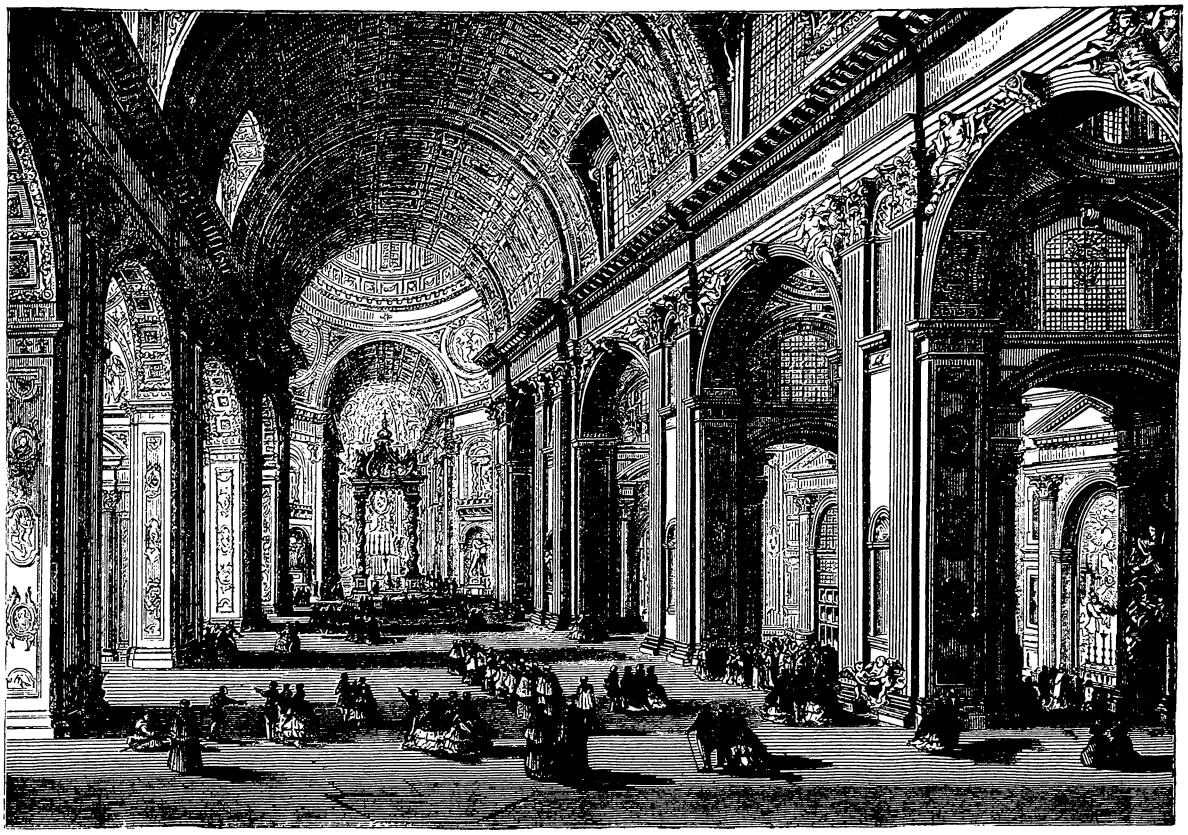
WEIGHING THE DONKEY.

After sitting until he was tired, Alfred saw a boy coming, and when he came near enough for Alfred to talk to him, Alfred told him he would give him a cent if he would make Bumble go on. The boy was pleased to get a cent, so he took the bridle and led the donkey out into the road; and after a good deal of shouting, Bumble took to his heels, and went off as fast as he could go. Bumble did not stop for a long time, but trotted on, as if he intended to be good the rest of the afternoon; when, just as Alfred thought they should soon be at the village, Bumble turned round with his face toward home, and set off, never stopping until he got to the stable door. I think it was very naughty of Bumble to serve Alfred such a trick, do not you? The next time Alfred's cousin lends the saddle Herbert and Georgy are going with him, and they will take it in turn to ride, so if Bumble does not go the way they want him to, he will get a caning, and I am sure he will deserve it; what do you think? A little while ago Alfred, and Herbert, and Nanny, and Georgy, and two or three more of the children, took Bumble down to their papa's warehouses in the city, their mamma having given them leave to go there. I do not think their mamma would have let them go by themselves if she had known what they were wanting to do—not that it was anything wrong, but I am sure she would have been afraid lest they should get hurt. You know the little Hingtons had bought their donkey, and had named their donkey, and their next wish was to weigh their donkey.

At their papa's warehouses were very large scales for weighing wool, and into one of these scales they wished to get Bumble, but that was not an easy task, for you know Bumble had a strong will of his own, as he showed the afternoon Alfred rode him. After a great deal of talking, Alfred and Herbert tied a pocket handkerchief over Bumble's eyes, and then they set a small plank of wood, which they placed on the scale, with one end on the ground. Then they led Bumble to the plank, one of the little ones walking before him, holding a parsnip to his nose. Bumble was very fond of parsnips; so, when he smelt the parsnips, he walked very quietly up into the scale, the little one going before him, and Herbert and Alfred, and the other big children standing on each side of the plank. It must have looked very funny to see a donkey with a handkerchief over his eyes, and a little child going before him, hold a 'parsnip to his nose. When Bumble was in the scale Georgy jumped out of it, and what do you think Bumble weighed? Why, two hundred and sixty pounds. Was he not a heavy donkey?

Of course George let Bumble have the parsnip to eat when he was in the scale; and when they had weighed him he tempted him to walk out of it with another. I do not know whether Bumble liked being blinded; but, if he did not, he kept good and quiet for the sake of the parsnips; and as soon as his eyes were uncovered began poking his nose into George's basket to see if he had any more for him. You will be glad to hear that Bumble is getting over his bad temper, and does what his young masters and mistresses want; he walks or runs just as they wish him, and follows them about like a dog. I am afraid they are so fond of him that they will give him too much to eat, and then he will get too fat to run.

I hope if any of you, my little readers, are self-willed, you will think of Bumble. Bumble got over his haughty temper, though he could not think as you can; he loved his little friends, and tried to please them, and then they were kind to him and made him happy. Neither children nor animals can be happy doing wrong. Bumble could not, no more can you; and you are not like Bumble, for God has given you the power to think and talk, so that you can ask what you ought to do if you are not quite sure about it. If you would be happy, you must try to please others, and then they will love and try to please you.



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH AT ROME.

THE PINK COUNTESS.

By Joaquin Miller.

Chapter IX.

THE PINK COUNTESS IN ST. PETER'S.

Murietta did not enter St. Peter's the first day, as do most travelers. He only went alone and stood before it. Nor did he enter the second day, nor the third, nor the fourth. No, not for many days. This magnificent temple had been to him a sort of Mecca. He hovered about it now; he feared almost to enter it. He looked at it from the Campagna. He admired its symmetry and airy proportions from the mountains of Tivoli twenty miles away. He looked down on the great dome from Monte Mario, and felt for a long time content to remain without.

At last he entered—and was disappointed. It seemed but a small affair after all. He had expected too much.

The walls and columns were hung in red, for it was a festal day, and the effect was anything but grand. The place was black with people moving through and through, and there was a sound of voices as if it were a second Babel. He walked to the further end. It was like walking to church from your country seat. The place began to look more as he had expected to find it. He walked back towards the great leather apron.

Murietta was a devout Christian, and had dipped his fingers in the bowl of holy water which is supported by reclining cherubs against the pillars to the right and left as you enter. These cherubs at first sight seemed to be no bigger than your hand. Now, as he looked at them again, they began to grow and expand, and expand and grow, till they grew to be larger than a grown man.

He walked back and stood beneath the dome.

The people went and came, poured past, talked loud, knelt and prayed in silence, stood up and prayed aloud, or admired, or condemned, or disparaged. There were at least a hundred voices singing to the left, and many deep-throated instruments filled the place with melody.

"Do you see the angel that holds the pen?" said one man with an eye-glass and long whiskers and black clothes, and a red-covered guide-book in his hand.

Another man—a tall, lean, hungry-looking man, with a mournful face and a threadbare coat, with an umbrella under his arm—took off his spectacles, rubbed them, looked up, and then from under his spectacles, said, "Do you see that pen in the hand of the angel away up yonder at the base of the dome?"

"Yes," said a tall bony woman in gold-rimmed glasses.

The spectacles came down; the long neck relaxed; the long, lean figure that had reached and tiptoed and towered up above the crowd, came down; an umbrella went up, jammed tight up under the arm like an arrow in rest, and the bow bent as if it was about to shoot.

"Well, that pen looks just precisely the size of an ordinary goose-quill, in an ordinary hand, does it not?"

"Yes, doctor, yes," answered the tall, thin special correspondent, stretching her long neck up and above the mass of the people.

"Well," answered the doctor and missionary of Naples, as he shot his arrow down into the floor and sprang up like a bow let loose, "well, that pen is just fifteen feet long, fifteen feet long! Just think of it! fifteen feet long!" and at every emphatic "fifteen" he shot his catapult against the floor till it trembled with the concussion.

"Such, madam, is St. Peter's! You see a column here that does not look so big after all. Good. Look at the man beside it: he does not stand knee-high to the statue there that only looks to be life-size. Ah, my friend! delighted to see you."

The doctor had caught sight of Murietta, who had been thrown by the tide of people at his elbow.

"Ah, so delighted to see you!" The umbrella went up, and the tombstone face, with its weeping willows, came down, but not so far down as of old. And then the face did not look so much like a monument as it did before. The doctor had evidently been having some good fortune. The man had been dining; the new moon was filling up; the bow was a little stiff; even the umbrella did not seem so long and lean as before; it seemed to have got some meat on its ribs as well as the doctor.

If you want a man to bow right well leave him a little hungry; don't let him be too fat; that will make him stiff. The politest man in the world, in the matter of bows at least, is a man who wants a dinner. Perhaps that is why certain Italian and French adventurers are so very civil.

The umbrella shot down; the tombstone shot up; and the doctor again addressed himself to the special correspondent.

The music rose and rolled and sounded through the vast edifice, and then came softly back and died away as other notes followed, as wave follows wave upon the beach. The priests were passing here and there with lighted candles. A thousand people moved here and there with red books held up before them, and they read aloud as they walked, and looked up and about, and wondered and uttered exclamations as they went.

There were figures, men and women, who ran against each other, and talked in loud, harsh tones; they held these red-covered books up before them as if they had been a sort of lamp to their feet.

The artist wearied of this. To him it was revolting. Here were all things that ought to inspire devotion—that did inspire devotion in the Latin. In the Saxon it seemed to excite something half akin to contempt.

"Do you see those mighty twisted columns of bronze that support the canopy above the sacred relics, and the eternal lamps that lead down to the vault?" said one. "Well, those columns are made of the melted doors of the Pantheon."

"Ah, yes," answered another, reading aloud from the guide-book as he bumped up against a fat man who was also reading aloud; "ah, yes, and this floor, the very floor of St. Peter's, was plundered from the baths of Caracalla."

Murietta had turned to go away and find the quiet of the great piazza. His mind was sad, fevered, excited. He had been thinking again of his ideal. Even now, as he walked towards the great leathern doors that kept constantly thundering their protest against the rude crowd that pushed and rushed, and went and came, he shook his hair as if to shake off this confusion and sacrilegious tumult. And then he sighed, and said, "I scattered roses in her path as she rode that morning up the fiery mountain. But then in the dusk by the sea she turned her face away, and she did not answer me."

He moved on towards the door, with his head held down and his hat in his hand.

There were a thousand people—peasants, princes, merchants, pirates, brigands, priests, all kinds and all classes—kneeling before and praying to the statue of St. Peter.

The doctor had got the point of his umbrella in between the toes of a cherub weeping at a tomb, and was trying to split them off as a relic of St. Peter's. The passing stranger smiled at his efforts; but one good Samaritan from his own country came slyly up to him, slipped a hammer into his hand, and then as the organ pealed its deepest surge, he struck the little cherub on its marble toes with all his might, and the burglary was accomplished.

Murietta passed on towards the door disgusted. There was now a row of people standing before the figure of St. Peter; they were waiting their turn to kiss his sacred toes. A devotee would step up to the toe, which is—or was before it was so much worn away by pious lips—set out a little way over the pedestal, and leaning, would wipe or hastily dust the toe with his handkerchief, and then touching the toe with his lips, would bend the head a little more and touch the foot with his forehead; then he would wipe the toe as he passed on, for the man or woman, the prince or peasant, who was waiting his turn behind him.

There were mothers with their little children. They had in some cases borne these children on their backs, hundreds of miles from out the mountains all the way to Rome on foot, only to touch their little lips to this sacred toe of St. Peter, and thus secure and ensure an entrance into heaven. Sometimes a devotee would tiptoe up, reach over, and kiss the other foot; but as a rule they were content to touch the one which stood reached out and on a level with the lip.

Our artist turned to look at this as he passed. To him it had a meaning and a beauty. 'Twas Faith, and Hope, and Charity. A prince of the north was kneeling now, and with him was a bishop from South America, and an ex-king. They were gorgeously dressed, and were very pious and very penitent. As they approached to kiss the sacred toe, the crowd gave way, the peasants stepped back and left an open space and the place free to the pious pilgrims who had come so far to invoke the pity of St. Peter.

But there was one who did not give way. She stood close up to the statue. She lifted up her face and looked, with her gold spectacles, right into the face of St. Peter. Then dipping into her pocket, she fumbled among guide-books, note-books, maps, relics, and antiquities, and she brought forth a little carpenter's rule, and calmly proceeded to measure the foot of St. Peter, as if to calculate how much of it had been kissed away.

Perhaps the ex-king thought this singular instrument in the hands of this singular woman was a kind of cross, or sacred symbol of worship. At all events, he bowed his head and reached his lips as the woman laid her rule along the foot and measured to the toe.

The lips of the ex-king touched and kissed the brass end of the carpenter's rule held in the hand of the ex-schoolmistress of Connecticut.

Extremes meet. The world is round.

Murietta had almost reached the door when the great leathern apron that hung across it fluttered and thundered louder than before.

He started back and stood leaning, almost falling, against the feet of the cherub that supports the bowl of holy water.

The beautiful Countess Edna, the lady in pink, had entered, and was standing there, with her great brown eyes wide open, and wandering in a sort of dreamy wonder about her.

How beautiful she was! Ah, how more than beautiful! The rose and sea-shell color of her face and neck, the soft baby complexion, the sweet surprise on her face, the old expression of inquiry and longing, the lips pushed out and pouting full and as longing for love, the mouth half opened as if to ask you the way into some great brave heart where she could enter in and sit down and rest as in some sacred temple.

She stood there like a fluttered bird. Her maid was near her. A man stood behind her. Murietta did not move. He did not dare to move for fear of disturbing the vision before him. He had thirsted for this sight all his life. It had been to him an ideal that he had despaired to see. It had never taken any real shape in his mind. Unlike Annette, he could never have painted this woman before he saw her. But now that he saw her standing thus, in this new light, he knew that he had seen her away down deep in the well of his soul, even from his cradle up.

She stood still as in a dream. Her face now began to grow more radiant as the organ rose, and rolled, and died away, and swelled again, and a half-smile played over the beautiful baby face. The lips whispered as if to things unseen. Her soul was like an opening rose.

Then the organ pealed again, and the woman moved. She stepped, she turned, she whirled. Her face was beaming, and her eyes were full of a new and uncommon lustre.

She whirled as in a dance. Her pink robes trailed and swept the glossy marble; her pink feet shot in and out and kept time to the music; and her pretty hands swayed as she spun, and whirled, and glided around and around; and the diamonds shone on her fingers as the little hands waved in the dreamy movement of the waltz.

Her faithful maid followed her in her giddy dance, and as she stopped, radiant, smiling, pushing out her pretty mouth, half opening her lips as if to take her breath, she lifted her black lace mantle about her, pushed back the golden fold of hair that had half fallen about her face, but did not say a word.

People were all a-wonder. Priests were coming forward by the dozen. All this had been done in a moment, but it was not a thing to be tolerated or passed over.

A priest stood before her. She handed him some money.

"For your poor, father."

The priest bowed himself before the lady, took the money and melted away into the crowd.

Then came another, a sterner and an older priest. She looked at him and smiled. He was melted away even without a bow. There was a little consultation among the priests as they stood behind a massive column under the monument of the Queen of Sweden.

Then three priests, headed by one of dignity and authority, came to the beautiful Countess Edna as she walked on slowly toward the statue of St. Peter.

The priests moved on in a circuit and came up before her.

"I have brought you some money," said this wonderful woman in a voice low and soft and sweet as the far-off sound of the silver trumpets that are heard no more on the mighty dome above the sacred statue which she was approaching.

She stretched out her hand, smiled, and the angry priests were angry no longer, but they, too, melted away and were no more seen.

Murietta had followed her without knowing it. He followed her as he would have followed any other most beautiful thing in all the world. If it had been possible for that most beautiful thing to come in any other form than that of woman, he would have followed that also just the same. He felt that the beautiful was to him a sort of special property to look upon. He knew how very, very few there are in the world who know what beauty is. He knew perfectly well how rare was perfect beauty. He knew the rareness of this occasion, and knew it would never happen again in the world to him. Yet he did not know he followed her. If he had asked himself where he was standing, and had not taken heed to look about him, he would have answered that he was resting still against the chubby little cherub that puffed its fat cheeks above the bowl of holy water.

The lady stopped before the image of St. Peter; but it was evident that her feelings, as she contemplated it, were not those of devotion. There was a touch of pity, a touch of tenderness, in her face as she saw the poor, ragged, ignorant wretches from the fields bow before this image, and rise and kiss the cold and unanswering metal.

A rough hand touched her arm. She started as if she had been stung by a snake, and uttered a cry of pain.

Murietta sprang forward, and almost caught her in his arms.

"I am a man," thundered a voice that came from out the crowd close by, "I am a man who carries his heart in his hand." The great chin thrust itself in between the lady and Murietta, just as she was reaching her hand in grateful recognition.

"I am a man, sir," continued the admiral, "who carries his heart in his hand. You know me to be a blunt but honest sailor; and I tell you, candidly, madam, that this levity in this holy temple will not do."

"My dear, it will not do," echoed the count, who came in behind the admiral.

The lady was overcome with embarrassment and mortification.

Then she laughed like an Apennine cascade.

"What! this holy temple! This great hideous, hollow piece of architecture that is only fit to be seen ten miles away on the Campagna! This sacred temple built of other temples plundered for the purpose—this temple with every stone wet with blood and tears wrung from the poor—from Christ's poor!"

The admiral had taken a book from his pocket, and was writing as fast as he could.

"What are you doing there?"

"I am writing down all this, madam; all that you have done and said against the holy religion."

"Holy religion! Holy indeed it must be that can harbor such monsters as you!"

She tried to pass as she spoke. The admiral caught her by the arm, and wrenched it as he set his teeth with rage.

The lady screamed with fright and pain. The count timidly remonstrated, and the ruffian swore as if he had been a pirate.

A crowd was gathering, and priests came forward. The admiral knew too much to create a scene there, and fell back.

"Come with me, Murietta," cried the lady.

Murietta hesitated.

"I am a man, Murietta, who carries his heart in his hand. How do you do? How do you do? I am your friend, believe me. I am your friend. A rough but honest sailor."

The count, with his old politeness, bowed and smiled as was his custom.

"Come," cried the lady, "I shall die here. I cannot breath this atmosphere."

"Murietta," growled the admiral, "mind what you do; this is not your affair."

"This is not your affair, Signor Murietta. Please to be careful what you do," said the count as he bowed and smiled once more.

"Will you not come with me? I need you."

"He will not come, madam," thundered the admiral.

"I need you—I need you. Are you a man? Oh! is there one man in Rome?"

Murietta was by her side. He took her hand, passed it under his arm, and almost lifted her as he elbowed his way to the door.

His face was red and flushed. He had suddenly grown blind with rage.

"Two men against one woman!" He ground his teeth as he said this to himself, and turned on the edge of the crowd to look back and see if he was followed.

He almost wished he had been followed. He would, perhaps, have left the lady standing there with her maid beside the bowl of holy water, and—devout Christian as he was—would have sprung like a tiger at the throat of her enemy.

They were not followed. The count and admiral were perhaps lost in the crowd. Yet, had they truly sought to find the lady in pink, it had certainly been no task to find her.

He dipped his fingers in the holy water, drew a long breath, and his sudden impulse and passion had passed.

"You will pardon me, sir," the lady begun. "Some time I may tell you all. I meant no harm, you see. But whenever I enter St. Peter's, I am always seized with a desire to dance. It looks so much like a great ball-room hung ready for the dancers. See! how gay! how bright! how many-colored and fantastic! Why, is it not a ball-room? Do you not hear the music playing yonder? Do you not see the dancers moving up and down? Why, that old monk there in that fustian dress is already drunk with wine, and the ball is only just begun!"

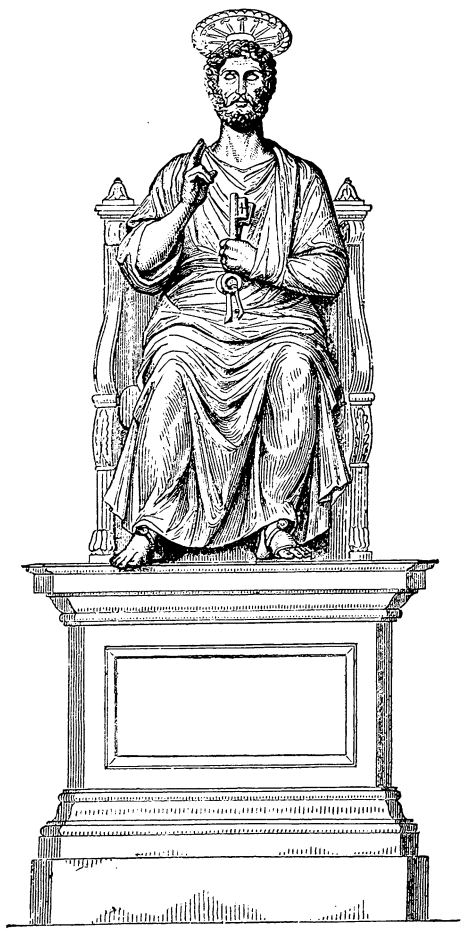
Murietta looked at her in pity. "Surely, surely she is mad," he said to himself as he again dipped his fingers in the holy water and piously crossed himself and bowed his head.

She suddenly grew very grave. "I am by nature a devotee. I would have made a good Catholic, a good fire-worshipper, a good anything that demands a whole and an undivided heart. But I will not be led. I will not be blindfolded, or at least I will not hold up the scales to my own eyes. Look here! Do you see this?"

The peasants were still filing past, bowing before and kissing the foot of St. Peter.

"Is that religion? No! Yes! I will answer for you. It is, on the part of the peasant. On the part of the priest, who knows better, it is blasphemy. Not one of those poor toilers can read. Not one of them knows what the true religion is. They are the poorest, the lowest, the most miserable beings on earth. And who made them so? The men who built St. Peter's. What keeps them so? St. Peter's. I would blow St. Peter's to the moon!"

Murietta was more embarrassed and puzzled than before.



STATUE OF ST. PETER, IN ST. PETER'S, ROME.

They were moving towards the door. He did not answer her, but lifted the edge of the great leathern apron, handed the priest a few coppers, and the two passed out, followed by the maid, and descended to the carriages at the foot of the great circular steps.

CHAPTER X.

THE COUNTESS AT HOME.

THE countess beckoned Murietta to enter the carriage. Little Sunshine leaned from the carriage as they stepped in, and, with his face half hidden in his curls, was trying to balance a little balloon that had hardly made up its mind whether to lie down on the ground or rise up into the air.

"Writing it down! writing it down!" murmured the lady. "They are writing down everything I do or say, They are getting up evidence to put me in a mad-house. I——"

She caught the eyes of little Sunshine, reached out her hands, took him in her lap, set him down between herself and Murietta, and laughing softly, and toying with his hair, and adjusting her dress, she made a sign to the maid seated before her. The maid pulled a string; the man pushed the driver; the driver drew the lines, and they sped away at a sharp trot over the little square paving-stones around the end of the great curving colonnade under the Vatican, and out through the gate of Saint Angelo.

Murietta felt certain that now he was to hear a long history of domestic warfare, that could only be painful and unpleasant.

She lifted her face, looked up at Monte Mario before them, and pointing with her little baby-hand, said:

"It was on that mountain the French first planted the cannon which drove Garibaldi from Rome. You see it is the highest point within ten miles of the city. It is the key of Rome. It is Rome herself. But wonderful as it is to tell, Garibaldi had not mounted a single gun. Look at those black cedars? Well, we will drive up there some day, and I will show you the very tracks of the cannon. You can see where those red-mouthed orators stood on the summit of the mountain, and talked in unmistakable terms to the dear old city below."

"What an oversight in the Liberator!"

"Ah, just what you might expect from Garibaldi. Garibaldi you know never was a general. He is only a colonel. He can handle a regiment perhaps better than any man since Cæsar. Beyond that, he is beyond his depth. He is, however, the next best man in Italy after the king, for he is honest and unselfish, and has more political ability than all the Mazzinis that have ever been. In fact, do you know, that while Garibaldi led his men to battle, that man lay hidden away in an old garret in the Jew quarter, trembling for his life."

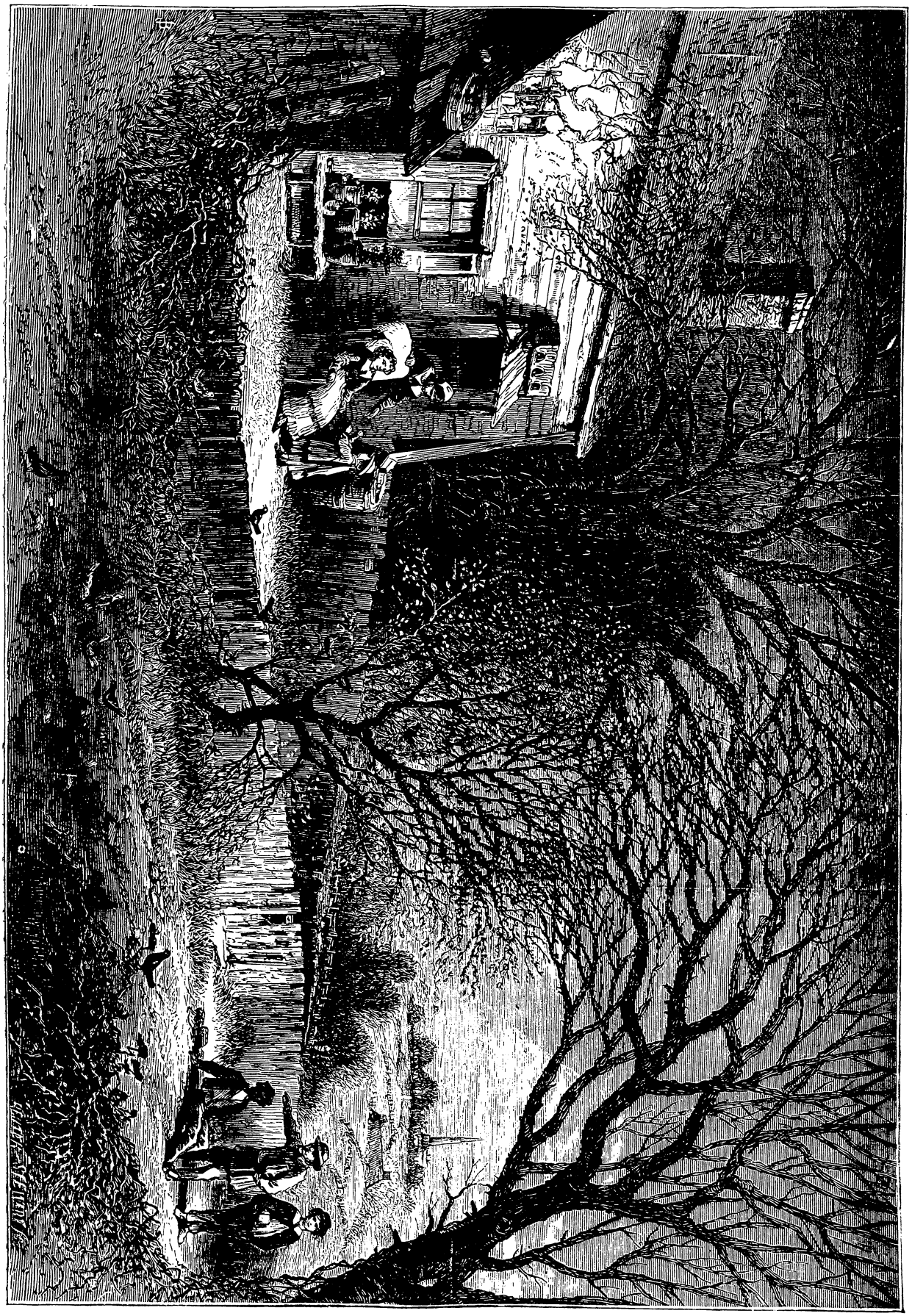
"It is incredible!"

"It is very true, nevertheless."

The lady again played with the long sunny hair that fell from the little head leaning on her breast, and there was a silence.

Murietta, who had at first been bored with the fear that he should have to listen to a recital of wrongs, now began to fear she would not relate her story at all, and tried in a desultory sort of way to lead back again to the scene in St. Peter's.

She seemed not to understand the drift of his observations, and there was again a silence.



THE CONVALESCENT.

They were passing up close to the borders of the Tiber, between a long, long avenue of locust-trees, and poplar, and chestnut, that almost shut out the light. Men were treading wine by the roadside; women were singing as they gathered corn from the yellow shocks, and some peasant minstrels in goatskins piped and played as the carriages passed, and caught the pennies thrown them as they danced and before they touched the ground.

As they approached Ponto Malo, leading away towards Florence, they came upon the field of Mars by the left roadside, and close to the banks of the turbid river.

The field was full of soldiers. Cannon were booming against the Sabine hills, and now and then long lines of riflemen would wheel to the front, and the rattle of musketry would make strange music as it fell in the interrupted rests of the cannon fired at the target fixed at the base of the mountain.

The horses stepped gingerly. The Italian servants lightened up as if they took a pride in this mimic battle that was going on, and held a little of the old fire that animated men when Rome was Rome.

A little man with a waist and a face like a woman's galloped by with a handful of followers. His enormous blonde moustache—such a big moustache on such a little face!—looked as if he wore a coat of fur about his throat.

"The Crown Prince of Italy," said the countess. "Look at that face. Do you fancy those little hands can hold together the unsettled States of Rome when the reins fall from the hands of his great father?"

Murietta only answered with his eyes.

"You see, the king is great. He is really great, a wonderful man. He is born out of his time. Not in advance of his time, understand, but at least a thousand years behind it. He is a sort of wild boar. A perfect grizzly bear. He has the will and the strength of a lion. If he lives, Italy lives; if he dies, Italy is worse off than when under the popes."

There was a smell of powder in the air as they passed out of the avenue of trees, and turned to the right and passed under the tower of Ponto Malo.

They passed long lines of peasants bearing wood on their backs to Rome. Some of these carried loads of cork, some had charcoal; some had willows to be woven into baskets. Little mules drew little carts loaded with wine for the city, and here and there a shepherd in a sheepskin coat, with naked legs, led a sheep or a goat to the city to be sold and slaughtered.

Now and then they would meet splendid equipages on their way out to the Parade, or to the grand and pleasant drives on the Sabine hills beyond the Tiber.

At last they drew up close to the great gate of Rome, known as the Porto Populo. Still was the fair lady playing with the golden hair, and still was she silent on the subject of which Murietta was now most curious to hear her speak.

Perhaps he was a little bit vulgar in his curiosity. He was even now ashamed of it, and would not freely admit to himself that just at this time he would give a great deal to have her tell him who she was, and by what right that great vulgar sailor swore at or even spoke to her at all.

They drove under the great arch with great difficulty. It was like going up against the current of a very swift and narrow stream, for the people were pouring out in thousands to walk in the Borghese or to cross the Tiber, and see the soldiers at drill, or the flocks on green hills beyond.

The Corso was full of people on foot. These people walk in the middle of the street and among the carriages with perfect impunity.

These Italian cities have not, or had not till very lately, any side-walks at all. They were built for only two classes, were these cities of Italy — the peasant on foot and the prince in his carriage.

Yet this crowd will part as the carriages approach, will part and come together, and part again, and flow on gaily, pleasantly, laughingly, like a stream of water running among the rocks.

Still the woman in pink was silent. Still her small baby hand lifted and toyed with the golden hair that fell in sunny folds upon her breast.

They reached the palace of the Cardinal Bonaparte, and Murietta lifted his hat to the palace just opposite and across the corso. He kissed his hand in the air to some invisible object, and looked as though he really had seen a face that he loved.

The lady looked at him with the old wonder in her wide brown eyes, and the color began to come back in her face.

This palace was the Winter residence of Annette, the one Fair Woman. Did the countess then know her? Did she by any possibility dream of his love and devotion to Annette?

Then the color rose to the face of Murietta too, and they both looked down in the carriage, and did not look up again till they passed the Via Angelo Custoda and drove under an arch, and entered a great court and stopped at the bottom of great tuffa steps, so wide and low and slanting that you might drive a carriage up them.

"This is my home," sighed the Countess Edna, "and I am almost afraid to enter it."

Murietta began to think now her story will be told. He looked at her inquiringly.

"Yes, I live here, and a sad sort of a life it is. I had rather live alone under a tree. Rather live in a hut, a peasant's hut, with but a single grape-vine and my little boy about me — than in this great palace in all this gilded misery!"

The artist began to be ashamed of his vulgar curiosity. He pitied her from the bottom of his heart. She was so in earnest, so sad, yet so beautiful, so fashioned for happiness, so willing to make others happy around her.

She did not speak again till they had climbed the steps and were standing by the massive doors.

"I want to say a word or two to you. You will come in? If the count is in, or the admiral, you will wait till they go, or you will call soon again? I have something to say to you."

The little hand trembled like a bird that has just been taken in the toils as it withdrew from his arm.

"What then does the woman mean?" thought Murietta. "Here she has let all this time go by and not a word has she uttered. Now at the last moment, she has some awful secret at the end of her tongue. Was ever such a curious thing as woman?"

They passed through the ante-camera, hung with old arms, implements of the chase and of the field, and old and ugly busts and aged pictures and moth-eaten tapestry on time-stained walls.

Then a smaller hall, then a great triangular *salon*, gorgeous with all that embellishes the heart of the palace of a perfect Italian. Gilt and mosaics everywhere. Pictures, frescoes, blood-red carpets, blood-red curtains; vases, flowers, fragrant herbs in basketsful; and about the windows and in the corners of the great triangular *salon*, built in this shape as a preservative against the evil eye, were perfect little forests of all kinds of beautiful and fragrant plants in vases.

The lady passed through this and led into an adjoining room. This was a round-built *salon*, and arched overhead like the heavens and painted blue, with clouds and a moon and stars, and looking at it you might have imagined yo

were in a diminutive world of your own, so perfect was the painting of the sky and clouds and twinkling stars.

Gilt and glass again. Carpets and curtains and forests of ferns grouped around against the painted walls of the curious little *salon*.

"Ah, how beautiful!" cried Murietta. "And do you not think it a beautiful little retreat? It is beautiful! It is just such a house as I shall have—that is, if I ever have a house," hesitated the artist, looking timidly around. "Yes, I shall have a house just like this room. I will build a house with one great big room. Just one room; that is best. I do not want but one room. That is the way the Indians live, and it is the best and the warmest and the most friendly way to live in the world. You see I would have a fire here." He sprang to the centre of the *salon* and stamped with his foot. "Yes, I would have a fire here in the centre, so that we could all get around it in a good and friendly way. That is as the Indians have it—it is the best way—a sort of wigwam. And there," he pointed up at the top, "I would have a hole—a hole for the light to come in and the smoke to go out."

"Hush! Hush, for heaven's sake! They are coming. Don't let them, don't let him, hear you talk so. They will write it all down and put you in a madhouse."

She had come up to the artist, stood close beside him, and laid one little hand on his shoulder, and with the other had closed his mouth.

"Listen, I cannot say more now!" She lifted her finger in the air. "But there is something going on that is not altogether right. I will tell you—I will tell you the first possible opportunity. In the meantime, promise me—promise me solemnly—to return soon."

"I promise."

Murietta said this sullenly and with a sense of humiliation. The excitement had passed away. He felt that he had talked wildly to this strange lady and had humiliated himself. What is more, he felt that he had for a moment been disloyal to his love, to his ideal, to the one fair woman of whom he had dreamed all his life.

It seemed to make no difference to him that his love was hopeless at all. He had loved Annette before he saw her. He could not help loving her, even after she had scorned him. He had now this day allowed the one woman of his life, the one being set up in his heart, to be shaken for a moment on her pedestal. He was ashamed of himself. He wanted to go up into the mountains and pray, as it were. He wanted to be alone again, and bow down before his idol, and make a new covenant to love none but her.

No, he would not sit down. He was tired. He turned, he shook the beautiful pink lady out of his heart—the languid, the moody, the loving beauty—the most worthy, the bravest, and the best woman, quite out of his heart—the one woman that needed his help, his advice, his moral support—and turned on his heel and passed out and down and into the streets.

As he passed the glorious fountain of Trevi, he threw a handful of French and English coins into the water and made a wish.

That night the artist sat all alone before his canvas till the sun rose up and entered in above the Capitoline.

Then he was not alone, for on his canvas was Annette, looking at him, looking back at him over her shoulder, turning from him, passing away.

Ever she moved before him thus.

Chapter XI.

THE ROMAN FEVER.

Murietta looked at his new picture in the new light of morning with a singular expression on his worn and weary face. He turned it to the light, turned it away, turned it sidewise, turned it in every conceivable way; still it did not please him. Surely it was not the fault of the hand that fashioned it, for it was as wonderful in its execution as it was sudden. It was such a likeness, such a beautiful, matchless, and magnificent face! You could only see the face, and yet you could fancy you saw the lady, saw her moving, gliding, passing away, turning, looking back over her shoulder, earnest, thoughtful, full of soul—but it was a soul of pity, of sympathy, not of love.

And this it was that tormented the fevered brain of Murietta. She was forever turning away from him, not scornfully, not suddenly or severely, but sadly, and with a face full of pity for him, and that sort of sympathy which a great and good soul feels for an inferior one when troubled.

He had drawn this picture in a state of mind that made him almost beyond the reach of responsibility for his acts. He had painted this by the dim candle-light, and in a single night, and all from memory. Yet he had, from the first beginning of that picture, determined to paint quite another position and quite another expression. Time and again he had pictured this same face, this same retiring, sorrowful face, looking back at him over her shoulder. If he had painted his ideal woman, the one who had been set up in his heart from the first, it is pretty certain he had painted this same picture, and painted it exactly after this fashion. At least he could now only image her in that way. He tried to recall the time when she had not been turning away from him, looking back in a great sympathy—but he could not.

He turned the picture to the cold, bright sunbeams that pitched through the little window down over the Capitoline Hill once more, and walked around and around and around, and began to talk to himself in a low, quiet way. Then he turned the picture again. This time he smiled and uttered an exclamation of delight.

The picture, the face was looking at him as if it might return, as if it had stopped in its retreat and would come back and lay its hand on his arm, and talk to him in a low, sweet way, and not be forever turning from him.

He stepped close to the picture, spoke to it, clasped his hands, and looked eagerly in the face, for he thought he saw the lips move, and he waited to hear her answer him.

The door softly opened. "Did you call, signor?" He turned his head angrily, and beckoned the servant from the room. The man was insane with a fever.

The dream seemed broken. He could not get the face to look at him again turn it as he would. His hands were cold; his head was burning; the brain on fire.

Around and around he moved, and turned the picture in every possible light; yet all the time it was passing away, and would come to him no more.

He caught up a dagger that lay on the little table at his side. "I have followed you—I have followed you for a thousand years. Centuries before I was born it seems to me, I sought to find you out among the millions that make their journey through the chartless seas and touch the stars, and land sometimes to rest like birds in flight, but found no place where we might rest till now.

"At last we two are on this earth! We two have touched this little grain of dust that rises in the great highway of stars from the wheels of Time; we two together! and yet you, after all my years of weary waiting, will turn away and come to me no more!"

He folded his arms, tucked the little blade up under his arm, and stood before the picture; and he looked at it, and bowed forward, and he listened, and he seemed to hear it speak—to speak to him—to answer back—and to turn to him. Yet all the time his brow grew dark, his lips hot, and his breathing short and quick.

Suddenly he sprang erect. He seemed to have heard her final answer.

The blade was in the air. He struck his foot on the floor, and cried:

"There, go! go! I command you to go! I curse you—I kill——There! take that and go from out my heart, for you have been my bane and death!"

He struck the dagger through the picture, and, leaving it there, staggered on past it through the open door, and fell with his face buried in his bed.

Nothing is so hard for an over-taxed mind to do as nothing.

Murietta all these months past had been attempting to rest. The result was his mind was hard at work, and grew more wearied than ever.

The mind can only rest at work. Lie down to sleep, and the more tired you are, the more certain is the soul to take strange journeys, and vex you with scenes that you would not see.

Had this artist had the strength and the determination while the world abused him, and when he first met Annette, to quietly find out some pleasant English village, sit down there, picture old cathedrals, lonesome lanes, and stout human faces, he had rested at his work and been very well. As it was, he traveled. Just as if a man could travel away from himself!

And now at last, with all this care and with this counter-current, this beautiful countess, with her pitiful face and all her troubles crossing his path, appealing to him, and then his hard life and horrible cell on the shady side of the Tarpeian Rock, the miasma blowing in from the Pontine marshes, the poisonous air generated in the wretched Jew quarter—all these were too much. The artist was mad with the Roman fever!

As he lay there, the beautiful countess, in her strange but becoming dress of rose and pink, was before him all the time, and pleading to him for help.

He knew perfectly well, insane as he was with the fever, that his own mind now was not over practical and cool. He felt that his life and soul were not on a level with the world around him, and that in the battle with the world he stood at a sore disadvantage. True, he might be above them all; yet to be alone, to be lifted up, is to be made a mark for every archer's arrow.

If you would have peace, or even make a successful fight, keep down in the open plain, and on a level with your fellows, for that is best.

PORTRAIT OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

He now remembered, more vividly than ever before, his old terror of the madhouse. He seemed to see all his friends, all the fearless and bold and original men who dared speak, live, act, as they believed and for themselves, shut up in cells by the great majority who live, act, speak, as is prescribed and ordered by society.

He saw himself persecuted, hunted down, caught, confined in a damp prison, behind rusty bars, watched by a set of imbeciles, pitied by a set of well-regulated philanthropists, and he began to cry out in his agony of mind. He half awoke. His mind settled in its place a moment. Yet the countess, in her warm soft attire of rose and pink, was before him still.

Never had she seemed so near to him before. His own stormy seas had thrown him on the sands at her feet.

He seemed to understand her now. He pictured himself as standing in her place.

He remembered how terrible it had been to him when men tried to make him appear insane. Yet he was a man, strong enough, well enough, with all the world before him, and he was free to choose his time of going and his place of retreat.

But here was a weak and helpless woman, one who certainly had seen nothing at all of the hard side of life, a woman with a family, bound by ties of man and God to a certain person and to a certain form of conduct. And this woman, too, was being persecuted by a beast—a sort of Caliban and Old Man of the Mountains combined, from whom she could not escape.

He saw all this as she stood before him there, and his heart filled full of sympathy. He seemed to stand beside her. He saw that their souls stood very near together now in their trouble, and he questioned himself why he could not reach out his hand to the only one in all the world that stood by his side and understood him.

Then he thought of Annette. He saw her as he had seen her ten thousand times. She was still in his heart, the one great picture there, the central figure on its walls. But she was going away, it seemed to him. She was looking back over her shoulder, turning sharp about she seemed to be. Yet he had seen her ever thus before. He thought this all over, and tried to remember what had happened that morning between them. He was certain he had just been talking to her. Even now, as she was turning away, passing out of sight, looking back, her lips were half parted.

Perhaps she had just been saying farewell!

This thought maddened him. He sprang up, shrieked aloud, and reached his hands in the air, and then fell back moaning in his bed.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE PINCIAN HILL.

How it rains, and rains, and rains in Rome, when it once sets in for the Winter! And there is health in this rain, and not altogether because it washes out and cleanses filthy Rome, but it somehow seems to purify the atmosphere in and around Rome, and everywhere up and down the Tiber.

The Roman fever, as a rule, is nothing more or less than the fever and ague of the Mississippi valley, and the mud lakes near Mexico city. A man who has had the ague in the United States or Mexico, is very likely to take this fever in Rome; and when he does take it, and after the first bad attack of the fever, he will readily see the relation between the two.

Murietta was almost well again. The fever had gone; the chill had left his bones and flesh sore, as if he had been on

ROMAN PEASANTS FLEEING FROM THE MALARIA OF THE CAMPAGNA.

a long journey; but his head was clear, and he knew what was the matter, and knew perfectly well what to do.

But how it did rain! The narrow streets of Rome were one moving mass of umbrellas. The Tiber came booming up through the streets, and flood-wood came down from the mountains in great rafts. The river seemed to be banked up from the sea. In fact, it was a little sea of itself.

Murietta had painted no more. He could not or he would not touch his brush in all this time that he had sat there in his little room over his little stove so like an open pickle-jar waiting for the sun.

The artist had but one conception in his mind. He could think of but one thing. Even here in eternal Rome, with the flower of his art before him, the best results of all the last five centuries, he saw nothing but this one face. He would not paint that any more.

Back behind the door, with a shawl thrown over it by the thoughtful and gentle sisters, stood his easel. There was but one picture there, in this artist's studio, the picture of Annette, the one fair woman, with a dagger driven to the hilt in her heart.

The sunshine follows the rain in fact as well as in poetry. How terribly tired Murietta had grown of playing the hermit! He had hidden away determined to let the world go on the other side, go on its own way without him, and let him alone.

It was a little humiliating to this man's vanity, perhaps, to find that the world did go on, just about as well without him as with him. In fact, he found that he was not missed at all. He began to see that this would be the final end of the story; that men come and go, and the busy world does not trouble its head at all about this man's loves, or that man's losses, or anything of the kind.

The artist began to want to see the world once more. The sun came out one day in mid-winter, as only an Italian sun can—came out after a long Winter rain; and the hermit left the shadow of the Tarpeian Rock, to see the gay gathering of people on the Pincian Hill. He arose and went out. Under the north side of the Capitoline Hill, down the Corso, up the Via Condotti, to the Spanish Square, and then up the grand, wide, tuffa, Spanish steps, the artist took his way, glad again to see the faces of men from the strong new West.

He went close up to the house standing at the base of these steps to the right, and lifted his hat as he looked in through the window where the last sunlight fell on the face of the boy-poet, Keats; and he said as he passed on:

"He is gathered to the kings of thought."

The sun was spilling all over these hundreds of wide, high, splendid Spanish steps, and people were sunning themselves here in long rows by the dozen.

Further up the steps, on a little flat, peasants were playing their reed pipes and the tambourine, and men in long hair and short breeches, with little dirk knives just visible between the waists of their goatskin coats, were dancing wildly as the wind, with pretty peasant girls in very short dresses and little tunics and bodices, and striped and tattered shawls thrown loose over the arm and flying in the air as they danced.

Never is an Italian half so lively as when at the dance. You employ any peasant to do you any service, and watch his movements. You will come to think him the dullest, stupidest, slowest creature that ever has been born. See him dance, and you will think him about the liveliest.

A beautiful scene was this. They were dancing their old Saturnalia. This was the dance that these people had danced under the cork-trees on the Sabine Hills for thousands and thousands of years. And here in Rome it stood apart by itself. There was nothing like it. There can be no music like this. Nothing can imitate or approach it. No one takes part in these dances but these peasants from the Campagna, and they all gather around on these occasions. They stand

huddled in a close ring, with the dancers in the centre. The dance goes on for hours and hours. As soon as one man tires, he falls back exhausted into the arms of his friends, and another takes his place. The women can endure more of this than the men, but they, too, fall back exhausted, and then another steps out into the ring, dancing as she enters; and unless you are very quick in your observation you will not see the change of dancers at all.

This is a dance with a meaning. It is a sort of invocation and thanksgiving to Saturn. It is said that the Carnival was introduced by the popes in the hope of displacing and rooting out this relic of heathen custom; but in vain.

Up these steps to another level, and there in the sun sat a row of beggars engaged in gambling, and all too intent on their game to even reach out a hand to the artist as he passed. He climbed fairly to the top and stood by the obelisk before the church where sleeps poor Claude Lorraine.

Here the carriages went whirling by under the barren oak and elm trees on their way to the great little drive on the Pincian Hill. The Spanish steps away up here at the top, with all Rome beneath them, had blossomed all along the upper rows and bastions with the most beautiful women of the lower orders in Southern Italy.

These women were ranked under the general and not very comprehensive name of models. Such eyes are not to be met with anywhere in the world outside of Rome! Such wild brown hair about the brows and shoulders! Teeth—such teeth! And lips! only made to love, and laugh, and show such pretty, perfect teeth!

Oh, Rome! for all the bloody stories you have given us, for all the crimes with which you cursed the world when you were Rome, we hold you hardly guilty when we see what beautiful women you have brought us from out the world that was!

On to the left, between the leafless avenues of elms, with a high wall to your right, and all old Rome away down below you, and a part of new Rome immediately under you, and you come to a very little fountain playing in a very large broad basin, beneath an old gnarled and knotted tree, with its ancient limbs reaching down, as if they were tired and would like to come to the ground.

You pass through a great iron gate, up a pleasant sidewalk, with carriages whirling by you all the time, and music playing on every hand, and cactus growing on the walls, as if you were in Mexico, and then you stand on the Pincian Hill, with its forests of flowers, its fountains, its hundreds of masterpieces in marble, its banks of Winter roses, its black firs and forests of great evergreens, brought from the furthest borders of the world to beautify and make attractive this most delicious spot in Italy.

Then all around the edges of this, between the avenues of trees, is the drive. To the left there, as you drive between the trees and the rows of beautiful statues, you are above, or on, the wall of Rome. The wall is beneath you. If you leave your carriage and walk a few paces to the left, in one of the pleasant paths between the trees and by the flower-beds of beautiful colors, you will come to a little abutment reaching almost to your breast. Lean and look over. You will see that this portion of the wall of Rome is nearly sixty feet in height.

Below you is the Borghese, the great drive of Rome, where men also ride and lovers find seclusion in the paths leading from fountain to fountain through the dense wood below you.

You return to your carriage and drive on around, by flower-beds, by fountains, by beautiful figures in marble, and under fragrant and dark sweeping trees, and in a little time you are back to the place where you first entered, and in a perfect jam of carriages, with a dozen very handsome, and very polite, and very helpless and inefficient officers, trying hard to keep the way open and to please every foreigner who has come to enjoy the carnival in their beautiful city.

There is a wide, wide place above the great wall. Room enough for a hundred carriages to come abreast. Here they make a diversion, and lines and lines of carriages are drawn up in rank, for under that great big palm-tree that King Someone sent to Pope Somebody is the splendid military band that plays here every day, just before sundown, for the people.

They are slow to begin. The Italian has always and for ever, and without an exception, to make a speech before he begins even the most trifling task.

You have a minute to spare. Come close to the wall and look down. Here under you are fountains. All along the steep hillside below you see one unbroken bed of beautiful flowers, in every color of the rainbow. Even under the trees the flowers grow in Italy.

Down there, away down over the beds of flowers and beyond the trees and across the many turns of the road that leads up here from another gate by the way of the Piazza del Popolo, you see gray granite columns bristling with prows of ships. The tradition is that these were set here to commemorate the victory over Antony and Cleopatra.

Fountains and flowers, and flowers and fountains! That is Rome!

This, just beyond the granite columns and just beneath you, as it were, is the great Piazza del Popolo. There is an immense fountain in the centre of it with great big blue lions, and there are boys riding the stone lions, as they spout water, with strings in their mouths for bridles.

There are a hundred carriages in the Piazza and a thousand people. But the people do not look much taller than a span.

In the centre of this Piazza by the fountain is the oldest obelisk in Rome. That obelisk was chiselled, and had the inscriptions it holds up there to all the world, long before Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt.

Tradition locates the tomb of Nero on this very spot. Yet there is another so-called tomb of Nero away over yonder, five miles beyond the Tiber.

This obelisk was placed here on account of a dream which one of the popes had concerning the old tomb which stood here, bearing the name of Nero. Out of and around and over this tomb had grown a little forest of trees. These trees had grown to an immense size. The rooks had been roosting in them for centuries.

It was a bad year in Rome. Then the pope dreamed that all these rooks, roosting in these trees above the tomb of Nero, were evil spirits brooding over the city. He had the trees cut down, the tomb levelled, this obelisk placed there; and now you see nothing but the naked stones, and obelisk, and fountains.

And the story is that there is the portion of a man's body beneath this obelisk too; that when they were placing it there, and settling it to its place, a man got caught beneath it, and a part of his body remains still beneath the obelisk—buried perhaps with the Emperor Nero!

But hark! the music begins.

Softly it swells, sways, falls, rises again, loud, louder, long!—now light and faint and far away, sweet as kisses in a dream.

Classic song in a classic land. You may see the satyrs dance below the chestnut-trees almost. You picture the great god Pan sitting by the waters of the Tiber, piping in his reed, and puffing his cheeks, and tapping the time on the sand with his hoof.

And these pretty players here, these handsome Italian musicians, with hands and waists like women — these soldiers, too, with painted and powdered faces—these men wearing stays to make them seem more beautiful, know

perfectly well what awe and what interest envelop them. They are playing under the *prestige* of the whole world's history, from the days of the she-wolf up to the hour when their king came down from the North and sat down on his throne in Rome.

These players know that the beautiful blonde barbarians of England, and that farther and still more barbarous country which their great navigator discovered, are listening and looking on and thinking of the time when Cæsar entered yonder gate of Rome to reign, and when St. Paul passed out through yonder gate to die.

Higher and higher the melody mounts up. They are playing a martial air. The very horses prance in their harness. The officers come closer around, sabres rattle on the sand, the beautiful blondes lean from their carriages and listen, or seem to listen, while they do not at all seem to see the bold and adventurous eyes that watch them from every quarter of the garden.

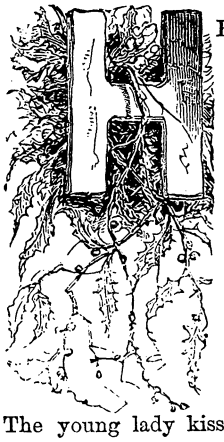
Higher and higher the music swells. You can hear the rustle of the palm-leaves—it is so still. The boughs of the ever-green oak quake, tremble, quiver and dance as if with delight. The great palm-tree that King Somebody presented to Pope Someone reaches out his great hands as if to say, "Bless you, my sunny Italian singers!"

Higher and higher, louder and louder, and at last the horses fairly plunge in their harness: the air, the heaven, is filled with this long last note.

It dies away; the horses plunge ahead; and the carriages are again whirling around on the rim of this last, save the Aventine, of the Seven Hills of Rome.

Chapter XIII.

THE BROTHERS OF THE ALTAR.



HERE friends met friends. This was a sort of grand reception, and, as the artist was not altogether a stranger, he, too, fell in with familiar faces. The carriage of a wealthy Californian, with a young lady beside her father, was stopped on the edge of the crowd, and the lady leaned and spoke to Murietta. A big man with a big chin observed this and drew near.

Now the music struck up to its highest and final note; and the horses began to plunge and prance, and the carriage began to move. The young lady kissed her hand as the general reached his to Murietta.

The carriage was whirled away, and cheery words of the light-hearted and honest Californian girl were spilled down in the tumult, and trodden under the feet of the plunging and prancing horses, and lost.

Murietta's heart was made lighter by this young woman whom he had met often before in the Far West, and gathering his cloak about him he was sauntering away with his eyes turned to the dome of St. Peter's away across the northern edge of Rome and beyond the Tiber.

As he reached the outside of the crowd a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder. He turned, and the hand was reached in token of friendship.

"I am a rough but honest sailor, a man who carries his heart in his hand. Shake hands, I am a man of the world; you are an artist. You dream, I work. You sleep, I wake. Come, we can be of use to each other as friends. We can destroy each other as enemies. Let us be wise. It is best to be friends."

His hand was reached out. Murietta drew back and wrapped his cloak closer about him.

"What if I prefer to be enemies?"

"Ha! ha! just what I was saying! You are a dreamer! Well, there is no occasion for being enemies, none in the least; and, in fact, there is but little occasion for being friends. I only want to ask you a question or two about a certain young lady with whom I just now saw you conversing in a most friendly manner."

The admiral took out a large note-book from his breast-pocket, and began to scan a list of names, with figures, dates, addresses, and the like, set opposite them. He stopped reading a moment, tapped the leather note-book with his fingers, as if it had been a kind of instrument on which he was about to play a tune, and then, stepping closer to the side of the artist, and looking carefully about to see that no one was listening, went on:

"I am a blunt and open-hearted man, a rough but honest sailor! Ah! you smile at this! But if you come to know me you will say at last—ay! you will inscribe it upon my tombstone—'The admiral was a rough but an honest man.' Well, as I was saying," here the fingers played up and down the back of the leather note-book as if the man was a bit embarrassed. "As I was saying, I am a blunt, honest man, and if I tell you why I want to know these things, and you see nothing wrong in it, will you not tell me?"

"Well, yes," said the artist, half sullenly, and gathering his cloak still closer up under his chin.

"Then I proceed to explain." The fingers again played a tattoo up and down the back of the leather note-book, and the admiral, looking again over his shoulder to be doubly sure that no one was listening, went on:

"In the first place you, Mr. Murietta, ought to belong to my Association. You have a reputation. Well, reputation is money. Fame is money. Title is money. The name of a count is worth so much in market. A duke so much. A marquis so much. A general so much, and so on. Well, the name of an illustrious painter is worth—let me see!" The fingers again ran up and down the imaginary keys on the back of the leather note-book, "is worth, say—well! say a quarter of a million francs."

Murietta loosened his cloak a little from under his chin and relaxed his features. He was getting interested to know what this mysterious, this monster, half-hideous man was driving at.

"You follow me?"

"Yes."

"You are interested, then?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are poor."

"Certainly, if that is any of your business."

"No offence—no offence. I am a blunt but honest man, and only want to feel my way across the ground as I proceed." The fingers again tapped and danced along the back of the note-book. "Now we come to the pith and core of the question. Thousands of young ladies pour into this country every year from America, and also from England. They are the cream of the country, and, particularly from America, are the wealthiest and best of the land. Of course they are vulgar, very loud and very vulgar, but then they are also very rich. Well, you follow me?"

"Yes."

"Good. These girls, vulgar but rich, come here in nine cases out of ten to get married. That is their business. They have no other. Particularly those from America are here for that purpose, and that purpose alone. They know nothing about art; they care less. They would give more to look upon the face of a single member of a royal family than to see all the works of Michael Angelo or De Vinci."

"Well, suppose that this falsehood which you utter of my

people of the West is true, what of it?" Murietta was again gathering up his cloak and contracting his brows.

"That is it, that is it. Now we come to the point." He again tapped and tattooed on the back of the note-book. "Put this and that together, and you will understand. These girls, these vulgar but wealthy women from the West, are here to get husbands. Shall they be disappointed? No! A gallant man will not willingly see a lady disappointed. I am a gallant man. I have set my heart to assist them in this matter. I go about doing good in silence. They do not know, do not dream, how I am assisting them in their efforts to get what they have crossed the seas to obtain."

"I do not understand you at all."

"Look here! read these names. I am a blunt and an honest man—a man who carries his heart in his hand. I have nothing whatever to conceal. Read these."

The admiral handed the book to the artist, and struck an attitude before him as if he would sit for the personification of Simple Innocence.

Murietta glanced down a long list of names with addresses, dates, and figures opposite them.

"There!" The admiral pointed to the name of Mollie Wopsus. "There! Now what sum shall we set opposite? In other words, what is she worth? She comes here to be married like the others. She, like the others, wants a title. Very well. These titled gentlemen are my friends. They are not to be imposed upon. Now, sir, she wants a title. She is easily caught, too easily; we are afraid of her. We cannot find out what she is worth. She comes from too remote a quarter. We have agents in New York, in Boston, in Chicago, who keep us informed here and in Paris, and in all great cities of the continent, and we know oftentimes better than the father himself knows what his daughter is worth. But here, sir, we are in a dilemma. Now, you know this young lady. You not only know what she is worth, but, should she prove to be wealthy, you can materially assist her, assist her, mark you, in a most gallant and disinterested way, to procure a husband. There! there! pardon me," said the old admiral, catching his breath and reaching out and taking his book, and again tapping the tattoo on its back. "Pardon me, sir, but I hope I have now proved to you that I have no secrets at all in this matter from gentlemen—from gentlemen, mark you. And now, sir, what sum shall we set against the name of the vivacious Miss Mollie Wopsus?"

"Let me look at that book again."

The artist reached his hand with an air of authority. He turned a leaf, looked up and down the lines of names there, and read that of Annette.

He threw the book in the man's face, and stepping back, loosened his cloak and freed his arm as if to strike, if followed, as in the fashion of his country. The admiral picked up his note-book and smiled.

"I have a mind to tumble you over that parapet!"

"Just as I was saying—just as I remarked before!" and the fingers tattooed again up and down the note-book. "You are a dreamer. You do nothing but dream. Do you suppose I like this business better than you do? No. A man must eat. A gentleman must have money. Come. The lady wants a title. Is she able to pay for it?"

"You gray-headed old villain! What if I should tell this to the world?"

"Tell it! tell it? There is nothing to tell. This which we do is no secret. Every gentleman in Paris, every gentleman in Germany, every gentleman in Italy—that is, gentlemen who are unfortunate enough to be without fortune—belongs to our Association. We are a society. We are a band of brothers. We are more than a thousand strong. When one marriage is consummated and a fortune secured, that fortune must go in part to the general fund for the purchase of clothes, jewels, crests, and other things necessary to catch the eye of the ladies from out the West. Tell it! ha, ha!" The fingers again ran up and down the leather keys. "Why, do you see those gentlemen walking up and down there before the lines of carriages? You see they are the handsomest and the best dressed men in all Rome. They are the most polite and accomplished gentlemen in Italy. Well, those gentlemen have all a list like this. These same names, dates, figures, are down in their books just as in my own. We are hesitating about this one name. Tell it? ha, ha! But please don't tell any ladies here. The Italian dagger still retains its point. Tell it! Bah! These thousand gentlemen forming one Association know it already, and as for the world, it will not believe you," and the fingers again tapped the book. "Come, I have been blunt, but honest. Just as I told you, you will find me to the end. I am a practical man. I am an old man, too. I know perfectly well what I am about, and see no more harm in this trade than in any other transaction in commerce."

He took off his glove, drew out a pencil, raised it to the open book, and began to write.

"Come! be as frank with me as I have been with you. What sum shall we set opposite to the name of the lively Miss Mollie Wopsus?"

Murietta seemed to have a sudden inspiration. He drew his cloak closer up under his chin, and said through his teeth:

"Ten million francs."

The admiral wrote the figures down with as much coolness as if he had been entering a note of the weather. As he wrote, Murietta noticed that the ends of his fingers were stained and yellow, as if burned by acids. He remained no longer near, but left the man writing in his leather note-book, and melted away in the crowd.

Chapter XIV.

THE BELLE OF ROME.

IT WAS not altogether strange that the artist should have met the countess face to face. He might have met her here any day for a long time.

She, with a will that was law, beckoned him to a seat in her carriage, for she was alone. As they descended the Pincian Hill they met Annette in her carriage with her father.

"The belle of Rome!" cried the countess, suddenly growing animated, and turning to Murietta as she spoke.

"The beauty of Rome!" answered Murietta, warmly.

"Do you know her?"

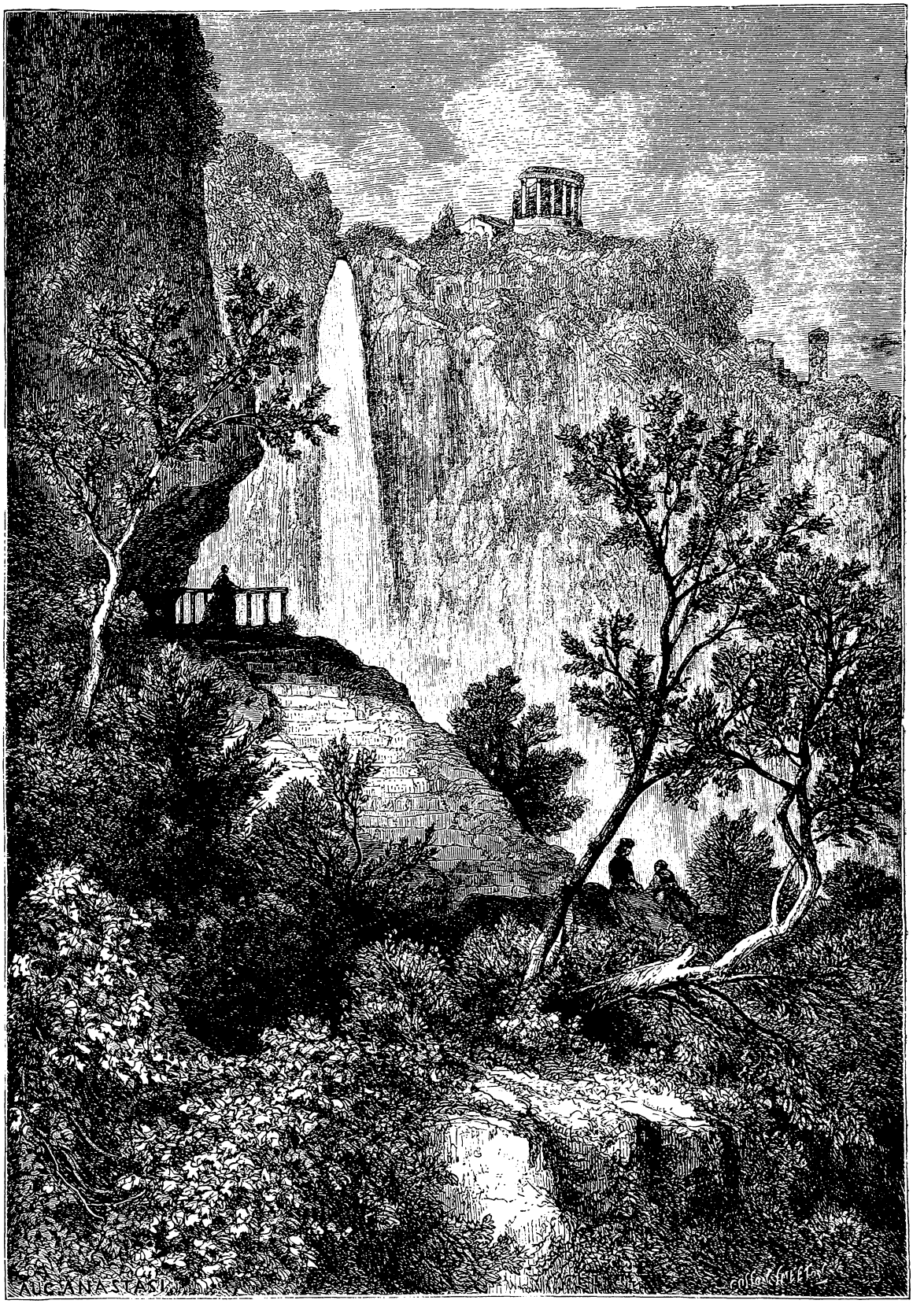
"Know the lady! I have known her a thousand years!"

"Oh, in the time of the Cæsars! Why not say in the Cæsars? Say, for example, that you met her at the ball given by the wife of citizen Brutus, to celebrate the opening of the Appian Way, and so on."

"Well," said Murietta sharply, "since you are so exact about the matter, I am bound to confess the truth, and to tell you that I do not know her at all; or, at least, that she does not know me."

"Are you certain that you are not romancing?" One of the pretty little pink fingers, in a little pink glove, was rolling itself up like a silkworm in the tassels of a crape shawl as she said this, and the lips pouted out saucily, and the lady colored to the brows.

"I am certain that she does not recognize me; and I can only add, in all candor, that I am sorry that she does not; and am covered with shame and confusion, for I have followed her as faithfully as night follows day, and——"



THE SYBIL'S CAVE, IN TIVOLI.

He stopped then suddenly, and bit his lips till he almost tasted blood.

The color went from the face of the beautiful countess only for an instant. Then, turning to Murietta, she laid her little hand on his arm, gently, very gently, scarcely touching it, and looking in his face so earnestly, so sadly, so full of soul, she said:

"I comprehend, I understand you; I understand you perfectly; and, Mr. Murietta, listen to me and believe me; I, too, am sorry; very, very sorry."

"Hist! soft! Her name is sacred, lady. Remember, I said I knew nothing whatever. I have never spoken to her one word. The admission that I have made is my own. It is also my own secret. If I have followed her and worshipped her, it has not been her fault in anywise whatever. Remember that! Remember that! Her name, somehow, is sacred. Her good name and her fair name, her purity of heart, her charity, her truth, her nobility of nature, that would forbid her to encourage for one moment a passion that she could not entertain, must never be questioned. She never so much as spoke to me, or even smiled in my presence."

"Please don't be mysterious," pleaded the countess.

"But I am only trying to be plain."

"I do not understand you."

"But you said you understood perfectly."

"I do not understand a nature and a sentiment like that." The pretty little pink finger was wound tight as a silkworm in its shroud, and the great brown eyes full of melancholy lifted and looked with earnestness and inquiry into the face of Murietta.

The carriage had turned into the court, and stopped at the foot of the great stairway, while the footman stood holding open the door for them to descend.

"You will dine with us to-day?"

"No."

"You will at least come in and have a glass of wine?"

The artist gave the lady his arm; little Sunshine ran up the steps holding on to the footman's hand, and the senatorial Roman on the box snapped his silk, and, lifting his finger to his hat, trundled over the stones and was gone.

The doors of the old palace were massive and old and rusty as the doors of a prison. A whole army might be held at bay for ever so long by one of these doors, built in the Middle Ages out of crossed beams of oak, and twisted bars of iron and bolts of copper and plates of brass.

There was a smell of tobacco-smoke as they entered the ante-camera, and from beyond there came the shouts of many voices, as if men were at wine in a wayside inn.

The countess tried to pass this tumult by with the remark that the count and his friends were having their carnival in the palace instead of on the Corso, but she looked very much troubled, and her brow gathered with care and anxiety.

They entered the great saloon, gorgeous with mirrors and paintings, and set all around by little forests of flowers, and pleasant to the feet with its soft and luxuriant carpets.

To the delight and relief of Murietta, here they came upon Carlton, an American artist and poet he had before met in Naples. He was hidden away in a corner like a hermit, devouring a book, and as if he was trying to get out of sight and hearing of the terrible din of voices back yonder somewhere in the depths of the palace.

The beautiful countess, with her brows gathered in trouble, left the two gentlemen together, and, taking her little boy by the hand, passed on through the great saloon into the little wigwam we have before visited.

Carlton was a cautious man, with some of the look and manner, and, some said, with all the cunning of a Catholic priest of the most zealous order.

"I have come here to dine with the count," began Carlton, timidly and cautiously, as he flipped the leaves of his book back and forward, "and I have seen the strangest man!"

"Well! the strangest man ought to be very interesting, at all events," laughed the artist.

"But he does not interest me, I assure you; he sets my teeth on edge. I am afraid of him."

"Heavens! you talk like a man who finds himself among the banditti of the Alps."

"No, I am not afraid the man will murder me—nothing like that; only he gives me the shivers, and if I could I should so like to get out of the house and away from the presence and hearing of that man, for he is my evil genius."

"Why, my dear fellow, does he persecute you?" asked the artist kindly.

"No, no, I can hardly understand. I certainly cannot explain. I only know that he strikes me with terror when he talks, and almost drives me wild when he laughs; and this terrible man is to dine here. That is he now."

The two men listened to the uproar in the remote depths of the palace, and the voice of one man rose above the tumult like the trumpet of a sea-captain in a storm.

"Why, that is the voice of the admiral," said Murietta.

"I don't care who it is, that man is my evil genius. He absorbs me, he takes my strength. Perhaps I shall have to sit by him at dinner."

"Mercy, man! are you afraid he will eat you? Come, if it comes to that, I shall dine here also, and we will see what idle fancies you poets cherish."

"No, it is not an idle fancy. That man has blood on his hands, and that man will die a violent death."

"Carlton, you have a reputation for prudence and caution; but to-day you are perfectly reckless in your remarks. The old sailor, a sort of ugly sea-dog, is of course vulgar and hard-natured, but, as for there being blood on his hands, that is a thing that is hard on him to assert and would be hard on yourself to prove."

"You are right, Murietta. But I will tell you what may be proved, and what time will testify to."

"Well."

"That man will be hanged."

"Are you mad, or are you talking only for your own amusement?"

"Neither, I trust. You see, Murietta," said Carlton, coming close up to his friend and laying his hand on his shoulder, and looking slowly and cautiously around, as guides are sometimes seen to do—"you see violent men, men of marked and savage individuality, often have their future written in their faces, and it is given to some men of a very sensitive composition to read them as prophecies. That man will be hanged!"

He shrunk back, and, holding up the book in his other hand, began to look through the leaves hurriedly; but his face was red and flushed, as if it would set them on fire.

The admiral had entered from a door behind a screen, and was upon them even as Carlton spoke. He reeled and rolled as if he walked the deck of a ship in a storm. The admiral was drunk.

The count was with him, close up by his side, near him, as a sort of shadow.

The admiral came up, slapped Carlton on the shoulder with his hard horny hand, shook hands with both the artists, rolled his big heavy head from one shoulder to the other, and talked and bantered in a loud and boisterous manner,

The count was very quiet and very friendly. This annoyed Murietta. Had he been a stranger to the Latin race and the nature of this distinct people, he had not been either surprised or displeased at this friendliness; on the contrary, he had been delighted, and would have concluded that these men had found out and admitted to themselves that they were wrong in the little scene at St. Peter's, and were now willing to admit as much by their actions, without going into the unpleasant task of a formal acknowledgment to Murietta. But he knew that the pride of these people never allows them to confess themselves in the wrong. He knew that they never forget or forgive. He knew that the little scene in St. Peter's was uppermost in their minds, even as they smiled and made him welcome to the palace.

Had the countess appeared he had taken his leave, and

been very glad to get away. As it was, he sauntered about the saloon with Carlton after the two men, who had forced a reluctant consent from him to remain till dinner, had returned to their boon companions, and talked of the pictures and the palace.

"What a display of wealth!" said Carlton; "there is enough hanging on every one of these four walls to make a little fortune."

"And where does it come from?" queried Murietta of his friend. "These Italians as a rule are so very poor."

"Where does it come from?" echoed Carlton, turning sharply to Murietta as they stood before a Titian; "from America—from our country."

"No!"

"Every sou of it. That count, like all foreign counts, is a beggar, of course, like the whole crew he has about him."

"But do you really know these men he has about him? You must remember we are to dine with these men."

"Yes, we are to dine with them; and mark me, I tell you if they were only beggars I should not care. They are a deal worse than beggars." The poet shrugged his shoulders, pointed out some special point of beauty in the old Titian before them, and passed on to another picture.

Murietta was somehow very glad to know that all this wealth was that of the countess in pink and rose. This at least would keep her from dependence on those around her, and would in all reason insure her some liberty of action and some repose and peace of mind.

He tried to recall any allusion she had made to this matter, but could not. On this subject, as well as that of her alleged malady and misfortune, and the good or ill behavior of the count, she had been as silent as possible. Her soul, it seemed to him, had always risen above these things. He could now see how she had at times been lashed to fury, as in St. Peter's, and how wild words and expressions had sometimes been forced from her unwilling lips, that were closed and silent again as soon as she escaped and was free. And that was all.

The door of the round and magnificent wigwam, which we have seen before, opened, and the maid stepped up to Murietta, after glancing about the saloon to see that no one was watching her, and said:

"Here! one minute—the countess."

He looked at Carlton, and then hastily passed in after the maid.

The beautiful woman lay there pale and prostrate on the sofa. Her gorgeous robes were tumbled about her, and her clothes were open at the breast.

A great tall man with a black beard stood beside her with a letter in his hand.

Murietta started back. How did this man get into the presence of the countess, and who could he be?

The countess put out her hand. It was so delicate, so soft and beautiful. It had all the tint hue of a pale pink shell of the sea, and was soft and sweet as a full-blown rose to touch.

"I am ill," she began in a voice as low and tender as if she spoke to a child. "I am too ill to join you at dinner, but you will remain to dinner, and you will come again and as soon as possible, for it is so lonesome here, and heaven knows when I will get out of the palace again. There, go, go, and do not let them see you, or let them know that you have been in here." Then, drawing Murietta by the hand very near, she whispered: "This is my prison, and that man is one of my keepers. Now, go. But come to-morrow—to-morrow, at twelve!"

She beckoned him back; frowned as he lingered, and threw out her hand as if to urge him through the door.

Murietta, all breathless and embarrassed, stepped back and through the door as he had been directed, and as he did so heard a strong bolt close behind him, and the beautiful woman lying there on the sofa, like a pink-rose full blown and gathered in the hand and half withered in the sun, was locked and bolted in the saloon with a tall strong stranger.

Murietta did not like mystery. To him there was enough that was incomprehensible in the very problem of life and death and the future worlds, and it irked him to see enigmas and to find secrecy where it seemed to him there should have been candor and simplicity.

Carlton had taken his seat on the sofa in a retreat behind a little forest of blossoming rhododendrons, and was again turning the leaves of the book.

"Well, and have you been into the secret cave in search of the lamp?"

"The countess is ill," said Murietta, gravely, "and will not be able to join us at dinner."

Here the admiral again entered. He was singing a loud sailor's song, and he seemed to be walking a stormier deck than ever before.

There was the sound of another bolt being shot behind the door that led from the grand saloon to the wigwam where the countess was lying.

The count was at the side of the admiral smiling in a sort of drunken imbecility, The two men heard the bolt. They went up to the door, and the count called through the key-hole. Then he tapped on the door with his knuckles and put down his head to wait for an answer. Then he knocked again louder than before. No answer. Then the admiral called in a voice that might wake the dead. Still no answer. At this the admiral raised his two hands and pounded against the door of the room where lay the beautiful lady ill, as if they had been battering-rams. No answer. He waited a moment longer and then drew back and kicked the door with all his might.

Here the count feebly remonstrated.

"Teach her a lesson," thundered the admiral, as the two men turned away from the door and came towards where the artist and the poet sat together, indignant witnesses of this scene.

"I will not taste his bread," said Murietta, between his teeth.

"As to that," answered Carlton, "the bread is not his, and we can't well get away now."

The count came forward with great politeness and announced that dinner was waiting. In a walk of half-a-minute across the great saloon he had laid off the rough and brutal behavior just exhibited to his wife, and now with these strangers was only civility and sweetness. As for the admiral, he went straight on into the dining-hall and sat at the table, and talked and behaved in all respects like a savage old Saxon of the Middle Ages, and as if not only all this palace but all of Rome was his special property.

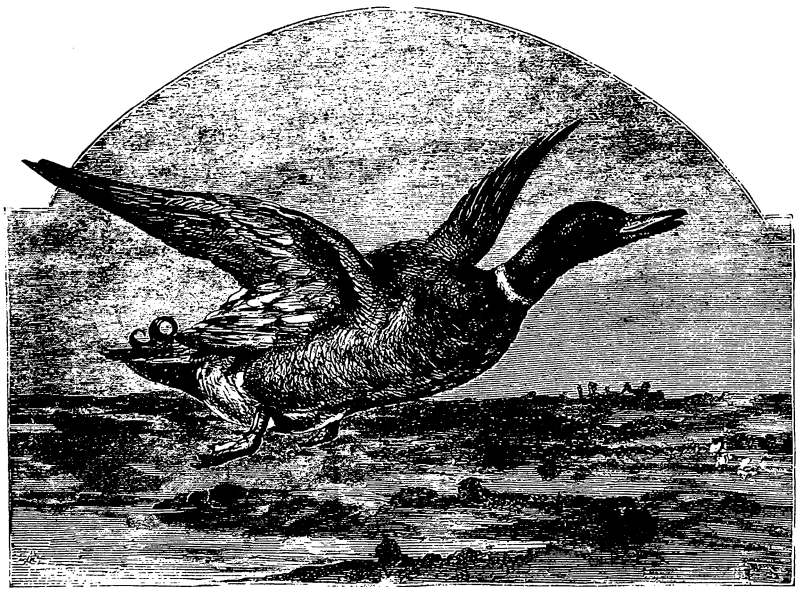
There were at least a dozen men present, and all strangers, save a little threadbare Secretary of the Legation whom he had met on his first arrival at Rome. As for the others of the party, they were mostly after the type and manners of the admiral, and all seemed to look up to him as a sort of leader.

"Are these men really beggars," said Murietta to himself, as he took a seat between the secretary and Carlton, "or are they a band of brigands?"

"This is a very bad atmosphere," answered Carlton, in an undertone; and the two men ate in silence, and left the palace at an early hour.

(To be continued.)

DEATH is a commingling of eternity with time; in the death of a good man, eternity is seen looking through time.



TO A WATER-FOWL.

By William Cullen Bryant.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last step of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seekest thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocky billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the thin, cold atmosphere;
Yet stoop not weary to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end—
Soon shalt thou find a Summer home and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone—the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

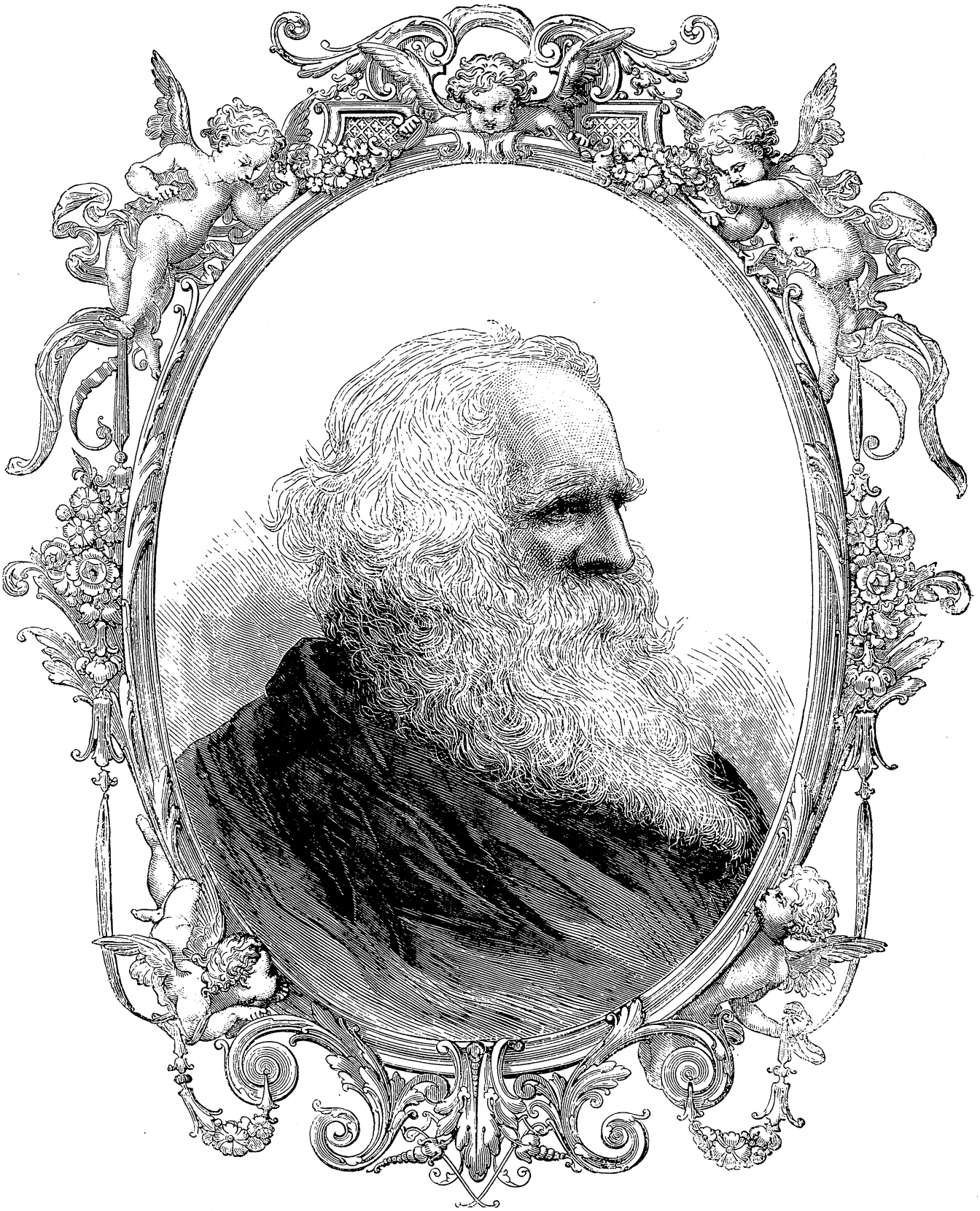
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

By James Parton.

The career of William Cullen Bryant gives no support to the prevalent impression that precocity is fatal to the mind's harmonious development. The venerable and illustrious head of American literature, whom we have seen solacing his old age by translating the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," and translating them so well that these works take their places among the few great translations which the world possesses, wrote correct verses when he was nine years of age, enjoyed a local celebrity as a poet when he was ten, and saw his name on the title-page of a volume of poems before he was fifteen. Few literary lives have been so long. He has been a poet for sixty-eight years, and we still expect verses from his pen.

At the beginning of this century, one of the leading citizens of Hampshire County, in Massachusetts, was Dr. Peter Bryant, who, besides being eminent as a physician and man of learning, was a noted politician of the Federal party which he afterwards represented in the Senate of his State. His children were all intelligent beyond their years; but William Cullen, his eldest son, may be truly said to have "lisped in numbers." He wrote creditable translations as well as original verses long before boys in general can write tolerable sentences in prose. When he was ten years of age, a poetical piece of his was spoken at a school exhibition, which was thought so good that it was published in the county paper. He exhibited as a boy that susceptibility to impressions, that interest in the topics of the time, which we usually observe in superior children. It was when he was a boy of eleven that Congress, upon the recommendation of the President, passed the Embargo Law of 1807, which forbade the departure of merchant vessels from the ports of United States; an act which, of course, suspended commerce and deprived of their means of living an immense number of persons connected with the foreign commerce of the country. All those towns upon the coast of New England which had been growing rich for so many years by trade with the East and West Indies, and by supplying the European belligerents with provisions and merchandise, were stricken with paralysis. Their wharves and warehouses were silent and desolate. The price of farm produce fell, and thus the whole of the people of the sea-board States suffered loss and anxiety. In one year the exports of the United States declined from one hundred and eight millions of dollars to eight millions and a half. New England did not, indeed, experience more than her share of the loss and ruin resulting from the measure; but New England was the very citadel of Federalism, and the Federal party was opposed to the whole system of policy of which the Embargo was but a single act. Political feeling, therefore, intense almost to fanaticism, combined with the ill-humor resulting from pecuniary loss to inflame the popular discontent.

EVENING.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

This susceptible boy, at his father's home in the beautiful village of Commington, hearing so much of the terrible Embargo and of Thomas Jefferson, still more terrible, and the turbulent, menacing democratic party, was moved to write a poem, in heroic verse, which he entitled "The Embargo." This production was so highly esteemed that it was published as a pamphlet and circulated throughout the county. A less gifted boy than William Cullen Bryant could have pleased the heated Federalists of 1808. The poem was indeed so well received in the county that, in the following year, it was republished in a thin volume of thirty-six pages at Boston; the title-page of which was as follows: "The Embargo; or, Sketches of the Time. A Satire. The second edition, corrected and enlarged, together with the Spanish Revolution and other Poems. By William Cullen Bryant. Boston: Printed for the author by E. G. House. No. V. Court Street; 1809."

The poet was not quite fifteen years of age when this volume was published, and it was thought necessary to preface it by a statement certifying that the author was really only a lad, born at Commington, November 3, 1794.

Such was the entrance into literature of the first man of the Western Continent who ever wrote verses which the verdict of the world pronounced POETRY. Nothing in this little volume can claim attention for its merits alone, but it is questionable if ever a boy of ten or eleven years of age wrote verses more correct or melodious than the poems, written in July, 1807, entitled "Drought," which Messrs. Duyckinck have reproduced in their Cyclopedia of American literature. Such precocity, with the injudicious applause that usually accompanies it, had probabbly been a disastrous gift, but for the fact that the poet was blessed with a father who was as wise as he was kind. Dr. Bryant gave to his gifted son many a lesson upon the value of correctuess and brevity, and led him early to distinguish between the true and the false in poetry. The poet in his later verses testified to the benefit which he derived from his father's instruction:

> "For he is in his grave who taught my youth
> The art of verse, and in the bud of life
> Offered me to the Muses."

Nor does he omit to record in eloquent lines the skill which his father had acquired in the healing art:

> "By years of toil and studious search,
> And watch of Nature's silent lessons."

He tells us, too, that when this excellent physician had fallen a victim to his humane exertions on behalf of the sick and suffering, tears stood in eyes unused to weep, and men turned pale

> "Who deemed thy skill delayed their death-hour."

What better nourisher of a poetic genius could there be than a thoughtful, learned physician, observant of Nature's ways, yet not uninterested in subjects more vivid and stirring? As the father blended in his life science and politics, so has the world admired in the son a life chiefly passed in political discussions, but ennobled, enlivened, and beautified by poetry.

He was fortunate, too, in the place of his birth. Hampshire has been styled the garden county of Massachusetts; and Berkshire, which lies beyond it, where he passed the years of early manhood, is a region renowned for its romantic loveliness. Beautiful rivers wind about the bases of wood-covered mountains—streams that course for a while tranquilly through green meadows, and then break into rapids and falls, around which have clustered, in these later years, manufacturing villages, but which were then still foaming in their natural purity and freedom.

Mr. Bryant is a poet because he inherited the brain and temperament of a poet, and because he had a father who knew how to supply his genius with its proper nutriment and training. Poet as he was, however, he was a New England lad, and he therefore had to pursue the course which New England then marked out for the *élite* of her youth. He had to go to college, and enter a lawyer's office, and pass his examination, and be admitted to the bar, and find some town where there appeared a chance for a young lawyer to gather a business. Always forward, we find him hanging out his tin sign at Plainfield, Massachusetts, before he was twenty; subsequently, and for nine years, he successfully practised law at Great Barrington, Mass.

Fortunately, his clients left him some leisure for verse. In 1816 Mr. Richard H. Dana, editor of the "North American Review," which then combined the features of a review and a magazine, one day received two poems: one entitled "Thanatopsis," and the other "A Fragment." The editor observed that the name of Bryant was attached to them. It so chanced that Dr. Peter Bryant was at the time a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and, knowing something of his reputation as a man of learning, the editor hastily concluded that the doctor was the author of the poems. Struck with the majestic beauty, the full harmonious flow, of the longer poem, Mr. Dana hurried off to the Senate-chamber to get a sight of the new poet. He discovered the doctor—a man of dark complexion, with black hair, thick eyebrows, and a general cast of countenance the opposite of his (Mr. Dana's) conception of a poet's lineaments. He was rather ashamed of his want of discernment in not being able to perceive a poet in the laborious country practitioner; and, what is still more strange, he remained for several years under the impression that it was Dr. Bryant who had written the poem.

"Thanatopsis" appeared in the "North American Review" in 1815, and from that time an American citizen could justly claim that his country, too, had produced a poet. Its merit was instantly appreciated, and it remains to this hour the favorite poem of American readers of a contemplative cast of mind.

The young lawyer, during the next five years, contributed verses occasionally to the Boston periodicals, and in 1821 his poems were published at Cambridge, in a small volume, which gave him at once a position in the literature of the world. In 1825, when he was thirty-one years of age, he took courage to abandon his law business at Great Barrington, and came to New York with the deliberate purpose of making literature his profession. Not that he entertained the fond delusion of being able to live by poetry. He was a citizen more than he was a man of letters. He was an intelligent and well-informed politician, as well as his country's most gifted poet.

After spending two or three years in New York, editing a literary periodical, and contributing to others, he made that fortunate engagement with the *Evening Post*—not less fortunate for the country than for himself—through which he gradually won an assured position in the community, and which has given to his old age the dignity and leisure afforded by an ample fortune. The *Evening Post*, though founded by Alexander Hamilton and the Federalists of 1804, became, under the influence of Mr. Bryant, the ally and champion of every liberal principle politics and morals. Almost alone, for many years it stood by Free Trade; and at every time of crisis, the public could always count upon it as the enlightened advocate of everything right, decent, and magnanimous. Amid all the distractions of editorial and political life, Mr. Bryant has continued to enrich his country's literature with noble verse. His fame was not long in making its way across the Atlantic. The readers of Washington Irving's Correspondence are aware with what friendly zeal Mr. Irving, on receiving in 1832 a volume of Mr. Bryant's poems, ran about among the London publishers to find one who would venture to reproduce the volume in England. It

was the time of the terrible cholera of 1832, and no publisher would think of an enterprise involving risk. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Irving, who was the popular author of the day, the great lion of literature on both sides of the Atlantic, wrote a preface introducing the poet to the people of England. No publisher could refuse anything bearing the magic name of Irving. The volume was published in 1832, and Mr. Bryant has ever since been one of the household authors of Great Britain.

The poet now approaches his eighty-second year. For some time past he has been withdrawn from the more active labors of the Press; but he never willingly withholds either his name or his pen, or his presence, from any public object of which he approves.

He has pronounced some noble orations in honor of the distinguished dead, and he has made sterling and weighty speeches in behalf of such objects as International Copyright, of which he has always been an advocate. If he does not believe in protecting *interests*, he does entirely believe in protecting *rights*. Mr. Bryant has become an exceedingly beautiful old man. His snowy hair, his round, full and spacious forehead, the benignant expression of his countenance, and the gentle dignity of his bearing, realize a poet's dream of a SAGE.

Fortunate in his birth, successful at every stage of his career, he has employed his great talents and his great opportunities always for noble ends. His career honors human nature, and his name is part of his country's claim to the regard of mankind.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

WHAT bric-à-brac is it would be difficult to define.

Perhaps the most exact, as well as the most comprehensive, definition of it that could be given would be elegant rubbish. For it is essential to the bric-à-bracity of a thing that it should be utterly useless; so much so, that if once made for use, as it is quite likely to have been, any using of it now for the purpose for which it was made would be sacrilege; or worse, bad taste; or worst of all, quite out of the fashion. The mania for collecting bric-à-brac is now at its height. The amount of money that may be got by gathering together a promiscuous assemblage of old pots and pans, decayed door-knockers, battered spoons, cracked crockery, worm-eaten carving, and noseless statuettes, and then selling them as the collection of a well-known amateur, is quite incalculable. If a few people, with their pockets pretty full of money, wishing to be in the fashion, take a notion to most of the things, your fortune is almost made. For, to get a big price in the auction room, it is only necessary that two persons pretty well provided with money should want the same thing—the intrinsic value of it is not of the least consequence,

The outbreak of this bric-à-brac mania is altogether without visible cause. It appears, however, to be only a new form of that mental disease which has been always more or less prevalent in modern times at least—the mania for collecting. Book-lovers are most likely to be affected by this disease, so that their ailment has come to have a name—bibliomania. In this, as in the bric-à-brac mania, the uselessness of the article so eagerly desired is an essential element of the ailment. For your true bibliomaniac never reads his books. Some books he may read (in the time left to him for the consultation of catalogues), but not his own. True, Mr. Heber, the greatest of bibliomaniacs, who had houses full of books all over London, did read; and said that a man couldn't get on without at least three copies of every book he wanted—his copy to read, his copy to lend, and his show copy. He also gave us the true diagnosis of the disease from which he suffered. He said that his collecting mania began when he bought his first duplicate. He was right; he then stepped over the bounds of use in the object of his desire. There is nothing that may not be made the occasion of this mania for collecting, which is a passion by itself. Have we not seen the assembling together of old, smutched postage stamps made a pursuit, and actually dignified by a name, "Philately"? than which form of collecting it would seem that, except for children, there could not be a more trivial occupation even of leisure time. But, even in this, one of the great spurs to collecting is not lacking. We have heard of a boy asking his father for a dollar to pay for a much-desired object of "philately," who, on being remonstrated with for paying so much for a dirty little scrap of paper, answered—"But, papa, no other boy will have the stamp." The possession of something rare, something that no other boy will have, is one of the great stimulants to this collecting, and greatly so in the collection of bric-à-brac. Mr. Du Maurier touched the motive-feeling in a cartoon in *Punch's Almanac*, in which he represents a woman in the despair of dishevelled hair over the fragments of a piece of crockery. Life, she says, has now no charms for her. A little girl, who has broken away from a knot of others, exclaims, "Why, mamma, have you not me?" "But you are not unique," is the reply; "there are six of you—half a dozen."

But although bric-à-brac collecting, like all collecting, has its ridiculous side, and is carried to excess chiefly by those who cannot appreciate what they buy, and gather merely for the reputation of being the possessors of a collection, it has also its genuinely pleasing, and perhaps not altogether useless, side. For there is collecting and collecting; and taste and knowledge, or the lack of them, may be shown in the collection of bric-à-brac, as in that of books or of pictures, or of engraved gems. The devotee of high art may scoff at the bric-à-brac collector; but Sèvres porcelain, or even Delft ware, Wedgwoods, Japanese vases, and bronzes, and finely wrought jade and the like, have intrinsic beauty, and well-disposed through a house do much to delight the eye, and give the place a human, habitable look. But the moment this disposition of bric-à-brac is abandoned for a formal arrangement of the articles by themselves, then beware; the collecting mania has begun, and the articles cease to be household goods, and become a sort of museum. The very highest style of the possession of such quaint, dainty, and elegant things as form the best part of bric-à-brac is to have them for use, although it may be only on grand occasions. To ring a bell or use a candlestick carved by Benvenuto Cellini, to pour chocolate from a Sèvres pitcher into Sèvres cups, to use a snuff-box painted by Petitot—this is the highest enjoyment of the beauty of such things; for this is putting them to the use for which they were designed. Between this use and the setting them up to be looked at, there is the same difference that there is between a woman's wearing handsome dresses, and keeping them in a wardrobe to be taken out and shown to her dearest friends for the purpose of exciting their admiration and provoking their envy. Few, however, especially in this country of untrained servants, can afford to subject articles so expensive as those which go to make up bric-à-brac to the hazards of use, even upon high days and holidays. We must keep our most beautiful things for show, and use our common clay. All the more, then, should we be careful in their selection, and, unless we have some knowledge and art culture, get the advice of a friend who is so qualified, before we purchase; and we should buy only what we can

arrange as part of the furniture of our rooms. A room cumbered and clattered with bric-à-brac is an offence; one in which it appears as an element of domestic beauty—a sort of rich, quaint fringe of daily life—is very attractive, and has a variety not to be attained by conformity to any particular style of decoration.

THE TWO DOGS.

THERE are two parties in animal opinions: the one argues for instinct only in the brute creation, the other pleads for reasoning faculty. The first party is occasionally staggered by some record of animal doings, which, if it does not argue reasoning faculty, shows wondrous accident.

One of this class we describe and illustrate in the misfortune and charity of two dogs:

A tin can that had attracted the attention, gastronomically, of a hungry cur connected with a traveling circus, from its outside drippings and some remnant of the good things it had held, stood by the door of a house. Mr. Dog regaled himself, at first, by licking away all the savory matter from the outside, and smelling at the in, but at last the temptation was too strong, and in went the head. For awhile all was silence and enjoyment, but soon the lunch was devoured, and the devourer wished to take his leave. This was easier thought than done, and the animal found the tin pot so firmly set that he could not withdraw his head. Here was trouble of the first water—blindness and a closeness of atmosphere. A few low, half-suppressed howls of despair came out of the prison, a few wild butts at vacancy, and away flew the poor cur down the street, frantically rushing at everything that lay in his path.

THE TWO DOGS.

In the midst of the excitement, another gentleman—he showed himself such—canine came upon the scene. At a glance he saw the condition of things, and with a vigor of intellect only to be found in true greatness, set himself to work to reform them. To the astonishment of the spectators, after throwing himself before the blinded animal, and stopping its career, he seized the handle of the tin pot in his mouth, and—this part we do not vouch for—whispering something in the ear of his new-found friend to quiet his nerves, led him gently down the street.

At the distance of a few blocks the tap, tap of a hammer on metal was heard from a small shop. There was no sign up for Mr. Dog to read—supposing he could read—or indication of a tinman's, as it was, but the sound of the hammer, and to this spot the benevolent bow-wow led his afflicted friend, ushering him into the presence of the workman with an expression that said as plainly as a dog can speak, "Be kind enough to attend to this little job, and some day when I get rich your bill shall be settled."

Is it any wonder that the tinsmith, under such an appeal, dropped his work, and speedily extricated the imprisoned dog, who, when he found himself at liberty, uttered a soft yelp of satisfaction and thanks.

RUBY CLYDE'S COMPANION.

"YOU are unusually late home from your ride, my dear!"

"Yes, father; but Loth was unusually lazy, which was quite needless." And Ruby Clyde took off her little velvet cap, and pushed the jetty braids from her temples. As she did so, she happened to glance through the long French window, and saw a gentleman riding slowly up the avenue.

She did not speak; but her father, lying back in his armchair, went on:

"Your companion has come, and a quaint little name she has—Peace Graves. She has a little of the Quaker aspect, I fancy—a fair, mild face, demure manners, quiet dress, and very pretty brown hair, Ruby—*not* in curls. You know I dislike curls. I am quite pleased by her appearance."

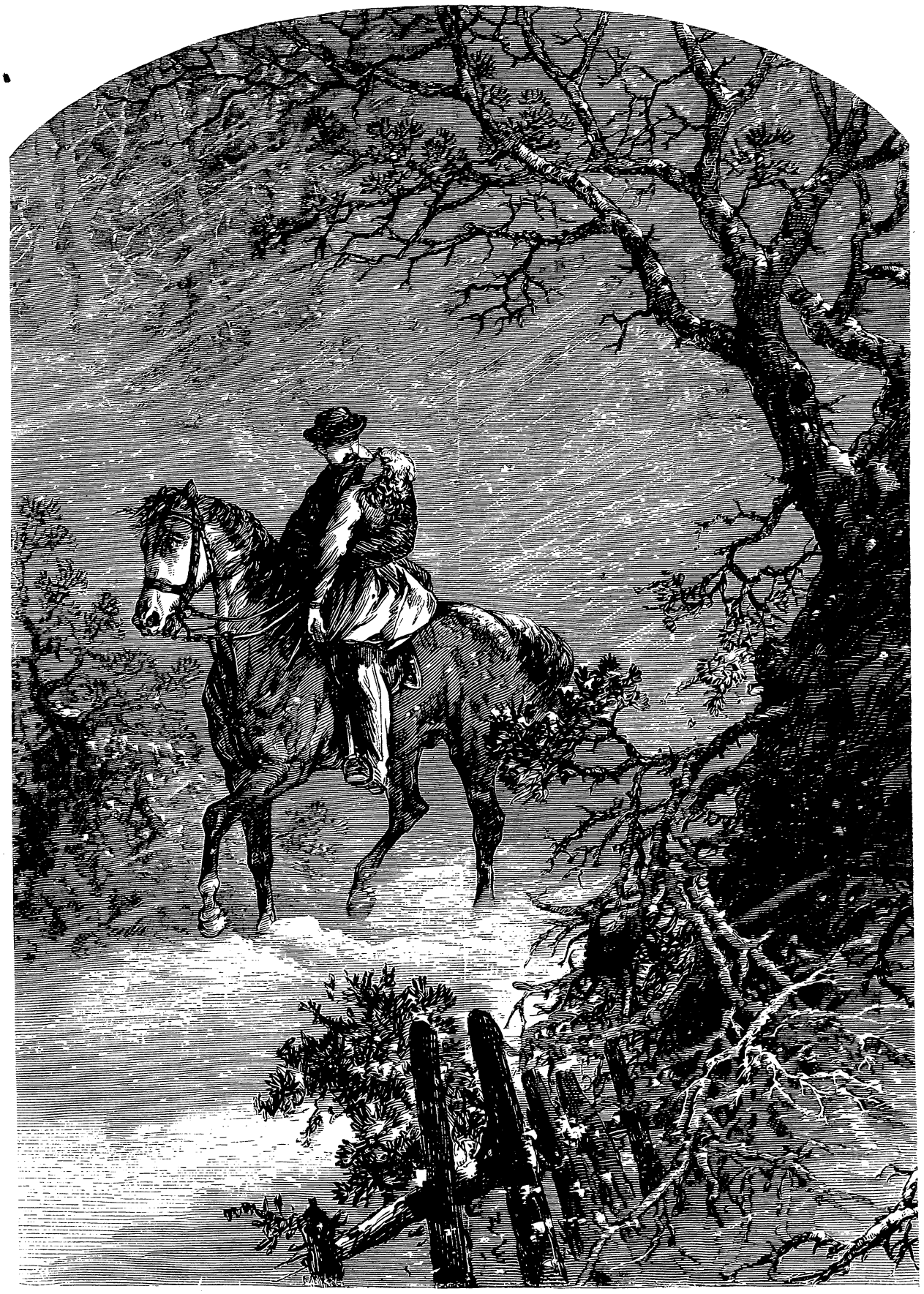
Miss Clyde said: "Some one is coming, father!" but—the old doctor was deaf—he did not hear the somewhat low tone, for Strathmore was passing on the terraces, close under the window, and Miss Clyde spoke cautiously.

"Her father seemed quite affected at parting with her, and wished me to promise that she should be permitted to go home on a visit once a month. They came from a farmhouse four or five miles back in the country; but the girl has been educated in a convent, and sings very prettily. She sang for me. What was the song? Let me see——"

"Never mind, father. Here is a visitor."

Strathmore was shown in by a servant.

Gaspard Strathmore. He was the only son of Doctor Clyde's oldest friend. The doctor recalled him after a moment, and welcomed him heartily.



RUBY CLYDE'S COMPANION.—"AT THE FAINT SOUND OF A DISTANT BELL, HE RAISED HER IN HIS ARMS, CLIMBED INTO THE SADDLE, AND TURNED HIS HORSE'S HEAD TOWARDS THE WELCOME TOKEN."

"Yes, yes. Donald's son—I understand. Your father married an Italian lady, and you were born abroad. There's where you get your queer name—half-Italian, half-Scotch. And your father's figure and your mother's face, I dare say. I never saw her; but Italians always are dark. So, you have come up from New York to see your father's old friend? Very good of you! Gaspard, let me present you to my only daughter, Ruby. Looks like her mother. Your father would like to see her—eh? You know the story, I suppose? Very unfortunate that Donald and I should fall in love with the same woman. I hope he has forgiven me by this time. Had supper, my boy? No! That is right. Ruby, ring, and order supper directly."

Strathmore watched with a man's interest the slender hand, ringed by diamonds, which pulled the silken bellrope. The crimson scarf which Miss Clyde had worn while riding was carelessly girdled about her waist; a rose-colored opal tint still stained her satin-smooth cheek. She was strikingly beautiful.

In return, Ruby Clyde's quick senses took in the face, figure, dress, tone, and gestures of her new acquaintance with unerring fidelity. She pronounced him the most agreeable man she had ever seen.

He was certainly peculiar in appearance. With his olive skin and curling coal-black hair, he had gray eyes, bright as steel points. These piercing eyes and his soft Italian accent rendered his appearance singularly contradictory and charming.

They supped—they chatted. Miss Clyde and Strathmore sang a duet. Then the doctor sent for Miss Graves, to sing for them.

The door opened softly. A little, lily-faced figure in gray, with a guitar, glided in.

For one instant those gray eyes of Strathmore's seemed to hold in them a spark like fire, but he neither stirred nor spoke.

The doctor called Peace Graves to a seat close to his side, that he might not lose the song through his deafness; and, after a moment, the girl commenced quietly to sing. The first was a fragment of an old Scotch ballad:

"Oh, bonny, bonny was her mou',
An' cherry were her cheiks,
An' clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red blood dreips!"

"Queer old stories those ballads tell," said the doctor. "But I like them."

And Peace sang another and another, in her soft, plaintive voice, while the room seemed slowly whirling around her, and the words she uttered had not a sound of meaning.

Miss Clyde looked at her curiously. She wondered if the little country girl knew how correctly pretty her face was, and where she got that fashion of simply knotting up her hair, which gave her small head that classical grace. Her voice, though only partially cultivated, was soft as a silver bell.

At length the doctor said, "You must be tired, my dear. We won't ask any more of you;" and Peace rose from her low seat.

Strathmore made an involuntary movement, as if to detain her, but no one but Miss Clyde noticed it, and Peace Graves slipped quietly out of the room, flew noiselessly to her chamber, and wept as if she would weep her life away.

For the remainder of that evening Strathmore's spirits deserted him.

Ruby Clyde could not but notice it, though her guest made an effort to conceal his abstraction. Observing that he had watched Peace Graves attentively, she was inexpressibly annoyed.

"He has fallen in love with her!" she thought.

The opal tint deepened on her satin check. For a moment her voluptuous lips were closed firmly. She had never in her life been thwarted. At the mere thought of it, a furious passion brought the breath in quick pants from her fair bosom. But she spoke graciously to Strathmore, who had, for a moment, quite forgotten himself, and sat in deep meditation.

"There are lovely haunts about Goldbanks, Mr. Strathmore. I have a little pony-carriage of my own, and we will drive among them to-morrow."

"I must leave you early in the morning——" began Strathmore.

But the doctor, who had not heard his guest's words, exclaimed:

"Yes, yes! Take him to the Lake, to Lovers' Retreat, to the Knoll Grove, and along the river, Ruby! And," he added, "take Miss Graves along with you! She must not get homesick at Goldbanks!"

Ruby did not answer; but Strathmore said, eagerly:

"I have no doubt the young lady will enjoy it as much as I. I shall be delighted to go!"

Ruby set her white teeth hard.

The next morning, when the carriage was announced, Strathmore came out, eagerly. The pampered, jetty pony was shaking his head crossly, in disapprobation of having been led out, while a lazy groom carelessly held him. Strathmore looked anxiously toward the steps. Only Miss Clyde, with her plumed cap and ermine at the tops of her velvet riding-boots, came tripping down.

"Was not Miss Graves coming?" he asked; and Ruby carelessly said that she had declined.

He turned white with disappointment. His feelings were a thousand times stronger than she knew, as he forced himself to quietly take the seat beside her.

But Ruby Clyde had Strathmore all to herself for the long, sunny ride—she was satisfied. She was gay and charming. He could not but feel it.

"Mine is the laziest pony in the world, Mr. Strathmore; but we shall get around, with patience. Come, come, Loth! You see, I named him Lothario, in his more ambitious days; but the abbreviation suits him much better now."

"He is too fat!" laughed Strathmore, as he watched Loth's mane, shaking, with the waddle of his gait.

The vicinity of Goldbanks was lovely; but, after all, Strathmore could not heartily enjoy it. The October crimson of the woods reminded him, somehow, of that silvery-sung ballad line:

"Whereon the red blood dreips!"

Would there be no chance of his once more seeing the singer? He was forced to take his departure that same afternoon.

"But you will visit us again soon?" said the doctor. "Tell your father that his old friend is his old friend still, Gaspard. I should be glad to see him at Goldbanks."

"I shall be at liberty not before a month or so; but I hope to renew my visit, and bring my father with me then," said Strathmore. And then he begged the rose from Miss Clyde's hair, and came away.

A groom held his horse in the avenue.

"Can you do an errand well, my man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give this note to Miss Graves. Here is some silver for you. You understand?"

"I understands. Thank ye, sir."

Having watched Mr. Strathmore ride away, Jim turned toward the house. He had hardly reached the lower terrace before Miss Clyde confronted him:

"Give me that paper, sir!"

Without a word, he gave it into her hands.

She read it in her chamber. Only a few words, but they made her proud heart bound with rage:

"PEACE: I shall be back in a month. Stay at Goldbanks. I must see you then. STRATHMORE."

A month passed. Peace Graves' soft cheeks had lost their faint arbutus-bloom in that time. Miss Clyde was graciously spoken; but all day she kept her head bent over her needle, and all night she wept for Gaspard Strathmore. No wonder her color faded.

The first of December came. The morning's mail brought the doctor a letter.

"Ruby, Donald Strathmore is coming to-morrow, with his son. To-morrow—is it? No! I have mistaken the date! They will be here to-night!"

Miss Clyde started from her easy-chair. Gliding from the apartment, she entered the sewing-room, where Peace Graves sat, bent over a lapful of embroidery.

"Miss Graves, you are at liberty to make a visit to your home, if you like."

The girl rose, eagerly.

"You may go at once, and stay until I send for you."

"Thank you! I think I have been a little homesick to-day," said the girl, with a rare smile.

Miss Clyde watched her hurry away to make her few preparations. Then she went back to her book.

But in an hour she rang for a servant.

"Has Miss Graves gone?"

"She is just going down the avenue, miss. I am afraid she will get caught in the snow-storm," added the man.

Miss Clyde had already seen the large, feathery flakes. She made no reply.

"Lothario hasn't been exercised to-day," ventured Nicolo. "*I* could drive Miss Graves home."

Miss Clyde's white hand motioned him to shut the door. She curled her red lip scornfully at the thought.

"Expose my horse to such weather for *her!*"

Meanwhile Gaspard Strathmore was on his way to Goldbanks, alone. His father had had an attack of gout, and could not come.

Half-way to his journey's end, he, too, was overtaken by the storm. The large, floating flakes confused, bewildered, misled him. He had lost the road, when his horse suddenly shied at some object, half-buried in snow, at the side of the path. Its resemblance to a human being made Strathmore dismount from the saddle, though numb and stiff with cold, and anxious to reach his journey's end.

Her gold-brown hair loosened, her face white as the snow shrouding it, her limbs motionless, lay Peace Graves.

"Peace! My God! she is dead!"

But, at the faint sound of a distant bell, he raised her in his arms, climbed into the saddle, and turned Chabert's head toward the welcome token. He soon came in sight of a railroad station. He knew his way then to Peace's home. In a moment he was there, kneeling upon the hearth, and chafing her frozen limbs, forcing between the poor pale lips cordials, madly bidding them pile the fire higher. For an hour she showed no signs of life.

At last her blue eyes opened. She smiled:

"I heard your voice. I tried to come to you; but I have been bound in chains of ice."

"Peace, do you know me? And will you forgive me?"

She softly kissed the lips he put to hers—and the year he had faltered, while she suffered, changed to a lifetime of happiness for both. Pure, brave little spirit! he loved her better than a thousand belles and heiresses who coveted his wealth.

They were married.

Miss Clyde heard the tidings in silence. She received no cards. They had left her out of their list, and she understood that Gaspard Strathmore knew the wickedness of which her nature was more than capable. She set her red lip in scorn, but her spirit writhed within her.

HISTORY.

HISTORY has to do with real occurrences, as distinct from the fictions of imagination and from abstract conceptions; the former we denominate fable, the latter science. History, indeed, requires the presence of imagination that the pictures of the past may possess something of the force of the present; and the aid of strong mental perception is no less needed, that its facts may be made subservient to utility. But the imagination has more to do with making history attractive than in giving it existence; and we look to enlarged views for its philosophy more than for its substance. Still, in our day, the appellation of historian would be regarded as greatly misapplied (and very properly so) if bestowed on the author of a mere chronicle of occurrences, produced on no intelligent principle of selection and without reference to any wise or dignified result. History, accordingly, in our view of it, partakes of what is much more interesting and important than a bare recording of facts. It embraces an account of whatever has happened that may be so presented as to minister to the gratification and improvement of the human mind. It is conversant with the past, partly for the sake of amusement, principally for the sake of instruction. It is busied with what has been, that it may live again, and that it may serve to correct and elevate what is and what shall be. Within its province ample space is found for the pleasing and the useful; for whatever is powerful in genius, whatever is expansive in benevolence. Man, in all the diversities and all the complexities of human character, and the circumstances of man, embracing the ever-changing combinations of the many elements of his social being, all belong to the substance of history.

EXTREME SENSITVENESS IN THE BLIND.

JOHN STANLEY, the musician, lost his sight, when only two years of age. He had so correct an ear that he never forgot the voice of a person he had once heard speak. An instance is given in which he recollected the voice of a person he had not heard for twenty years, who then accosted him in an assumed voice. If twenty people were seated at table together, he would address them all in regular order, without their situations being previously known to him. Riding on horseback was one of his favorite exercises, though it would seem a very dangerous one for the blind, and towards the close of his life, when he lived in Epping Forest, England, and wished to give his friends an airing, he would take them the pleasantest road, and point out the most agreeable prospects. He played at whist with great readiness and judgment. Each card was marked at the corner with the point of the needle, but these marks were so delicately fine as scarcely to be discerned by any person not previously apprised of them. His hand was generally the first arranged, and it was not uncommon for him to complain of the party that they were tedious in sorting the cards. He could tell the precise time by a watch. He knew the number of persons in a room when he entered it; would direct his voice to each person in particular—even to strangers after they had once spoken; and would miss any one who was absent, and could tell who that one was.

OUR happiness in this world depends on the affections we are enabled to inspire.

A Dance among the Ticunas: A South American Tribe.

The Ticunas are a tribe now fast dwindling away, and numbering less than two hundred souls, but they were once the object of earnest contention between the crowns of Spain and Portugal, or rather between the earnest missionaries of those countries. They were then on the Amazon, between the Ambiacu and Atacoari. Many of their customs are very strange: one is to receive a stranger at the point of the bayonet; but, disregarding this apparently hostile attitude, he is not to play Winkelried, but simply put the bristling arms aside and enter a hut, and there turn into the most convenient hammock. The rest will soon fill up; and while all are going like some great machinery, he can at leisure tell who he is and whence he cometh. Marcoy depicts one of the strange dances in use among this people, and we lay it before our readers. Clothing is never superfluous, but on the occasion of these dances, evidently religious in their origin and connected with pagan rites, the Ticunas assume a dress large enough to cover the body, although, like dancers in civilized lands, there is a weakness for displaying a considerable portion of the nether limbs. The robe is a curiosity, made of bark generally, and, like a long sack, sometimes with arms, oftener with mere arm-holes. The bottom is circular, and below it a face is rudely painted. This is put on so as to be a considerable distance above the head; opposite the dancer's mouth is a slit to allow him to breathe. This strange thing is pulled over the head and descends to the knee, ending in fringes of grass or strips of skin. Each dancer is furnished with two rattles, having a long handle, and the dance begins. They chant the ancient songs peculiar to the dance in the monotonous cadence, which seems so characteristic of Indian music in all parts of the land, and which seems to our ears as devoid of harmony as the movements of the dance are of grace in our eyes.

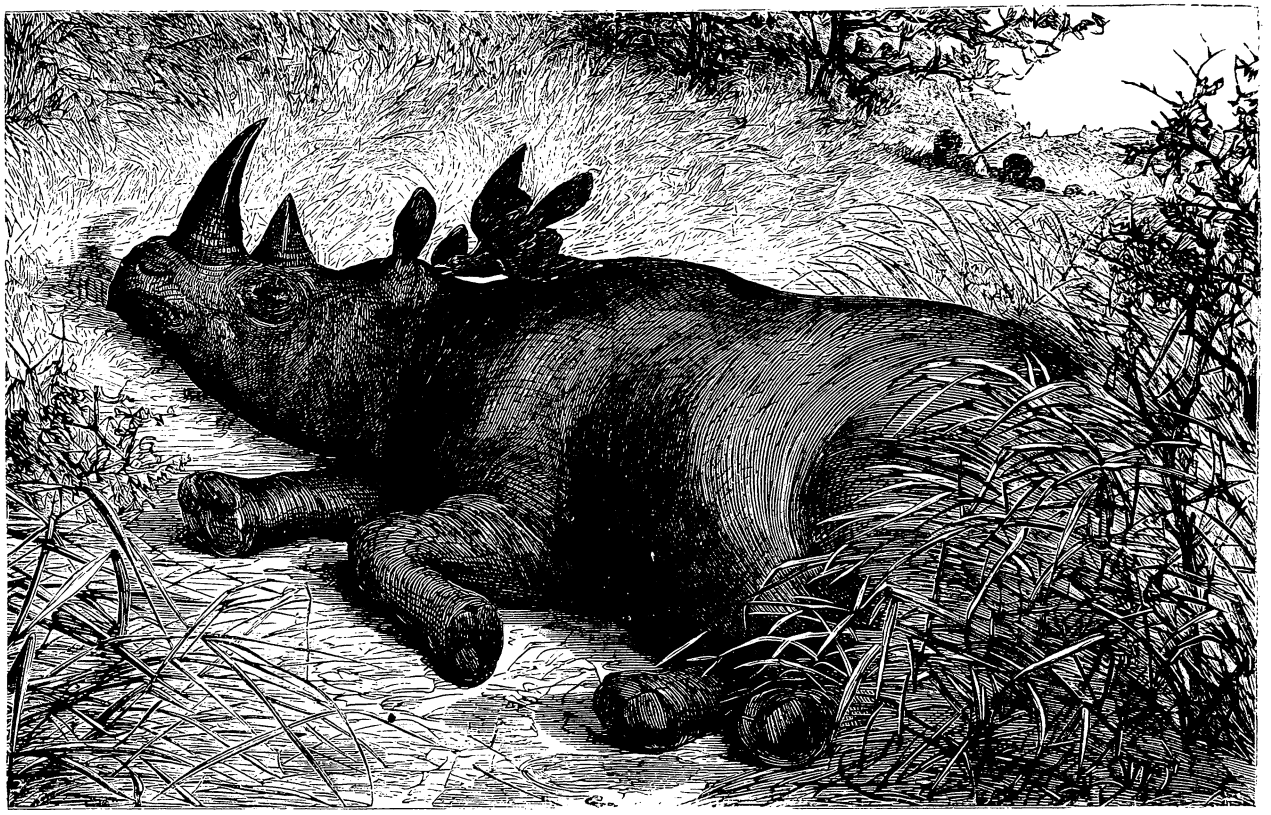
A DANCE AMONG THE TICUNAS: A SOUTH AMERICAN TRIBE.

THE RHINOCEROS:

Its Bird Guardian, and How it is Hunted.

The Bechuana of Southern Africa, if he be rich enough, purchases a gun wherewith to attack the dauntless black rhinoceros, much preferring, as any one who has a chance of seeing Borele in all his savage grandeur will at once understand, to send the messenger of death in the shape of a bullet from a safe distance, than to bear it himself at the end of his soft-headed assagai; indeed, rather than risk the "pretty pickle" that would certainly ensue, if the ill-tempered blade should prove treacherous, the native who goes out to hunt the rhinoceros prefers depending on his bow and poisoned arrows. This mode of hunting, however, at least so say Cumming and Anderson, and other sporting travelers qualified to judge, is extremely unproductive and tedious, in consequence of the poison (which the bushmen manufacture themselves from a sort of tarantula spider, by a process which they keep scrupulously secret) growing so hard and dry on the arrow-tips, that it either chips away on encountering the animal's tough hide, or else, on penetrating the flesh, remains intact, and without dispersing its deadly qualities.

A well-directed common leaden bullet is sufficient to make the biggest rhinoceros bite the dust; but for a long range, say a hundred yards, two-thirds lead and one-third solder is best, or, better still, all spelter. The head of the

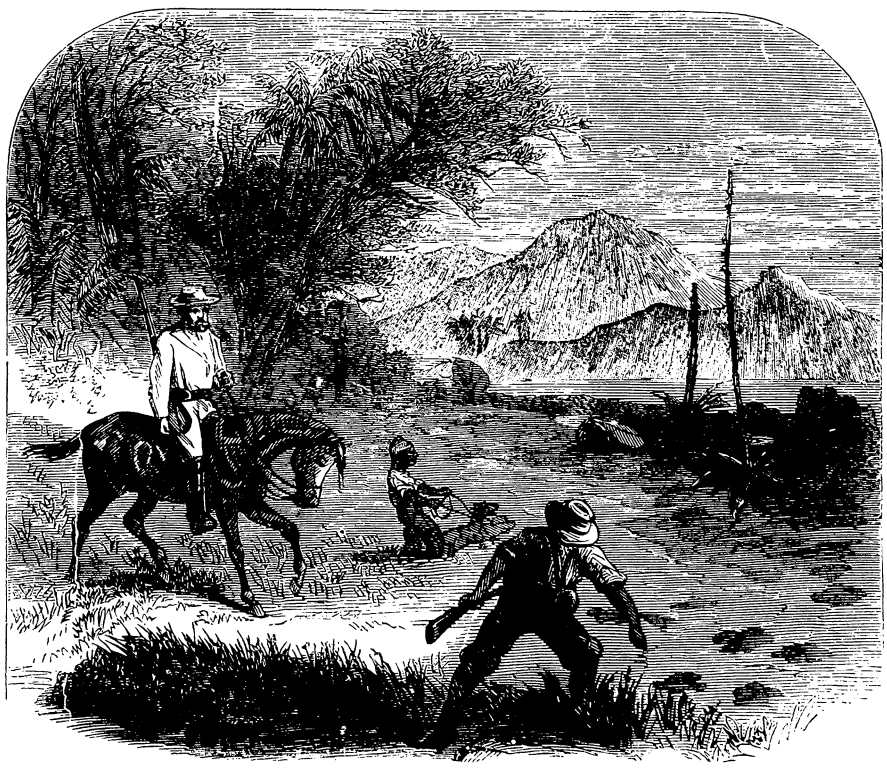


THE BIRD-GUARDIAN OF THE RHINOCEROS.

rhinoceros is so thick, that there is little use in firing at it; and, if it should be penetrated, it is a great chance that the bullet finds the animal's brain, as it is very small and confined in a chamber about six inches long by four high. Sparrman relates that, on filling this receptacle with peas, it was found to hold barely a quart. He tried a human skull, and found that it comfortably accommodated nearly three pints.

Mr. Anderson's experience in hunting the rhinoceros is of the most thrilling character. Although he slew scores of them from behind the "skarm," his favorite mode was to "stalk" them. He tells of a monstrous white rhinoceros that nearly put an end to his stalking.

"Having got within a few paces of her," says he, 'I put a ball in her shoulder; but it nearly cost me dear; for, guided by the flash of the gun, she rushed upon me with such fury, that I had only time to throw myself on my back, in which position I remained motionless. This saved my life; for, not observing me, she came to a sudden halt just as her feet were about to crush my body. She was so near me, that I felt the saliva from her mouth trickle on to my face. I was in an agony of suspense, though happily only for a moment; for, having impatiently sniffed the air, she wheeled about and made off at full speed."



THE SPOOR OF THE RHINOCEROS.

Some quadrupeds find a remarkable protection in the company of animals belonging not only to the same genus, but to a totally different class. Thus, the rhinoceros is frequently accompanied by a bird—*Buphaga africana*—that feasts upon the larvæ that settle in his skin. As the range of his small and deep-set eyes is impeded by his horn, he can only see what

is immediately before him, so that, if one be to leeward of him, it is not difficult to approach within a few paces. But the bird sees all the better, and flying away at the first approach of danger, awakens the short-sighted brute's attention by a shrill cry of warning. Thus the insects which plague the rhinoceros become the indirect means of his preservation from many perils, as, but for them, his winged monitor would have no inducement to seek his company.

The African buffalo possesses a similar guardian in the *Texior erythrorynchus*. When the beast is quietly feeding, the bird may frequently be seen hopping on the ground, picking up food, or sitting on its back, and ridding it of the insects with which its skin is infested. The sight of the bird being much more acute than that of the buffalo, it is soon alarmed by the approach of any danger; and, when it flies up, the buffaloes instantly raise their heads to discover the cause which has led to the sudden flight of their companion.

CAPTAIN COCHRANE, THE PEDESTRIAN TRAVELER.

THE passion for adventure in foreign lands appears to be natural to human beings; but probably no one ever possessed this passion more strongly than Captain Dundas Cochrane, whose narrative of a pedestrian journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary, from the frontiers of Tartary to the Frozen Sea and Kamtschatka, was published about forty years since. In the introduction to this extraordinary book, Captain Cochrane tells us that, in the month of January, 1820, he addressed a letter to the Lords of the Admiralty, offering to undertake a journey on foot into the interior of Africa, or to any other place to which they pleased to send him. He was entirely without funds for the purpose, his whole fortune consisting of his half-pay as a commander in the navy; but his intention was to proceed alone, and he asked only to be furnished with the countenance of the Government. "With this protection," he says, "and such recommendations as it might procure me, I would have accompanied the caravans in some servile capacity, nor hesitated even to sell myself as a slave if that miserable alternative were necessary to accomplish the object I had in view." His opinion upon the advantages of this mode of exploring were peculiar, but were not without some plausibility.

"In going alone," he said, "I relied upon my own individual exertions and knowledge of man, unfettered by the frailties and misconduct of others. I was then, as now, convinced that many people traveling together, for the purpose of exploring a barbarous country, have the less chance of succeeding; more especially when they go armed, and take with them presents of value. The appearance of numbers must naturally excite the natives to resistance, from motives of jealousy or fear; and the danger would be greatly increased by the hope of plunder. The death of the whole party, and consequently the failure of the expedition, will be the probable result of such a plan. The difficulty of finding men, otherwise suitable, whose constitutions admit an equal degree of suffering and fatigue, is also great; and that of collecting a number of people gifted with the due portion of those virtues, without which no expedition of discovery could succeed, is certainly a greater."

It is not, perhaps, surprising that the Admiralty shrank from the responsibility of advising a young officer without fortune to start upon a pedestrian expedition of such magnitude; but Cochrane was not easily discouraged. Despairing of obtaining employment afloat, he determined to start on his explorations without any assistance. Having procured two years' leave of absence, he accordingly sketched out a magnificent scheme, which was no other than to travel on foot round the globe as nearly as could be done by land, crossing from Northern Asia to America at Behring's Straits. He had but little qualification for a scientific traveler; he was ignorant of natural history, nor could he, traveling on foot, have brought away with him any specimens of animals, plants, or minerals. Moreover, he had no means of carrying with him the instruments necessary for making geographical observations of places, of the state of the air, or such other matters as are generally expected to be noted by travellers; but his inextinguishable thirst for travel overcame all these objections. His first and leading object was to trace the shores of the Polar Sea along America by land, as Captain Parry was then attempting to do by sea, and at the same time to note his observations on men and manners. Having, therefore, procured such documents as were necessary, and filled his knapsack with the few articles which he considered requisite to enable him to wander alone through the wild deserts and forests of three quarters of the globe, he quitted England, and landed, in February, 1820, at Dieppe, in France, from which point his long pedestrian journey commenced.

Having traversed in this way the whole of France by way of Paris, sleeping chiefly in humble lodging-houses, where bed and breakfast were furnished for a franc, he entered Rhenish Prussia by way of Metz and Sarrebruck. The country people, and particularly the roadside innkeepers, eyed him with suspicion. The landlord of one house at which he had stopped at Alzey turned him out because he was only a foot-traveler; but the indomitable pedestrian, thinking it better to pocket the affront, purchased a loaf of bread, and pushed on, fatigued, cold, and mortified, but not downcast, until he reached a farm, whose adjoining barn furnished him with a night's shelter. Here he reposed with perfect content upon clean hay. On another occasion, at Naumberg, he could gain no reception into any house but that of a poor shoemaker, which he did at the price of a glass of schnaps; who besides, for a second glass, mended his shoes and gaiters, and provided him with a truss of straw, on which he slept soundly. At Potsdam he obtained admittance to a house with infinite difficulty, content to purchase black bread for his supper, and the use of a hard bench for his bed. In Berlin he perambulated the streets nearly the whole night in search of a lodging, and was at last compelled to sleep on a seat in the Promenade under the open sky. Here, however, he fared better for awhile. By the kind assistance of Mr. Rose, the British minister, he obtained a comfortable lodging, and his benefactor invited him to a dinner at his house, at which Captain Cochrane made the acquaintance of Prince Labanoff and other powerful persons, by whose interest he was enabled greatly to facilitate his journey to St. Petersburg. We find a curious contrast to the rapid transmission of intelligence in the present day, when we learn that Cochrane, though a pedestrian, was the first bearer of the information of the Duc de Berri's assassination in Paris, a full month's post being due at Berlin, owing to the great quantity of snow which had fallen.

Continuing his journey towards Stettin, the traveler suffered cruelly from the cold and the bad roads. An old soldier of Napoleon whom he had met on the road, to whom he had complained of blistered feet, had imparted to him a remedy which he found to be invaluable. It was simply to rub the feet at going to rest with spirits mixed with tallow dropped from a lighted candle into the palm of the hand; and this remedy the wayworn traveller was continually called upon to renew. Occasionally he met with a reception

from poor people very different from that harshness which he experienced so often. "A post-house," he says, "called Romini, with a good, civil landlord, better wife, and seven well-behaved children, made me welcome, dried my clothes, and gave me a glass of schnaps to keep me warm, while a good supper of beef and potatoes was preparing for me. Cold, wet, weary, and half-famished, I had entered the benevolent post-house; but one short hour restored me to life and good humor, and ultimately to the enjoyment of a clean bed made on the spot for my accommodation, by filling a tick with hay and sewing it up again. The whole property of this family," he adds, "could not have been worth ten pounds."

I had arrived in a most miserable plight, the heavy and frequent rains having dilapidated my apparel, which, even in good weather, was not calculated to last long. My cap I had lost in the icy swamp, and in default my head was bound up with a piece of red flannel. My trousers were literally torn to tatters; my shoes tied to my feet to prevent their falling off; my shirt, except a flannel one and waistcoat, both superseded by my outer jacket. All I had retained was sound health and a contented mind, and I wanted no more, for this generous family had, during the night, put my entire wardrobe to rights; and I departed the following morning with sound clothing, and reflections of heartfelt gratitude to have met with the beneficial exercise of such qualities in a quarter of the world where I had little reason to expect them."

After passing in this manner through Memel and Riga, at which towns he called upon the British Consuls, he reached St. Petersburg, having been eighty-three days from London in performing a distance of sixteen hundred miles. Here he was kindly entertained by Sir Robert Kerr Porter, and through Sir Daniel Bailey, the British Consul-General, then the only representative of the British Court at St. Petersburg, he was enabled to transmit a memorial to Count Nesselrode, the Foreign Minister, for the approbation of His Imperial Majesty, who readily assented to furnish him with the necessary passports, and even offered the traveler, through Colonel Cathcart, money to aid him in the journey, which, however, was declined. Furnished with the necessary documents, after three weeks' stay in St. Petersburg, the traveler set out again upon a journey on foot of eight or ten thousand miles, through a country still more cold and inhospitable than that through which he had just passed. The principal of these documents was addressed "To all Civil Governors," and bore the words, "The bearer hereof, Captain John Cochrane, of the British Royal Navy, purposing to travel through Russia on foot, is now on his departure for Kamtschatka with the intention of penetrating from thence to America. Having, by the command of His Imperial Majesty, provided this traveler with open instructions to the police of all the towns and provinces lying in his track from St. Petersburg to Kamtschatka, this is also to desire all the chiefs of the different governments through which he may travel, to aid Captain Cochrane, as far as possible, to proceed on his journey without interruption, as well as to afford him lawful defence and protection, in case it should be desired." Armed with these documents, and his simple knapsack, he set out from St. Petersburg on the 24th of May. He had not proceeded, however, many days upon the road, when an accident befell him, more serious than any of his previous mishaps. Having left the town of Tosna, on the road to Luibane, he sat down at about the ninth milestone, to rest and smoke a cigar, when he felt himself suddenly seized from behind, and, looking round, found himself in the power of two ruffians, whose faces were as much concealed as the oddness of their dress would permit. One of them, who held an iron bar in his hand, dragged him by the collar towards a forest, whilst the other, with a bayoneted musket, pushed him in such a manner as to compel him to hasten, while a boy of their party was stationed on the roadside to keep a look-out.

Having penetrated some sixty or eighty paces into the thickest part of the forest, the unfortunate traveler was desired to undress, and having stripped off his trousers, jacket, and shirt, and finally his shoes and stockings, the robbers proceeded to tie him to a tree. From this ceremony, and from the manner of it, their victim naturally concluded that they intended to kill him by firing at him as they would at a mark. The villains, however, with much coolness, merely seated themselves at his feet, and commenced rifling his pockets, even cutting out the lining of the clothes in search of bank bills, or some other valuable articles. They then compelled him to take a pound of black bread, and a glass of rum poured from a small flask which had been suspended from his neck. Having next appropriated his trousers, shirts, stockings, and English shooting shoes—a present from his kind friends in St. Petersburg—as also his spectacles, watch, compass, thermometer, and small pocket sextant, with one hundred and sixty roubles—about seven pounds sterling—they released him from the tree for a while. Then, after flourishing a knife in his face, indicating a threat of vengeance if he informed against them, they again bound him to the tree, and finally left him. Here he was at last discovered by a boy, whom his cries attracted to the spot, and who helped to release him. The unlucky pedestrian was compelled to make the best of the blue jacket, flannel waistcoat, and the few other articles which the robbers had left him, in making up some kind of attire; and in this miserable, half-naked state he resumed his route, until he fortunately fell in with a number of soldiers, who were employed in making a new road under General Woronzoff. The general kindly provided him with a vehicle to Novgorod, where a benevolent Russian merchant, to whom he had a letter of recommendation, provided him with a complete refit; while the Governor, Gerebzoff, kindly furnished him with a little money.

These anecdotes give a good idea of the kind of mishaps to which the adventurous traveler was subjected in the course of his long wanderings. Lofty mountains of half-frozen snow, large overflowed marshes, crowded and decayed forests, and half-frozen lakes, were among the obstacles which sometimes diverted his path, but were never sufficient to turn him from his purpose. Suffering from cold, rain, hunger, and fatigue—on one occasion, with forty-five nights' exposure to the snow; at times without fire in a frost of thirty degrees, being once actually five days without food—the traveler still pushed on. In Kamtschatka he walked four hundred miles without seeing one individual, and for one thousand miles of the worst part of his journey he met with but one habitation. Where he did find people or habitations, however, in these regions he was almost invariably treated with kindness and hospitality; and the governors of towns, or other Russian officials, to whom he presented his papers, were ever ready to help him forward. In this way he finally accomplished his purpose of penetrating to the remotest eastern corner of the continent of Asia, the bay of St. Peter and St. Paul, which the reader may find on the map at the extremity of the peninsula of Kamtschatka. Here, unfortunately, he met with an insurmountable obstacle to further progress. No vessel of any description could be found to convey him thence to the northwestern coast of America, from which he had intended to continue his wanderings. Having, therefore, addressed a letter from Okotsk, on the sea of that name, to the Governor-General of Siberia, stating the reasons which compelled him to return, Cochrane finally set out again on foot, and traversing Siberia once more, he arrived safely at St. Petersburg, exactly three years and three weeks after quitting that city.

LITTERS, PALANQUINS, AND SEDANS.

ONE of the distinguishing characteristics of man is his propensity to shy work wherever the thing is at all practicable. So far as mere amusement or exercise is concerned, he can put in, without a murmur, an hour or two of as intense labor as his muscular system could be subjected to; but set any serious task before him involving a few minutes' application and the sweat of his brow, and, unless it is essentially romantic, he will fly off at a tangent, or endeavor to get some one to stand proxy for him.

This phase of his character has long been illustrated by the number and variety of the beasts of burden he has pressed into his service, and the numerous offices he has constrained them to perform. Take the horse, the ass, or the mule, for example, not to speak of the camel or the ox, and we shall find in his treatment of them, one and all, verification of the truth of what we have here asserted.

Doubtless, the first illustration of his selfishness and ingenuity, in this relation, was after he had himself begun to feel that his powers of endurance or of locomotion were not adequate to his aspirations or necessities. So far as his own personal comfort was concerned, he early began to perceive the difference between a day's journey on foot and one performed on the back of some beast of burden. And yet he has never been able to free himself completely of some portion at least of the task assigned to him by nature as it were, for even to this day he is constrained, in various parts of the world, to bear some slight share of the labors which we now regard as properly belonging to some of the lower animals.

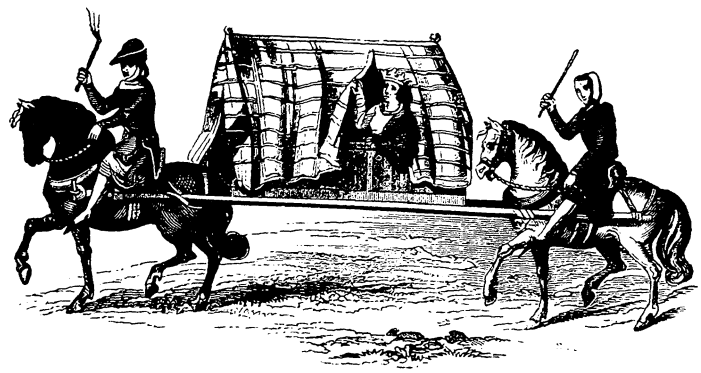
That he had experimented upon some of his own race, however, before he encroached, to any great extent, upon the liberty and endurance of any four-footed creature, is highly probable, as he seems not to have forgotten this knack to the present hour. Obviously, the first means or vehicle used, in the transportation from point to point of any mere burden, was a single pole carried on the hands or on the shoulders of two persons; the one preceding the other and in line with him, and the load suspended in the centre between them; or the litter in its simplest form — that is, two long poles with branches laid on cross-pieces forming a platform in the centre, upon which whatever was to be carried might rest; while a man, standing at each end between the extremities of the poles, the one with his face turned toward the back of the other, grasped the handles of the platform, as it were, and, lifting the whole, trudged away with it.

UMBRELLA CHARACTERISTICS.

These have evidently been the original of all more modern litters, palanquins, and sedans. And that, in course of time, they had become improved and ornamental, while the two carriers of the latter quietly slipped out of the harness, and introduced horses in their place, is quite apparent from the accompanying illustration of one of these modes of conveyances used in the time of Richard II.

The most ancient Welsh tribes tied the two poles along-

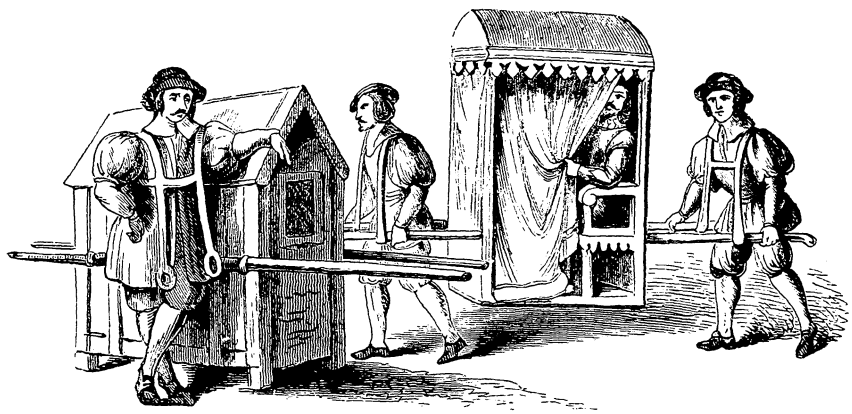
side their horses in something like this fashion, but let their ends trail on the ground. On these they placed burdens in some rude manner, as some of the Indian tribes at the West do at this day, using their tent-



HORSE-LITTER IN THE TIME OF RICHARD II.

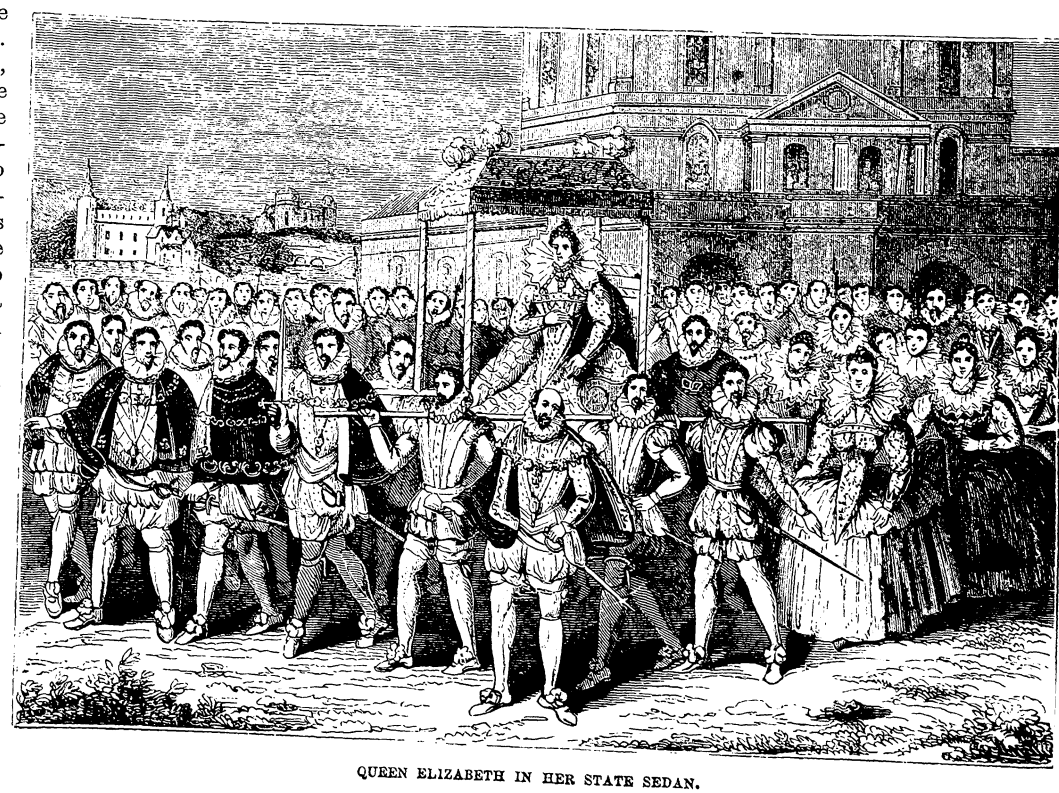
poles for the purpose. Subsequently, and by way of improvement, they used forked poles as more convenient and useful. Such contrivances were used for drawing stone from quarries in very early times, and more recently, in Madeira, for the transport of wine. It would appear, however, that the original one-pole method of carrying burdens, to which we have already referred as the earliest mode used, gave rise to the Tando of Java or the Palanquin of Japan, for it will be perceived from our full-page illustration that here still are the two carriers with the single pole on their shoulders, and their burden suspended between them. To be sure, this is a vast improvement upon the original, inasmuch as it presents some of

LADY'S SEDAN-CHAIR.



SEDAN-CHAIRS.

the evidences of civilization and refinement; for the body of this conveyance is made of light and beautifully wrought mats, with a falling lid or door on each side, which can be kept closed or open at pleasure; as may be perceived from our engraving. The pole from which it is suspended is sometimes beautifully carved, and the inside of the huge satchel made luxurious with costly stuffs and mats. The porters who trudge along with it are sturdy fellows, who, protected from the rays of the burning sun by their umbrella-hats, perform long jou



QUEEN ELIZABETH IN HER STATE SEDAN.

neys with great speed and certainty, and especially along roads and through regions not practicable to beasts of burden. The Tando or Tandook is extremely cool and comfortable, and, when the season is at all propitious, a most agreeable conveyance to travel in, and particularly for tourists who would enjoy the beautiful scenery of either Japan or Java.

In India the palanquin is indispensable, from the fact that the roads are, as a general thing, so bad that they are impossible to any other mode of conveyance. Those belonging to the wealthy Parsees and princes are luxurious in the extreme, and of the most exquisite workmanship. They are sometimes carried by a dozen coolies, although containing but one person. The J'Halledar, or State Palanquin, of this great empire, is one of the most costly and gorgeous contrivances imaginable. A roof of sandal-wood, magnificently carved and inlaid with gold; lining of heavy wrought silk, ablaze with precious stones; cushions of the rarest fabrics, and framework of the rarest woods, gleaming with numberless devices in ivory and pearl; and rich in the most beautiful and elaborate carvings, strike the eye of the beholder. The roof, as will be seen from the annexed engraving, can be raised or lowered at pleasure; while the ornamented snake-like shaft that projects in front, and two very much shorter ones behind, explain the means through which it is borne along by the officials, who wait upon the movements of "the sacred person of royalty." The fringe, represented in our illustration, is of pure gold; and the two keepers—the one standing and the other seated in the background—are responsible for the good condition and the safety of the whole with their heads. Hence, they keep watch and ward over it both day and night, save when relieved by those who share their trust.

There are two classes of carriers in India—the one for transporting passengers and the mails, the other for the conveyance of goods. When not heavily laden, their speed is about five miles an hour; when otherwise, about four. At the termination of every fifteen or twenty miles they halt to rest for a short time at a sort of post-house or bungalow. They are most certain and systematic; and the relays going out and coming in meet each other at certain points with great regularity, where the one who had just borne a burden to the distance appointed to him relinquishes his burden and returns empty, another having taken up his load. Strange stories are told, however, in relation to the cunning and knavish tricks of some of these couriers; but as we are not aware that there is anything vicious about their dealings we shall not be instrumental in propagating rumors unfriendly to them.

There are two other sorts of palanquins in Japan besides the one previously named, the larger and stronger of which has four bearers or carriers, and sides of lacquered wood. It is somewhat heavy, and is very durable. The pace of the carriers that bear it along is wonderfully even and rapid, great distance being accomplished by them in an incredibly short period. Those used for the conveyance of the nobility and ladies of rank have sash-doors, and are beautifully fitted up and ornamented. This description of palanquin is called a Noriman, and is, of course, much in use. The other, which is named Cango, is made of bamboo, and is open on all sides. It is very light, and is borne by two carriers only. Tourists, from its coolness and convenience, are much given to its use, as also from the circumstance that it is most manageable in forest travel and in narrow pathways. There is, however, yet another one-pole conveyance among the Celestials, if we may so call the Japanese, which is much employed by the poorer classes, and of which we give an illustration. This also is, as will be perceived, a one-pole affair, quite primitive as to its construction, and hammock-like in its appearance. It is, however, very comfortable, and furnished with cushions that are soft and agreeable, as well as with a roof that not only wards off the rain and the direct rays of the sun, but serves as a shelf for such articles as the occupant may choose to place upon it. However strange the assertion, travelers declare that these conveyances are the only agreeable ones used in hot countries, or that are at all suited to the abominable roads which are to be met everywhere within the tropics. Certainly, they seem preferable to lumbering wheels, or even to the chair, strapped on the back of certain carriers, in which we find mountain travelers seated.

The street-chair or sedan of South America, with its two bearers and its curtains—a representation of which we here annex—is found to be most agreeable and convenient by the inhabitants. It is, as will be observed, carried at such a trifling distance from the ground that a passenger can step in and out of it with the greatest ease, while the bearers rest on the shoulders of the carriers. It is not used for long journeys, and is to be met in towns and cities only, mules and other beasts of burden being employed in the saddle or in harness where anything like considerable distances are to be accomplished. But then the mule and the mustang are now used so freely throughout the whole of Spanish and South America, whether in the pursuit of business or of pleasure, that we fear the receipts from the sedan, in even the most populous centres of these countries, have been of late years greatly restricted.

Our hardy Saxon ancestors seemed to have disdained such effeminate things as litters, and the only use of such a mode of conveyance was to carry off a wounded warrior from the battle-field. But with the Normans came greater luxury, and the litter intended originally for the sick or wounded began to come into use among the rich, indolent, and voluptuous.

The old English sedan-chair seems to have been an uneasy affair, from the fact that the occupant was usually seated above the poles or bearers, instead of beneath them, as in the South American and Japanese chairs. The toppling effect of this elevation can be readily conceived as most uncomfortable. In the chairs of the East, the conveyance, from its pendulum-like construction, always hangs in the line of gravitation, so that the vertical position of the passenger is never disturbed; while, in the Anglo-Saxon contrivance, he felt, of necessity, every motion of the wooden bearers and of the step of the carriers. In the following engraving, however, we may perceive a sort of sentry-box, in which he must have been a little more at ease, although still far from being as comfortably poised as he might have been.

These two chairs were in great vogue in England during the sixteenth century, and down a considerable way into the seventeenth. From their respective appearances, it is evident that the one was used by the poorer classes, and the other by the gentry and the nobility. After night had fallen, the more aristocratic one was universally preceded by two or more link-boys carrying torches, so as not only to light up the dark and dull streets, but to deter robbers from making a descent upon the usually wealthy occupant.

Strange enough that, after the horse-litter had been used in both England and France with some degree of comfort and pleasure, both nations seem to have let it drop out of existence, and to have returned to the carrier system in every relation in which the litter had been used. This, as somebody observes, was a return of man to the harness, and his resumption of an office that belonged properly to beasts of burden. Be this as it may, the sedan, during the reign of Elizabeth, and of Henry IV. of France, was to be found in every town and city of both kingdoms, where it was regarded as a mode of conveyance never to be superseded by anything in the way of convenient or fashionable locomotion. In England, especially, it became an institution,

as more manageable and elegant than a heavy, lumbering vehicle, in the shape of a coach drawn by horses.

The English Queen Elizabeth had adopted it as a most regal mode of conveyance, and delighted to appear seated in it upon the shoulders of gentlemen of rank, while followed through the streets by a numerous retinue of lords and ladies on foot. The annexed illustration is from an old engraving representing her journey from the Palace to Whitehall, where her Parliament assembled, and where she managed to have it pretty much her own way.

The conspicuous elevation of this sedan, together with the throng of bearers and nobles who accompany the conveyance, may be regarded as a fair indication of the pride and the power of this despotic sovereign. From the moment that she had left her prison at Woodstock to ascend the throne, to the close of her long life, she ruled her court with a rod of iron, and made the very noblest of her subjects bear her upon their shoulders in everything that could minister to her greatness and that of the nation. While we behold her thus exalted, however, and notwithstanding some redeeming qualities, we find blood upon her hands—that of her fair sister-sovereign and cousin, Mary Queen of Scots. This stain is the deepest and most indelible affecting her character, and one that has been denounced for many generations by the noble and the good of all lands. Such litters and sedans seem to have gone out of fashion in England.

Sedan-chairs were first seen in England when Charles, son of James I., on his return from Spain, brought with him three specimens of a peculiar character, somewhat resembling the Indian palanquin in the manner in which they were carried. The favorite, Buckingham, being in the habit of traveling about London in one of these, was abused by the populace for turning men into "slaves and beasts of burden." In spite, however, of popular clamor and the furious opposition of coach-drivers, this new and handy method of traveling steadily grew into favor. The frontispiece of a tract published in 1636, and entitled "Coach and Sedan Pleasantly Disputing for Place and Procedure," represents the form of the sedan and its bearers touting for custom. The mode of carrying was the same as that adopted in the later sedans. In the eighteenth century we find that the sedan, though considerably altered in form from the original type, had become a universal mode of conveyance for the higher and middle classes of society. The state of the pavement in the metropolis and the chief cities of Great Britain caused the sedan to be preferred, both for comfort and safety, to every description of coach. As there were no footpaths, and only a line of posts in the principal streets to protect pedestrians, none would even walk any distance who could afford to hire a sedan. The London chairmen were a numerous and influential body. Those who were in the service of the aristocracy had their gorgeous liveries, epaulets, and cocked-hats. The hackney chairmen pervaded the neighborhood of tavern doors, where they waited to be hired. They were chiefly Irishmen, and were distinguished by their muscular development, especially in the calves of their legs. That they were popularly believed to be somewhat given to insolence may be gathered from an incident in one of Smollett's novels, where, in retaliation for the hero having been insulted by two chairmen, the man who acts as his servant and trusty henchman conceals a number of heavy weights about his person, and hires the delinquents to carry him a certain distance. Staggering under the unusual load, each chairman suspects his comrade of not taking his fair share of the burden, and begins to abuse him accordingly. The strife waxing hotter, the two belligerents ultimately set down both box and passenger, in order to settle the dispute with their fists; whilst the real author of the quarrel quietly slips away, having deposited his weights in the chair for the subsequent enlightenment and consolation of the mutually-battered disputants.

In the first three quarters of the eighteenth century, when the style of dress was highly refined, and the least derangement to the hair of either lady or gentleman was fatal, the sedan was at its zenith of usefulness. Then was the gentleman, with his silk clothes and nicely arranged toupee and curls, as fain to take advantage of this careful casing as he went from house to house, as any of the softer sex. The nobility, and other wealthy persons, used to keep their own sedans, and have them very handsomely decorated. They stood in the lobby of the town mansion, ready to be used when required. It must have been a fine sight to see several gilt sedans passing along, with a set of ladies and gentlemen of one family, through the West-End streets of London, attended by link-boys, and being one by one ushered into some luxurious mansion, where company was received for the evening. When the whole party had been duly delivered, the link-boys thrust their flambeaux into the trumpet-like extinguishers which flourished at each aristocratic door-cheek in the metropolis, and withdrew till the appointed time when their services were required for returning home.

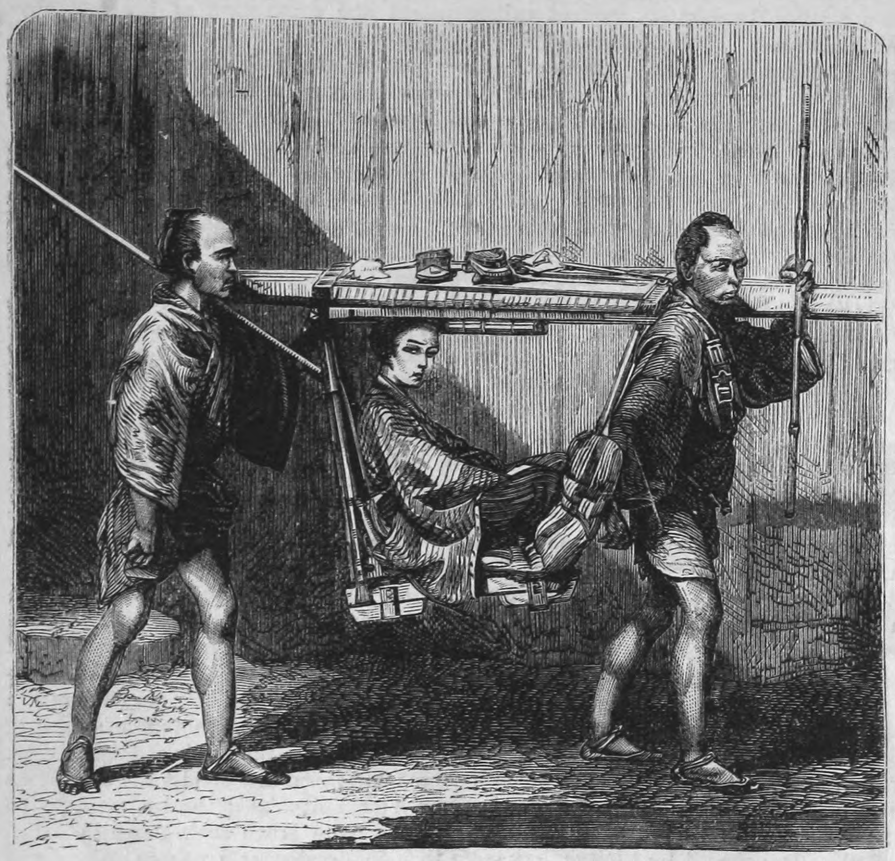
In Edinburgh, in the middle of the eighteenth century, there were far more sedans in use than coaches. The sedan was better suited for the steep streets and narrow lanes of the Scottish capital, besides being better fitted in all circumstances for transporting a finely dressed lady or gentleman in a cleanly and composed condition. The public sedans of that city were for the most part in the hands of Highlanders, whose uncouth jargon and irritability amidst the confusions of a dissolving party, or a dismissed theatre, used to be highly amusing. Now there is no such thing in Edinburgh, any more than in London, as a private sedan; and within the last few years the use of public ones has nearly, if not entirely, ceased.

Although the sedan-chair has died out in Europe, it is still held of great importance in other countries. Whether it may ever reappear in London or Paris, it is difficult to say, fashion, like history, repeats itself so often. That it will never make its *début* in the streets of modern New York is more than probable, from the fact that our American ideas of locomotion, in this year of grace 1876, involve so rapid a change of place, that one might suppose we aimed at being "in two places at once."

DREAMING AND SLEEP-WALKING.

DREAMING is now not such a puzzle as it once was. We know by careful study and experience what it is. No one dreams when he is sound asleep. Dreams take place only during an imperfect or perturbed sleep. The imaginative faculties are less or more awake, and being unchecked by the reflective faculties or judgment, the wildest conceptions are formed, and these half-waking fancies we call dreams. Usually, these fancies are ill-assorted shreds of casual remembrances, or of something that has made a strong impression on the mind. There is nothing supernatural about them, and any attempt to explain them is simply ridiculous. Persons who pretend to tell the meaning of dreams are either impostors or weak-minded individuals.

Yet there are some curious phenomena about dreams. The half-wakeful mind, in an unchecked imaginative



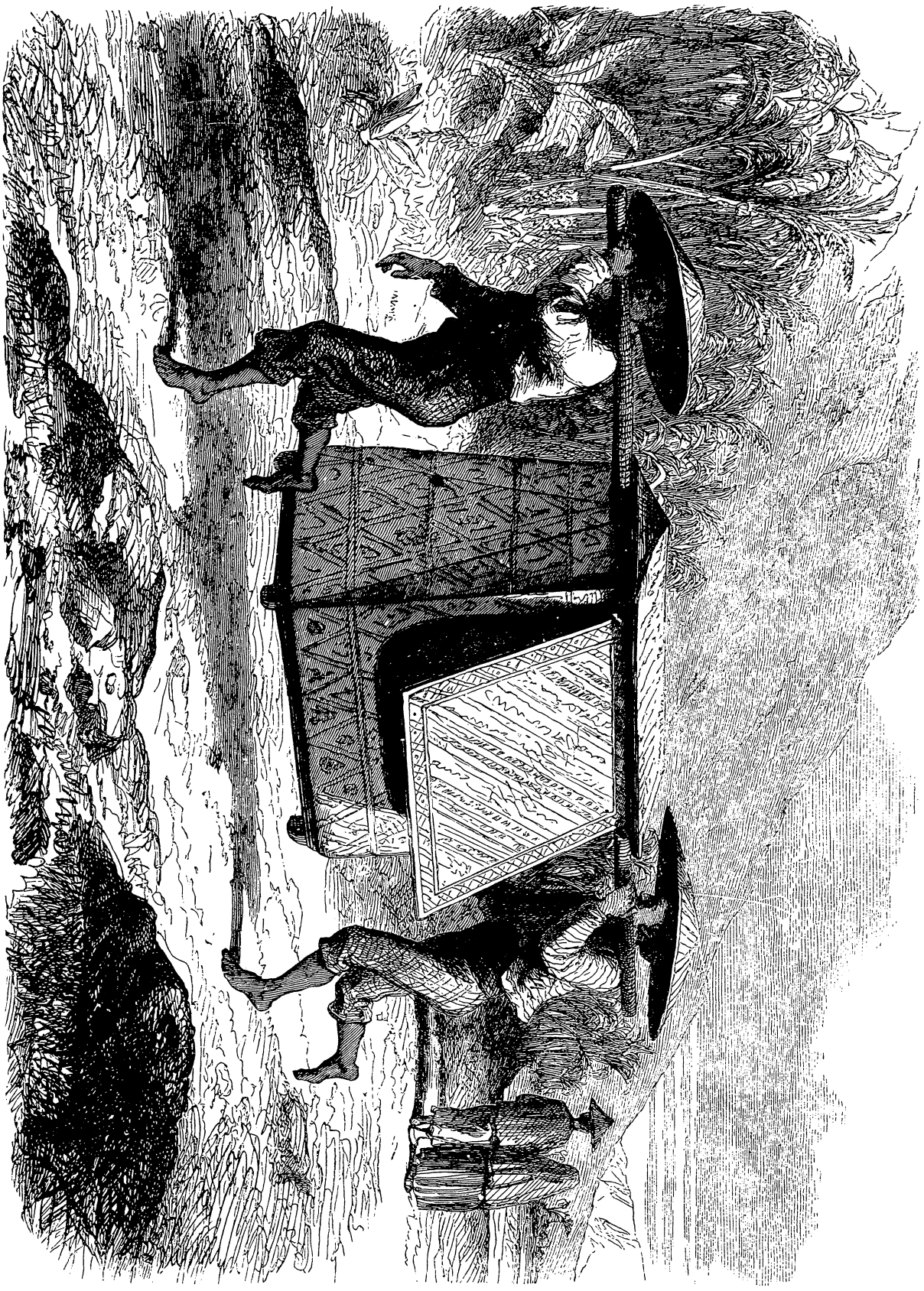
LITTERS, PALANQUINS AND SEDANS.—A JAPANESE PALANQUIN.—SEE PAGE 348.

condition, can do things that appear a little surprising. Musicians have composed tunes in their dreams, and so have persons of a poetical fancy composed verses, which they wrote down on waking. We have at times experienced a pleasure, no doubt enjoyed by many, that of waking up and still continuing to carry on a dream. To do this requires some delicate management. Feeling that we have awoke, we must take care to keep the eyes shut, so as to prevent any confusion between the imaginings and the exterior objects. If the eyes look about them, in a way to convey impressions to the brain, the dream vanishes. In short, in certain half-wakeful conditions, the imagination is powerful, the more so, as being wholly unobstructed by reflection, and dashes off into the most wonderful and sometimes most beautiful conceptions.

When we pass from the phenomena of dreaming, and enter the domain of sleep-walking, or somnambulism, a higher psychological curiosity is reached. Here we shall find it convenient to adopt some kind of classification, so varied are the forms in which the action presents itself. Many cases are on record, for instance, in which the sleep action is a direct continuation of wakeful-action, without any break. Coachmen, postillions, and muleteers are known to have continued driving even after they had fallen into a drowsy sleep; the muscles and nerves continue to act in a sort of automatic manner, after consciousness has lapsed into slumber. M. Plater, the celebrated lutanist or luteplayer, one evening dropped asleep while playing, after partaking of an unusually liberal supper; he continued to "discourse sweet music," correctly and tastefully, until roused from his drowsy nap by the noise of his lute falling on the floor. A "reader" in a printing-office fell asleep while reading for the correction of proof, but continued reading down to the bottom of that page. In this case the probability is that his sleep only went to the extent of drowsiness; at anyrate, when roused up, he could not remember the words which he had just been correctly reading. Sir John Moore, during his ever-memorable retreat to Corunna, had to make forced marches night and day, as the only mode of averting capture by a vastly larger French army; his poor tired soldiers often slept as they marched, or marched as they slept.

A truly remarkable manifestation of somnambulism is that which can be brought about by the influence of other persons on the sleeper. External voices and sounds can move him to action even when his consciousness is asleep. Dr. Carpenter and other physiologists have recorded many instances of this kind. A young naval officer, signal-lieutenant to Admiral Lord Hood at Toulon, sometimes continued his anxious duties for eighteen or twenty hours at a stretch; going to his berth, and falling instantly asleep, his mind was nevertheless so far awake on one particular subject that, if a comrade whispered "Signal!" in his ear, it roused him at once and irresistibly. A young military

LITTERS, PALANQUINS AND SEDANS.—THE IMPERIAL PALANQUIN AND CORTÉGE OF THE MIKADO, ON THE ROAD FROM MIAKO TO YEDDO, JAPAN.



LITTERS, PALANQUINS, AND SEDANS.—TANDOOK, OR JAPANESE PALANQUIN.—SEE PAGE 348.

officer voyaging with his regiment in a troop-ship, displayed a tendency which some of the mischievous wags around him took an unfair advantage of. When he was asleep in his berth, they would whisper in his ear, giving him all the details of a duel, a shipwreck, or a battle; his mind unconsciously followed the narrative, until he was roused to action by the climax, and awoke by springing out of bed. Fortunately for society, such cases are rare; it would be a perilous thing if others could induce us to do what *they* wish, without consciousness on our part.

Sleep-*writing* is not the least noteworthy among these phenomena. Indeed, some of the instances are inexplicable in the present state of our knowledge; for things are done with closed eyes while asleep, which the persons certainly could not have done with closed eyes when awake. In some cases, although the eyes are open, ordinary vision does not seem to be performed by them. It would almost appear as if we were endowed with an additional sense, which only makes itself manifest in the somnambulistic state. Be this as it may, the recorded examples are deeply interesting.

A young French ecclesiastic frequently rose in the middle of the night, went to a table, took pen and ink, and wrote portions of sermons. It was not mere mechanical work; he would make frequent corrections to improve the grammar and syntax of his composition—changing, for instance, "ce divin enfant" into "cet adorable enfant," and then into "cet enfant adorable." On one occasion, when watched by the Archbishop of Bordeaux, experiments were made to ascertain what kind of vision was being exerted. A sheet of writing-paper was quietly and cautiously substituted for that which the somnambulist had placed before him; he did not recognize the change, if the two sheets were similar in size and shape; an opaque screen was placed between his eyes and the paper, but he wrote on just the same. In another case, a young poet, not having finished some stanzas before he went to bed, rose in the night, went to his table, and finished them—so much to his satisfaction, that he applauded his own genius and taste; in the morning he remembered nothing of the matter. Dr. Carpenter mentions the instance of a man who wrote accurately in his sleep, placing his words at good distances apart, dotting every *i*, and crossing every *t*. A young collegian got out of bed asleep, lit a candle, sat down to a table, took pen and paper, wrote out some geometrical and algebraic problems, extinguished the light, and went to bed again—his eyes closed all the time. On one occasion, an Amsterdam banker requested a mathematical professor to work out a very intricate calculation for him; the professor set his pupils to work; one of them went to bed with his mind full of the subject; and in the morning was not a little surprised to find his table covered with sheets of paper on which the calculation was fully and satisfactorily developed. The writing was in his own hand; he had risen in the night and done it while asleep.

Walking, without *talking* or *working*, is a familiar kind of somnambulistic manifestation. Bellini's "Somnambula" hits the right note here; poor *Amina* walks in her sleep, a tendency which first rouses the suspicions of her lover, and afterwards supplies the means of removing them. Dr. Carpenter adverts to "sleep-walkers who make their way over the roofs of houses, steadily traverse narrow planks, and even clamber precipices; and this they do with far less hesitation than they would do in the waking state." Muratori speaks of an Italian nobleman, Signor Agostino Forari, who was much prone to sleep-walking, especially during the waning of the moon. One evening he played at cards with some friends, and went to bed early. His servant told the guests that, from symptoms already familiar to him, he believed that his master would walk in his sleep that night; Forari was lying on his back, with staring but unconscious eyes, cold hands, and a slow pulse. At midnight he drew aside his bed-curtains, rose, dressed, put on his hat and sword-belt, went to the fire as if to warm himself, went to a wardrobe closet, came out again, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. The watchers held a lighted candle close before his eyes, but he took no notice of it, and did not seem to see it. He went down-stairs, out to the stable, stroked his horse, bridled it, and appeared confused when he failed to find the saddle. He mounted him, but gave up his intention of riding on finding the gate of the courtyard locked; he led his horse to a water-trough, and allowed him to drink, tied him to a post, and returned into the house. Going into the billiard-room, he made a few movements with a cue, as if playing, then touched a few keys of a harpsichord, threw himself on the bed in his clothes, and slept soundly for ten hours. The servant cautioned the guests not to disturb him by any sudden noise during his strange unconscious wanderings, as it might injuriously affect his mind. A young lady, when nervously ill, was prone to walk about the house in a state of sleep, never falling over the furniture or other obstacles; her eyes were open, but she did not see in the ordinary way, for no winking or movement of the eye took place when a strong light was held close to her face. In a part of France where men are much accustomed to walk on stilts over swampy ground, a somnambulist one night walked across a swollen torrent on stilts; on awaking, he found himself too much afraid to recross the same torrent by daylight.

Riding, instead of or in addition to *walking*, is sometimes as amusing as it is wonderful, in connection with the unconscious freaks of somnambulism. A man, accustomed to attend a weekly market, one night rose from his bed, dressed, went to the stable, saddled his horse, mounted, and trotted off towards the market; finding a turnpike gate closed, he stopped; this obstacle had the effect of waking him. The London *Times*, some years ago, recorded the case of a butcher at Lambeth, who, one Sunday evening, fell asleep in his chair by the fireside. He was seen to rise from his seat, fetch his whip, put on one spur, and go to the stable, where, failing to find a saddle, he mounted an unsaddled horse. When asked what he was going to do, he answered (still in a state of somnambulistic sleep) that he was "going his rounds." Although prevented from leaving the stable, he nevertheless continued on horseback for some time, carring on a wrangle about toll with an imaginary turnpike-man, to whom he exclaimed, "Give us none of your gammon!" Even when removed from his horse, he continued for a time the movements of whipping and spurring.

Working, walking, doing, talking—there is a combination of two or three of these, sometimes all four, in the examples now under notice. A man dreamed that he saw a child fall into a river; he got up, threw himself again on his bed as if in the act of swimming, seized hold of a bundle of clothing at the corner of the bed, treated it as if it were the drowning child, held it with one hand while seeming to swim with the other, and put it down as if safely landed on the river-side; he began shivering and teeth-chattering, and said out, audibly: "It is freezing cold! let me have a little brandy;" and finally returned to bed again. A young military officer in the citadel of Brenstein was seen by his brother-officers to rise from bed in his sleep, go to a window, open it, clamber to a roof by the aid of the window-cord, seize hold of a magpie's nest with its young, descend to the room, wrap the young birds in a cloak, and go to bed again. Porati, an Italian apothecary, had a pupil named Castelli, who was much accustomed to somnambulistic influence; more than once the young man was seen to rise from his bed while asleep, go down to the shop, and serve out medicines to imaginary customers. Muratori relates that Giovanni Battista Negretti, servant to the Marchese Luigi Sale, was subject to somnambulistic attacks, during which he reperformed the duties of the day in a way at once amusing and surprising.

One evening, while sleeping on a bench in the kitchen, he rose suddenly, began walking about and talking, went into the dining-room, laid the cloth and other apparatus for dinner, and stood with a plate in his hand as if behind his master; after waiting some time, and the imaginary dinner ended, he put away everything, locked the sideboard, went to his master's bedroom, warmed the bed, locked up the house, and finally retired to his own bed—his eyes closed all

the time. On another evening he rose up asleep, got his own supper ready, ate it, went and drew some wine, and drank. It was observed, on these occasions, that he made much use of his arms, feeling his way rather than seeing. A bellringer one night rose up in his sleep, and, as if his companions were with him, prepared to go up into the belfry; after going out of the room and in again, he imitated the movements of a bellringer. A man, who ate and drank occasionally while in a somnambulistic sleep, evidently did not know the taste of what he was taking, for persons who watched him might change his food or drink without his perceiving it. One night he arose from bed, dressed, went to a *cabaret* or small wine-shop, asked for wine, received water, and drank it without noticing the difference. A young soldier, interested one evening by a discussion or reading with his comrades of a military combat, partook of supper, went to bed, and soon to sleep; in the night he rose, with eyes open, but asleep, and imitated with his arms a vigorous defence, rushed out-of-doors, and returned in a profuse perspiration.

Weinholdt notices the case of a musical student, who would arise in his sleep, go into the study, place a sheet of music in proper position on the pianoforte, and play the piece correctly; once his friends purposely turned his music upside down, but he detected and rectified it; on another occasion, he found a string out of tune, opened the intrument, tuned the string, and went on with his playing. A stonemason, working for a master in Kent, was told by him one evening to go the next morning to a neighboring churchyard, and measure the quantity of work done to a wall. He went to bed at his usual hour. Waking in the night, he was astonished to find himself dressed, in the open air, and in the dark. The church clock struck two, and then he knew he was in the churchyard. When a gleam of Summer daylight came, he found that he had measured the wall accurately with a measuring-rod, and properly entered the items in a book. This case is a very remarkable one, for the man "caught himself in the act" of somnambulistic working, and was as much surprised at it as any looker-on would have been. Gassendi notices the case of a man who rose in the night, dressed while asleep, went down to the cellar, drew wine from a cask, walked back, undressed, went to bed again, and knew nothing about it in the morning. Once, when he did this, he woke in the cellar, and found more difficulty in retracing his steps in the dark than he had when asleep.

Here we close. Our budget is by no means exhausted; but the above-cited examples will suffice to illustrate the Curiosities of Somnambulism, the faculty of thinking, versifying, calculating, walking, riding, working, writing, talking, singing, and playing during sleep.

AN ELEPHANT'S DEVOTION.

One of the elephants now belonging to Forepaugh's American Menagerie has a career as romantic as that of the hero of any novel. The one alluded to is very old. Years ago he was the property of an East Indian rajah, and had been in the royal stables no one knew how long. Long before Hastings dreamed of conquest, or even Clive had become a clerk in the East India House, this animal led a life of glorious ease under the tropical skies of his India home, by the waters of the sacred Ganges.

As the English assumed control, successive rajahs diminished in influence, but they all maintained imperial state from the subsidies furnished them by the English crown, and this elephant continued in their possession until his great age made him an object of reverence.

A garrison of English soldiers was established near the rajah's grounds—at first as a guard of honor, but afterwards it was made a military post, with a regular army commandant and half-a-dozen English officers, with their wives and families.

One of the children of the post, a bright little fellow of five years, became greatly attached to this elephant. Regularly every morning he went with his ayah, or native nurse, to the inclosure where the elephant was kept, and fed him with bonbons and cake. The animal, in return, never failed to caress the boy with his trunk, and manifested the liveliest pleasure by trumpeting whenever his youthful friend made his appearance.

The Sepoy Rebellion broke out, and the rajah, at first faithful, finally became involved in its meshes. Soon after the Lucknow affair, peremptory orders were received from Nana Sahib to the effect that the rajah should massacre the garrison, and, with all the Sepoys he could muster, join the camp of that human tiger. The order was executed early one morning. The few English soldiers were speedily dispatched. The ayah and child were sleeping in a cottage some distance from headquarters, and, at the first alarm, the boy's father, a captain, dispatched an orderly to bring the child to the camp. Before he could get there, the camp had been surrounded, and the screams of the women and children, and the din and hubbub following, showed how English valor had been overmatched by numbers.

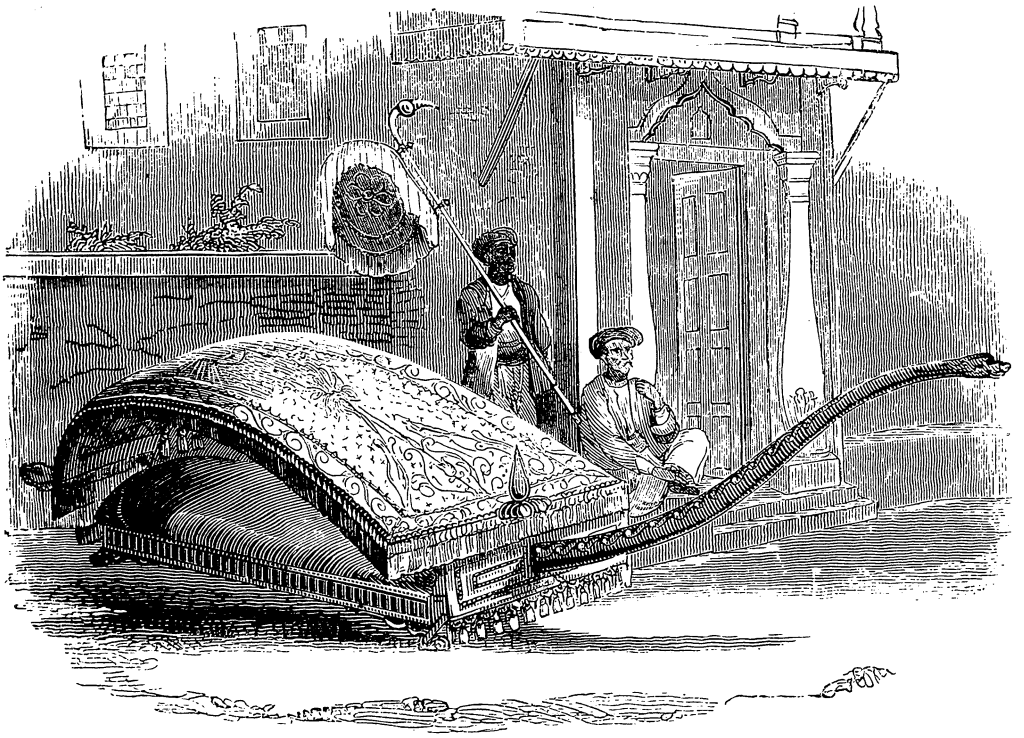
A party of Sepoys, seeing the soldier enter the cottage, pursued him, and he rushed into the place and secured a brief respite by barring the door. The ayah, rudely aroused from her sleep, snatched up the child and screamed for help. The Sepoys, with a beam for a battering-ram, dashed down the door and rushed forward, only to be met by the soldier, who with his Scotch broadsword struck down the two foremost of the band as they entered the door. The others hastily drew back, and, passing behind the cottage, fired its roof, thatched with rice-straw, and then waited with fiendish malignity for the flames to do that which they dared not attempt.

But, amid the crackling flames, the exulting yells of the Sepoys, and the screams of the ayah, a new actor made his appearance. The elephant, recognizing the voices of the ayah and the child, had snapped his chain, and, despite the exertions of his mahout, or native driver, had broken away from his control. With his head he had smashed down the gates of his inclosure, and he rushed toward the cottage. The sight of fire and the calls of the child repeating his name roused him to fury. He charged the Sepoys right and left, scattering them, dashing some to the ground and trampling them to gory shreds, tossing some in the air on his powerful trunk, and uttering the hoarse cry that always proceeds from the elephant's throat when enraged.

The soldier, rendered desperate by the prospect of speedy death and torture, seized the child, and, with the ayah, ran out of the burning cottage and took refuge near the animal. The sight of the sacred elephant interfering in this unexpected way in behalf of the party was too much for Sepoy superstition. They fell on their faces in fear, and the soldier, seizing the opportunity, was shrewd enough to take advantage of it. He guided the animal out of the way of the villainous Sepoys, and down the river some miles, where a garrison of English soldiers had withstood the attacks of the enemy.

From here the elephant was used to convey some of the fugitives farther still down the river. His romantic history and great age induced the general commanding to send him to England, and there Mr. Forepaugh purchased him and had him sent to America.

Twice every year the boy, now grown to be an officer in her Majesty's service, writes to Mr. Forepaugh inquiring after the friend who preserved his life in so singular a manner.

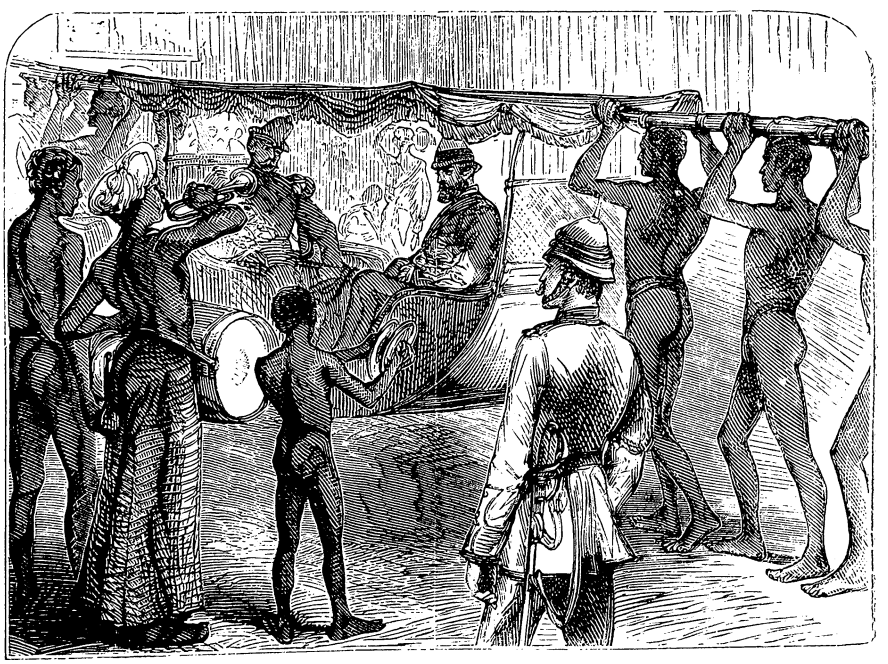


LITTERS, PALANQUINS AND SEDANS.—THE J'HALLEDAR, OR STATE PALANQUIN OF INDIA.—SEE PAGE 348.

What Finally Becomes of the Precious Metals.

"WHAT becomes of the precious metals?" asks a curious querist, and then proceeds to consider the question, and succeeds in throwing much doubt upon it, or, rather, leaving it in just as much doubt as before. The question, "What becomes of all the pins?" has been oftener asked, perhaps, and has been answered with about the same illumination. It is not easy to answer satisfactorily the question as to what becomes of the precious metals. That a vast amount has been extracted from the earth, since the days of Noah, there can be no doubt. An English writer, who, of course, must depend to a great degree on guess-work, estimates the total at not less than five thousand millions in gold and silver. Of this amount he thinks that three thousand two hundred millions have been produced since the discovery of America. The Christian world is credited with having had two thousand millions, most of which has been disposed of by shipwrecks, gilding, fire, and various other ways, as effectually, we might suggest, as many of our citizens have disposed of theirs by investing in stocks. He thinks this loss proceeds at the rate of sixteen millions annually, while the production he puts at forty millions, which is undoubtedly too low. One-half of the balance, three hundred and fifty millions, he thinks is held in the form of plate and ornaments. Of the balance of three thousand millions in the anti-Christian world, wastes and losses omitted, he thinks that over a thousand millions have been hidden in Asiatic lands in different ages of the world, and he continues "that it is well known that a thousand millions were thus hidden in India and China in the six years succeeding 1851: that is, during the time when wholesale murder and slaughter and wholesale robbery and despoliation were the business of the natives and their enemies."

One would think that China must be carpeted with gold leaf, paved with silver dollars, glittering with the precious metals, did he think only of the vast sums sent there for hundreds of years past, little or none of which ever comes back. But somehow these metals have a fate there as they have elsewhere—they disappear. Like many other commodities, they serve their purpose and disappear. What became of all the gold with which Solomon covered his grand temple? What became of all the Spanish spoils in South America and in Mexico? One might ask such questions forever and be no wiser therefor. Gold and silver serve their purposes and disappear, as do the human race and old boots and all other material things, but we cannot say, accurately, what became of them. We all know pretty well where our own little portions of gold and silver have gone, but that knowledge does not give us any gratification.



LITTERS, PALANQUINS AND SEDANS.—A STATE PALANQUIN AT GOA.

SOUTHERN SCENES.—FISHERMEN VISITING THEIR TRAPS AT THE FALLS ON THE JAMES RIVER, OPPOSITE RICHMOND.—SEE PAGE 359.

THE FIRST CHURCH IN SALEM.

SALEM is the oldest town in New England except Plymouth, the first house having been built by Roger Conant in 1626, so that it celebrates this year the meridian of its third century. Two centuries and a half for an American city is great antiquity indeed, and the old town shows her claims as a venerable place. In 1628 John Endicott brought over settlers, and, in the following year, no less than eleven vessels landed emigrants at Naumkeag, which has now taken the scriptural name of Salem. This old place was the scene of the great witchcraft delusion towards the close of the seventeenth century, and no less than nineteen persons were executed on the rising ground still known as Gallow's Hill. It is a common error that witches were burned in New England, but, in fact, those condemned were hanged.

Salem was noted at an early day for its enterprising merchants and seamen. She engaged not only in fisheries and the coasting trade, but sent her light craft to France, Spain, Italy, and the West Indies. During the Revolution, Salem fitted out 158 privateers, which captured 445 British prizes. E. H. Derby, of Salem, in 1785, sent a vessel to China, opening a trade with that country which Salem monopolized for many years. Trade has been drawn to other ports, but Salem is still rich, thriving, and full of attraction to antiquarians.

One of the most interesting relics of old Salem is a small, worm-eaten, but carefully preserved, little church, built in 1634, and said to have been the first erected in New England. It is hardly more than twenty feet long by eighteen wide, perfectly plain, with the frame and rafters of decaying oak entirely exposed. A little, low gallery, originally reached by a ladder, runs across one end, over the entrance. It had long been used as a shop, a barn, and otherwise desecrated, until the Salem Athenæum removed it bodily to its present place, to be preserved as a touching relic of the early days of the city. It is very appropriately used to contain engravings and silhouettes of the early notabilities of Salem, ancient furniture, and other relics of the past. In one corner stands a venerable spinet, in another a spinning-wheel of antique pattern; the first communion-table; quaint chairs and settees, and, not least curious, a great wooden mortar, made from the trunk of a tree, with the hollow burnt in. In this the old inhabitants, before mills were to be had, pounded their Indian corn into meal.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

Trapping Fish on the James River, opposite Richmond, Va.

THE so-called Falls of the James river, opposite Richmond, are in reality a series of rapids, the wide shallow stream being dotted with islets of many shapes and sizes, and its current obstructed by countless rocks. The largest of these islands, which bears the euphonious title of "Belle Isle," was widely known during the War as a military prison-camp, where thousands of unlucky "boys in blue," whose "on to Richmond" aspirations had resulted in their involuntary arrival at the Southern capital, waited with more or less exemplary patience for the glad tidings of exchange.

A glimpse of this pretty islet is given on the left of our picture, and although the spot was not looked upon, in war time at least, as a desirable "Summer resort"—albeit the number of visitors spoke well for its popularity—the reader will readily see that in "these piping times of peace" it would make a pleasant site for a rural villa. The lofty bridge seen in the distance is that used by several of the railroads entering Richmond from the South.

The "Falls" are a favorite fishing-ground for the local disciples of Isaak Walton, as the stream abounds in perch, herring, and hickory shad in their season, but the subjects of our sketch are surely no followers of the "gentle angler," who would never have countenanced such a barbarous and unsportsmanlike proceeding as trap-fishing.

The busy fishermen of our picture are not capturing their finny prey for sport, however, and probably entertain quite as much contempt for the sportsman proper as he for them. Their mission is to supply fresh fish for the Richmond market, and gather unto themselves certain shekels in exchange therefor; hence they manifest a sublime disregard for all sentimental considerations, and care only for making a good haul and securing a satisfactory price for their scaly treasures.

The manner in which trap-fishing is carried on is so clearly shown in our illustration as scarcely to need explanation. The traps are formed by setting two posts in the bed of the stream, connecting them by a cross-beam, and laying planks with one end resting upon the bottom of the river and the other upon the beam, and so placed as to form an obtuse angle with the surface of the water. Small openings in this flooring permit the water to drain off, leaving the fish, who are borne upon the trap by the force of the swift current, floundering helplessly upon the boards. The fishermen moor their boats alongside the traps, and stand ready to seize the fish as they are left high and dry by the receding water.

The Falls furnish an immense water-power, which is utilized by many large manufacturing establishments, but they also form a serious obstacle to navigation, and to overcome this difficulty a canal has been constructed around the rapids. The city of Richmond is pleasantly and healthfully situated, and has "all the modern improvements in the way of gaslight, water, fine hotels, pavements, etc.," while from its historical associations it must always be a favorite resort for the tourist. It is connected by lines of steamers with Norfolk, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, and is also on the main route of Southern travel by rail.

AFRICAN ADVENTURES.

WE set out one morning, while sojourning among the Caffre tribes, to hunt a flock of giraffes that had been seen in the vicinity. It was barely daylight when we started, after a hasty breakfast, fully intending to lunch at leisure on a giraffe steak, by no means a despicable delicacy, by way of making amends for the unceremonious nature of our matutinal repast. I rode a horse that I had christened Bryan, for the sake of an old friend—a horse so diabolically ugly, that one's first impressions were always decidedly in favor of having him sent out of the world at once, although a brief acquaintance proved him possessed of certain qualities, such as good nature, speed and intelligence, which more than atoned for his lack of beauty.

He was a great raw-boned creature, remarkable for his length of body, with a neck like a sheep, a coat that was a sort of grayish blue, each separate hair of which always stood on end, as if he had been terribly frightened in early youth, and had never recovered from the effects. In fact, he looked a good deal like a giraffe, and my companions declared that, if I rode Bryan, I should possess a great advantage, for the troop would let my charger approach them very closely before they discovered he did not belong to their species.

Out we all set, in remarkably good spirits, and for four miles we followed the tracks of the giraffes over a stony path, covered with little mounds, among which our beasts stumbled in a dreadful way. I was the first to discover the flock

at some distance in advance; I gave a low whistle to warn my friends, but the quick ears of the animals caught the sound, and off they sped with a fleetness that was enough to make one dizzy. Away we dashed in a mad gallop over the stones and bushes, and I was about twenty yards from the hindmost of the troop, when Bryan stopped short, his legs trembling and his hair more erect than ever, in a sudden and ill-timed fear of the creatures. I dug my spurs into his sides in a cruel but effectual way, and turned him against the wind, so that he might not catch the peculiar odor emanating from the giraffes, which always frightens a horse unaccustomed to it. We partially surrounded the flock, Bryan taking courage at the sight of the other horses, which, accustomed to the sport, were perfectly submissive.

I fixed my eyes upon a superb male, that was dashing on with his tail curled like a gigantic corkscrew, making one leap to every three of my steed. Bryan was excited by this time, and on we dashed, regardless of the thorns that tore his sides and rent my clothing to threads. I fired once, but without any apparent effect unless to increase the speed of my victim. I paused, only to reload, and away we flew for miles, in a straight line, over the rocks and thickets, losing sight of my companions, each of whom had selected a giraffe for his special chase. Just as I was taking aim again, Bryan knocked himself against a thicket, and nearly upset himself and me — a delay which gave the giraffe an advance of a hundred yards. I was now near him again; away went the animal like a ship under full sail. I was so close a dozen times, that I might have killed him if I could only have checked Bryan a little. But he had the bit in his iron mouth, and showed no symptom either of fatigue or terror.

At last we were running side by side. I aimed and fired; the recoil sent my gun over my head, and nearly broke one of my fingers, but the giraffe fell to the ground with the most horrible outcries. In my haste I had put in a double charge of powder, but the giraffe was down, and Bryan, after one prodigious bound, stopped short. I dismounted, loaded my gun rather more carefully, despatched the poor beast, and waited for the rest of the party to come up. Several of the others had been successful, and we had a jolly luncheon under the trees, Bryan coming in for a great share of fun and admiration.

On our way back to the camp we encountered several fugitives from the scattered band, and immediately gave chase. We wounded a female, who fled with all the energy of despair, and in the blindness of her pain and fear drove her long neck into the fork of a great tree, where she was held a helpless prisoner, and became an easy victim. It was late in the afternoon when we reached the camp—a new resting-place that we had only established the day before—and sat down to smoke our pipes and talk over the events of the morning in all tranquility.

One of the men declared himself tired, and got into a baggage wagon for a little repose. It was not many minutes before he sprang out, spluttering the oddest German oaths and brandishing a very large stick, with which he dealt vigorous blows at something in the wagon. We all ran forward to see what was the matter. He had just killed a most enormous snake, full nine feet in length, of the real ophidian species. There the loathsome reptile lay, still writhing and twisting about, and the natives pronounced it to be one of the most venomous to be found in the country.

This was not pleasant, and as somebody suggested that the mate must, in all probability, be near, we began a search for it. Just as I was moving a pile of blankets that had been thrown down near the wagon, out started a snake larger than the one just killed, brushing my foot as he glided away. In spite of all our efforts, he gained a hole near by and disappeared like magic. With that the natives began looking about, and soon announced the agreeable information that we had encamped near a den of the abominable reptiles. In almost every corner or branch of tall grass where they drove their sticks sharp hisses would be heard, and the disgusting serpents would crawl away, making the air a regular pandemonium.

We tired fighting them, but they flattened themselves so completely in the grass that it was almost impossible to strike them, and our efforts only roused their rage. The dogs rushed forward to the combat, but speedily retired; and after a brief engagement, during which one of the dogs was bitten so severely that he died in spite of all the remedies employed by the guides, we decided that ensconcing ourselves close to the camp would be the wisest if not the most courageous plan. We built a huge fire in front of the tent where we slept, and before lying down on our grass beds made a careful examination of every corner lest some unpleasant visitor should have retired thither; but there was nothing to be found.

In the middle of the night I was roused by a most fearful noise, and sprang up in all haste, as did everybody else, all crying out to know what was the matter. Half asleep as we were, we saw by the light of the pines, the German bounding out of the tent, yelling in every known language:

"Snake! snake! I'm killed! I'm killed!"

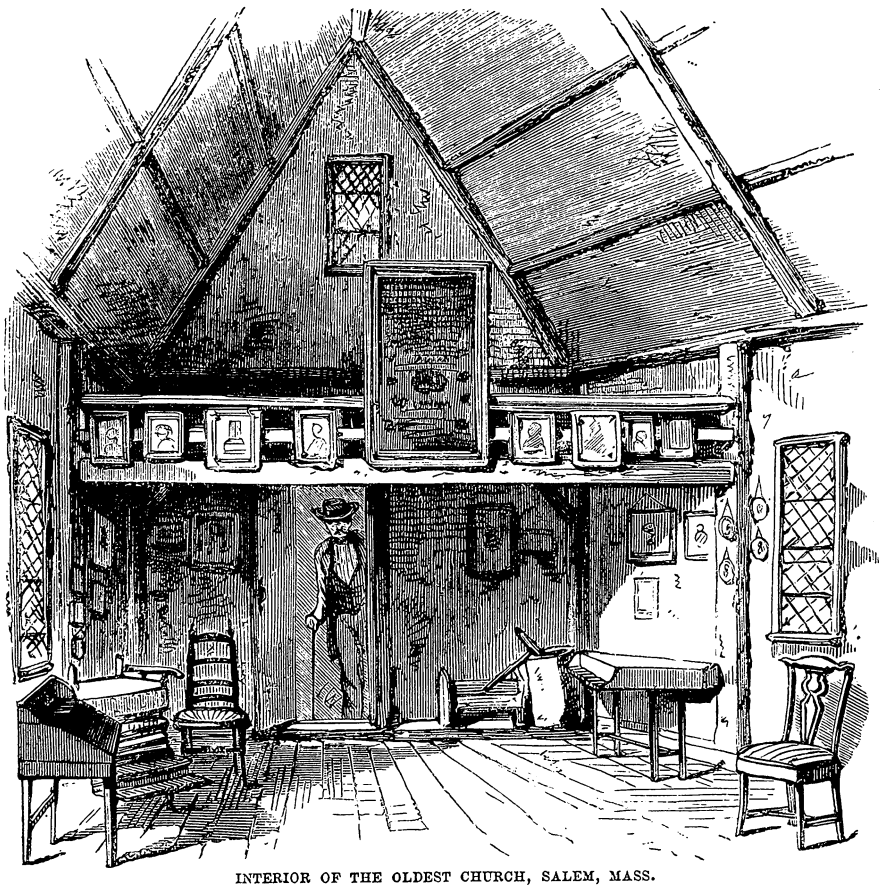
I saw something dragging at his garments as he dashed into the firelight. A sickening horror came over me; but in an instant, above the loud exclamations and the barking of the dogs, I heard a shriek of laughter from the natives. The unfortunate Dutchman had got a rope twisted about his body in his sleep, and waking suddenly from a bad dream believed himself in the embrace of a huge ophidian.

We all got back to quiet and bed at last; but it was weeks before our Teutonic friend heard the last of his adventure, and he grew so sore about the matter that, for the sake of peace, we were obliged to forget it in his presence.

MISS MOLLY DIMOND.

By Jane G. Austin.

"WHEN I was a little girl, and went to school," began grandmamma, folding her spectacles into their case, and leaning back in her chair, while the flickering firelight played over her bands of snow-white hair and sweet, placid face, making a picture we children loved to look upon, "there was one house, in passing which I always held my breath, and either crept quietly along close under the high hedge, or else ran as fast as I could, glancing over my shoulder as I went. This house was a large, old-fashioned one, closely shaded by evergreens and standing well back from the street, or rather road, for it was a good way out of the village where I was born and brought up. A high hedge of lilac-bushes grew close behind the fence, only broken by the gate, from which a paved footpath led up to the house; and in passing this gate, whether I crept or whether I ran, I never failed to cast one frightened glance toward the house, and, so glancing, rarely failed to see at one of the upper windows the tall stooping figure and white scared-looking face of a woman, wringing her hands and muttering through her pale lips, 'Oh dear! oh dear me!' At least, those were the words I had always been told that she muttered; but not one of



INTERIOR OF THE OLDEST CHURCH, SALEM, MASS.

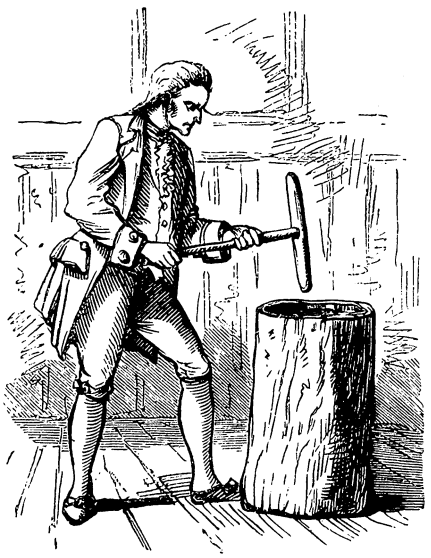
the village children, my informants, could tell why she thus mourned her life away, or, in fact, give any account whatever of her or hers, except that her name was Miss Dolly Dimond, and that the tall mulatto woman who sometimes came into the town, her head decked with a Madras handkerchief-turban, and great gold hoops glittering in her ears, was Zilpah, Miss Molly's servant and constant companion; and that old Jake Lovatt and his wife kept the house and cultivated the garden, and never spoke a word that could be helped to man, woman, or child. At home they could, or would, tell me nothing more than this, and so decidedly checked my advances to conversation upon this topic that I soon ceased to make them, and at last came to regard the strange, pale woman at the window as a sort of a spectre or walking corpse, while the image of Zilpah, with her turban and her ear-rings, mingled in my poor little brain with "Arabian Nights" stories of afrits and ghouls, and all sorts of unholy creatures who pounce upon little children and carry them off to be devoured at leisure.

"I suppose now that my good mother and older sisters spared me the true story of Miss Molly and her horrible misfortunes, lest it should excite my fancy and terrify me too much; but if they could only have known the half-hints and dim guesses with which my mind was stored upon the subject were far more terrifying, and made a far more permanent impression, than even the dismal truth could have done.

EXTERIOR OF THE OLD CHURCH, SALEM.

"It was a wild afternoon in Autumn when I at last found it out, and certainly in a most singular fashion. I had been inattentive in school, and the teacher had obliged me to remain after the other children were dismissed and make up my neglected lessons. Full of wrath and shame, I was at last released, and, with some books under my arm, hurried along the homeward road through the gathering dusk, so busy with my own grievances and the 'unfairness' of the teacher that I hardly remembered my terror of the Diamond-house, and was running past it more by instinct than from thought, when, just as I reached the gate, a tall, dark figure, its head fantastically wreathed with a fluttering kerchief, and its outlines hidden in a mass of white drapery, seemed to spring, shrieking, out of the very earth, and stand before me with outstretched and threatening hand.

"It was only Zilpah, of course, and I afterward knew that she had rushed hurriedly out of the gate with outstretched arm, beckoning and calling after old Lovatt, whom she wished to dispatch to the town upon some errand. But at the moment I could not, of course, know all this, and only heard that inarticulate and eldritch shriek; only saw the ghoul, the afrit of my dreams, come at last to seize upon and carry me to that horrible and mysterious doom of which I had so often dreamed. With a shriek as wild as that it echoed, I started back, turned to fly, caught my foot upon a stone, and fell headlong, cutting my forehead so that the blood gushed over my face with, I suppose, a very alarming look; for my last recollection is of the ghoul stooping over



ANCIENT WOODEN MORTAR IN THE OLD CHURCH, SALEM.

AFRICAN ADVENTURES.—"AWAY WE DASHED IN A MAD GALLOP OVER THE STONES AND BUSHES."—SEE PAGE 358.

me with an exclamation of horror, and then gathering me into her arms. At that, a great black cloud swooped down upon my brain, and I fainted outright, for the first and last time in my life.

"When I recovered I found myself lying upon a little bed, covered with the gayest of patchwork-quilts, and bending over me was a kind and anxious face, in which I did not at first recognize the afrit of my childish terror. Before I fairly did so, a voice as kind as the face said, softly :

"'Bless the child, she's coming-to at last !'

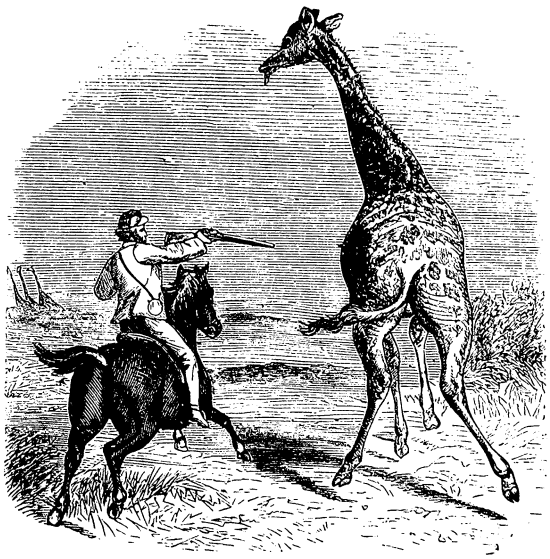
"'Who are you, and where's my mother ?' asked I, trying to rise upon my elbow, and falling back with a sick faintness upon me.

"'Mother's to home, and you shall go to her right off, little dear,' said the kind voice. 'What's your name, my pet ?'

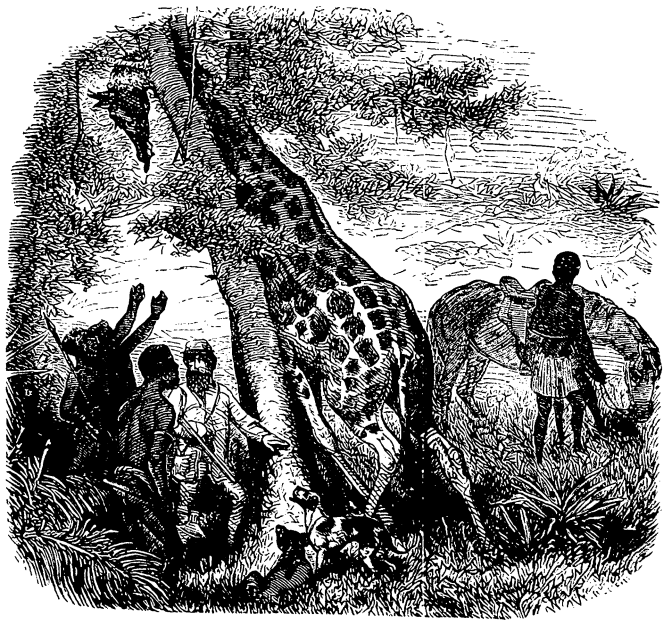
"'I'm Bessie Warner, and my father is the doctor,' returned I, with a little pride ; 'but what is your name, ma'am, and what house is this ?'

"'My name is Zilpah, dear, and this is Miss Molly Dimond's house ; she's my mistress, you know.'

"Before I could reply, the door of the little chamber slowly opened and gave entrance to a tall, slender woman, whose bent figure and pallid face were but too familiar to me ; and yet, even in my first glance now, I perceived, as I never did before, the traces of a great beauty—an almost



AFRICAN ADVENTURES.—"AT LAST WE WERE RUNNING SIDE BY SIDE."



AFRICAN ADVENTURES.—"A GIRAFFE DROVE HER LONG NECK INTO THE FORK OF A GREAT TREE."

saintly sweetness and dignity frozen, as it were, upon those wasted features, and overspread by the look of settled horror and bewilderment which made that face so painful to look upon. As the door swung open, this figure walked slowly into the room, clasping her hands, and moaning softly:

"'Oh dear! oh dear me!' but whether in pity for herself or me, I could not at the moment determine.

"'Who is it?' exclaimed I, shrinking to the back of the little bed; but Zilpah hastened to interpose, taking the new-comer tenderly by the hand, and saying:

"'There, there, Miss Molly, darling; you go right back to your own room, and wait for Zilpah. It ain't a bit of use for you coming here, and the little girl's scared of you, too; so go back, like a dear little lady, won't you?'

"But Miss Molly did not seem to hear a word she said. Pressing her clasped hands close to her heart, she leaned forward and stared at me, while a smile of surprise and delight broke like sunshine over her white face, utterly changing its painful expression.

"'Why, Zilpah! you naughty Zilpah!" exclaimed she, at last, in a girlish, or even childish, voice, "why didn't you tell me? It's my own dear little Bessie come at last! but where's the apple?'

"'She takes you for her sister, who—who died long ago, while they were little; and her picture is taken with an apple in its hand; and her name was Bessie, to be sure, just like you, dear. So, won't you speak a kind word to my poor little Molly, for the sake of the dead child she can never see, poor dear?'

"'Little Bessie—but where's the apple?' whispered Miss Molly, putting one finger to her lips and looking perplexedly at me.

"'I'll bring the apple to-morrow, if mother will let me; and I believe I'll go home now, if you please,' said I, mustering all my courage, and slipping off the bed at the side farthest from Miss Molly, who still stood gazing at me half with delight and half with bewilderment.

"'Yes, she'll come again to-morrow, Miss Molly, dear; and now you'll go back to your own room, like a pretty little lady, won't you? and Zilpah will come in a moment.'

"Yes, I'll go, and Bessie will come to-morrow and bring the apple,' whispered Miss Molly, softly leaving the room.

"'Lie down another minute, dear, and I will come back and take you home,' said Zilpah, hurriedly, as she followed her mistress and, I suppose, saw her safely into her own room; at any rate, she presently returned, bringing a warm shawl, in which she wrapped me, and then, taking me in her arms, carried me out of the house and to the road, at which point I rebelled and declared myself quite able and determined to make the journey on foot.

"So Zilpah gave me her hand, and as we slowly traversed the long, homeward road, a conversation sprang up in which I soon found myself telling her all the story there was to tell of myself, my family, my home, and at last, even my horror of the Dimond-house and of herself. At this she first laughed, and then looked very sad.

"'I don't love to have little children afraid of me,' she said, softly; 'but I suppose it's no more than natural, living as we have to. But, now, there's your home, and there's your pa coming this way; he's been to see my poor Miss Molly often enough. You run along and meet him, and ask if you can't come in to-morrow and see us; and if you do, I wish you'd think to bring an apple for Miss Molly, please.'

"Why my mother consented to this visit, after all her previous reserve upon the subject of Miss Molly Dimond, I do not know; but I suspect it was principally through my father's interference; for, coming into the room suddenly the next morning, I heard him say:

"'It won't harm the child, Susan, and it may do Miss Molly more good than all my drugs.'

"So, as I prepared for school, mother brought me a big, red apple, and said:

"'There, Bessie, as you come home you may stop and give this to Miss Molly Dimond, or to Zilpah for her; but don't stay more than half an hour.'

"That morning I neither crept nor ran past the Dimond-house, but, pausing a moment at the gate, looked up at its weather-beaten face as at that of an old friend. While I looked, Miss Molly suddenly appeared at her usual window, and, seeing me, threw up the sash and called:

"'Bessie! little Bessie! have you got the apple to-day?'

"'Yes'm, here it is,' I shouted in reply; 'but I must go to school first, and then I am coming to bring it in.'

"Miss Molly did not reply, but, looking out at me in that strange, bewildered way, began to softly wring her hands and moan. An instinctive feeling arose in my heart that if she grieved aloud and called to me again in that heart-broken voice I never should be able to refuse her summons, and, obeying it, should cast school and duty to the winds; so, while there was yet strength in me to turn my back, I did so, and ran all the rest of the way to school. The day passed at length, but more slowly than ever a day had done before for me; and, the moment I was dismissed in the afternoon, I hurried on my coat and hood, made sure that my pretty apple was safe in my dinner-basket, and set off for my visit.

"Zilpah was at the gate, waiting for me, and, as I came in sight, smiled until all her white teeth gleamed in the afternoon sunlight, while she said:

"'That's right, little missy! I knew you'd come, and I told Miss Molly so. She ain't done much but fret for you all day long. I knew you'd come.'

"But, for all that, I think she was at the gate to intercept me if I tried to go past.

"So, smiling bravely in spite of my throbbing heart, I followed Zilpah into the house and up the broad old staircase to the door of the front chamber, at whose window I had always seen the drooping figure of Miss Molly. With the latch in her hand, Zilpah paused and looked keenly into my face, which was, I dare say, pale enough.

"'Now, don't you go to being scared, child,' whispered she, a little sharply, 'or, if you be, say so, and don't go in, for that'll only do Miss Molly more harm than good. There's nothing to be scared at—that's true enough.'

"'And I'm not scared. Open the door, please,' retorted I, bravely enough, and a little vexed. Still staring into my face, Zilpah nodded approvingly, and, taking me by the hand, led me into the room. Miss Molly was seated in a great arm-chair beside the hearth, where blazed a merry wood fire; but as the door opened she rose eagerly, and, coming forward, smiled brightly and stooped to kiss me.

"'Why, it is little Bessie, after all! I thought I only fancied she was coming,' exclaimed she; and I replied, hastily enough, I am afraid:

"'Yes, and I brought you an apple, Miss Molly—here it is!'

"'*She* don't want the apple, Miss Bessie,' interposed Zilpah, a little indignantly. 'But she thought you would have one in your hand, so as to stand for the Bessie in that picter.'

"She pointed as she spoke, and Miss Molly eagerly added:

"'Yes, come and see them; you and me, and all of them. Here is Bessie and the apple!'

"I looked, and to be sure just before my head was the full-length picture of a lovely little girl, about ten years old, with long sunny hair and great dark eyes. She was smiling, oh, so brightly! and in one hand she held up a great rosy-

cheeked apple, bigger and rosier, and more perfect than any apple I ever saw before or since. Next to this picture hung one of another little girl more slender and delicate than bright Bessie, and with rather a malancholy cast to her thin, pale face. She was seated in the lap of a mulatto woman whose features seemed so familiar to me that I turned inquiring eyes upon Zilpah, who immediately answered:

"'Yes, sure enough, it's me, Miss Bessie, me and my darling, Miss Molly, here! She wouldn't sit nor stand to be drawed no how, unless I was right there and held her. You see I was her nurse, and she was such a weakly sort of child, I always tended her night and day, and do still, for that matter.'

"'See! Here's our papa, and mamma, and Rafe—dear Rafe, do you know where he's gone, Bessie?'

"As Miss Molly spoke she led me across the room, and showed me the picture of a fine stately-looking gentleman, with light hair and blue eyes, his hat and gloves in his hand, and at his back an open window showing a great field with ever so many negroes at work among the sugar-canes growing in it. Afterward, when I heard poor Mr. Dimond's story, I thought what a terrible, although most innocent, piece of sarcasm it was to put that boastful background to his picture! Next to him hung the portrait of such a handsome woman! Pale and languid-looking—as women of these climates always are—but with such great dark eyes, and such a lovely little mouth, and such a wealth of soft dark hair rippling from her couch to the floor! And the tiny jeweled hand, and the little arched foot just peeping from the hem of the gauzy dress! Zilpah told me afterward that Mr. Dimond was so proud of his wife's beauty that he insisted upon that little foot being introduced, although it altered the whole style of the picture. The last portrait was that of a boy leaning on the neck of his pretty pony, and looking straight into the eyes of all who looked at him with such a merry fearless smile that I laughed outright in meeting it.

"'Yes, he looks happy, don't he, Bessie?' exclaimed Miss Molly, eagerly. 'But, poor Rafe, I heard him cry out.'

"'And only think of Miss Bessie and the apple, dearie,' interposed Zilpah, hurriedly; and pulling me forward she held up my hand with the apple in it, just like the little girl in the picture. At that Miss Molly smiled, and answered eagerly enough:

"'Yes, she came running to me with it, and gave it all to me—all, all—Bessie loved me, Zilpah!'

"'And this Bessie loves you too, Miss Molly, and I wish you would be so kind as to take this apple just as you did that one!' exclaimed I, ready to cry, although I knew not why. Miss Molly put both hands upon my shoulders and smiled down upon me with that wan sweet smile of hers, so brilliant, and yet so sad, while she slowly said:

"'I am glad you love me, little Bessie, although I know you cannot be really my little sister, and I will take the apple and keep it always, just as I do that one, and you shall often come and see me; won't you, dear?'

"'If mother lets me, and I know she will if it does you any good,' said I, shyly, and then Miss Molly kissed me again, and bid me good-by; so I had to go, although I felt as if I had made a very short visit after all.

"Zilpah walked home with me, having, as she said, an errand in the village, and no sooner were we fairly upon the road than I implored her with all the energy I possessed to tell me the whole story of Miss Molly Dimond, and her pictures, and her strange, frightened way of wringing her hands, and moaning, 'Oh dear! Oh dear me!' and being so—well, so different from other folks.

"'I'm glad you didn't say crazy, as a good many do,' said Zilpah, dryly, as I stammered out this last phrase. 'And as for Miss Molly's story. I suppose you might as well have it the straight way, as to pick it up here and there round the village, and get it all wrong.'

"So, to begin, Miss Molly's father, Mr. Charles Dimond, was born in that old house, where she lives now, and from there to the West Injys, where he settled down in the island of Jamaiky, and finally married a beautiful young lady, the only child of my mother's old master. Miss Pauline was her name, and you saw her picture just now, so you know how handsome she was, and she loved her children most dearly, especially the boy who looked more like her than the others, and who was named after her father, Master Rafe, while the two girls, Bessy and Molly, were called after the Dimond relations.

"But though she was such a beauty, and so good to her own children, Miss Pauline never seemed to think that black folks had any feeling, or that their children were of any account to them or her either; and, though she wasn't cruel herself, she never took the trouble to find out whether other folks were; and she expected her orders carried out, if them that had to carry 'em out died in doing it. Mr. Dimond—we always called him 'Master,' without any other name; but here he'd be called Mr. Dimond, like the other grand folks, I suppose—well, he was a real hard master, though, like Miss Pauline, he wasn't never cruel himself; but he wanted such a load of work done! Oh Lord! such loads and loads o' work! And he'd got an overseer from up North somewheres that was as keen after work as he was, and didn't stick to any way to get it done; and if it wasn't, Lord, how he'd slash round amongst them poor niggers! He didn't have nothing to do with us house-servants, and as for me, I was always well treated; but when I'd go down to the quarters of an evening, I'd hear such stories and see such sights! it would make my very blood boil, I'd be so mad. Then I'd go home, and make some excuse to tell Miss Pauline about it; but as soon as she found out what I was after, she'd hold up that pretty little hand of hers, all shining with rings, and say:

"'There, there, Zilpah; that will do. I don't want to hear any of those horrid stories from the quarters. Of course the people have to be kept in order, and your master says Blodgett is an excellent overseer.'

"One day master came to the room while I was telling something I'd heard that day from one of the field-hands, and, as he did not speak, I made bold to keep on with my story, hoping he might notice what I was saying. And sure enough, he did; for he came up close to where I stood combing at Miss Pauline's hair, and, tapping me on the shoulder, says he:

"Look here, my girl—your mistress don't want to be annoyed with these stories, and *I* don't want the house-servants gossiping and breeding discontent among the field-hands. If you're so fond of the quarters, I shall send you down there to stay altogether—put you under Blodgett's care for awhile—you understand.'

"Lord! wa'n't I scared; for I knew well enough he'd do it as soon as say it, if I madded him; and if I'd gone down there for one night, I'd never have come home alive. So that was the last of my tale-bearing; and you'd better believe I kept away from the quarters, too, for what was the use of risking my own life when I couldn't do any good by it?

"Then Miss Molly was born, and I nursed her day and night, as I told you, and that kept me pretty close; so I did not know much that was going on until one day, when she was about eight years old, there was a great stir in the house on account of master finding that Sam, the butler, had drank most all of some mighty nice wine that had been sent him from Spain by a gentleman that visited us for awhile the year before. Master had counted the bottles and put them away himself, so he knew all about it; and when Sam brought up another sort, and said there wasn't any

EARLY MORNING.—FEEDING THE KITTENS.—FROM A PAINTING BY H. KRETZCHNER.

more of the Spanish wine, he didn't need to be told where it had gone to. But Sam was stubborn, and wouldn't confess; and so master said he should be flogged till he did. And, sure enough, he was flogged so that—well, Miss Bessie, I ain't going to tell you about it; but it was awful bad, and what never should be done to any living creature, let alone a man.

"At last he said he took the wine, and then he fainted right off, and they thought he was dead; but after awhile he came-to, and was sick abed for some days, and then came back to his work; and glad enough we was to have him, for he was a real smart fellow, though awful ugly in his temper.

"About two weeks after that, master was took sick in the night, and before morning was so bad that they sent for the doctor, who first said he'd got the cholery, and that scared us enough; but before night we was worse scared, for the doctor then said it wa'n't the cholery, but pison, and such rank pison that there wa'n't no cure for it, but poor master'd got to die.

"When that news went through the house, some of the servants set up a hollering and crying, and said they'd all be sold off now, and that master was a real good man to them, and all that; and some others looked sober and didn't say nothing, for they couldn't tell whether a change would be good or bad for them; and others again said right out they was glad of it, for nobody else would drive 'em round so, and try to get so much work out of 'em as poor master had.

"I was in the sick-room myself trying to put some hot cloths on master's stomach, though he twisted and threw himself round so that I couldn't keep 'em on a minute, when Sam came in, bringing more hot water, and, when he'd set it down, stood for a minute looking at master as if he felt dreadful sorry for him, and well he might be, for if ever I saw any one suffer tortures it was that poor gentleman, as the pison gnawed the very life out of his vitals. Sometimes he'd arch himself right up on his head and heels, and then he'd fling himself over on his stomach, and tear at the bed with hands and teeth like a wild beast, and such groans and such screams! Oh, Lord! it seems as if I heard 'em now, and his white fist—white as a sheet and then black, and swelled so you never could have known him! Well, Sam stood looking at him a minute, and then went out of the room, with me after him, for I felt sick and faint, and as if I must get a breath of fresh air and a minute's rest. Sam didn't see me, and as we both turned into the dining-room he began to jump round and snap his fingers, and laugh so as to shake himself all over, though he never made a bit of noise about it.

MISS MOLLY DIMOND.—"THEN MISS MOLLY KISSED ME AGAIN, AND BID ME GOOD-BY."—SEE PAGE 359.

"'For the Lord's sake, Sam,' says I, stopping short at the door, and holding up both my hands, 'what do you mean by going on like that, and master dying, for aught we know, in the next room?

"'Dying!' says Sam, looking over his shoulder at me, with the tears running down his ugly face. 'He ain't dying, Zilpah, but jest amusing of himself. Ain't he funny though, when he goes this way, and this way, and twists up his pooty face to look like this! And then his nice red lips; why they's getting as big and black as mine! Lord, ain't it droll to see him!'

"And the horrid black wretch went jumping round and round the room, snapping his fingers over his head and laughing, till I thought he'd fall down in a fit. I looked at him a minute longer, and then something that wasn't myself

seemed to speak out of my mouth and say: 'Master is dying of pison, and it's you, Sam, that has given it to him.'

"Then I turned and went back to master's room, and never left it again till he died, which was just at midnight, and may I never see such another death-bed or hear such shrieks of agony again!

"I didn't tell what I'd heard and seen, but others than me had thought of Sam, and had caught him as he was stealing off to the woods, and shut him up in the strong room at the sugar-mill. As soon as master was buried they tried Sam for murder, and he hardly tried to deny it. It was because of that flogging, he said, and he always meant to have his revenge, and now he'd got it, and didn't care what they did to him, they couldn't more than kill him.

"But they did, and I've always thought that of the two the case of them white folks was the worst, for they knew better, and had ought to have shown us poor ignorant niggers how to forgive and be merciful, instead of what they did, and that was to make Sam swallow a dose of the same pison he'd give to master, and then they shut him up in a great iron cage and hung it to a big tree, right at the end of the negro quarters, where he was in full sight of every man, woman, and child that went in and out, and there the poor wretch hung all that day and night, and screeched out his life just about sunrise of the next day.

"But even then Blodgett, the overseer, wouldn't have him taken down and hid under ground, but let him hang there in full sight of all those women and children till the flesh dropped from his bones, and nothing was left but the horrid, grinning skeleton.

"Before that, however, yes the very day Sam was put in the cage, with the pison forced down his throat, the folks began to talk, and then I heard, for the first time, of the plan all through the island for the blacks to rise and kill all their masters, and own the land they'd worked on so long and have the good of it themselves. I heard it, but I had heard it all before, and it had always died out with nothing but talk, or maybe a rising on one or two plantations, ending in some of the hands getting flogged or punished some other worse way, and the rest sinking right down deeper than ever; so I thought no more about it except to hope our folks wouldn't join in any such foolish doings, till one night when Sam had hung two weeks in his cage, and two or three of the weakly women had sickened and died of the horror and the pestilence in the air, I was waked out of my first sound sleep by a scream from Miss Pauline's room. At first I thought it was only one of the dreams that had pestered me so ever since I saw master die, but in a minute there was another and another, and the air flamed up all outside my window like sunrise, only brighter.

"I jumped out of bed, and just at that minute the door was burst in by two or three half-naked creatures, some men and some women, covered with blood, and carrying knives and hatchets, and one of them a sword that used to hang in master's dressing-room. It was he that rushed to the bed, hollering:

"'Here's another whelp! Finish 'em off—clear out the whole litter!'

"'But, before he could touch her, I had caught my little darling from the other bed beyond mine, and, wrapping a shawl around her, rushed right past them all, and out of the room, but not out of the house, as I had hoped, for in the hall was a crowd of yelling devils, and among them—oh, misery!—was poor little Master Rafe, fighting for his life as brave as any man; but, Lord! what could a child like that do among those creatures? I never stopped to look, but, as we raced by, Miss Molly got the shawl off her head, and saw her brother struck down, and his blood gushing out upon the marble floor, and the scream she gave was mixed with the dreadful gurgling moan that ended his life. Before it was well out of her mouth I got the shawl over her head again, and was inside the blind door that led from the hall to Miss Pauline's room, and, before they could follow, we were safe under the great sofa, with its chintz cover coming to the floor. The roaring devils thought I'd run right through, and out at the open window to the balcony, and out they rushed after me, leaving the doors all open, so that I didn't dare to stir, and hardly to breathe.

"From where I lay I could see poor Miss Pauline lying in her blood, just as she had sprung out of bed when they entered the room; and a little way from her, Miss Bessie, and through the open door of the hall a part of Master Rafe's poor mangled body, and then I thought of master in his grave, and I knew that the little shivering child in my arms, half-dead already with fright and confusion, was the only one left of all the family that had been just like our folks to me ever since I was born.

"Oh, Miss Bessie dear, I couldn't tell you, and I pray God you may never feel the sort of feelings that kept me company all those awful hours that I lay there, with the sight of those corpses before my eyes, and the smell of that innocent blood in my nostrils, and the poor trembling child in my arms. I do not know how long it was, but in the twilight of morning I crept out, and stole—oh, so softly!—through the window, and down to the garden, and, keeping well among the trees, got at last to the road, and at last made my way to the house of some friend of my own, whose name I never have told yet and don't want to now, though it's all over and past, thank God! but those folks hid us and kept us, and helped us off at last to the coast, where some friends of my master's took us in charge, and gave us passage with them in a little schooner bound to the United States. I had often enough heard master tell of the old house where he was born, and how he was keeping a family in it to take care of it; and sometimes, just to plague Miss Pauline, he'd say he was going to sell out all his West Injy property, and take her to New England to live, and she'd shiver and turn down the corners of her pretty mouth, and say she'd never go where they had such horrible ice and snow, and no servants. Poor mistress, and poor master! They never thought the old farm-house would turn out all that there was left in the world for the last of their children.

"But, as I was saying, I told the gentleman that brought us to the States about this place, and he left his own family with their friends in New York or Philadelphy, I forget which, and came up here with us and saw Lawyer Robbins, who had it all in his hands, and fixed it so that Miss Molly was allowed to be the heir and owner of all there is to the old Dimond Place, and we came right here to live along with Jake Lovatt and his wife, who was the folks master had put in the house when he was last here.

"After awhile, Lawyer Robbins told me that he had got appointed Miss Molly's guardian, and that he had recovered from the West Injy estate that would give her a little income besides what Lovatt gets from the farm for us, and he said his agent had wrote to know if there was any pieces of furniture or things in the house there that we cared particularly to have brought to the States. So I said, above all, bring the pictures, for they was all the family my poor little darling had left, and she'd ought to get acquainted with them.

"A good while longer passed, but at last the lawyer drove up one day in a wagon, with a man who he told me was the agent that had been down there looking after things, and sure enough they'd got the pictures, and some clothes, and Miss Pauline's workbox, and two or three other things that hadn't got smashed up with the rest that awful night.

"When Miss Molly saw the pictures she smiled, the first time since her fright, and after a while she began, very slow indeed, to talk, and to notice things, for since that night to the day the pictures came, she'd never seem to know what

went forward about her, and never had spoken except just to whisper: 'Oh dear! Oh dear me!' just as she does now.

"The pictures, and my talk about them, seemed to fetch her back into the world in a manner, and at long and at last she got to be comfortable, just as you see her now. And so, Miss Bessie, that's all the story, and I hope I haven't scared you."

"No, Zilpah," replied I, slowly, "I am not scared, that I know of—but, wasn't it horrid! And what did the slaves do to the overseer who used them so cruelly?"

Zilpah paused, but the love of marvellous narration was strong upon her and she could not resist.

"The overseer!" repeated she, with her dark eyes glaring in momentary ferocity. "Well, he was a cruel man, and he deserved it, but it was awful, sure enough! They shut him into the cage, with the bones of poor Sam, and then they made a great fire underneath, and burned him slowly, slowly, till there was nothing left of either. There, now I've scared you sure enough, but you needn't have asked that last."

But sick and faint with horror as I was I managed to hide my emotion from those at home, who, had they seen it, would have prevented my ever repeating my visit, and after that, many were the hours quietly passed with dear Miss Molly and her pictures, although I generally managed to avoid Zilpah, and to this day, I am ashamed to say, I never can heartily enjoy the society of my colored brothers and sisters as I dare say I should if I was a better Christian.

SEALING IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

The structure of their bodies shows that the seals are intended to pass the greater portion of their existence in the water, for the body is elongated, and formed very much like that of a fish, while the limbs and feet are so modified that they greatly resemble fins, and are put to the same use.

In order to protect their bodies from the debilitating action of the element in which they live, they are thickly covered with a double fur, which, when immersed in water, is pressed tightly to the skin, and effectually throws off the moisture. In some seals this fur is extremely valuable, and is largely employed as an article of commerce. The fur itself is kept constantly lubricated with a fatty matter secreted by the skin, and is thus made waterproof. The more effectually to defend the animal from the icy cold water in which it is often immersed, and from the ice-fields on which it loves to climb, a thick layer of fat is placed immediately below the skin, and, being an excellent non-conductor of heat, serves to retain the internal heat through the severest cold. All the fat of the body seems to be pressed into this service, as there is comparatively little of the internal fat that is usually found plentifully in the mammalia.

Aided by the imperfectly developed limbs, the seals are able to leave the water and to ascend the shore, where they are capable of proceeding with no small rapidity, though in a sufficiently awkward manner, their gait partaking equally of the character of a shuffle and a crawl. When moving in a direct line, without being hurried, they bend their spine in such a manner as to give them the appearance of huge caterpillars crawling leisurely along the ground; the spine is extremely flexible, so that the animal can urge itself through the water in a manner very similar to that which is employed by the fish.

Their clumsy, scuttling movements when on land form a curious contrast with the easy grace of their progress through the water. When the seals swim, they drive themselves forward by means of their hinder feet, which are turned inward, and pressed against each other so as to form a powerful leverage against the water, as well as a rudder, by means of which they can direct their progress. They are also assisted in some measure by the fore-limbs, but these latter members are more employed upon land than in water, except perhaps for the purpose of grasping their young.

When they desire to leave the water, they rush violently towards the shore, and by the force of their impulse shoot themselves out of the water, and scramble up the bank as fast as they can. On taking again to the water, they shuffle to the edge of the bank, and tumble themselves into the sea or river in a very unceremonious manner, gliding away, as if rejoicing that they were once more in their proper element.

The food of the seals consists chiefly of fish, but they also feed largely upon various crustacea, and upon molluscs. Their powers of swimming are so great that they are able to urge successful chase of the fish even in their native element, and it has several times happened that captive seals have been trained to catch fish for the service of their owners.

The "whisker" hairs are extremely thick and long, and in many species are marked with a raised sinuous margin, which gives them the appearance of being covered with knobs. Their basal extremities are connected with a series of large nerves, similar to those of the lion's lip, and it is very probable that this structure may aid them in the capture of their finny prey. The sense of smell is largely developed, and the tongue is rough, and slightly cleft at its extremity; the reason for this structure is not known.

The brain of the seal is very large in proportion to the body, and, as might be expected from this circumstance, the creature is extremely intelligent, and is capable of becoming very docile when placed under the tuition of a careful instructor. The eyes are large, full, and intelligent, and the nostrils are so formed that they can be effectually closed while the creature is submerged beneath the surface of the water, and opened as soon as it rises for the purpose of respiration. At every breath the nostrils open widely, and seem to close again by means of the elasticity of the substance of which they are composed. The ears are also furnished with a peculiar structure for the purpose of resisting the entrance of water.

The true seals are found only in the sea, and at the mouths of various large rivers, and are wonderfully abundant in the polar regions. None of them are known to inhabit the tropical parts of the earth. Several species have been known to occur upon our own shores, more especially on the more northern coasts, and the common seal, *Phoca vitulina*, is found in great numbers around the northern British shores.

The teeth of the seals are very remarkable, and admirably adapted for seizing and retaining the slippery prey. The canine teeth are long, sharp, and powerful, and the molar teeth are covered with long and sharp points of various sizes, so that, when once caught in the gripe of these formidable weapons, there is but scant hope of escape for the fish.

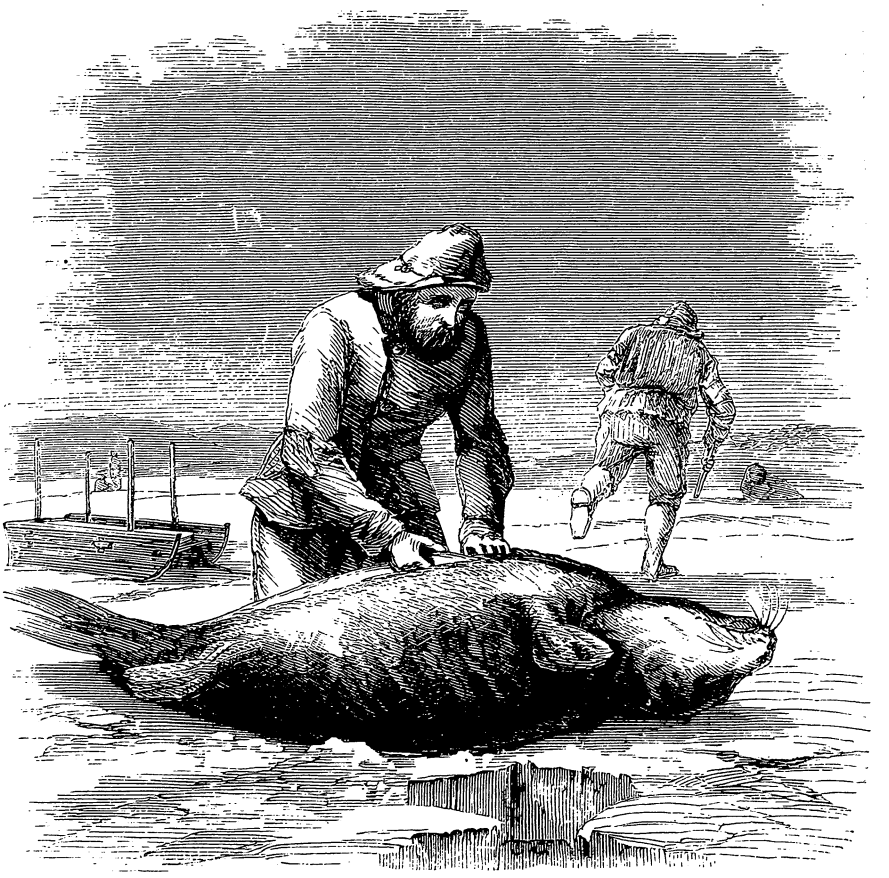
Owing to the excessive shyness of disposition which characterize the seals, and the wary caution with which they retire from the sight of mankind, their domestic habits are very little known. Indeed, were it not that many specimens of the common seal had been captured and tamed, we should have but little information on the manners or the habits of those curious animals. There are many species of seals, which have been separated into various genera by different authors upon different grounds. Some, for example, found the generic distinction upon the absence or presence of external ears, others from the incisor teeth, and others from the molars and the general character of the skull.

As soon as the ice in the bay begins to open and move, the sealers set out upon their fishing excursions after the seal. They usually start upon these expeditions in small schooners of twenty or thirty tons, in companies of ten or

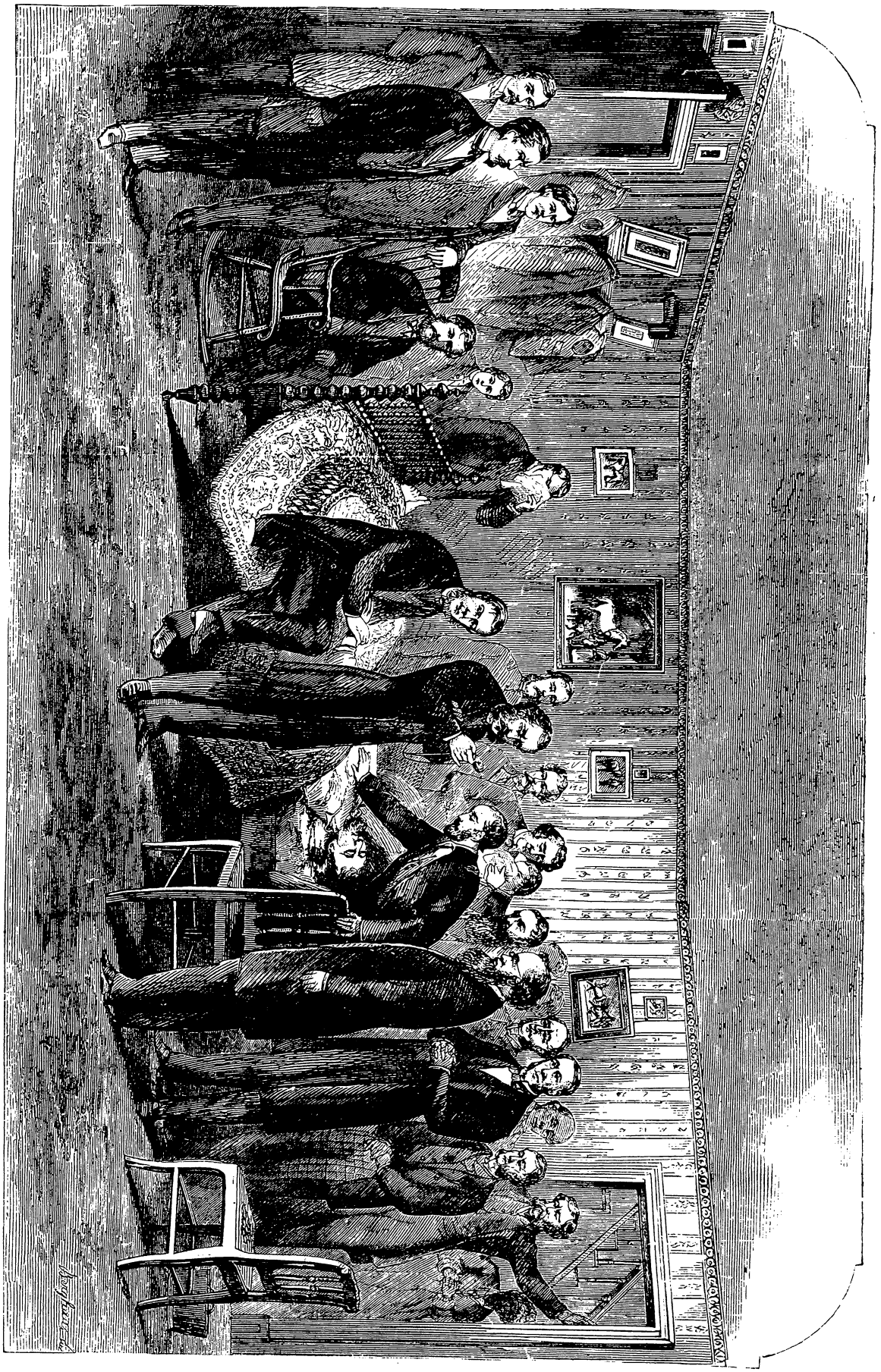
SEAL-FISHING IN THE BAY OF ST. LAWRENCE.

A whaler thus describes their mode: "The quick eyes of our captain discovered a huge seal lying on the top of one of these ice islands. Poor brute! a bullet from my rifle terminated its existence; a boat was lowered, and the monster brought on board. Others were now observed, and four boats were dispatched to effect their capture. Directly a seal was shot, we would at once pull in to the ice on which it was lying, and I was surprised at the marvelous rapidity and dexterity at which our men would skin, or, as it is termed, 'flinch' the beast. I had the curiosity to time a couple of men whilst performing this operation on a large seal. It was actually 'flinched,' and the skin thrown into the boat, in fifty-eight seconds! In about two hours, we obtained fourteen seals; but this is far above the average. After the skins are taken on board, the next operation performed on them is that of 'krenging,' which is stripping or cutting off any small portions of flesh that may be adhering to the blubber, which latter is then cut off from the skin, and this last process is called 'making off.'"

fifteen in a vessel. Working their way into the ice as far as they can go, they watch to find the indications of the presence of seal. Then, in little skiffs which will hold two men, they set out from the vessel, dragging the skiff after them upon the ice, and launching it into the open water when they come to it. The seals are killed when they rise to the surface by a blow with a club upon the nose, and are then skinned, with the blubber remaining upon the skin. The blubber is a layer of solid fat, some four inches thick, which lies just under the skin, and is the most valuable product of the fishery. The skin, with the blubber, is worth from four to five dollars, and finds a ready market in the ships bound for England. The inhabitants of the islands in the St. Lawrence go out in sledges during the day when the weather is favorable, and capture the seals in the same way. The fishing is not, however, without danger, for if any fisher happens to be caught upon the ice by a snowstorm there is but small chance of his being able to find his way home again. Many have been lost from this cause.



SKINNING AND TAKING OUT THE BLUBBER OF THE SEAL.



DEATH-BED OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

[From an original sketch made by an artist actually present, and never before published.]

ASSASSINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE following striking description of the assassination of President Lincoln is from Walt Whitman's forthcoming book, and, as a specimen of word-painting, is remarkable for its vivid realism. The "good gray poet" was among the audience at Ford's Theatre on that ever-memorable night when baffled treason struck its last and deadliest blow, and his narrative of what he saw and heard possesses a peculiar interest.

He thus describes the terrible scene in all its strangely contrasting phases:

The day, April 14, 1865, seems to have been a pleasant one throughout the whole land—the moral atmosphere pleasant, too—the long storm, so dark, so fratricidal, full of blood and doubt and gloom, over and ended at last by the sunrise of such an absolute national victory, and utter breaking down of secessionism—we almost doubted our own senses! Lee had capitulated beneath the apple-tree of Appomattox. The other armies, the flanges of the revolt, swiftly followed.

And could it really be, then? Out of all the affairs of this world of woe and passion, of failure and disorder and dismay, was there really come the confirmed, unerring sign of plan, like a shaft of pure light—of rightful rule—of God?

But I must not dwell on accessories. The deed hastens. The popular afternoon paper, the little *Evening Star*, had spattered all over its third page, divided among its advertisements in a sensational manner in a hundred different places, "The President and his lady will be at the theatre this evening." (Lincoln was fond of the theatre. I have myself seen him there several times. I remember thinking how funny it was that he, in some respects, the leading actor in the greatest and stormiest drama known to real history's stage through centuries, should sit there and be so completely interested and absorbed in those human jack-straws, moving about with their silly little gestures, foreign spirit, and flatulent text.)

So the day, as I say, was propitious. Early herbage, early flowers, were out. (I remember where I was stopping at the time, the season being advanced, there were many lilacs in full bloom. By one of those caprices that enter and give tinge to events without being at all a part of them, I find myself always reminded of the great tragedy of that day by the sight and odor of these blossoms. It never fails.)

On this occasion the theatre was crowded, many ladies in rich and gay costumes, officers in their uniforms, many well-known citizens, young folks, the usual clusters of gaslights, the usual magnetism of so many people, cheerful, with perfumes, music of violins and flutes—(and over all, and saturating all, that vast vague wonder, *Victory*, the Nation's Victory, the triumph of the Union, filling the air, the thought, the sense, with exhilaration more than all perfumes.)

The President came betimes, and, with his wife, witnessed the play, from the large stage-boxes of the second tier, two thrown into one, and profusely draped with the national flag. The acts and scenes of the piece—one of those singularly witless compositions which have at least the merit of giving entire relief to an audience engaged in mental action or business excitements and cares during the day, as it makes not the slightest call on either the moral, emotional, æsthetic, or spiritual nature—a piece ("Our American Cousin") in which, among other characters, so called, a Yankee certainly such a one as was never seen, or the least like it ever seen in North America, is introduced in England, with a varied fol-de-rol of talk, plot, scenery, and such phantasmagoria as goes to make up a modern popular drama—had progressed through perhaps a couple of its acts, when in the midst of this comedy, or tragedy, or nonsuch, or whatever it is to be called, and to offset it or finish it out, as if in nature's and the great muse's mockery of these poor mimes, comes interpolated that scene, not really or exactly to be described at all (for on the many hundreds who were there it seems to this hour to have left little but a passing blur, a dream, a blotch)—and yet partially to be described, as I now proceed to give it.

There is a scene in the play representing a modern parlor, in which two unprecedented English ladies are informed by the unprecedented and impossible Yankee that he is not a man of fortune, and therefore undesirable for marriage-catching purposes; after which, the comments being finished, the dramatic trio make their exit, leaving the stage clear for a moment. There was a pause—a hush as it were. At this period came the murder of Abraham Lincoln! Great as that was, with all its manifold train circling round it, and stretching into the future for many a century, in the politics, history, art, etc., of the New World, in point of fact the main thing, the actual murder, transpired with the quiet and simplicity of any commonest occurrence—the bursting of a bud or pod in the growth of vegetation, for instance.

Through the general hum following the stage pause, with the change of positions, etc., came the muffled sound of a pistol shot, which not one hundredth part of the audience heard at the time—and yet a moment's hush—somehow, surely a vague, startled thrill—and then, through the ornamented, draperied, started and striped space-way of the President's box, a sudden figure, a man raises himself with hands and feet, stands a moment on the railing, leaps below to the stage (a distance of perhaps fourteen or fifteen feet), falls out of position, catching his boot-heel in the copious drapery (the American flag), falls on one knee, quickly recovers himself, rises as if nothing had happened (he really sprains his ankle, but unfelt then)—and so the figure, Booth the murderer, dressed in plain black broadcloth, bare-headed, with a full head of glossy, raven hair, and his eyes, like some mad animal's, flashing with light and resolution, yet with a certain strange calmness, holds aloft in one hand a large knife—walks along not much back from the footlights—turns fully toward the audience his face of statuesque beauty, lit by those basilisk eyes, flashing with desperation, perhaps insanity—launches out in a firm and steady voice the words, *Sic semper tyrannis*—and then walks with neither slow nor very rapid pace diagonally across to the back of the stage, and disappears. (Had not all this terrible scene—making the mimic ones preposterous—had it not all been rehearsed, in blank, by Booth, beforehand?)

A moment's hush, incredulous—a scream—the cry of murder—Mrs. Lincoln leaning out of the box, with ashy cheeks and lips, with involuntary cry, pointing to the retreating figure, "He has killed the President!" And still a moment's strange, incredulous suspense—and then the deluge!—then that mixture of horror, noises, uncertainty—(the sound, somewhere back, of a horse's hoofs clattering with speed)—the people burst through chairs and railings, and break them up—that noise adds to the queerness of the scene—there is inextricable confusion and terror—women faint—quite feeble persons fall, and are trampled on—many cries of agony are heard—the broad stage suddenly fills to suffocation with a dense and motley crowd, like some horrible carnival—the audience rush generally upon it—at least the strong men do—the actors and actresses are all there in their play costumes and painted faces, with moral fright showing through their rouge—some trembling—some in

tears—the screams and calls, confused talk—redoubled, trebled—two or three manage to pass up water from the stage to the President's box—others try to clamber up—etc., etc., etc.

In the midst of all this, the soldiers of the President's Guard, with others, suddenly drawn to the scene, burst in—some two hundred altogether—they storm the house, through all the tiers, especially the upper ones, inflamed with fury, literally charging the audience with fixed bayonets, muskets, and pistols, shouting, "Clear out! clear out!—you sons of b——!" Such the wild scene, or a suggestion of it rather, inside the play-house that night.

Outside, too, in the atmosphere of shock and craze, crowds of people, filled with frenzy, ready to seize any outlet for it, came near committing murder several times on innocent individuals. One such case was especially exciting. The infuriated crowd, through some chance, got started against one man, either for words he uttered, or perhaps without any cause at all, and were proceeding at once to actually hang him on a neighboring lamp-post, when he was rescued by a few heroic policemen, who placed him in their midst and fought their way slowly, and amid great peril, toward the station-house. It was a fitting episode of the whole affair. The crowd rushing and eddying to and fro—the night, the yells, the pale faces, many frightened people trying in vain to extricate themselves—the attacked man, not yet freed from the jaws of death, looking like a corpse—the silent, resolute half-dozen policemen, with no weapons but their little clubs, yet stern and steady through all those eddying swarms—made, indeed, a fitting side-scene to the grand tragedy of the murder. They gained the station-house with the protected man, whom they placed in security for the night, and discharged in the morning.

And in the midst of that night pandemonium of senseless hate, infuriated soldiers, the audience, and the crowd—the stage, and all its actors, actresses, its paint-pots, spangles, and gas-lights—the life-blood from those veins, the best and sweetest of the land, drips slowly down, and death's ooze already begins its little bubbles on the lips.

Such, hurriedly sketched, were the accompaniments of the death of President Lincoln. So suddenly, and in murder and horror unsurpassed, he was taken from us. But his death was painless.

The illustration on page 369, representing the death-bed of President Lincoln, possesses a singular interest from the fact that it is engraved from the only sketch taken by an eye-witness of the melancholy event it commemorates. The circumstances of its production are peculiar. The artist—a gentleman who had formerly been in the employ of Mr. Frank Leslie—was at that time in Washington, and resided near the house of Mr. Peterson, to which the dying President was taken, and in a rear room of which he breathed his last.

This gentleman heard of the assassination almost immediately after it occurred, and at once hastening to the house of Mr. Peterson, with whom he was well acquainted, gained admission, remained until the last, and, amid all the excitement and confusion of those terrible hours, instinctively seized his pencil and made the sketch in question—the original of our picture.

No other engraving of the martyr-President's death-bed can possess a tithe of the interest that naturally attaches to this, which has never before been published. To it the future historical painter must turn for information, if he would truthfully depict the last scene of that dreadful drama, so disastrous and far-reaching in its unhappy consequences. No other artist having been present at the death-scene, all other attempts to delineate it must necessarily have been largely imaginative, and our picture, therefore, possesses very great historical value. The following decription of the death-scene will serve to show with what fidelity the artist has depicted it:

As soon as the discovery was made that the President was shot, the surgeon-general and other physicians were immediately summoned, and their skill exhausted in efforts to restore him to consciousness. An examination of his wounds, however, showed that no hopes could be given that his life would be spared.

Preparations were at once made to remove him, and he was conveyed to a house immediately opposite, occupied by Mr. Peterson, a respectable citizen of that locality. He was placed upon the bed, the only evidence of life being an occasional nervous twitching of the hand and heavy breathing. He was entirely unconscious, as he had been ever since the assassination. At about half-past eleven the motion of the muscles of his face indicated as if he were trying to speak, but doubtless it was merely muscular. His eyes protruded from their sockets and were suffused with blood. In other respects his countenance was unchanged.

At his bedside were the Secretary of War, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Interior, Postmaster-General and Attorney-General; Senator Sumner, General Todd, cousin to Mrs. Lincoln; Major Hay, M. B. Field, General Halleck, Major-General Meigs, Rev. Dr. Gurley, Drs. Abbott, Stone, Hatch, Neal, Hall, and Lieberman, and a few others. All were bathed in tears; and Secretary Stanton, when informed by Surgeon-General Barnes, that the President could not live until morning, exclaimed, "Oh, no, General; no—no;" and with an impulse, natural as it was unaffected, immediately sat down on a chair near his bedside, and wept like a child. Senator Sumner was seated on the right of the President, near the head, holding the right hand of the President in his own. He was sobbing like a woman, with his head bowed down almost on the pillow of the bed on which his illustrious friend was dying. In an adjoining room were Mrs. Lincoln, and her son, Captain Robert Lincoln; Miss Harris, who was with Mrs. Lincoln at the time of the assassination, and several others.

At four o'clock the symptoms of restlessness returned, and at six the premonitions of dissolution set in. His face, which had been quite pale, began to assume a waxen transparency, the jaw slowly fell, and the teeth became exposed. About a quarter of an hour before the President died, his breathing became very difficult, and in many instances seemed to have entirely ceased. He would again rally and breathe with so great difficulty as to be heard in almost every part of the house.

The surgeons and the members of the Cabinet—Senator Sumner, Captain Robert Lincoln, General Todd, Mr. Field, and Mr. Rufus Andrews—were standing at his bedside when he breathed his last. Senator Sumner, General Todd, Robert Lincoln, and Mr. Andrews, stood leaning over the headboard of the bed, watching every motion of the beating breast of the dying President. Robert Lincoln was resting himself tenderly upon the arm of Senator Sumner, the mutual embrace of the two having all the affectionateness of father and son. The surgeons were sitting upon the side and foot of the bed, holding the President's hands, and with their watches observing the slow declension of the pulse, and watching the ebbing out of the vital spirit. Such was the solemn stillness for the space of five minutes that the ticking of the watches could be heard in the room.

At twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock, in the morning, April 15th, gradually and calmly, and without a sigh or a groan, all that bound the soul of Abraham Lincoln was loosened, and the eventful career of one of the most remarkable of men was closed on earth.

The room, into which the most exalted of mortal rulers was taken to die, was in the rear part of the dwelling, and

at the end of the main hall, from which rises a stairway. The dimensions of the room are about ten by fifteen feet, the walls being covered with a brownish paper, figured with a white design. Some engravings and a photograph hung upon the walls. The engravings were copies of "The Village Blacksmith," and "Stable and Barnyard Scenes"; the photograph was one taken from an engraved copy of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." The furniture of the apartment consisted of a bureau covered with crochet, a table, several chairs of simple construction, adapted for sleeping-rooms, and the bed upon which Mr. Lincoln lay when his spirit took its flight. The bedstead was a low walnut, the headboard from two to three feet high. The floor was covered with Brussels carpeting, which had been considerably used. Everything on the bed was stained with the blood of the Chief Magistrate of the nation.

The 12th day of February, 1876, was the sixty-sixth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth. The 14th day of April, now close at hand, will be the eleventh anniversary of his death. Both dates should be suitably commemorated, for our brief history, as a nation, records no grander figure, no nobler model for the emulation of youth, than that of the flat boatman, lawyer, statesman, Chief Magistrate, and martyr—Abraham Lincoln.

——:o:——

The Princess Shepherdess.

A Fairy Story.

Once upon a time there was a very good king, who had the happiness to have a queen who was equally admirable. They were both under the protection of a very powerful fairy, who promised them a daughter of such matchless beauty, virtue, and accomplishments, that all the princes of the earth would strive to win her for a bride. When she was born there was fine music ringing through the air, and it was remarked that the roses appeared a month earlier, and remained in full bloom till the very last day of Autumn—a compliment paid to this charming princess, who was called Rosalie.

Up to her tenth year she grew more beautiful every day, when suddenly the good king, her father, was thrown from his horse, and killed on the spot. This had such a terrible effect upon the queen that she took to her couch, and rapidly passed away from a world that was insupportable since the lover of her youth had been taken away from her.

As she was bidding her daughter Rosalie farewell, the good fairy, who was named the Queen of Bonhear, suddenly appeared at her bedside, and said:

"My dear queen, I have always been a friend to you and yours from your infancy, and have come now to take charge of this beautiful daughter of yours, who will be exposed to great perils till she has reached her sixteenth year, when she will be exposed to the perilous ordeal of being loved by a wicked giant who dwells in a neighboring kingdom. I have come now to tell you that I will take charge of the Princess Rosalie, and bring her up as a shepherdess, while your old ministers can govern the kingdom in her name."

The queen tenderly embraced her weeping daughter, and joined the Kingdom of the Blest.

The next morning Rosalie found herself in a most beautiful cottage, covered with roses, passion-flowers, and honeysuckles. But, instead of royal robes, she was dressed as a shepherdess. On her table was a pretty ivory crook, and a pretty little glass for her to drink her milk from.

THE PRINCESS SHEPHERDESS.—"HE WAS ASTONISHED AT THE MARVELOUS BEAUTY OF THE LOVELY CREATURE BEFORE HIM, AND REMAINED ROOTED, AS IT WERE, TO THE SPOT."

As though led by instinct, she went into the neighboring meadow and found a flock of sheep. They gamboled around her as though they had known her from their tenderest days. Here she remained in that calm peacefulness which is the chief charm of rural seclusion, and three years passed as though it were a dream.

One morning, in the sultry month of July, she retired to a pleasant spot to rest awhile. Here she felt overpowered by the warmth of the day, and gradually slid into slumber. While she slept, the prince of that kingdom beheld her. He had been hunting since dawn, and had outstript his companions. He was astonished at the marvelous beauty of the lovely creature before him, and remained rooted, as it were, to the spot. Hearing the faint baying of the hounds at a distance, and fearing to rudely disturb the slumber of the enchanting girl before him, he hastily retraced his steps, and advanced with all speed to where the sounds of his approaching courtiers seemed to come from.

When he had regained their company, he set spurs his to horse, and was soon in his own palace.

At the evening banquet his conduct was so strange and indifferent, that his parents, who tenderly loved him, inquired in vain what ailed him; but he quieted their apprehensions by assuring them that he had overfatigued himself in the chase.

Seizing the first opportunity, he retired to his own apartment; but it was not to sleep; the image of his unknown divinity rose before him. He paced his room till day broke, when ever-wearied nature asserted her sway, and he fell into a short but profound slumber. He dreamed that he was a shepherd, and that the fair object of his thoughts was his companion. He was pressing her milk-white hand, and

gazing tenderly into the lovely depths of her beautiful blue eyes, when the entrance of one of his attendants aroused him.

His disappointment was extreme when he found that his glorious vision had all flown; but, while he made his toilet, he resolved to make his dream a reality.

To accomplish this he made his private squire his confidant. It was in vain that Mirsant—such was his attendant's name—endeavored to dissuade him from the course he had formed.

In order to accomplish his object, he announced his intention of giving a grand masquerade in the palace on the following night.

His own disguise was that of a shepherd. When the festivities were at their height he quietly slipped away from the festive throng, and ere his departure was noticed he was miles away from the palace.

Great was the consternation of the courtiers, and profound the grief of the king and queen, at this mysterious disappearance of their only child.

The next morning while Rosalie, the princess shepherdess, was sitting in the midst of her amiable flock, she was surprised to see the handsomest young shepherd she had ever seen coming toward her. As he drew nearer to her she was more and more astonished, for she had never, not even in her dreams, seen anything more beautiful than the being now before her.

He approached her with utmost reverence, and said:

"Fair shepherdess, are these your sheep?"

She said they were. One word led to another, and when they separated she was as much enamored of the young stranger as he was of her.

For three months they lived in this delicious paradise, for Mirsant, his squire, had provided him with a flock of sheep, which the prince told the fair Rosalie belonged to the king, which was indeed the truth. It is utterly impossible to describe the happy life these two young lovers led.

Prince Gracioso—such was the prince shepherd's name—had a hut about two hundred yards from the pretty little cottage of Rosalie, and when they had seen their flocks to their nightly rest they would roam about, or sit on the green sward, watching the stars as they came out, one after the other, like little children come out to play. When it was time to separate, Gracioso would escort Rosalie to her cottage, and, after the most lingering and tender adieux, she would insensibly accompany her dear shepherd to his hut; but there would be another lovable parting, when he would return to see her safe within her abode. It was sometimes nearly morning ere they had courage to tear themselves apart.

COMING TO WOO.—"'YOU'RE A LUCKY YOUNG LADY,' SAID BELL, WITH TEARS IN HER EYES, THE MOMENT SHE STOPPED LAUGHING ENOUGH TO SAY A COHERENT WORD."—SEE PAGE 374.

In the meantime the grief of the king and the queen was very great at the mysterious absence of their beloved son, who, being the idol of the people, was equally bewailed by them.

One morning when Gracioso and Rosalie were seated on a green bank, talking those sweet nothings that make up a lover's conversation, they were suddenly interrupted by a cavalcade of gallant knights, with a gorgeously attired band of musicians, who rode before them.

What was the surprise of Prince Gracioso when out of the brilliant throng his father and mother, the king and queen, came forth.

Rushing up to the prince, they embraced him tenderly, and, after the first transports of joy were over, they gently reproached him with his unkindness in not informing them of his safety. When they turned their attention to the shepherdess they were struck dumb with her surpassing loveliness. Nevertheless, the conviction that it was for the sake of a low-born lassie they had endured so much grief, and a natural fear that the infatuation would result in his sharing his future throne with an unknown woman, made them look very grave and forbiddingly upon Rosalie.

The innate dignity and womanly pride of Rosalie rose at their conduct, and, throwing down her crook and rising to her full height, she said to the queen, whose countenance wore the most ugly frown:

"Madame, I was not aware till this minute of the rank of your son. I thought he was really the shepherd he appeared; but you may be surprised to learn that I am as nobly born as your son, for I am the Princess Rosalie, of the Kingdom of Flowers, and had the misfortune to lose my royal parents some years ago.

COMING TO WOO.—"'LOUDER, IF YOU PLEASE,' SAID 'SUSAN,' PRESENTING HER EAR."—SEE PAGE 374.

I was placed here by a benevolent fairy, who watches over our family, till I am sixteen, to avoid the persecution of a horrible giant who wished to marry me, that he might rule over my kingdom."

As she pronounced these last words, the good fairy who had befriended Rosalie came through the air in her magnificent chariot, drawn by two eagles, whose eyes were like stars of fire.

"What Rosalie has said is the truth; but she is more than a princess—she is the Queen of the Kingdom of Flowers! She can return to her palace and ascend her throne at once, for the cruel giant died about an hour ago, and the beauteous Rosalie has nothing to fear."

The king, the queen, the prince, and Rosalie, now entered the chariot of the good fairy, who touched with her wand the prince and Rosalie. Their rustic garbs immediately became splendid robes, and in a few minutes they descended at the palace of Queen Rosalie. Upon entering the grand hall they found the chief officers of state awaiting the arrival of their beautiful sovereign, for the good fairy had apprised them of the approaching advent of their long-lost queen.

All that remains to say is that the lovers were married the next day, and lived to a good old age, as happy as the day is long.

COMING TO WOO.

"SUSAN, you'll make a smart, capable woman, if you git the right kind of a husband," said Uncle Jotham Kingsley, chucking me under the chin. "I know where there's a splendid chance for you—a *splendid* chance!"

"Where?" I asked, amused at Uncle Jotham's seriousness.

"Ah, up to Brasherville," answered Uncle Jotham, knowingly. "Jest say you'll consider the matter soberly, an' I'll send him down."

"Of course I'll consider the matter soberly," I answered, not having the faintest idea that Uncle Jotham would take me at my word.

But he did; for, about a week after his departure, I received the following letter, which, from its appearance generally, had most likely cost him a whole day's work:

"MY DEAR NIECE SUSAN—I take my pen in hand to inform you that i am well An' hoap theese fu lines will Find you injoyin' the Same great blessin. On Account of your great resemBlance to my dear deceast wife, who you was named after, I feel a grait Interest in your welfair, an' would like to see you settled down an Doin wel. and i think a good Husban would be the Best thing for you.

"As You promised to considur the matter Soberly if i would send Down a likly, respecktable man, i am goin to do so. His naim Is Calub Finch. Hes a widderer, an has 5 childurn. they're Smart, an You wouldn't have Any trouble with em. Hes got 80 akers of The best land in the whull of Brasherville, an 8 kows an severill horses. Hes goin to start a dary ef he gits married. now he don't have anybody to see to Things, an his houskeepin is goin to rack An ruin.

"ive told him all about You an I think youll suit him, only youre a most too young. Howsumever that cant Be helpt. He will come down the first of next week an there won't be nothin to Hender your makin a good bargin, if youve only a mind to. he was very kind to the late Missus Finch, an' spared no ecspents when she was sick. hur docter-bill amounted to Over 25 dollars. He got hur the handsomest gravestone thats ever been set up in the symetry.

"Hopin that you'll conclude to act for your intrest I,. scribe mySelf Your affeckshunate unkle,

"JOTHAM KINGSLEY."

"To Mis Susan Spencer."

Dear me! I never laughed in all my life before as I did over that letter, with its awful spelling, and its capitals scattered in promiscuously, for all the world, Bell declared, as if he had shaken them out of the sand-box, and they had stuck wherever they happened to fall.

But the most laughable part of it was the idea that he had actually got a husband looked up for me, and was going to send him down to see me.

"You're a lucky young lady," said Bell, with tears in her eyes, the moment she stopped laughing enough to utter a coherent word. "Only think how kind he was to the late deceased 'Missus Finch'! If you should die, you'll have the consoling thought to cheer your last hours that he'll get you a 'han'some gravestone,' and that he will pay your doctor's bill cheerfully, even if it does amount to 'over twenty-five dollars.' You'll be attended to 'regardless of expense,' I haven't the least doubt."

"And the five children!" I said, gasping with laughter. "But they're smart, and that's one consolation."

"What a pity that you're quite so young!" said Bell, making an effort to recover her dignity, and failing signally in the attempt. "It's too bad that you can't have your age changed by an act of the Legislature to accommodate your expected Mr. Finch! That sounds splendidly, doesn't it? It'll *look* nice, too, when he has you deposited by the late 'Missus Finch' in the 'symetry.' Dear, dear! who ever heard of anything *quite* so comical before?"

"But what's to be done?" I asked, as the real state of the case began to make itself apparent. "Here we are, left to keep house while mother is visiting. Next week Mr. Finch is coming——"

"'Coming to woo!'" sang Bell. "Mr. Finch coming to woo!"

"And I want to know what we're going to do with him?" I demanded.

"You're going to marry him, of course," answered Bell. "I advise you to fall to and 'begin to consider the matter,' as Uncle Jotham requested. Think it over prayerfully and well, and let the argument of the late 'Missus Finch's gravestone' weigh in Mr. Finch's favor."

"It's all well enough for *you* to laugh," said I, indignantly; "but if you were in my place, you'd think differently of it. How am I going to get rid of the wretch? What under the sun possessed Uncle Jotham to send him off down here? I never was so provoked in all my life, never!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Bell, after a silence of a minute or two. "He doesn't know how you look, and if I were to pass myself off for you, he'd never know the mistake. I'll be Susan, if you'll be Bell, and I'll get rid of Mr. Finch for you."

"If you only would!" cried I.

"I will," answered Bell, her eyes sparkling with 'anticipated pleasure; "I'm going to make Mr. Finch think that I'm deaf—deaf as a post. Oh my! won't it be jolly, though?"

Bell leaned back in her chair, and laughed till her sides ached.

Monday morning Mr. Finch came.

We took a good look at him from the window as he came up the path. He was a little man, with red hair, and no

eyes to speak of. The poor gentleman had evidently got on his best Sunday clothes, and looked ill-at-ease in consequence. Perhaps his mission helped to make him nervous.

"From this time forth, as long as he stays, I'm deaf, remember," said Belle, warningly. "I shan't be able to hear anything short of a respectable scream."

I went to the door.

"Is this Miss Susan Spencer?" asked Mr. Finch, as he entered.

"Susan is in the sitting-room," I answered. "I'll introduce you. You are Mr. Finch, aren't you?"

"Yes'm; Caleb Finch," he responded, so solemnly that I wanted to giggle.

We took him into the sitting-room where Bell was.

"Susan," said I, in a loud voice, "this is Mr. Finch."

"I don't hear what you say," said "Susan," turning her ear toward me. "Speak a little louder, if you please."

"This is Mr. Finch!" screamed I, in her ear. I thought I *must* laugh, to see how horrified Mr. Finch looked.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Finch," said "Susan," with a beaming smile. "Take a chair—bring it close, if you please, because I'm slightly affected with deafness. How are the children?"

"Pretty well," answered Mr. Finch, taking a seat beside her.

"Louder, if you please," said "Susan," presenting her ear.

"Pretty well," answered Mr. Finch, in a fair war-whoop.

I managed to keep my face turned the other way, and had hard work to keep from screaming.

"I was much touched at what Uncle Jotham wrote about your kindness to your late wife," said "Susan," with a fond glance in Mr. Finch's face. "What did she die of?"

"Congestion of the brain," answered Mr. Finch, his voice about two octaves higher than its usual pitch.

"I didn't hear," said "Susan." "A trifle louder, Mr. Finch."

Mr. Finch repeated his reply in so loud a tone that he got red in the face with the exertion its utterance caused him.

"Ah!"

"Susan" comprehended at last.

"Is she *always* so?" he asked, turning to me, and wiping his face vigorously with a big red-and-yellow handkerchief.

"She isn't *quite* as deaf all the time," I answered, demurely.

Pretty soon Mr. Finch made another attempt at conversation.

"You have a very pretty place here," he shouted.

"Yes; groceries *are* pretty dear," responded "Susan." "You're right about that, Mr. Finch."

"*Pretty place*," exclaimed Mr. Finch, getting desperate. "Pretty place here!" and he waved his hand toward the garden and grounds.

"Yes, I know," answered "Susan," mournfully; "but it couldn't be helped, I suppose."

Mr. Finch cast a despairing glance at me. I had to leave the room. I could stand it no longer.

When I was safely outside the door I laughed till I could laugh no more. I could only chuckle in a kind of faint imitation of a laugh. I hadn't strength enough left for the genuine article.

As I sat there I heard Mr. Finch shouting in his highest tones to "Susan," who always had to have everything repeated to her. It wasn't long before he began to get hoarse, for she kept him busy. A dozen times, while we were eating dinner, I thought I *must* laugh; it was so comical to see "Susan," not a muscle of her face relaxing from its dignified look, holding out her ear for Mr. Finch to repeat his remarks in it. He couldn't have eaten his dinner, if he had had the best of appetites.

All the afternoon "Susan" kept him sitting by her. I could see the poor man, half-tired out, cast furtive glances at the clock.

At last he got up, and beckoned me into the hall.

"I think I'll be agoin' back," he said, with a sigh that indicated how great his disappointment was. "I come down, on your uncle's recommend, to make some kind of a bargain with your sister Susan; he never told me a word about her bein' so deaf."

"It's an unfortunate affliction," I said, feeling that he expected me to say something.

"Yes, very," answered Mr. Finch, with another sigh. "I hain't said anything to her about my intention, 'cause 'twouldn't be prudent for me to marry any one as deaf as she is. Beats all I ever see or heerd of!"

"I'm sorry," I said, working hard to keep my gravity.

"So'm I," said Mr. Finch. "*She* seems willin' enough. She's got a real kind dispersition; talked feelin'ly about the late Miss' Finch, an' appreciated my efforts to'rd doin' justice to her mem'ry. But I don't feel's ef I'd orter say anythin' to her about what my intentions were. I don't s'pose *you'd* be willin' to come up an' keep house for me?"

Mr. Finch gave me a very insinuating glance, and looked hopeful.

"Oh, I couldn't think of such a thing," said I. "I'm too young, and, then, there's other reasons, you see."

"Yes, I s'pose so." Mr. Finch heaved a disappointed sigh. "I don't s'pose there's any use of goin' in to tell her good-by; you can tell her that for me. I may as well be goin'," he added, taking his hat. "Good-day."

"Good-day," I answered, and Mr. Finch took his departure.

A week after that my sides were lame and sore from the effect which Mr. Finch's visit had on them.

I got a letter from Uncle Jotham after Mr. Finch's return to Brasherville.

"I never heerd nothin' about your bein' deaf," he wrote. "Seems to me it come on sudden. It's a pitty, because Mr. Finch is a nice man."

Bell and I often laugh about the poor man. I hope the efforts he made to make her hear didn't injure his lungs. I've been afraid he'd go into a quick consumption.

The Reception of Columbus after his First Voyage.

It was April, 1493, a beautiful Spring day. Barcelona's walls were draped with banners; the ships riding in the port gleamed with the flags of Europe. From rampart and from stately ship flashed gleams of light, followed by the mimic thunder that silenced for the moment the sound of bells and trumpets, the glad cries of men. Then the great bell of St. Eulalia would send out its deep chimes, to be answered by the musical tones of Santa Maria del Mar.

There was something imposing in all this gladness. The city was celebrating a festival without a name, a feast never to be renewed.

Columbus was riding toward the Casa de la Deputacion, not solitary, as when a poor beast bore him sad and disheartened toward the Convent of La Rabida, but environed with the pomp reserved for monarchs. Catalan troops with fife and drum led the joyous line, followed by the haughty martial guards of Castille; then on a splendid steed rode the great Admiral, in sumptuous attire.

Seven Indians in a dress never before witnessed, with anklets of gold and coronets of feathers of unimagined beauty, bore rare birds from their native isles. The crews of the successful ships followed with golden crowns, rich idols, strange birds, animals, and plants.

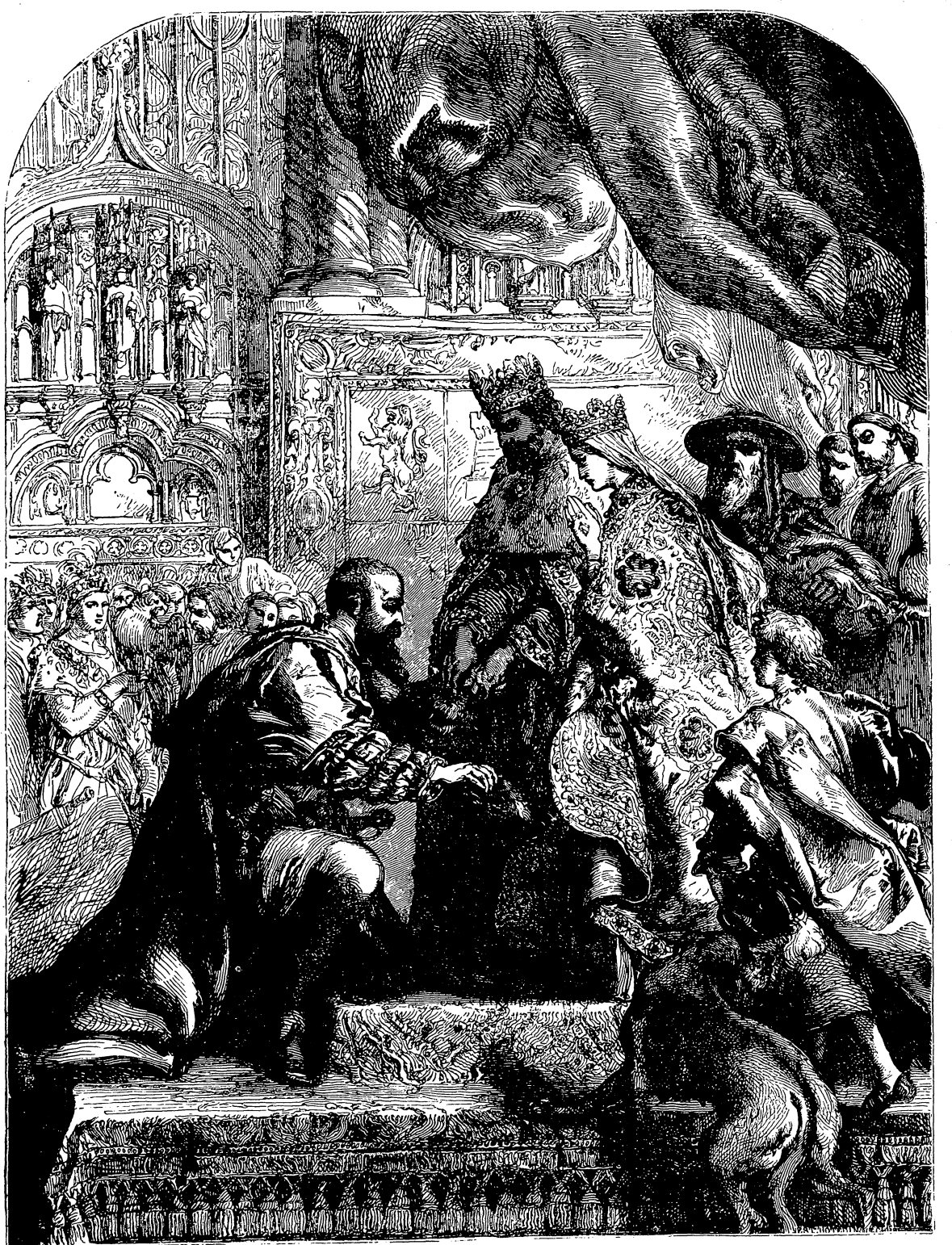
Then came the banner of Spain, and behind it that of

Columbus, inscribed: "*Por Castilla y por Leon, Nuevo Mundo hallo Colon.*"

In the Casa de la Deputacion, in a Gothic hall newly adorned, two new thrones had been erected, over which waved thirty standards, taken from the Moors at Malaga and Granada. Here sat Ferdinand and Isabella, *kings* of Spain. When Columbus entered, they rose amid the *vivas* of the assemblage of the proudest nobles of Spain. As he bent the knee in reverence, Isabella at once prevented him, saying:

"Don Cristoval Colon, our Admiral and Viceroy of the lands of India, rise."

"The queen and king, my sovereigns, have, after God, aided and favored me; may it please their highnesses to give me their hands to kiss?"



THE RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS AFTER HIS FIRST VOYAGE.

"Sir Admiral," said Ferdinand, "that were a mark of vassalage; ye shall here have but marks of honor. Be seated, Don Cristoval." Columbus kissed the hand of Isabella, and took his seat amid the grandees of Spain. The triumph of that day was undisturbed by the clouds of the future.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

N the first floor of a large hotel in the Rue Royale, at Paris, resided the Count and Countess de Montgomery. The count was a personage of rank, and the possessor of considerable property, maintaining a numerous retinue of attendants, and an almoner, who formed part of the establishment. On the second and third floors of the same hotel the Sieur d'Anglade resided with his lady in a style of considerable respectability. The two families lived on the most amicable terms. It so happened that on one occasion the count and countess invited these neighbors to accompany them on a visit to one of their country-seats. The invitation, at first accepted, was, for some unexplained reason, subsequently declined when the count and countess were just on the eve of their departure. Many of their numerous suite accompanied the family, and amongst these was the priest-almoner, Francis Gagnard. From some presentiment, it was said, pressing on the mind of the count, they returned to Paris the day before they were expected, and in the evening they received a visit from the D'Anglades. On the following day the unwelcome discovery was made that the count's strong box had been opened with a false key, and completely plundered. Its contents were thirteen small sacks with a thousand silver livres in each. In addition to these were near twelve thousand livres in gold, some double pistoles, a hundred louis d'or of a new coinage, called *au cordon*, and a pearl necklace worth four thousand livres. The whole had vanished.

The lieutenant of police, having been consulted, at once pronounced the crime to have been perpetrated by some one within the house, and seems to have conceived and manifested a violent prejudice against the D'Anglade family. On observing this, they immediately demanded that their apartments should be examined, and a strict search was made, their very beds having been ripped up, but nothing whatever was found to implicate any one in the floors which they inhabited. In an attic, however, which had been used as a kind of lumber-room, there were discovered, in an old trunk filled with parchments and rubbish, seventy louis d'or *au cordon*, wrapped up in a paper on which a genealogical table was printed, both of which Montgomery claimed, although the coin had no peculiar mark, and was in general circulation. From this moment the suspicions entertained by the lieutenant were adopted by the count. He loudly avouched the honesty of all his servants, and invidiously adverted to the theft of a piece of plate from the Sieur Grimandet, a former tenant, the D'Anglades at the time living in the hotel. These suspicions were strengthened by the fact that it was known that D'Anglade had expensive habits, and that on their desiring him to count the coin he was observed to tremble. His trembling was the agitation of innocence under an accusation false but plausible. After this the small room, in which the almoner, a page, and a *valet de chambre* slept, was subjected to a close search, and here, in a recess in the wall, were found five sacks containing a thousand livres each, and a sixth from which two hundred had been extracted. The D'Anglades were committed to prison, and it seems, by the law of France, the prejudiced police-lieutenant who committed was the judge by whom they were to be tried. D'Anglade appealed to the parliament against the foul prejudgment, but he appealed in vain. It would appear that Count Montgomery had his misgivings, for he ordered his almoner, the priest Gagnard, to say a solemn mass for the detection of the culprits. The almoner was examined as a witness at the trial, though what was the nature of his evidence does not appear; satisfactory proofs were wanting to inculpate the accused. The public eye was upon the judg. and, without plausible proof, even a prejudiced judge shrank from pronouncing judgment. But he had an alternative, which at that time unhappily was legal. What the witnesses failed in proving, the torture might goad the accused to confess; they therefore put D'Anglade to the question, ordinary and extraordinary—they tormented him even to the verge of death, and then, covered over with wounds, his back dislocated, his whole frame shattered, all in ruins save a noble nature, they bore him back to prison beseeching God to manifest his innocence, and to pardon his inhuman persecutors and his inexorable judge. Although they failed in proving his guilt, they sentenced him to restore the amount which had been stolen, and to serve for nine years chained as a galley-slave. From this last degradation he was saved by death, for he sank in his dungeon at Marseilles, having received the sacraments. His poor widow and orphan, stripped of everything, even of the bed on which they lay, were banished from Paris and its precincts, and cast upon the world, forsaken and heartbroken.

After the death of D'Anglade and the utter desolation of his family, their innocence was clearly demonstrated. Anonymous letters traced to an Abbé de Fontpierre, who was a member of a thieves' society, showed that one Belestré was the principal in the crime. Belestré accomplished the crime with the assistance of Francis Gagnard, the inmate of Montgomery's house, and his trusted almoner.

Gagnard and Belestré, both natives of the town of Mons, had been associates from infancy. The former was the son of a jailer; he had journeyed to Paris as an adventurer, and was eking out a mere subsistence by saying masses at the church of Saint Esprit, when Montgomery admitted him on his establishment. The return he made was the furnishing his friend Belestré with wax impressions of all the keys he found there. It turned out that Belestré was a still greater villain than himself, having been in the army, from which he deserted after murdering his sergeant, and was afterwards prowling about the dens of Paris, alternately a gambler, a beggar, and a bully. Gagnard left the service of Montgomery after the conviction of D'Anglade, and, following his criminal bent, soon found himself in prison, and, strangely enough, in the same cell with Belestré, arrested about the same time on a different charge. In the meantime the contents of the anonymous letters having much impressed the authorities, it occurred to them to interrogate the count's late almoner and his fellow-prisoner as to the robbery in the Rue Royale. They were first examined apart, and an immediate prosecution was the result. The Abbé gave most important evidence. He deposed that, he heard Belestré say, "Come, my friend, let us drink and be merry while D'Anglade is at the galleys."

"Poor man," said the almoner, "I can't help being sorry for him; he is a good sort of man, and was obliging to me."

"Sorry!" said the other, with a laugh, "sorry for the man who has saved us from suspicion, and made our fortune!"

A woman, named De la Comble, deposed that Belestré frequently showed her a beautiful pearl necklace, which he said he had won at play. Upon Belestré there was found a document, in Gagnard's writing, alluding to the anonymous letters, and advising him, by some means to rid himself of the Abbé de Fontpierre. In addition to this, it was shown that Gagnard, who, on entering the count's service, was almost destitute, and who could have saved but little from his salary, had on leaving it a profusion of money, which he lavished in feasting and debauchery. Belestré, also, was proved at the same period to have purchased an estate at Mons, where his father was a humble tanner.

Madame d'Anglade completely cleared up the paltry suspicions by which her husband had been sacrificed. The criminals made a full confession of their guilt. But the mind of the judge was all intent on vindicating the prejudices in which he never should have indulged.

The Raphia Palm of Madagascar, and the Caryota Palm of Malabar.

THE palm is all in all to the Malgash tribes. From the tavouloo, with its delicate and strengthening pith, to the palm, giving a salt which many prefer to that of the sea, what services does not palm render them!

The Raphia stands in the first rank, a majestic and elegant tree, giving wine, sago, and a beautiful textile fibre. The wood builds their houses, the leaves thatch them, or, rather, tile them; but the negroes never use the timber till they drain out all the wine, or *bourdon*, as they call it—one of the strongest palm-wines known. The fruit resembles a pine-cone, whence some call the tree the pine-palm. Its almond-shaped kernels, when fermented, give a perfect brandy. The clusters of fruit are sometimes four and a half feet long, so that there is no lack of material. The fibres, used for manufacturing cloth, are very fine, but strong.

The Caryota is a Malabar palm, and one of those known from ancient times, as Dioscorides describes it. Its spathes are very large, pendant, and spring from between the leaves. Its flowers in Summer, in the rainy season, and its spathes distil the sugary lymph from which the *toddy*, a well-known East India palm-wine, is prepared. Its trunk contains an enormous quantity of edible pith—very nutritious when prepared like sago. It is known in the East by various names—beralamado, jiruba, evimpannah, and burasawar. The wood is not useless—making good boards and planks.

THEODORE HOOK'S PUNNING.

HOOK was admirable in what he terms, "the very plums in the *pudding* of conversation"—punning, which he treats in this mock-profound manner:

A punster (that is, a regular hard-going, thick-and-thin punster) is the dullest and stupidest companion alive, if he could but be made to think so. He sits gaping for an opportunity to jingle his nonsense with whatever happens to be going on, and, catching at some detached bit of a rational conversation, perverts its sense to his favorite sound, so that instead of anything like a continuous intellectual intercourse, which one might hope to enjoy in pleasant society, one is perpetually interrupted by his absurd distortions and unseasonable ribaldry, as ill-timed and ill-placed as songs in an opera, sung by persons in the depth of despair, or on the point of death.

Admitting, however, the viciousness, the felonious sinfulness of punning, it is to be apprehended that the liberty of the pun is like the liberty of the Press, which, says the patriot, is like the air, and if we have it not we cannot breathe. Therefore, seeing that it is quite impossible to put down punning, the next best things we can do is to regulate it, in the way they regulate peccadilloes in Paris, and teach men to commit punnery as Cæsar died and Frenchmen dissipate—with decency.

The proverb says "wits jump," so may punsters, and two bright geniuses *may* hit upon the same idea at different periods quite unconsciously. To avoid any unnecessary repetition or apparent plagiarisms, therefore, by *these coincidences*, we venture to address this paper to young beginners in the craft—to the rising generation of witlings; and we are led to do this more particularly from feeling that the *tyro* in punning, as well as in everything else, firmly believes *that* which he for the first time has heard or read, to be as novel and entertaining to his older friends, who have heard it or read it before he was born, as it is to himself, who never met with it till the day upon which he so liberally and joyously retails it to the first hearers he can fall in with.

For these reasons we propose, in order to save time and trouble, to enumerate a few puns, which, for the better regulation of jesting, are positively prohibited in all decen societies where punnery is practised; and first, since the great (indeed, the only) merit of a pun is its undoubted originality—its unequivocal novelty—its extemporaneous construction and instantaneous explosion—all puns by recurrence, all puns by repetition, and puns by anticipation, are prohibited.

In the next place, all the following *traveling* puns are strictly prohibited:

All allusions upon entering a town to the *pound* and the *stocks*—knowing a man by his *gait* and not liking his *style*—calling a tall turnpike-keeper a colossus of *roads*—paying the post-boy's charges of *ways* and means—seeing no *sign* of an *inn;* or replying, sir, you are *out*, to your friend who says he does—talking of a hedger having a *stake* in the *bank*—all allusions to *sun* and *air* to a new-married couple—all stuff about village *belles*—calling the belfry a *court of a peal*—saying, upon two carpenters putting up a paling, that they are very peaceable men to be *fencing* in a field—all trash about "*manors* make the man," in the shooting season; and all stuff about trees, after this fashion: "that's a *pop'lar* tree"—"I'll turn over a new *leaf*, and make my *bough*," etc.

Puns upon field-sports, such as racing being a matter of *course*—horses *starting* without being shy—a good shot being fond of his *but* and his *barrel*—or saying that a man fishing deserves a *rod* for taking such a *line;* if he is sitting under a *bridge* calling him an *arch* fellow, or supposing him a nobleman because he takes his place among the *piers*, or that he will *catch* nothing but cold, and no fish by *hook* or by crook. All these are prohibited.

To talk of yellow pickles at dinner, and say the way to *Turn'em Green* is through Hammersmith—all allusions to eating men, for *Eton* men, *Staines* on the table-cloth—*Eggham*, etc., are all exploded; as is all stuff about *maids*, and *thornbacks*, and *plaice;* or saying to a lady who asks you to help her to the wing of a chicken, that it is a mere matter of *a pinion*—all quibbles about dressing *hare* and cutting it—all stuff about a merry fellow being given to *wine;* or, upon helping yourself, to say you have a *platonic* affection for roast beef; or, when fried fish runs short, singing to the mistress of the house, with *Tom Moore*,

> "Your *sole*, though a very sweet *sole*, love,
> Will ne'er be sufficient for me,"

are entirely banished.

At the playhouse never talk of being a *Pittite* because you happen not to be in the boxes—never observe whatever a *Kean* eye one actor has, or that another can never grow old because he must always be *Young*—never talk of the uncertainty of *Mundane* affairs in a farce, or observe how *Terry*bly well a man plays Mr. Simpson—banish from your mind the possibility of saying the Covent Garden manager has put his best *Foot* forward, or that you should like to go to *Chester* for a day or two; or that you would give the world to be tied to a *Tree*, or that *Mr. Macready* is a *presentable* actor—all such stuff is interdicted.

In speaking of Parliament, forget *Broom* and *Birch*, *Wood* and *Cole*, *Scarlett* and *White*, *Lamb* and the *Leakes*, the *Hares* and the *Herons*, the *Cooks* and the *Bruins;* such jumbles will lead into great difficulties, and invariably end, without infinite caution, in an observation that the conduct of that House is always regulated by the best possible *Manners*.

LEAD AND ITS USES.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

LEAD is a metal which has been known from the most remote antiquity. The earliest Greek authors called it *molybdos*, the Latins *plumbum*, and the alchemists named it *Saturn*, because it devoured all other metals during its calcination. The sign now used by astronomers to indicate the planet Saturn was employed as the mystic symbol of lead in the parchment manuscripts of the Middle Ages. The rage for adventure, which the brilliant exploits of Pizarro and Cortez excited in Europe, had not abated at the commencement of the eighteenth century, and on the 14th of September, 1712, Louis XIV. granted to Anthony Crozat, Secretary of the Household, the exclusive privilege of commerce in the district of country now embraced in the States of Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Arkansas, Missouri, and Illinois—with the proprietary of the mines and minerals he should discover in the country, reserving the fifth part of all bullion of gold and silver, and one-tenth of the produce of all other mines. This was the origin of the explorations in search of ores in a part of the United States which has since yielded such enormous quantities of metal and coal. It is not necessary to trace the history of the early adventurers. They surmounted many obstacles, and endured great hardships, and paved the way for a higher civilization over a vast tract of country, at that time occupied by savage tribes or abandoned to wild beasts. The early miners, in their search for lead, were not guided by scientific knowledge, but by the results of experience. They dug pits over a wide extent of country, and when they found a surface deposit they sunk a well, mounted a windlass, and worked at the place until they had exhausted the pocket, or were driven out by the inflowing water. (See fig 1.)

Sometimes a miner would hit upon a cave, the sides and top of which would be composed of the richest crystals of *galena*, and from which he could obtain as much as $20,000 worth of lead. Such good fortune was not, however, very common. This early style of mining for ore did not add to the safety of traveling over the country. In the course of time there were so many pits, wells, and abandoned claims, that whole counties were honeycombed, and it was exceedingly hazardous, even in the daytime, to attempt to traverse the country, as the mouths of the pits were often concealed by bushes or covered with rank grass. The ownership of the mines was often a matter of dispute, and the scene of well-contested claims was perpetuated in history by such names as "Hard-scrabble Diggings," which, in the quaint humor of the West, would be given to a settlement. No money was wasted in the construction of furnaces, as it was altogether uncertain how long the mines of any region would yield a paying ore, and it was necessary to have such light structures that they could be either abandoned or removed at slight cost. A plain wooden shanty, with a tall smoke-stack, and a log-cabin to store the ore, was all that was required. (See fig. 2.)

The material for these structures could be obtained on the spot, and they were located as conveniently to the mines as possible. The miners would bring the ore in strong wagons drawn by ox teams, and sell it to the owners of the smelting furnace. They could always obtain ready cash for good ore, and it soon became an understood fact in the towns on the Mississippi river that when a purchaser, wearing a slouched hat and a suit of clothes colored with the characteristic red earth of the mines, presented himself at any store, he must be treated with unusual respect, as he would be certain to pay down the cash for whatever he wished to buy. It was rather the style in those early days to have considerable red mud on one's shoes, and the same shade on one's coat, as a passport to credit.

The ore obtained in Missouri is known as *galena;* it is the chief source of lead for all parts of the world. When perfectly pure, *galena* contains 86.57 per cent. of lead, and 13.43 per cent. of sulphur. It is generally contaminated with other substances, so that an average yield of 80 per cent. would be considered highly satisfactory. The sulphide of lead (*galena*) occurs in cubes, or modifications of cubes, sometimes in very handsome clusters, possessing a beautiful lustre and lead-gray color; easily broken, and with a specific gravity of 7.7. When in contact with metallic zinc, *galena* is readily decomposed by acids. The reaction with zinc and hydrochloric acid may be employed with advantage for assaying *galena*, particularly the common American variety, which contains no heavy metal besides lead. The details of the process are as follows: Weigh out thirty or forty grains or more of the finely powdered *galena*. Place the powder in a tall beaker, together with a smooth lump of pure metallic zinc. Pour upon the mixture six or eight cubic inches of dilute hydrochloric acid, which has been previously warmed to forty or fifty degs. C. (104 or 124 degs. F.), cover the beaker with a watch-glass or broad funnel, and put in a moderately warm place. Hydrochloric acid fit for the purpose may be prepared by diluting one volume to the ordinary commercial acid with four volumes of water. For the quantity of *galena* above indicated, the lumps of zinc should be one inch in diameter by a quarter of an inch thick; they may be readily obtained by dropping melted zinc upon a smooth surface of wood or metal. The zinc and acid should be allowed to act upon the mineral for fifteen or twenty minutes, in order to insure complete decomposition. Any particle of *galena* which may be thrown up against the cover or sides of the beaker should, of course, be washed back into the liquid. It is well, moreover, to stir the mixture from time to time with a glass rod. When all the *galena* has been decomposed, as may be determined by the fact that the liquid has become clear, and that no sulphuretted hydrogen is evolved, decant the liquid from the beaker into a tolerably large filter of smooth paper, in which a small piece of metallic zinc has been placed. Wash the lead and zinc in the beaker as quickly as possible with hot water, by decantation, until the liquid from the filter ceases to give an acid reaction with litmus paper; then transfer the lead from the beaker to a weighed porcelain crucible. In order to remove any portion of lead which may adhere to the lump of zinc, the latter may be rubbed gently with a glass rod, and afterwards with the fingers, if need be. Wash out the filter into an evaporating dish, remove the zinc, and add the particles of lead thus collected to the contents of the crucible. Finally, dry the lead at a moderate heat and weigh. As soon as the richness of the ore is ascertained, the smelter has it broken up into small pieces, and mixes it with a weighed portion of limestone or other flux (see fig. 3), and it is then thrown into a reverberatory furnace (see fig. 4), where the reduction takes place.

A reverberatory furnace is exclusively employed for the reduction of lead ores, having a bed of about 10 ft. by 8, and formed generally of old slags of former operations. It is well depressed in the centre, and at the lowest part a tap-hole is formed for the running off of the metal. A series of openings are pierced through the sides for the admission of air and convenience of working.

Usually 12 to 30 cwt. of ore are mixed with 1-30th of lime—the openings are closed as soon as the charge is introduced,

heat is got up, and the mixture stirred from time to time. After two hours any rich slags of former workings are thrown in, and, as these will at once yield their lead, the taphole is opened to draw it off.

The lead thus obtained, in most cases, requires refining, or, as it is called, "improving," as it may contain silver, antimony, copper, and other admixtures. The refining process is generally conducted near the sea-board or in large cities, and not in the wilderness. Lead is also obtained from *galena* by what is called the precipitation method, which is based upon the behavior of metallic iron at a high temperature towards *galena;* for if these two substances are heated together the result is the formation of sulphide of iron and metallic lead. Accordingly, the precipitation method consists in smelting the *galena*, previously freed from gangue, with granulated iron, obtained by pouring molten cast-iron in a thin stream into cold water. The operation is carried on in a shaft furnace; the result is the formation of metallic lead and a lead matter, consisting essentially of sulphide of iron, undecomposed *galena*, and sulphide of copper. Sometimes iron ores and slags are applied, in which case the oxygen of these substances aids the desulphuration.

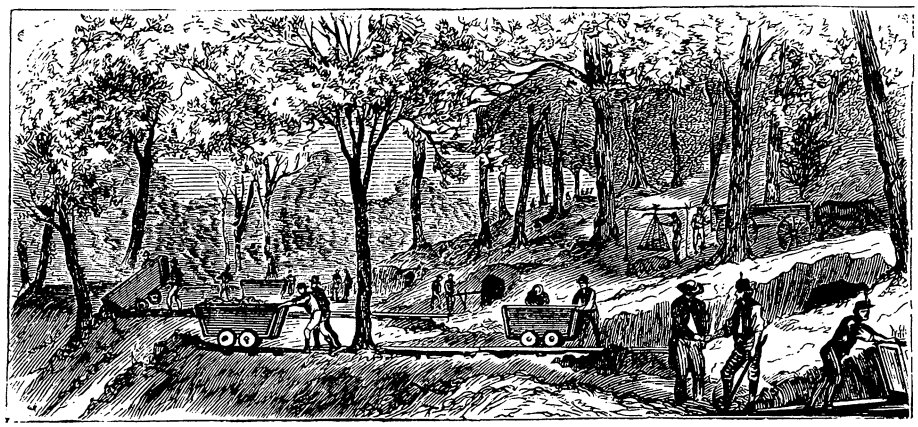
LEAD AND ITS USES.—SINKING THE SHAFT IN A MISSOURI LEAD MINE.—SEE PAGE 379.

The lead ores of Missouri contain very little silver, that of Mine la Motte yielding only 00.0027 per cent. It would not pay to attempt to separate so small a quantity of silver directly, and a concentration method was invented by Pattinson, in 1833, for overcoming the difficulty; this is founded on the observaton that, when a certain quantity of lead that contains silver is melted in iron pots, and the fluid mass allowed to cool uniformly, then ensues a formation of small octahedral crystals, which do not contain any silver at all, or are a great deal poorer in silver than the original alloy, while the portion of the metal remaining fluid is found to contain an increased quantity of silver. It is clear, therefore, that if the crystals first obtained are again melted and cooled uniformly, another concentration will be obtained, and that the operation can be repeated until a lead is obtained rich enough in silver to admit of its extraction by subsequent process. A later method than the one invented by Pattinson has been introduced, which is founded on the property of zinc not to form an alloy with lead, and also on the observation that when lead containing silver is melted with zinc and allowed to cool, the zinc rises to the surface, carrying all of the silvers with it. The zinc can be subsequently readily separated from the silver by distillation, or by superheated steam.

It is thus that lead is obtained, and it now remains to relate something of its properties and uses. Few metals have contributed so largely to the progress of civilization, to the dissemination of knowledge, to the study of our own and other worlds, to our defence in war and our comfort in times of peace, as lead. The astronomer could not have penetrated the heavens, and had revealed to him the far-distant planets, without the lead-glass to give him the achromatic lens. The microscopist depends upon the same peculiar glass for his powerful objective, with which to detect the most minute forms of life. Thus, in all of the researches on light, we are indebted to lead for our chief implements, and, without the lenses it affords us, Astronomy and Microscopy would still have been in their infancy.

The flint-glass prism, in the hands of skillful men, has given us the Spectroscope, which unveils the heavens and proclaims the constitution of the stars. By means of this instrument we weigh the sun, and determine the substance of which it is composed, and can say of what elements the stars consist, even of those the light from which requires countless ages to travel to our earth, where we perform the dissection.

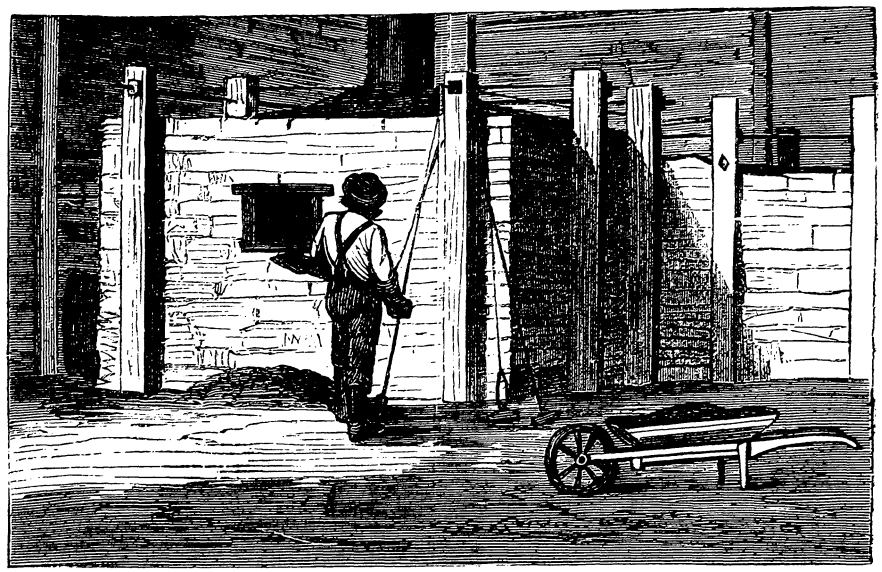
As soon as gunpowder was invented, and an improvement in fire-arms became possible, the leaden bullet was introduced to protect us against our enemies in war, or to provide food for us in times of peace. The introduction of lead rendered it possible to manufacture movable types with which to print our books, and it must be confessed that without these types there would have been no beginning to the making of books, and the dissemination of knowledge would have been attended with great difficulties. If we examine our oil-colors, we shall find lead; if we study the tip of lucifer-matches, an oxide of lead will reveal itself. We find that water is conducted into our houses through leaden pipes—our plumbing, as the name indicates, is dependent upon it. The physician often prescribes lead in some form; the metal-



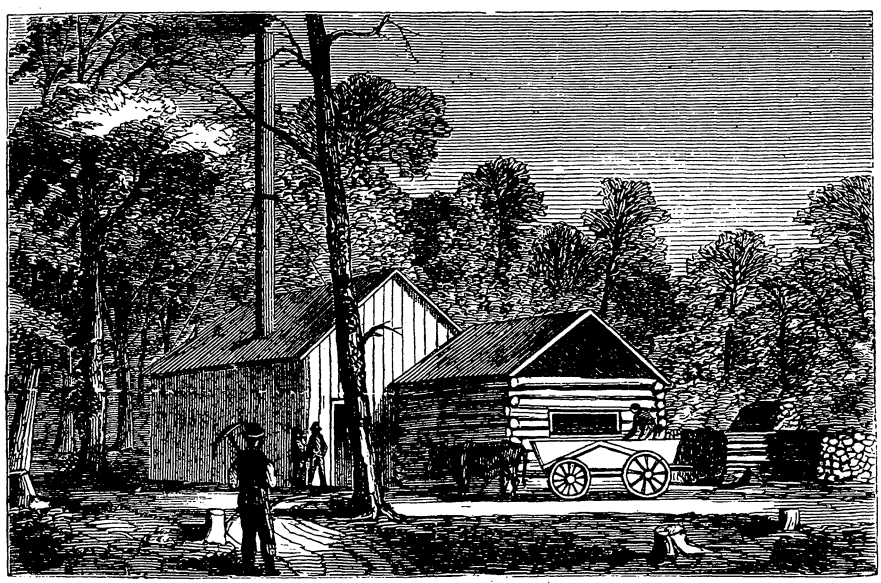
LEAD AND ITS USES.—ENTRANCE TO THE MINES.

worker wants it for alloys; but perhaps the most important use of all remains to be told, and that consists in the application of lead to the manufacture of sulphuric acid. Around sulphuric acid cluster a vast number of industries, the deprivation of which would clog the wheels of nearly every manufacture, and put back the march of civilization more than one hundred years. Fortunately, sulphuric acid does not readily attack lead, and this acid can, therefore, be made in leaden chambers, and partially evaporated in leaden pans, ready to be finally concentrated in platinum or glass, for the innumerable purposes to which it is now applied.

Lead is a bluish-white metal,

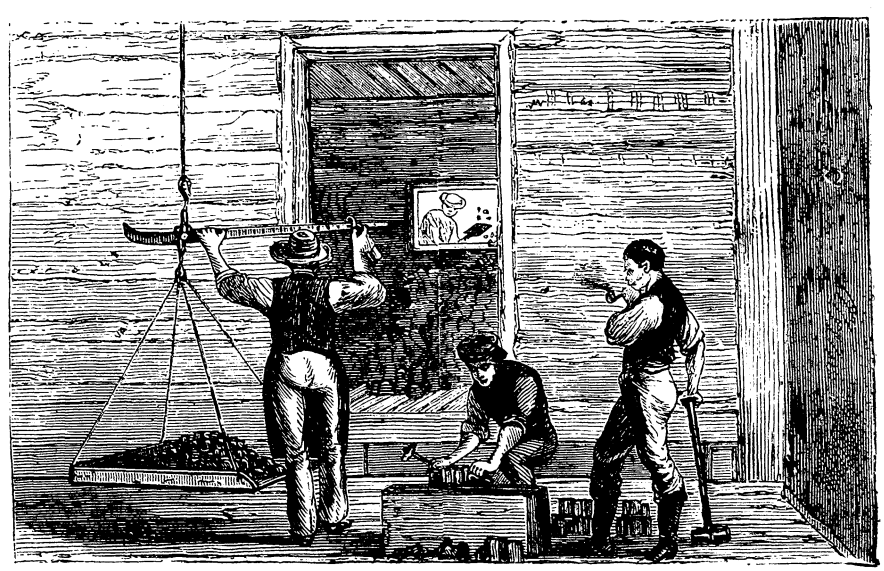


LEAD AND ITS USES.—PORTION OF THE SMELTING FURNACE IN A MISSOURI LEAD MINE.



LEAD AND ITS USES.—EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE SMELTING FURNACE.

so soft that it can be scratched by the finger-nail. It is malleable and ductile, but not strong. Pure water acts upon it, and also water holding in solution nitrates and chlorides. Solutions of phosphates, sulphates, and carbonates form a coating on lead and protect it. The best solvent for it is nitric acid. The oxides of it are known as litharge and red lead—white lead is its carbonate, and the sugar of lead its acetate—and we have many other salts less familiarly known, but which add to the uses of this important metal. We must close by saying that lead is a violent poison, and its use about the house should always be well guarded. Water which has been left standing in contact with it should not be used in cooking, and wine, vinegar, and other acid liquids must not be preserved in leaden vessels.



LEAD AND ITS USES.—BREAKING AND WEIGHING THE MINERAL.

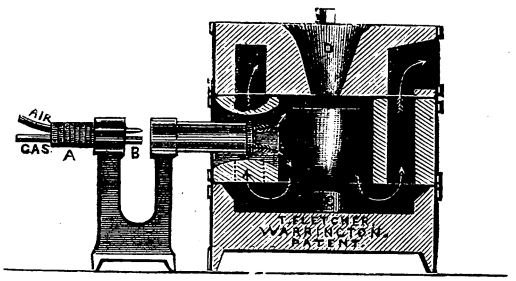
INDUSTRY.

THERE is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to; it is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries and by all nations; it is the philosopher's stone, that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold, and suffers not want to break into its dwelling; it is the northwest passage, that brings the merchant's ship as soon to him as he can desire. In a word, it conquers all enemies, and makes fortune itself pay contribution.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THERE was never a time in the history of the world when so many investigators were at work in Nature's laboratory, surrounded by their crucibles, retorts, lenses, limbecks, and mechanical contrivances, as at the present age, and although much rubbish is thrown out with the pure ore from mine and pit, and it is sometimes difficult to separate the precious metal from the dross, yet it cannot be denied that the progress of our knowledge in all directions is highly satisfactory, and the task of recording scientific progress is rendered more difficult from an embarrassment of riches rather than from poverty of material.

GAS FURNACES.—The problem of using gas for fuel has been solved on a manufacturing scale by Siemens, and his famous furnace is now adopted by iron-masters and glass-blowers, but a contrivance for use on a small scale, and employing illuminating gas as fuel, has long been demanded. The want appears to be in a measure supplied by Fletcher, who has invented a gas furnace so contrived that the gas and air can be blown in in proper proportions, producing a heat sufficient to melt a crucible full of cast-iron in ten minutes, and steel in thirty minutes, from the time the gas is lighted. The construction of the furnace will be readily understood from the accompanying figure.



IN a work describing the present condition of the domestic industries of Russia, M. Weschniakoff states that not less than thirty millions of wooden spoons are annually made in that country, the industry having its great centre in the district of Semenow. Poplar, aspen, maple, and box are the woods used for this purpose, and the cost of the spoons varies from about $5 to $20 per thousand. The first operation consists in cutting the wood into the proper lengths, and making these up into bundles; the latter are sold in the markets, and are often procured from long distances. The second stage is that of forming the bowl of the spoon; the third shaping the handle; and the fourth and last, dyeing them of a yellow color.

GOLD is valued at $146 per cubic inch. At this rate a cubic foot of the precious metal, which contains 1,728 cubic inches, will be worth about $252,288. The entire quantity of gold now known to be in existence is valued at about $3,000,000,000, so that if it were welded into one mass it could be contained in a cube the side of which would not measure over twenty-three feet.

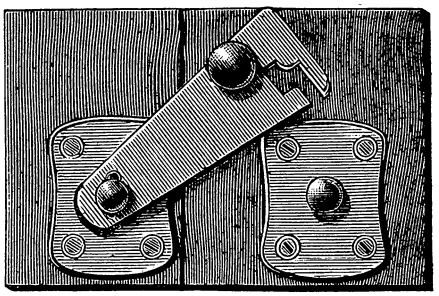
IMPROVED BUNSEN-BURNER.—In consequence of the low pressure of gas in the day-time, trouble is often experienced by the retreating of the flame in the ordinary Bunsen-burner. President Henry Morton, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, has overcome this inconvenience by constructing a burner of a bore, rather large compared with its height, and the drawing in its upper edge into the form of an open-ended thimble. A burner, thus modified, gives a perfectly non-luminous flame, with a gas pressure varying between 1 5 and 0.1 inch of water, and cannot be made to retreat by the most violent handling.

A MINERALOGICAL SOCIETY is about to be established in London, the objects of which are:

To simplify mineralogical nomenclature.
To determine and define doubtful mineral species.
To study the *paragenesis* of minerals.
To record instances and modes of pseudomorphism, with their accompanying phenomena.
To measure, determine, and illustrate forms of crystalization, especially the irregularities and peculiarities of particular planes, or of crystals from particular localities.
To discuss systems of classification, and to establish a natural system.
To collect, record, and digest facts and statistics relating to economic mineralogy.
To promote the exchange of specimens; and, generally,
To advance the science of mineralogy.

ARTIFICIAL MADDER COLOR.—The beautiful Turkey red, which was formerly produced from the root of the madder plant, is now made artificially from the noisome coal-tar of the gas-house. Concealed in the tar is a substance called anthracene, for which, hitherto, only very limited uses were known. A European chemist has discovered a way by which the anthracene can be converted into alizarine, and an exquisite red color suitable for dyeing can be produced. It is thought that the natural asphaltum of California and Trinidad also contains enough anthracene to make it profitable to be worked in the manufacture of Turkey red.

BROWNING'S PATENT SELF-ACTING LATCH.—One of the best—because it is at once the most efficient and withal the simplest kind of bolt that we have for some time seen—is the ingenious invention of Mr. Browning, which is figured below, and which has been recently patented. But, besides its simplicity, it has a special advantage, viz., that any attempt to open it from the outside renders it more securely fastened than it was before, while it registers the attempt made to open it by an alteration in its position.



THE CLIMATE OF THE NORTH POLE IN PAST AGES.—Professor Nordenskiold has contributed a valuable paper on this question to the *Geological Magazine*, in which he says that we now possess fossil remains from the polar regions belonging to almost all the periods into which the geologist has divided the history of the earth. The Silurian fossils, which McClintock brought home from the American Polar Archipelago, and the German naturalists from Novaja Semlja, as also some probably Devonian remains of fish found by the Swedish Expeditions on the coasts of Spitzbergen, are, however, too few in number, and belong to forms too far removed from those now living, to furnish any sure information relative to the climate in which they have lived. Immediately after the termination of the Devonian age, an extensive continent seems to have been formed in the polar basin north of Europe, and we still find in Beeren Island and Spitzbergen vast strata of slate, sandstone, and coal, belonging to that period, in which are imbedded abundant remains of a luxuriant vegetation, which, as well as several of the fossil plant remains brought from the polar regions by the Swedish Expeditions, have been examined and described by Professor Heer, of Zürich. We here certainly meet with forms, vast *Sigillaria*, *Calamites*, and species of *Lepidodendra*, etc., which have no exactly corresponding representatives in the now existing plants. Colossal and luxuriant forms of vegetation, however, indicate a climate highly favorable to vegetable development. A careful examination of the petrifactions taken from these strata shows also so accurate an agreement with the fossil plants of the same period found in many parts of the continent of Central Europe, that we are oblige to conclude that at that time no appreciable difference of climate existed on the face of the earth, but that a uniform climate extremely favorable for vegetation—but not on that account necessarily tropical—prevailed from the Equator to the Poles.

THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—The American Geographical Society will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary this year. When it was founded, in 1850, there were but three geographical societies in the world, whereas there are now forty-eight, distributed over all parts of the globe. The New York Society proposes to purchase a building in the upper part of the city, in which to put its valuable library and collections and to provide a place of resort for distinguished travelers and scientific men who may visit the country. The new building will have many of the features of a modern club-house.

SPANISH INNS.

THE inns of Spain are of three sorts: the fonda, or hotel, where board and lodging are supplied—but these are found only in the large towns; the posada, or house of rest, where the hotel only provides a shelter, salt, and a bed, if your rank demands such a luxury; the venta, or wayside wine-shop; and there is yet a fourth institution called a ventarillo, which is a mere shanty of brushwood, on granite boulders, where a few bottles of aguadiente, or white watered wine from the skin, can be bought. The posada is sometimes called the parador; and at night the interior of one of these places is indeed a study for the painter. There is a long, vaulted room, dark and windowless; there is a batch of mules put up for the night at one end, which is called by courtesy the stable; along and around the walls of this cavern, for such it is, lying or crouching on the pitched and dirty door (the stable-liquor is flowing down the middle!), are seen the travelers put in for the night; two men, with oil-lamps, are the guards or stablemen; there is a small charcoal fire where the traveler can cook what he has brought with him; there are two or three women frying their bunuelos, or oil-cakes, over it; a troop of cavalry soldiers, their horses picketed at the end of the vaulted apartment, are lying, some on wooden shelves and ledges in the wall which serves for beds, some on the pitched floor fast asleep, in their swords, spurs, and full accoutrements, even their knapsacks not taken off. A more motley assembly, writes a traveler, I have never beheld than is found in the interior of the parador at night; but, let me add, I have never, in the best American hotels, met with one quarter of the courtesy which is extended by all to all. "Will you eat with me?" "Do have an orange!" "Will you share my rug, it is very cold?"

CAUTION IN PROSPERITY.

MING TSONG, an Emperor of China celebrated for his wisdom and prudence, was accustomed to say, "A state is to be governed with the care and constant attention that is required of a person managing a horse. I have often," said he, "traveled on horseback over very rough and mountainous countries, and never got any hurt, always taking care to keep a steady rein; but in the smoothest plains, thinking the same precautions useless, and letting loose the reins, my horse has stumbled and put me in danger. Thus it is with government; for when it is in the most flourishing condition the prince ought never to abate anything of his usual vigilance." And thus also, extending the application of this familiar but striking illustration to all mankind, we would say, it is with the private affairs of men of all stations, from the great lord to the laboring husbandman, from the wealthy merchant to the poor mechanic; and let every one keep a steady rein when all seems fair and even with him. He is pretty sure to do so in the presence of danger and difficulty, when his faculties and energies are all kept awake, and generally strengthened in proportion to the difficulty to be overcome. Indeed, let any man take a review of his past life, and he will find almost invariably that where he has most failed will be when he allowed himself to be lulled into security, when he suspected no crosses, and was prepared with no caution, when in easy confidence he had dropped the reins on the neck of his horse, who seemed to tread on a smooth sward or a macadamized road—but tripped and fell! To take another illustration, it is the same with "ships that go down to the great deep." It is not generally while the storm is raging, tremendous though that storm may be, it is not while sailing along the perilous shore, or tracking her way through labyrinths of unknown islands, or the ice-mazes of the polar regions, that the ship is most liable to wreck or founder. No! the catalogue of shipwrecks and maritime calamities is swelled for the most part by such as were carelessly scudding over Summer seas, with all sails set, and all hands on board joyful and confident—by such as were sailing through channels and straits so familiar to them that the lead was left idle at the main-chains, and no precaution deemed necessary; by such as from the furthermost regions of the earth were within sight of their own country, by such, even as the *Royal George*, were tranquilly anchored in their own ports, with all the crew given up to the enjoyment of that festivity or repose which nothing seemed likely to trouble.

A BREATHING CAVE.

IN the range of mountains in Western North Carolina known as the "Fox Range," a most singular phenomenon exists. It is a "breathing cave." In the Summer months a current of air comes from it so strongly that a person can't walk against it, while in the Winter the suction is just as great. The cool air from the mountains in Summer is felt for miles in a direct line from the cave. At times a most unpleasant odor is emitted upon the current from the dead carcasses of animals sucked in and killed by the violence. The loss of cattle and stock in that section in Winter is accounted for in this way: They range too near the mouth of the cave, and the current carries them in. At times, when the change from inhalation begins, the air is filled with various hairs of animals; not frequently bones and whole carcasses are found miles from the place. The air has been known to change materially in temperature during exhalation from quite cool to unpleasantly hot, withering vegetation within reach, and accompanied by a terrible roaring, gurgling sound, like a pot boiling. It is unaccounted for by scientific men who have examined, though no exploration can take place. It is feared by many that a volcanic eruption may break forth there sometime.

ENJOYMENT OF HEALTH.

HEALTH is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life, which fade, and are tasteless, if not dead, without it. A man starves at the best and the greatest tables, makes faces at the noblest and most delicate wines, is poor and wretched in the midst of the greatest treasures and fortunes: with common diseases strength grows decrepit, youth loses all vigor, and beauty all charms; music grows harsh, and conversation disagreeable; palaces are prisons, or of equal confinement; riches are useless, honor and attendance are cumbersome, and crowns themselves are a burden; but, if diseases are painful and violent, they equal all conditions of life, make no difference between a prince and a beggar; and a fit of the stone or the colic puts a king to the rack, and makes him as miserable as he can do the meanest, the worst, and most criminal of his subjects.

CARICATURES OF GOOD-BREEDING.

GOOD-BREEDING and refinement, or rather the externals of these qualities, are generally considered as wholly precluding those vulgar manifestations of ill-temper, rudeness, impertinence, and similar feelings, which the unsophisticated display with such perfect frankness. But it does not thence follow that the well-bred and refined have not their little spites, little envious feelings, little assumptions of consequence to gratify; indeed, they do gratify them very freely; all the difference lies in the manner; for there is a finish, a delicacy of touch, in the polite impertinence of the well-bred, which the under-bred may envy, but must never hope to attain. The slight that can be conveyed in a glance, in a gracious smile, in a wave of the hand, is often the *ne plus ultra* of art. What insult is so keen, or so keenly felt, as the polite insult, which it is impossible to resent?

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A LITTLE boy, returning from the Sunday-school, said to his mother, "Ma, ain't there kittenchisms for little boys? The catechism is too hard!"

IT is said that some people have what is called "spontaneity," and some haven't, but nobody ever sat down on a pincushion yet without manifesting something surprisingly like it.

"So you wouldn't take me to be twenty?" said a rich heiress to an Irish gentleman, while dancing the polka. "What would you take me for, then?" "For better or worse," replied the son of the Emerald Isle.

A YANKEE speaker, at an anniversary meeting, mournfully said: "One by one our friends are passing from us into the land of shadows." "Well," exclaimed an old lady, "you wouldn't have 'em go two by two, or all in a huddle, would you?"

"WHAT beautiful teeth Mrs Robinson has!" remarked Mrs. Smith, before her niece, a little girl of five or six.—"Oh!" cried the child, "they are not so beautiful as yours, auntie!" "Do you think so, my dear?" "Why, yes, auntie; yours have got gold all round them!"

A YOUNG lady received the following note, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers: "Dear miss—I send you bi the boy a bucket of flowers. They is like my love for u. The nite shade menes kepe dark. The dog fenil menes I am your slave. Rosis red and posis pail, my love for you shall never fale."

A PRUDENT Kentucky father with a marriageable daughter, found it impossible to keep the beaux from the house, so he furnished her with a music-box which plays "Home, Sweet Home!" at ten o'clock, P. M, precisely. The beaux are all gone, and the house closed up, in five minutes after.

AT an exhibition of amateur theatricals, when the *Richard III.* of the evening cried, "A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" a would-be wag called out—"Wouldn't a jackass do just as well?" "Certainly," responded the actor; "please step up here immediately." The interrupter hastily retired.

A YOUNG blacksmith wrote his advertisement, stating that all orders in his business would be promptly executed; but it came out, "All *others in this business* will be promptly executed." On seeing this fearful notice, an old blacksmith threw up his hands and exclaimed—"Has it come to this, after thirty years of hones: toil?"

THE refined style, so as not to shock people's nerves, was invented by the boudoir journalist, Adolphus de Creme. He thus writes of a recent event: "A Missouri man has, we regret to record, coaxed a boy to take sulphuric acid, and a crowd, we rejoice to promulgate, coaxed the man to play pendulum from the branch of a shady tree."

AT a juvenile party, a young gentleman, about seven years old, kept himself from the rest of the company. The lady of the house called to him: "Come and play and dance, my dear. Choose one of those pretty girls for your wife." "Not likely!" cried the young cynic. "No wife for me! Do you think I want to be worried out of my life like poor papa!"

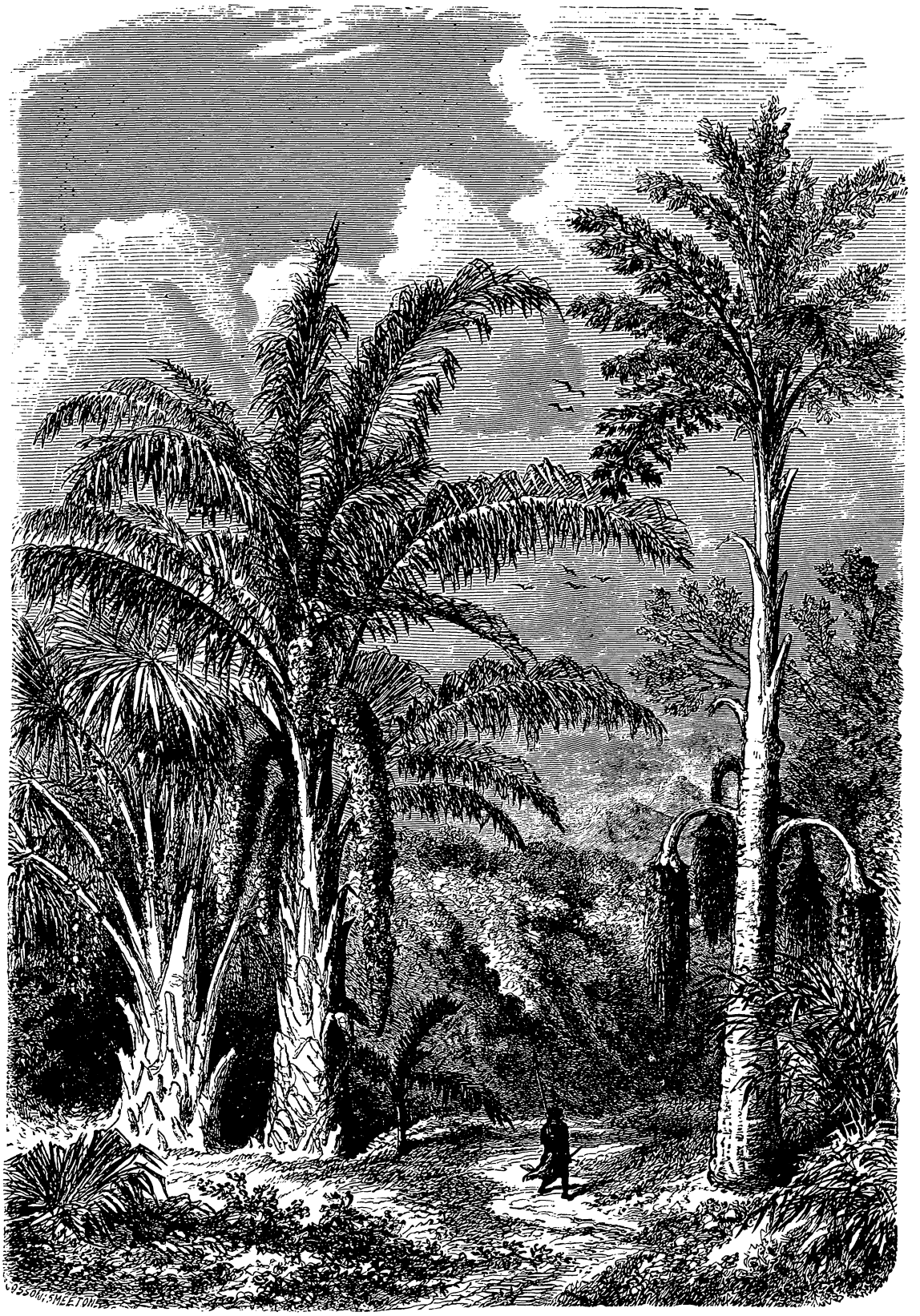
A PARISIAN butcher named Boissel, while sitting in his shop the other day, was very much irritated at receiving the following letter, handed to him by a boy: "My first is a vegetable (bois); my second is a mineral (sel); my whole is an animal!" He chased the bearer of the missive, but the boy, who had doubtless been warned, succeeded in making his escape."

FONTENELLE was very fond of salmon. He was dining out one day in Paris, when a very pretentious guest at the table, upon hearing the author ask for a second plateful, exclaimed, "Oh, ho, M. Fontenelle, I didn't know philosophers liked good things so much?" "Probably,' was the philosophical reply, "the gentleman is under the impression that God made good things only for fools."

ESTABLISHING A FINE CREDIT.—"We frequently see it stated," said Mr. Odfish, "that such and such men started from extreme poverty, coming into the city in the first place without a coin of money, and rising by their own exertions. When I first came, I had to borrow money to get here, and I've been borrowing money ever since. It is a great thing at sixty to have established such a wonderful credit."

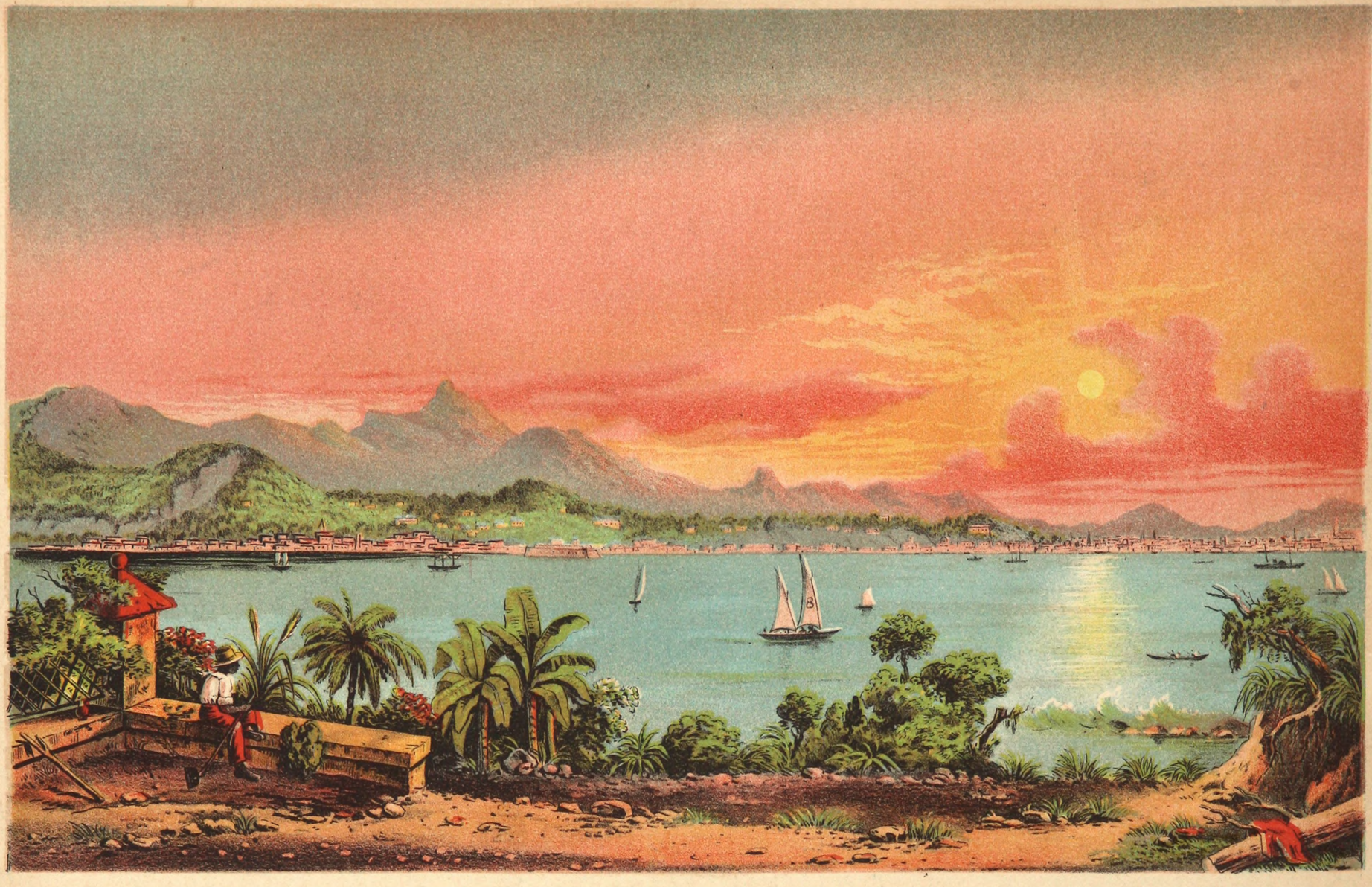
ROBERT COLLYER tells this story in a recent lecture: He was at a children's party, one Christmas Eve, and, seeing a little boy sitting in one corner, who was not dancing, he approached him, and asked why he did not join the others and dance. "I'm not danthing," said the boy solemnly, "because I don't think danthing ith the great end of life." "Now, you know," added Mr. Collyer, "if that was my boy, I should think he was meant for a minister, but I should be sorry for the church that had to take him."

BAOUR-LORMIAN, the Gascon poet and academician, had a great detestation of Napoleon I., notwithstanding having received at his hands a pension of six thousand francs. "It appears to me," said a friend one day to whom Baour was vilifying his patron, "that you might have refused the pension" "Refused it! Ah, you don't know the tyrant! Refused it! Why, the first month he said to his secretary, 'Has Baour touched his pension?' 'Yes, sire,' replied the man. 'Good,' said the tyrant If I had refused it, he would have had me shot like the Duc d'Enghien. Ah, you don't know him!"



THE RAPHIA PALM, OF MADAGASCAR, AND THE CARYOTA, OF MALABAR.—SEE PAGE 378.

WHEN we read the lives of distinguished men in any department, we find them almost always celebrated for the amount of labor they could perform. Demosthenes, Julius Cæsar, Henry the Fourth of France, Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Franklin, Washington, Napoleon—different as they were in their intellectual and moral qualities—were all renowned as hard workers. We read how many days they could support the fatigues of a march; how early they rose; how late they watched; how many hours they spent in the field, in the cabinet, in the court; how many secretaries they kept employed; in short, how hard they worked.



VIEW OF RIO JANEIRO, FROM A RECENT PAINTING BY Mr J. M. HEADE.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. I.—No. 4. APRIL, 1876. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

BRAZIL, ITS EMPEROR AND ITS PEOPLE.

IT appears that the Centennial Exposition, in addition to all its other gratifying and interesting incidents, is to afford us the pleasure of welcoming, as a visitor to our country, one, at least, of the reigning sovereigns of the earth; and inasmuch as, with the exception of the visit of King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands, this is the only case of this character on record, it may be judged that not only our royal guest, but the country he governs, will become of interest to the American people more peculiarly than might otherwise happen and some examination into the character of the country and the life of the monarch in question would appear to be pertinent.

DOM PEDRO II., EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

The monarch to whom we refer is Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil; in whose favor his father, Dom Pedro I., in consequence of a revolution, resigned the throne in 1831. Dom Pedro II., having gained the permission of his Parliament to leave his empire, will visit the Centennial in a few weeks, and will, probably, travel through the United States during the time of his stay.

The present Emperor was married in 1843 to the Empress Donna Theresa Christina Maria, daughter of the late Francis I., King of the Two Sicilies. The line of descent has been continued in the

GENIUS OF BRAZIL WITH NATIONAL FLAG.

family of the Emperor through the marriage of his daughter to the Count d'Eu, a son having been born to the latter during the past year, who is the present heir-apparent of the Imperial Crown.

GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY OF BRAZIL.

The empire of Brazil extends from latitude 4 degs. 30 mins. north to 33 degs. south, and from longitude 35 degs. to 73 degs. west, and borders upon all the South American republics except Chili. It occupies more than two-fifths of the continent of South America, and, excepting the Russian possessions, has the most extensive contiguous territory under any sovereign Government on the globe. On the northwest its line of demarcation is not yet perfectly drawn, but the area of country within acknowledged boundaries covers 3,200,000 square miles, of which the greatest breadth is 2,470 miles, and the greatest length 2,600.

The Portuguese discovered the southeast coast of Brazil in 1500. Pedro Alvarez Cabral, appointed a commander of the fleet, sent by King Emanuel of Portugal to follow up the discovery of Vasco da Gama in the East Indies, was carried by an adverse wind and currents west of his course, and first saw land on April 25, 1500, when his squadron cast anchor in a commodious harbor, and Cabral took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign. Abandoning his East Indian voyage, Cabral returned to Portugal, and shortly after the tidings of the new discovery had reached the king, a squadron was fitted out, and put under the command of Amerigo Vespucci with orders to visit and explore the new region.

Cabral carried with him specimens of Brazilian birds, and a cargo of dye-woods, of which he reported the existence of large forests. Of course, these immediately became objects of interest; and presently an extensive and lucrative traffic on the part of speculators sprung up. This was followed by the introduction into the business of merchants of other nations. Determined to suppress what he regarded as a violation of his rights, John III., of Portugal, established colonies, and soon towns sprung up along the coast of Brazil. These colonies united in 1549, and a governor was appointed, invested with unlimited powers of jurisdiction. The city of Rio de Janeiro was founded by the Portuguese in 1567.

The country was for some years a subject of contention between the Portuguese, Spanish, and Dutch, and it was not till 1654 that the claim of Portugal to the whole territory of Brazil was definitely acknowledged.

In no portion of the American colonies was the slave trade carried on so extensively as with Brazil; and, even as late as the present century, it is estimated that 50,000 blacks were annually shipped from the coast of Africa to Brazil. It may also be said that in no part of the world was the system of slavery attended with greater barbarity than in Brazil. It was, in fact, considered, by the planters, cheaper to use up a slave in five or six years and to buy another than to take care of one. It is, however, proper to state that for a long period this trade was in the hands of the English, who maintained a factory at Lisbon for its management.

Beyond this, the general system on which Portugal ruled her vast dependencies created a stupendous commercial monopoly. Intercourse with foreigners was prohibited by rigid laws, and passengers and ships of foreign nations, which, by reason of alliances with the mother country, were permitted to frequent the waters of Rio Janeiro or other Brazilian ports, were placed under the surveillance of a military guard. The colonists were not even allowed to produce any article which the mother country could supply, so one-sided was the home policy with regard to them. Even Humboldt, traveling in South America for purely scientific purposes, was not allowed to enter any portion of the Brazilian Empire. This condition of dependency on the part of Brazil continued down to an early period in the present century, when the wars resulting from the French Revolution drove the royal family of Portugal to Brazil, and so habituated the Brazilians to the presence of a monarch that, on the restoration of peace, they insisted on a separate Government. Accordingly, Brazil was proclaimed a free and independent State on the 7th of September, 1822, and this important change was suddenly and peacefully accomplished.

On the 25th of March, 1824, the present Constitution was established, providing for a hereditary monarchy of a most liberal character. This Constitution also establishes four powers in the State: legislative, judicial, executive, and the moderating power or royal prerogative, which is, in fact, the veto power. The legislative power is vested in a national assembly of two houses—a Senate and Chamber of Deputies; and in legislative assemblies for each province, the presidents of the provinces being appointed by the emperor. The Senate comprises 58 members, elected by the provinces for life; the provinces choosing three lists from which the emperor selects the senators; the Chamber of Deputies consists of 122 members, elected for four years. Senators must be native Brazilians, forty years old, and possess a stipulated income. Their salary is $1,800 per session. Representatives receive $1,200 and traveling expenses. The executive power resides in the emperor, who, however, uses his power through seven ministers and a Council of State—the ministers being responsible for treason, corruption, and abuse of power, etc., etc. The emperor always convokes the General Assembly, nominates bishops and magistrates, can declare peace or war, and must sanction and superintend all measures voted by the legislature. The ministry comprise the following departments: The Empire and Ecclesiastical Affairs, Justice, Finance, Foreign Affairs, Marine, War, Agriculture, Commerce, and Public Works. The Council of State includes twelve ordinary and twelve extraordinary members, appointed for life by the sovereign, and usually ex-ministers; and the heir-apparent of the throne, on his

reaching the age of eighteen, is *de jure*—and other princes are, when appointed—councillors of state. The provincial governments are the same as the national in their structure.

The army, in time of peace, consists of 21 battalions of infantry, 16,000 men, including special, movable, and garrison corps, the latter serving in the provinces. The empire maintains also 1,500 men in Paraguay. The infantry are armed with improved Comblain muskets, and the cavalry with Spencer carbines. Krupp's guns are used by the artillery. The national guard comprises 741,782 men, 616,576 being on active service.

The navy comprises 18 iron-clads, 27 corvettes, 2 gunboats, and 7 transports—all steamers—besides 33 sail of the line, making a total of 87 vessels, 316 guns, and 7,901 men.

Brazil, although thus simply governed and managed, has a nobility, which is not, however, hereditary—its titles being conferred for public service and civil merit alone. There are four titles—marquis, count, viscount, and baron—which are conferred by the emperor.

The extreme liberality of the Brazilian form of government is shown in the two facts that, although the established religion is Roman Catholic, yet religious toleration is one of the fundamental principles of the constitution, although other creeds cannot build houses of worship with the exterior form of churches. There is, moreover, no existing proscription whatsoever on account of color.

It is a remarkable truth that Brazil, the only South American country where religious toleration exists, is also the only country on that continent which is advanced in civilization. As to slavery, the trade has been abolished since 1853, no children are born slaves in Brazil since September 28, 1871, and existing slaves can purchase their freedom whenever able. Confraternities exist in connection with churches, the object of which is to purchase the manumission of slaves.

The population of Brazil in 1873 was estimated at 11,780,000, including 500,000 wild Indians, and 1,400,000 slaves. As the slave population in 1861 numbered 3,000,000, it will be seen that there is a marked falling off in this regard, an indication of the gradual decay of the institution. Brazil differs from the other South American States in the comparatively small Indian population, and in the preponderance of blacks and mixed races, in which the negro is predominant.

Finally, in regard to the relative importance of Brazil, it may be remarked that the credit of the empire in Europe is equal to almost any first-class power. Its population is increasing, and a large and valuable trade has sprung up.

The empire is divided into twenty provinces, and one neutral municipality. The most extensive of these provinces are Amazonas, capital Neanos, whose population is 70,000; Grao-Para, capital Belem, population 320,000; Malto Grosso, capital Cuyaba, population 100,000. The most populous, however, are Bahia, capital San Salvador, population 1,400,000; Minas Geraes, population 1,450,000; and Pernambuco, population 1,250,000. In proportion to its size, the neutral municipality of Rio de Janeiro is the most populous, having 450,000 people, and but 250 square miles of area. The population of the leading cities is as follows: Bahia, 150,000; Para, 40,000; Sao Luis de Maranhao, 30,000; Pernambuco, 70,000.

The country is populated by a conglomeration of races. In the north the Indian prevails, while in the large cities the negroes are numerous. In the seaports more of the population are of European descent.

THE BRAZILIAN PEOPLE.

The Brazilian character, with an admixture of mildness and generosity, has a vindictive turn, and murders and violence are not uncommon. The educated classes, though somewhat ceremonious and proud, are remarkable for their suavity of manner; and, as a nation, the people are hospitable, gay, communicative, quick at learning, and gifted with a love for theoretical liberty. The aborigines are frequently savage and revengeful. Many were cannibals formerly; and there are even some specimens on the Purus river, and elsewhere, at the present day, who not only eat human flesh, but preserve it by "jerking," the same as beef.

When Brazil was first discovered there were found about one hundred different tribes, most of them along the coast north and south, and extending back and across the region of the Amazon. Nearly all speak the Tupi Guarani language, divided into numerous dialects. The tribes are neither settled nor widely nomadic. Each tribe has certain limits, where they remain unless driven out by a superior force. They live on the plantain, banana, manioca, and different species of palm, from which plants they obtain food, raiment, and shelter. They are generally of a yellowish copper-color, robust, and well made, with black hair, thin beard, small nose, lips not very thick, face round, eyes small, and skin soft and shining. They paint their skins in fantastic designs, are grave and serious in manner, but not stolid nor apathetic like the Indians of North America; fond of feasts and pastimes, and little given to intoxication.

Few have any idea of a Supreme Being, but all believe in malignant spirits. In some tribes polygamy is allowed. The Botocudas are the most celebrated of all the tribes. This tribe obtained its name from the custom which obtains among its people of wearing flat disks of wood hung in slits cut in the ears and under-lips—*Botogue* being Portuguese for a barrel-bung, which these ornaments are not unlike.

In former times extensive missions were maintained among the Indians, and many were brought into reductions, acquired, to some extent, civilized habits, and becoming self-supporting. These were gradually broken up, but recently renewed efforts have been made to ameliorate the condition of the native races. Sixty-seven Capuchin and Observantine friars, of the Franciscan Order, are now laboring among the Arara, Iora, and Caripuna tribes; the Guajajaras, Chavantes Cherentes, Carajas, who are peaceable; and the Canseiros, Tapirapes, Jaraes, Cayapos, Gradahus, Apenages, and other wild tribes. Besides the tribes under missionary control, others are governed by agents or *directores-parciaes*. The reduced Indians are termed, loosely, Caboclo Indians. They are all expert archers, using an immense bow that has to be drawn with the foot.

PEDDLER AND ATTENDANT.

Of late the emperor has made every effort to turn the

tide of European emigration in the direction of Brazil, being particularly desirous of obtaining a German population.

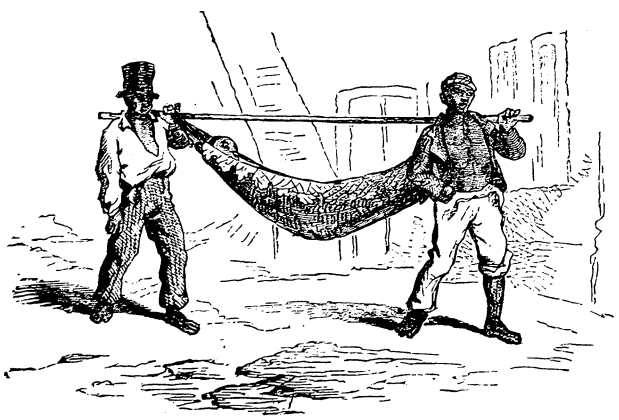
After the abolition of the slave trade, he offered liberal inducements to colonists through easy purchase of lands. Abuses among the planters, however, interfered with the carrying out of this measure; but recently emigration, being further encouraged by the imperial government offering to pay part of the fare of emigrants, has gradually increased, and in 1869, according to the official reports, there were fifty colonies, many of them in a flourishing condition, and altogether forty thousand settlers.

DONNA THERESA CHRISTINA MARIA, EMPRESS OF BRAZIL.

BRAZILIAN SCENERY.

Brazil has a coast-line of nearly four thousand miles, extremely varied in aspect and formation. Much of the territory inland is covered with highlands and mountains, though none bear comparison with the Andes. The summit line is near the coast, and from there the highlands descend to the west, and terminate in great plains or flats in the Amazonian basin, most of which are subject to inundations. There are no volcanoes, although the highest summit in Brazil—10,300 feet high—situated in the northwest corner of the province of Rio de Janeiro, is said to be of a volcanic nature.

Brazil is watered by a number of rivers, particularly in the north and south. The east portion is the least supplied with rivers. The Amazon enters Brazil from Peru at Faba-Tingua, though under a different name. It takes the name of Amazon at the junction with the Rio Negro, and flows into the Atlantic almost under the Equator. The area drained by this noble river and tributaries in Brazil is 800,000 square miles. The part which forms the dividing line between Ecuador and Peru varies in width between a half mile and a mile. From the junction of the Madeira it increases gradually to three miles, but contracts to less than one mile at Obeidas, where 550,000 cubic feet of water pass through its banks per second. Near the mouth of the Xingu it is twenty miles wide, and falls into the ocean in a single mouth 180 miles in width. Its average depth is estimated at thirty-four to forty-four fathoms. Vessels of every size can ascend nearly to its head-waters at all seasons of the year. It has more than 350 branches and lesser tributaries. One of these, which



A BRAZILIAN BEGGAR.

LITTLE GIRL AS AN "ANJINHO" IN A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION.

rises near Cuzco, is 1,200 miles long. For 2,000 miles, along the winding chain of the Andes, every river which rises there empties into the Amazon. Its largest tributary, however, is the Madeira, which is 2,000 miles long, and navigable for 480 miles. The total length of the Amazon is 2,750 miles.

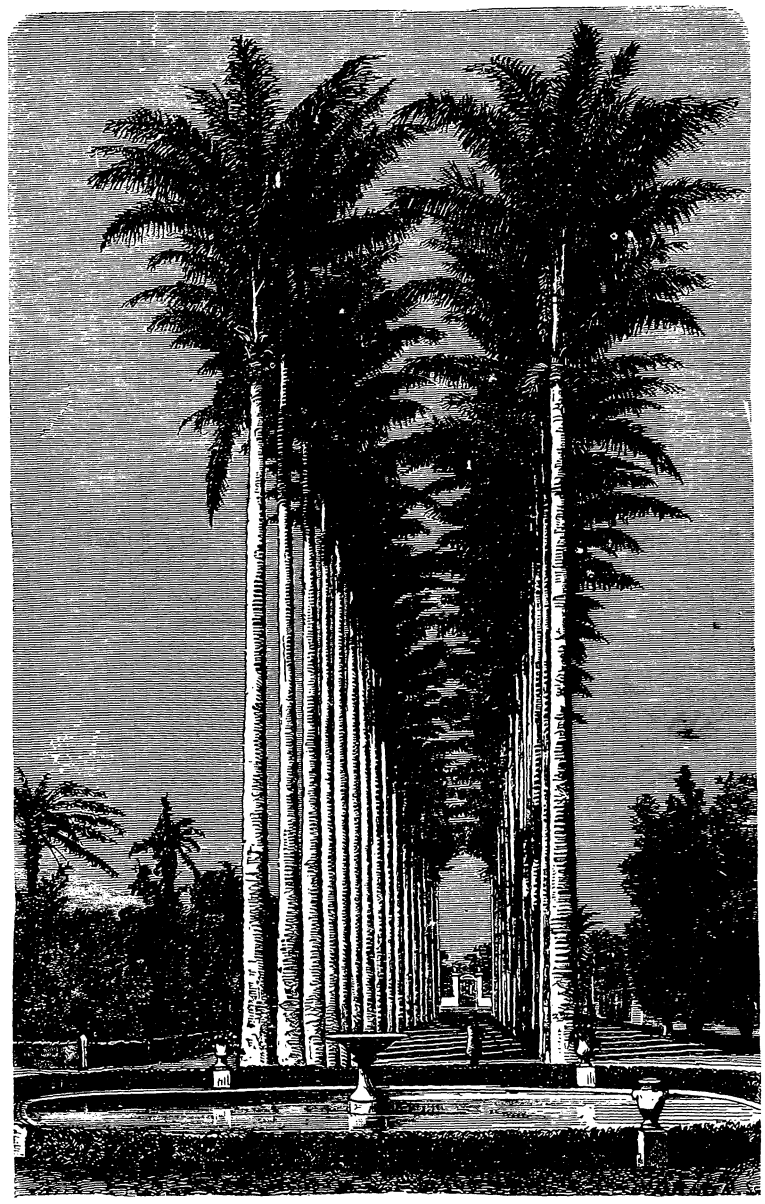
Though not the longest, it is the most voluminous river on the globe, and its freshening influence is plainly perceptible 500 miles from the coast. The valley of the Amazon is walled in by the highlands of Guiana and the Andes. The region bordering upon it is covered with immense forests, and possesses a soil of extraordinary fertility.

Here are seen a vast diversity of grand and beautiful trees, draped, festooned, corded, and matted with climbing and creeping plants in endless variety. Palms and giant grasses prevail. Here are found the caoutchouc and the Brazil-nut tree. There are 100 varieties of woods, remarkable for hardness and texture.

Animal life, however, is not as conspicuous in the forests as in the rivers. The latter are crowded with strange fishes—lamantins, alligators, turtles, etc. Anacondas and other reptiles frequent the forests in great variety. Jaguars, tapirs, peccaries, armadillos, toucans, parrots, macaws, etc., are found in large numbers. Here are produced india-rubber, cacao, cocoa-nut, hides, tapioca, Tonka beans, and tobacco.

There are eighteen lines of steamships, for sea and river travel, all aided by the Government.

The American Navigation Company, established in 1854, had, in 1872, a capital of over $2,000,000 invested, and possessed seven steamers, five of which plied exclusively on the waters of the Amazon. Steamers are also maintained on the Paraguay and other rivers by imperial or provincial aid.



GROVE OF PALM-TREES IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS, RIO DE JANEIRO.

NATURAL PRODUCTS.

The mineral productions of Brazil are very varied and in enormous quantities. In gems, there are diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, topaz, and aqua-marine. In metals, gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, and iron.

Diamonds have been found in various parts of the country, but the great diamond region extends between latitudes 17 degs. and 19 degs. south, the principal mines being in the Serra do Espinhaço, north of it, and in the mountains southwest of the San Francisco. Diamond washing formerly was a monopoly of the Government; but, in pursuance of recent laws, these mines now belong to private individuals. One of the largest diamonds on record was found in Brazil, and weighed 132½ carats. As a matter of comparison, it may be observed that the largest diamond certainly known is that belonging to the Rajah of Mattan, and weighs 367 carats. Many years ago, the Governor of Borneo offered for it $500,000, two war-brigs fully equipped, a number of cannon, and a quantity of powder and shot. But the rajah refused to part with it, the fortunes of his family being supposed to be connected with it, and the Malays ascribing to water, in which it has been dipped, the power of healing all diseases. Perhaps the most famous diamond is the Koh-i-noor, once in the possession of the Great Mogul, and now belonging to the Queen of England. It is said to have weighed 900 carats, but now weighs only 279, having lost the balance in the cutting. The celebrated Russian "Orloff" diamond, which weighs 136¾ carats, was found in Golconda, and sold to the Duke of Orleans for £130,000. It decorated the hilt of the sword of state of the first Napoleon, was taken by the Prussians at the battle of Waterloo, and now belongs to the Emperor William. Large diamonds are comparatively rare among those of Brazil, which country, though producing yearly from 25,000 to 30,000 carats of diamonds, finds these reduced in the cutting to about 9,000 carats.

Diamond mines consist in general of mere washings of alluvial deposits. In Brazil, the method pursued is to rake the alluvial matter backward and forward on inclined planes, over which a stream of water runs; the large stones are picked out by the hand, and what remains is examined for diamonds. The work is done by slaves, and, when a diamond of 17 carats is found, the slave who finds it is entitled to his liberty. The total value of the diamond exports of

MARKETING.

Brazil in the first hundred years of the industry amounted to $20,000,000; and it is a fact that this was far outstripped in 1871-2 by the value of one article of export, coffee, which amounted to $35,000,000. In the province of Bahia, the annual produce of diamonds was formerly about $3,000,000. The exportation of diamonds and gold in 1860-1 was $2,700,000; but it fell to $1,500,000 in consequence of the discovery of the African gold-fields.

The other precious stones enumerated occur in different parts of the empire, as also garnets and very beautiful amethysts. There are extensive mines of coal in Paraná, St. Catharine, San Pedro del Rio Grande. Saltpetre is formed in caves in Minas Geraes and other provinces; rock salt in Bahia, and especially in Minas Geraes.

The climate in the valley of the Amazon is exceedingly hot; and in this neighborhood there are frequent cases of leprosy, even at Rio de Janiero; but this never attacks foreigners.

The soil of Brazil is varied. Its arborial vegetation surpasses the world. There were 400 specimens of different kinds of wood from Brazil exhibited at the International Exhibition at Paris in 1867. Agassiz related that he saw 117 different kinds of wood, all valuable, and from a piece of land not half a mile square. There are nearly four hundred species of palm alone, all of which are more or less useful to the aborigines, and some necessary to their existence. The Indians obtain from them food, drink, raiment, buildings, hammocks, cordage, cooking utensils, tools, fishing tackle, hunting implements, and medicines.

The interior of Brazil abounds in all the tropical fruits known, while there are here many species not known to exist elsewhere.

The zoology of the country is quite as remarkable as its botany. Beside the animals already named, there are the puma, the ocelot or ounce, foxes, wolves, and agoutis; also, otters, porcupines, and more than thirty species of monkeys in the basin of the Amazon alone. The coairas, a kind of rat, descend from the mountains in immense armies, ravaging all before them.

Countless herds of wild cattle range the meadow-land of the southern provinces, while horses, asses, sheep, and hogs multiply rapidly. Snakes are plentiful, and very venomous. There are the coral serpent, with its deadly bite, the most dangerous of all; the liana snake, which is of the color of the vines, and lies in wait for its prey; the corta-fria or ice-snake, so termed for its peculiar coldness to the touch; rattle-snakes, and others.

The birds of Brazil include the American ostrich, toucans, macaws, parrots, in every variety; the spoonbill and gaburu, and the curious bell-bird, whose note startles the lone traveler in the depths of the forests by its resemblance to the sound of a bell.

Of the fish with which Brazilian waters teem, it may be enough to mention the pirarucu, a fish that grows to a great size, and which constitutes the chief article of food to many of the inhabitants of Para and Amazonas.

Among the insects there are spiders one foot in diameter, sufficiently large and strong to kill birds; bees of a peculiar structure, some being without stings, and others making sour honey; ants, so abundant in some places as to make agriculture impossible; mosquitoes, sand-flies, fleas, carnivorous beetles, huge scorpions, and other pleasant creatures of this character.

The exports from Brazil include, in the north, coffee, cotton, cocoa, caoutchouc, sugar, and tobacco; in the south, hides, tallow, horns, etc.; and from the middle districts, drugs, diamonds, gold-dust, dyes, rice, manioc, tapioca, spirits, and rosewood. Their total value in the three years—1870-72—averaged £34,000,000 per annum, corresponding imports averaging £22,500,000. The chief centres of foreign trade are Para, Mananhao, Bahia, Pernambuco, and Rio de Janeiro, the last-named port being also a favorite halting-place of vessels on their way to and from India, China, and Australia.

The vine and olive culture are prosecuted to a limited extent in the southern provinces. Rice is an important object of cultivation in several provinces, and is easily raised anywhere in the empire. Of cotton, sugar, and tobacco, large crops are raised all over the country; four-fifths of the coffee used in the United States, and more than one-half of that in the entire world, coming from Brazil. Many valuable barks, gums, and resins are found in the equatorial district and exported. In the province of Para, the coffee-plant may be seen along the wayside, growing as a thicket, and running to waste. In 1871 the value of the cotton exported was $24,030,325.

The manufactures of Brazil are not as yet in a very advanced state. Sugar-refining is carried on extensively, however, in Bahia and Pernambuco, the great cane-growing provinces; and large quantities of a common class of sugar are made in Bahia. There are a number of cotton-weaving establishments for coarser fabrics, the first factory having been built by Americans near Rio de Janeiro, and there being also another American one at Bahia employing 300 operatives, of both sexes. In order to promote manufacturing, and with the same liberal ideas which appear to have characterized its administration of affairs generally, the Government of Brazil decreed the free entry of machinery, and exempted workmen from conscription, appointing an inspector to attend each establishment. Good silk is made

GOING TO CHURCH.

in Rio; and there are many saw mills and a few foundries, some of which have executed important work—such as steamships and iron bridges.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS.

Except in the immediate vicinity of the large cities, the want of good highways is badly felt; but lines of railroad are fast multiplying in the coast provinces. Altogether, there are six lines, having a total length of 410 miles, and a system of telegraphs which, in 1873, extended 1,800 miles. Telegraphic communication has recently been established between Brazil and Europe, the first message having been dispatched by the cable to Lisbon, June 23, 1874. The city of Rio, and others, have their lines of street-cars, much of their rolling-stock being made in New York.

Weekly and daily lines of steamers ply on the Amazon, stopping at various towns along the course of the river. The English have generally absorbed the navigation of the Amazon, while the Americans have that of the Madeira.

There are in Brazil nineteen banks, and innumerable private banking-houses. There are also co-operative stores. The Mercantile and Industrial Bank of Rio has a capital of $10,000,000 in $100 shares. In 1872 the debt of Brazil was $300,000,000 to foreign nations, and $228,442,796 internal; in all, $528,442,796. The amount disbursed by the Government in 1872 for emancipation under the Act was $500,000; and that for 1902, when slavery will cease to exist, is estimated at $8,000,000. The revenue of the empire has been steadily increasing since 1867 at the rate of 75 per cent.; while the increase in ordinary expenditure has not been more than 20 per cent.

Public education in Brazil has not yet reached a high point of development, but the Government is actively engaged in strengthening the system. Four thousand four hundred and thirty-seven schools, which cost $467 each, have been established. The entire annual expense is $1,681,000, or nearly 15 per cent. of the average revenue. The total number of scholars is about 135,000. There are also two faculties each of law and medicine maintained at the expense of the Government, nineteen seminaries and preparatory seminaries for the education of the candidates for the priesthood, subsidized by the State, where in 1872 111 were ordained; a central college and academy, rudimentary and preparatory schools for the army, a school of artillery, and a geographical and historical institute—the latter in Rio de Janeiro.

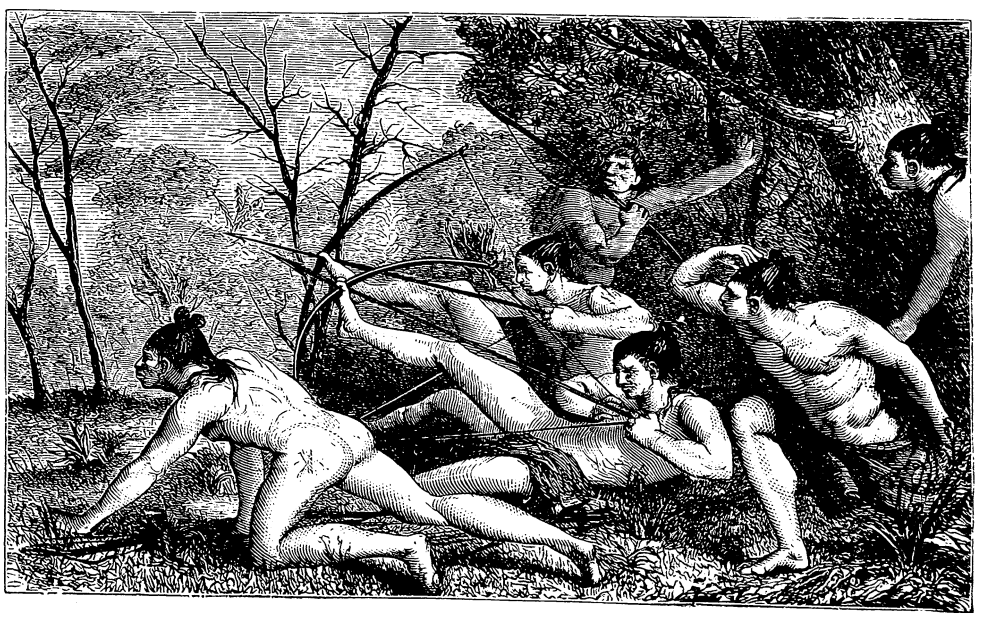
In this city, Rio de Janeiro, which is the capital of the empire, there are also eleven public libraries, one of which contains 80,000 volumes. There are, too, dramatic and musical conservatories, an academy of fine arts, and an astronomical observatory. The entire educational system is under the Minister of the Interior and the control of the General Assembly.

In its religious system, the empire constitutes one province under the Archbishop of San Salvador (Bahia). There are twelve dioceses, over which preside the archbishop and eleven bishops. The country is divided into 1,473 parishes, many of the clergy being Portuguese. There are fifty houses of Benedictines, Carmelites, and Franciscans, and six convents of Carmelite and Franciscan nuns, but the whole number of inmates is only 259, exclusive of those on the Indian missions. In Rio and other cities there are Protestant churches of the Swiss and German colonies, the ministers of which are paid by the Government. The United States Presbyterian Board of Missions has ten ministers and a number of churches.

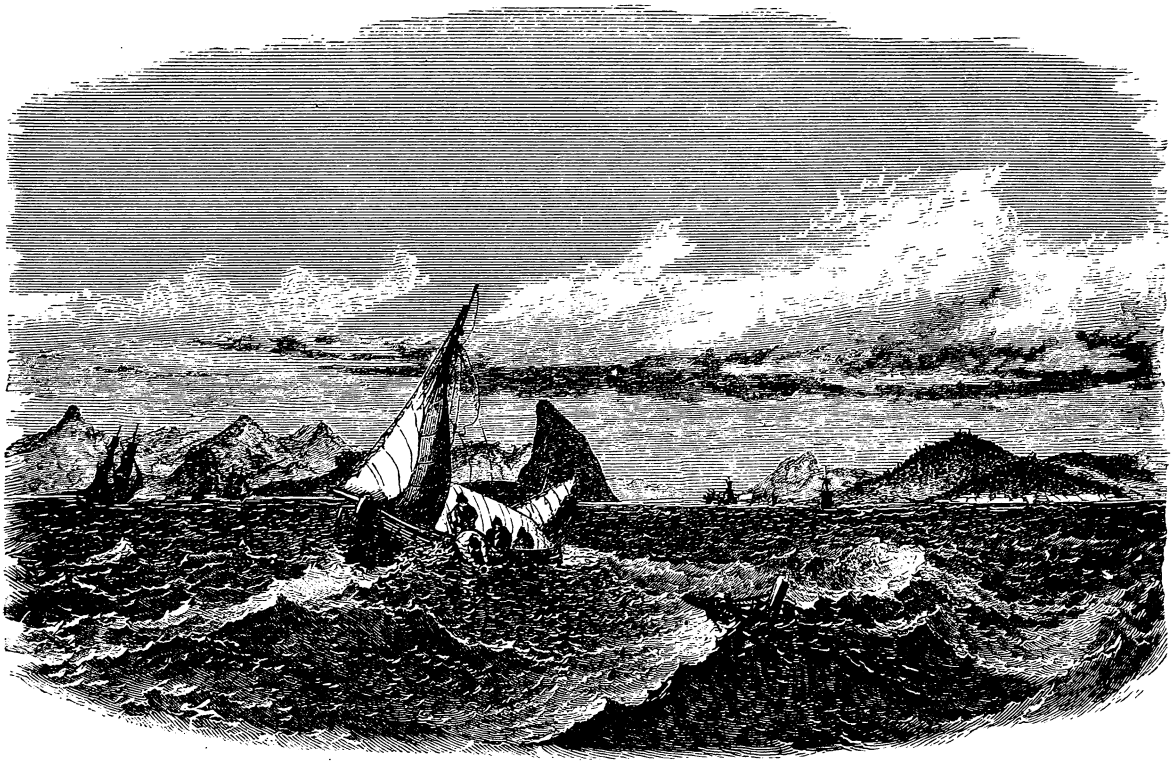
As a rule, Brazil has suffered less from warfare and internal commotion than most countries. Between 1841 and 1849, there were slight *émeutes* in some of the provinces, chiefly of a political character, but none attained to large proportions. War had been declared some years previous against the Argentine Republic, which was attempting to convert Uruguay into an Argentine province; but peace was restored through the mediation of Great Britain. An alliance was formed at a later period between Brazil, Uruguay, and the forces of the Entré Rios, called the "Triple Alliance," against Rosas, the Argentine dictator, whose defeat at Monte Casaros and flight to England brought hostilities to an end in 1852. In 1855 war was declared against Paraguay, and an offensive alliance formed between Brazil, Uruguay, and the Argentine Republic, with the stipulation that "no one of the high contracting powers shall lay down their arms until the present Government of Paraguay shall be overthrown." This alliance was arranged secretly; the cause of the difficulty being the obnoxious conduct of the Paraguayan Government toward her neighbors. During this difficulty, a Paraguayan army invaded Brazil, sacked several towns, and took possession of certain diamond mines. The alliance was followed by a long and disastrous war, ending only in the death of Lopez, who was killed on March 1st, 1870.

Toward the close of 1871, a controversy began between the Governments of Buenos Ayres and Rio, being about certain boundaries; but negotiations followed, and a reconciliation occurred in October, 1872.

The best evidence possible of the present tranquil condition of the Empire of Brazil exists in the fact that her emperor and empress are readily permitted by the General Assembly to leave the country for a protracted excursion; and it is to be hoped that the visit to the United States



CABOCLO INDIANS—FOOT ARCHERS.



HARBOR OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

and the Centennial Exposition will continue and close without any home annoyance whatsoever.

THE CITIES OF BRAZIL.—RIO DE JANEIRO.

The harbor, or bay of Rio de Janeiro, is one of the considerably large number of such bodies of water which are termed "the most beautiful, secure, and spacious in the world." It has, however, assured title to the use of numerous complimentary adjectives in its description; being land-locked, and with dimensions seventeen miles one way and twelve the other. It contains numerous pretty islands, the largest—Governor's—being six miles long. The entrance to this haven is guarded on either side by noble granite mountains, is deep, and is so safe that the harbor is made without the use of pilots. On his left, as the visitor enters the harbor, stands the peak called "Sugar-Loaf" Mountain; and all around the bay the blue waters are girdled with mountains and lofty hills, offering every variety of picturesque and fantastic outline.

Says the bold traveler, Richard Burton: "Rio Bay, like all the beautiful sisterhood, from Cornish 'Mullions,' westward to the Bay of Naples, must be seen in 'war-paint.' Most charming is she when sitting under her rich ethereal canopy, whilst a varnish of diaphanous atmosphere tempers the distance to soft and exquisite loveliness; when the robing blue is perfect brilliant blue, when the browns are dashed with pink and purple, and when the national colors suggest themselves—green, vivid as the emerald, and yellow, bright as burnished gold. Then the streams are silver, then the scaurs are marked orange and vermilion, as they stand straightly out from the snowy sand or the embedding forest; then the passing clouds from floating islets, as their shadows walk over the waters of the inner sea, so purely green. Then the peasant's white-washed hut of tile and 'wattle and dab,' rising from the strand of snow sand, becomes opal and garnet in the floods of light which suggest nothing but a perpetual spring-tide. And every hour has its own spell. There is sublimity in the morning mists rolling far away over headland brow and heaving ocean; there is grandeur, loveliness, and splendor in the sparkling of the waves under the noonday sun, when the breeze is laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers; and there is inexpressible repose and grace in the shades of vinous purple which evening sheds over the scene."

Thus Burton, whose earlier experiences in the desert wastes and flat inanity of Arabia and Egypt, may well have prepared his mind to enjoy to the fullest the grandeur of the mountain scenery of "the Brazil," as he terms the great South American empire. Rio Harbor is protected not only by nature in its mountainous surroundings, but by man in its numerous fortresses. The city stands on the west shore of the bay, about four miles from its mouth. Seven green and mound-like hills diversify its site; and the white-walled and vermilion-roofed houses cluster in the intervening valleys, and climb the eminences in long lines. From the central portion of the city, lines of houses extend four

A GANG OF SLAVES CARRYING COFFEE.

miles in three principal directions. The old town, nearest the bay, is laid out in squares; the streets cross at right angles, are narrow, and are paved and flagged; and the houses, generally, built of granite, are commonly two stories high.

West of the old town is the elegantly built new city; the two districts being separated by the Campo de Santa Anna, an immense square or park, on different parts of which stand an extensive barracks, the town-hall, the national museum, palace of the senate, the foreign office, a large opera-house, and other public buildings.

Behind the city, and three and a half miles distant from it, rises Mount Corcovado to a height of 3,000 feet, whence descend a number of springs, from which water is conveyed to Rio by a splendid aqueduct which supplies the fountains with which the numerous squares are furnished. In recent years great municipal improvements have been introduced into the city. Most of the streets are now as well paved as those of the finest European capitals; the city is abundantly lighted with gas; and commodious wharves and quays are built along the water-edge. Rio contains several excellent hospitals and infirmaries, asylums for foundlings and female orphans, and other charitable institutions, some richly endowed. There are also about fifty chapels and churches, generally costly and imposing structures, with rich internal decorations, and several convents and nunneries. In the College of Pedro II., founded in 1837, the various branches of a liberal education are efficiently taught by a staff of professors; the Imperial Academy of Medicine, with a full corps of professors, is attended by about three hundred students; and there is also a theological seminary. The scene along the wharves and docks of the harbor of Rio is at times as busy as is presented by any other commercial city in the world. Ships from all parts are loading with cotton, coffee, sugar, dye-woods, and what not; or are being unladen of the rich treasures of manufactured articles which they bear thither from foreign ports. Crowds of negroes carrying boxes and bales hurry rapidly and noisily up and down, singing and shouting in Portuguese or dialect, as they work. Behind, the quaint narrow ways of the old town; back of these, the broad and elegant proportions of the city proper, and a little to the left, towering high in the clear sky, the grand proportions of Mount Corcovado—all this, with the beautiful blue bay in its face, presents a prospect difficult to equal in its diversified attractions the world over.

A SHOEMAKER'S SHOP IN RIO DE JANEIRO.

The vicinity of Rio Janeiro was first settled by the French in 1555, but, twelve years later, was occupied by the Portuguese, who called the city San Sebastian. In 1763 it superseded Bahia as the seat of government, and became the residence of the viceroys of Portugal. On the proclamation of independence, in 1822, Rio Janeiro became the capital of the Brazilian empire, an honor which Bahia had continued to hold up to that time. Five hours distant by rail from Rio Janeiro is Petropolis —"the city of S. Pedro de Alcantara"—dating only from 1844, but an established place of resort—a sort of watering-place, where the mineral springs—chiefly iron—do quite as much good as those of Saratoga, and whose surroundings are so novel to the stranger to tropical beauties as even to cause the charms of the last-named elysium of caravanserai to be driven from the memory, while the eye gloats on the delicious surroundings immediately at hand. Bubbling,

gravel-floored streams framed in richly green grass, are crossed by black and scarlet bridges, and shaded with feathery Brazilian cedars, whose beauty is hardly eclipsed by that of the palm and the pine, the myrtle and orange, also denizens of this marvelous country.

PERNAMBUCO.

Pernambuco, the most eastern seaport of Brazil, is situated eighty miles south of Parahiba. It is the greatest sugar mart in Brazil, and is the third in commercial importance of the cities of the empire. It consists of three portions united to each other by roads and bridges; the first is situated on a peninsula, is the chief seat of commerce, and is called Recife; the second is San Antonio, the middle district, located on an island between the peninsula and the main land; the third, Boavesta, is on the main land itself. Pernambuco has two harbors, one of which is formed by a reef extending along the coast at a distance of about half a mile, and answering for a breakwater.

The outer harbor is easily accessible, has a lighthouse, and is defended by several forts. Formerly the city was extremely dirty, the streets unpaved, and much inconvenienced from the want of a proper supply of water. Of late years, however, the many important improvements which have been made in Brazil, under the wise administration of the present emperor, have not passed Pernambuco by.

Waterworks have been erected, extensive and spacious quays formed along the margins of the river, and the streets have, in most instances, been paved and lighted.

Here, as in Rio Janeiro, may be witnessed the manifestation of that desire for a suitable educational establishment, illustrations of which we have already given in our account of Brazil in general and of the latter city in particular. Numerous colleges and other educational institutions have been established, and, as is always the case where such wise and just consideration for the public weal obtains, the growing wealth and constantly increasing commercial prosperity of the city have been accompanied by equal improvements in comfort and refinement. The principal exports from Pernambuco are sugar, cotton, rum, hides, and dye-woods.

In 1870–71 the quantity of sugar shipped from this port amounted to 1,164,655 tons. The imports are woolen and cotton cloths, hardware, silks, wines, and flour.

The reef of which we have spoken, as protecting the port of Pernambuco, is formed of coral, from which the suburb, Recife, derives its name. Upon this reef, besides the lighthouse, stands a quaint old watch-tower, dating from the time of the Dutch dominion.

PARA.

Para differs from Rio in its appearance from the absence of any commanding height near it. With its church-towers and convent-turrets, however, it makes a very pleasant picture, although its flatness reminds one forcibly of a Dutch landscape.

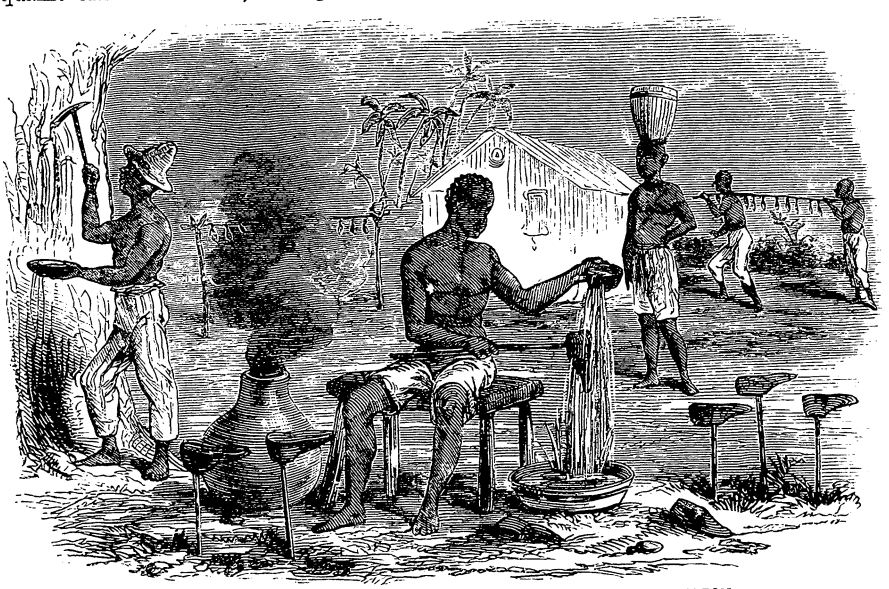
The commerce of this city has been rapidly increasing since the year 1850; though it was not until as late as 1867 that the Government of Brazil finally and completely abandoned the old narrow-minded system of colonial exclusiveness, and declared the Amazon free to the flags of all nations. As the immense Amazon basin extends from Para to the foot of the Cordilleras in the West, it has followed that, through the medium of steam, the commercial development of the city has been rapid and important. The city of Para does not yield a favorable impression, though there are some monumental edifices in the main streets that formerly might have had some pretensions to architectural beauty; but they have gone to decay, and the commerce of to-day is of too recent a date to make any display in public buildings. The cathedral, whose wide, bare aisles are of striking grandeur; the episcopal palace, and the palace of the president, originally intended for Don Joao VI.'s residence when he came to Brazil, are the most conspicuous of them. The streets are large and regular, but they have an abominable pavement of a soft sandstone, which, when ground down by the wheels to a fine red dust, is apt to be extremely annoying. But Para has one ornament of which she may well be proud—the shady walks beneath plantations of fine trees (mostly palms), known under the name of "Estradas," and forming an agreeable avenue from the city to the country.

Amid the rich vegetation of the gardens there is one species of palm-tree that particularly strikes the foreigner with the matchless grace of its slender stem, and light, feathery leaves which are waved about by the slightest breath of air. It is the "Assaï," whose fruit—a small nut with a dark-blue pulp—makes a very popular, and, indeed, very refreshing beverage. Similar beverages are obtained from the fruits of the Bacaba and Batana palms, by passing the rich pulps through a sieve, and mixing them with water and sugar.

BRAZILIAN SOCIETY.

Among the people of the cities of Brazil we find, as has been already observed, several classes. The enterprising business class, planters, etc., made up of native Brazilians, Portuguese, and Europeans generally. The lower class forms a mixed multitude of Portuguese, aborigines, and negroes. The children of this class go about nearly naked until ten or twelve years old. All of the lower orders have a passion for jewelry—gold, if practicable; if not, gilt being acceptable—the main point being that it shall be big and brilliant. Negro girls, selling fruit, dress in white, and carry large trays on their heads, while their necks and ears are loaded down with massive chains, charms, and rings.

The middle and upper classes follow the European fashions. The mechanic arts are in the hands of free negroes and Indians. The commerce is mainly carried on by foreigners. The drygoods in the stores come from England



MANUFACTURE OF CAOUTCHOUC, OR INDIA-RUBBER, ON THE AMAZON.

and France, the groceries from Portugal, and flour and hardware from the United States.

The hotels, as a rule, are poor. Beef is the only meat used, and there is little game to be seen, and no variety of vegetables. There are, however, innumerable fish of a magnificent quality and unequaled variety in the rivers. Coffee is the staple article, and is food and drink to the Brazilian.

A BRAZILIAN PORTER.

Brazil is a land of "feasts." Nearly every day is a feast of some kind, when noise, rockets, guns, fire-crackers, and bells are in order.

The negroes delight in dancing and singing, and the fandango is a favorite here as in Spain. In fact, the dancing is a mixture of the wild, loose-jointed motion of the African and the graceful *abandon* of the Spaniard.

Many of these negroes are free, though the most are still slaves. Among the slave-owners in Brazil it is considered that the abolition of slavery in the United States gave the key-note whence shall ultimately flow emancipation the world over.

In the streets of Rio, Para, Pernambuco, or Manoa, the groupings of people are picturesque and peculiar. The half-naked black carriers, many of them straight and firm as bronze statues under the heavy loads which rest so securely on their heads; the *padres*, in their long coats and square hats; the mules, laden with baskets of fruit and vegetables; black women dressed in white, with bare arms and necks, sleeves caught up with glittering armlets, and on the head a large white turban—all this makes a motley scene, full of entertainment and interest for the new-comer.

Here one meets, sitting on the curbstone, half-naked, a black woman, with her naked child asleep on her knees. And here, again, beside an old wall, covered with vines and overhung with thick foliage, lies, at full length, a powerful negro, his jetty arms crossed on a huge basket of crimson flowers, oranges, and bananas.

The roads running out from Rio are lined on either side by a succession of country-houses; low and spreading, often with wide verandas, surrounded by beautiful gardens. These glow in the season with the scarlet leaves of the "Estrella do Norte," blue and yellow bignonias, and many other brilliant shrubs and vines.

Often, through a wide gateway opening into an avenue of palms, one may get a glimpse of Brazilian domestic life—groups of people sitting in the garden, and children playing in the grounds, in the care of black nurses.

Starting out from Rio by the Dom Pedro Railroad, one may visit the great coffee plantations, from some of which five or six hundreds tons of coffee are sent out in a year. The hospitality of the coffee-planters is unbounded, and a respectable traveler may be sure of a night's lodging, a welcome, and food, while the card of a mutual friend opens the house to you as long as you choose to stay.

A cotton-planter—a lady—has been seen to make her shopping trips to town with a troop of thirty mules, laden with every conceivable kind of baggage, besides provisions of all sorts, and accompanied by a retinue of twenty-five servants, and this only for a few weeks' stay in Rio.

The Brazilians have as a universal custom the habit of taking a cup of black coffee on rising, and defer their more solid breakfast until near noon.

A description of a Brazilian breakfast may not be without interest to the reader. We borrow it from one who has tried it:

"In the first place, there were black beans stewed with *carne secca* (dried meat), the invariable accompaniment of every meal in Brazil. There is no house so poor that it does not have its *feijoes;* no house so rich as to exclude this favorite dish. Then there was chicken stewed with potatoes and rice—another essential element of the Brazilian *cuisine.*

"Finally, there were eggs served in various ways, cold meat, wine, coffee, and bread. Vegetables are scarce and little cared for in Brazil, such as are used being chiefly imported in cans from Europe."

NATURAL CURIOSITIES—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

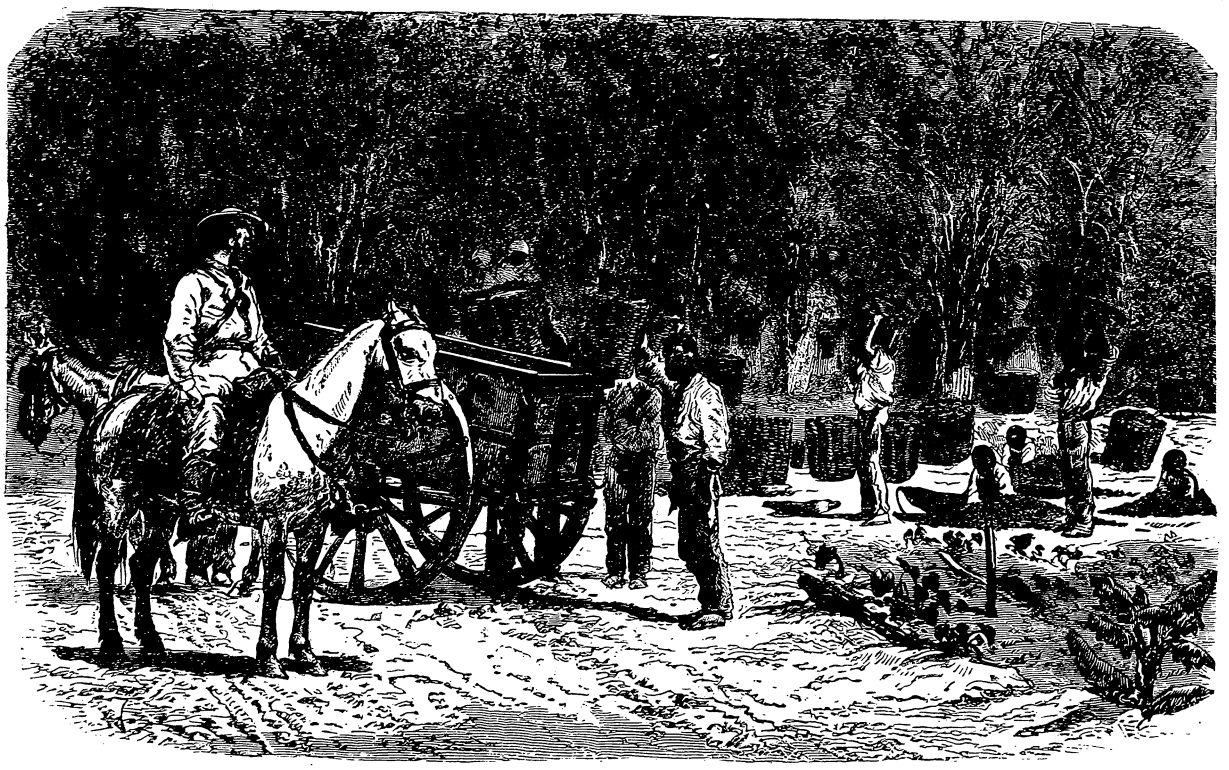
Among the other remarkable curiosities of nature which he saw growing in their native haunts was the *Victoria Regia*, the gigantic water-lily of Brazil, whose leaves are five to six feet in diameter, while the expanded blossom itself measures a foot across its surface.

The voyage into the interior of Brazil is often made by means of *Igarapés*, or canoe-paths, and this species of travel opens up the wonders of tropical life in their most attractive and engrossing form.

These canoe-paths are narrow, winding passages through the dense forests which skirt the banks of the Amazon. Here, amid the denser undergrowth, clumps of the light and exquisitely graceful Assai palm shoot up everywhere about. Here and there, too, the drooping bamboo dips its feathery branches into the waters—these covered sometimes to their very tips with the purple bloom of the convolvulus. Yellow bignonias carry their golden clusters to the very summits of some of the loftiest trees; while white-flowering myrtles and orange-colored mallows border the stream. Life abounds in these quiet retreats, where the golden rays of sunlight seldom pierce, and where the waters are gloomy and mysterious with many shadows, and the mass of matted vegetation on either side seems to shut in the cautious traveler from the very world itself. Birds and butterflies, of gaudy hue, swarm here in myriads; crabs, of many colors, float about the margin of the water; armies of caterpillars march, in solid phalanx, down the trunks of trees.

THE QUITANDEIRO OR STREET VENDER.

Here, however, the silence is profound, tropical birds

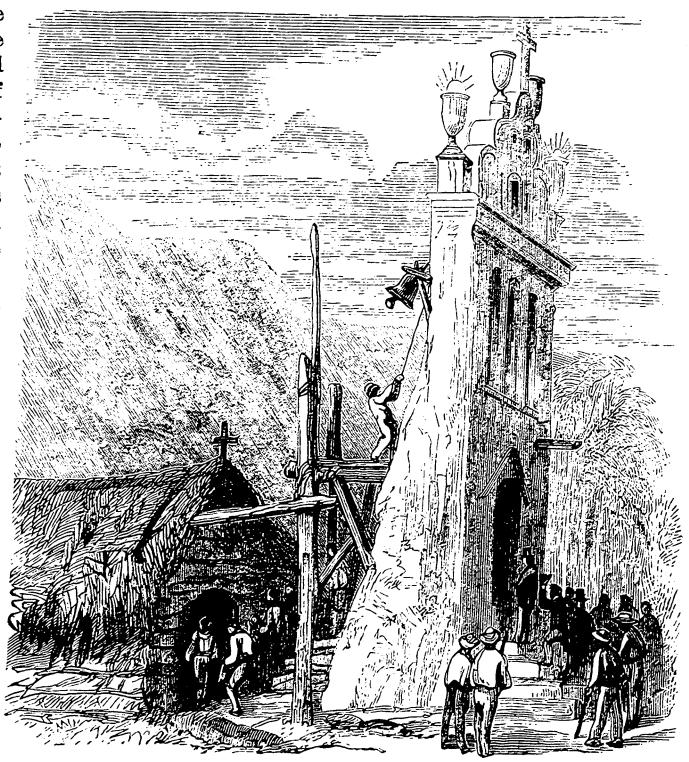


A COFFEE PLANTATION.

being poor songsters, and even the crab of the Amazon not being remarkable for vocalization.

There are certain peculiarities of architecture which strike the traveler in Brazil, among which we may name the following: Sometimes, where funds are low, only a fine façade is erected, passing through which you find merely a hut to act as the church or public building. The cupolas of churches are frequently covered with earthenware, assorted according to the color, and laid on in stucco in patterns. Others are covered with tiles. The huts of the negroes are quite curious in shape and style. They are built of bamboo sticks, intertwined, the interstices filled up with clay, which hardens in the sun, when the huts are thatched with palm leaves. The inside of these huts is generally swampy. Among the contents will almost always be found execrable paintings of saints; while, for live stock, very lean dogs and very long-legged cats are common.

The smaller Amazon settlements are generally formed by a cluster of houses along the river bank, a grass-grown street formed by a terrace or the top of the high river bank fronting them. The houses are low, thatched with straw and palm branches, the walls being formed of a skeleton of posts and wattles fastened with mud or clay. Sometimes the house of a trader—who is always the chief citizen, after the *commandante*—is tiled, but not always.



DECEPTIVE ARCHITECTURE IN BRAZIL.

Manaos, which has been termed the future St. Louis of the Amazon, lies on an elevated bank of the Rio Negro, ten miles from its mouth, and twenty feet above high-water level. The site is very uneven. This is one of the Brazilian cities whose names have been changed, it having been formerly called Barra. Since 1852, it has been known by the name Manaos, after the most warlike tribe of Indians in the neighborhood. Some of the houses here are two stories high, but the most are low adobe structures, white or yellow washed, floored and roofed with tiles, and favoring green doors and shutters. Every room, as is customary in this country, is furnished with hooks for hanging hammocks. A bed is rarely ever seen in them. Manaos is now the principal station for the Brazilian line of steamers. All goods for any of the lower ports are landed here. The chief exports are coffee, Brazil-nuts, and fish. At a point ten miles below the city, the Negro joins the Amazon, where the meeting of the calm black waters of the Rio Negro with the rushing yellow current of the Amazon forms a notable sight. It is supposed that the heavy

black waters of the Negro actually sink under the Amazon.

Hunting turtle-eggs is a favorite pastime on the sand-bars along these rivers, and the scene is an animated one. The Indians are very expert in finding nests. Guided by the tracks of the turtle, they thrust sticks into the sand, and wherever it goes down easily they commence digging with their hands, invariably striking the eggs, sometimes to the number of 150 in a nest. The turtles lay in the night in pits a couple of feet deep, which they excavate with their hind feet, tossing the sand behind them in a thick and constant cloud. The eggs are about one inch and a half in diameter, having a thin leathery shell, a very oily yoke, and a white which does not coagulate. The Indians eat them raw, and the whites use them in making griddle-cakes, or eat them boiled with pepper and salt. Among the Indians every part of the turtle is used. The entrails are made into soup, the stomach into sausages, steaks are cut from the breast, and the remainder is roasted in the shell. The egg-laying takes place in August and September. A small species of turtle, called the *tracaja*, lays an egg much richer than those of the great turtles, and these are chiefly

TYPES OF RIO.—YOUNG LADY AND ATTENDANT—SOLDIER AND FRUIT-SELLER.

used in manufacturing oil for illuminating purposes. They are broken and beaten up, after which water is poured upon them, when the floating oil is skimmed off, purified in copper kettles over a hot fire, and finally placed in three-gallon earthen jars for the market.

Twenty years ago large turtles were worth fifty cents each; now they cost about three dollars.

Another delicacy in Brazil is the iguana, a species of lizard. It is covered with green scales varied with others of a brown color, and is said to be capable of changing its color like the chameleon. It grows to a length of five feet. Its flesh is white, and the eggs are found very palatable. It is taken everywhere in the Amazonian forests. The Indians sometimes keep them as pets.

The capybara or water-hog, which looks not unlike a guinea-pig, is also a familiar animal about the Amazon. It is both amphibious and gregarious in its habits, and its flesh is excellent.

Along the Amazon and the Madeira rivers are still to be found numerous and powerful tribes of Indians, some of these being exceedingly warlike, although friendly with the whites, while others are savage and render river navigation hazardous. The houses of these are quadrangular or conical huts, or open sheds, containing usually many families each.

The Mundurucus are an industrious tribe, friendly with the whites, and selling to traders rubber, farina, sarsaparilla, and Tonka beans, which they collect in great quantities.

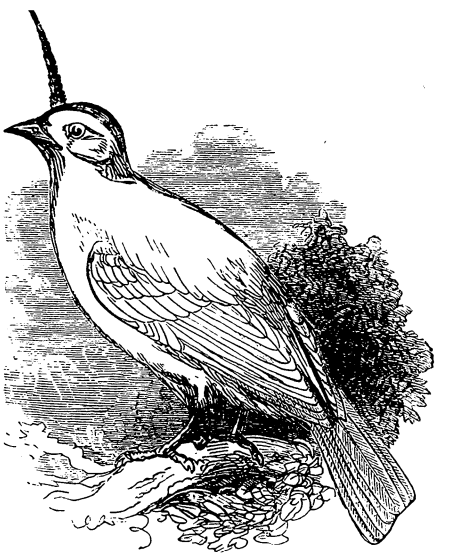
This is the only perfectly tattooed tribe in South America. It takes at least ten years to complete the tattooing of each individual. The process is to prick the skin with spines or thorns and rub soot or burning pitch into the flesh.

Some tribes roam through the forests and sleep in hammocks slung to the trees. At the mouth of the Madeira is found a lazy and brutal tribe called Muras, who live among the mazes of lakes and channels in this locality. They are dark-skinned, having an extraordinary breadth of chest, muscular arms, short legs, and a bold, restless expression of countenance. They pierce the lips and wear peccaries' teeth in the orifices in time of war.

The numerous tribes northwest of the Rio Negro are collectively known as Naupes. They have permanent abodes and build houses to contain large numbers of people, having bullet-proof walls. Both sexes paint their bodies in regular patterns in red, black, and yellow. They are an agricultural people, peaceable and ingenious.

A BRAZILIAN PRIEST.

The variety of modes of living observable among the different tribes of Indians in Brazil is quite remarkable. Besides what we have already mentioned, there are some who live in caves. These kill their deformed children, believing that they belong to the devil. They have no forms of worship. They bury their dead in canoes or in earthen jars.



THE BELL-BIRD.

There are also many mixed breeds along the Amazon, though few negroes are found except on the lower portions of the river. The Portuguese immigrants are the most enterprising men on the river. They are willing to work, trade, or do anything to turn a penny, and, as they are saving and manage to make considerable money, they are frequently able to return to Portugal with quite a considerable fortune. This proceeding, however, is exceedingly objectionable to the emperor and the Government in general, whose desire it is to encourage the immigration of such as are willing to remain in the country and make its interests identical with their own.

The climate of Brazil is almost throughout a warm and moist one; and, on the whole, may be called healthy, with the exception of a few river-plains such as the affluents of the Amazon, which are plagued with intermittent fevers. The yellow fever, which first caused such havoc at Rio Janeiro in 1850, reappears there almost every year since, and has even increased in intensity of late. Brazilians and acclimatized Europeans easily escape this by a sober, regular mode of life, but new arrivals incur great danger. At Petropolis, to which we have already alluded, and which, by the way, is a German colony, one is perfectly safe from this scourge, the place being 2,500 feet above the sea-level, while the fever always keeps near the coast and within narrow range. It is quite different with the cholera, which, as is the case elsewhere, meanders at its own sweet will all over the country, and there is no place where one can feel secure from this terrible Asiatic scourge. Even negroes, who do not easily fall victims to yellow fever, are cut off in great numbers by cholera.

It is a singular fact that measles, scarlatina, and smallpox devastate whole populations of Indians, while they are not more dangerous to white people or negroes than they usually are in Europe or in the United States.

The white race, although the ruling one in Brazil, forms only a minor part of its population. Especially in the interior, only a limited number of families can boast of pure descent from the first immigrants, the Portuguese, who even now come over every year, and have possession of almost all the retail trade in the land. As is the case in Cuba, there is no love lost between these two, and many characteristic nicknames tell of the mutual hatred and contempt which they feel for each other.

The attempt to settle Chinese coolies in Brazil proved as unsuccessful as that to induce the planters of the Southern States after the war to migrate to this country. Several hundreds of the latter did reach Brazil at an expense of some hundred thousand dollars to the Government of the empire, and the result of the emigration was unsatisfactory.

The best land in Brazil, especially that used for the cotton culture, is very costly, and is growing dearer every day.

The consequence is that newly-arrived colonists get hold of poor soil, and their agricultural pursuits seldom amount to much; while it is certain that, with the present desire of the Government for satisfactory immigration, and with a very earnest determination on the part of the emperor to effect this if practicable, there undoubtedly will be ere long in Brazil better opportunities in this direction than have been presented heretofore.

The want of good easy methods of communication has been one of the chief drawbacks in Brazil, as it is in all South American States. Nowhere in the whole continent, 100 miles from the coast, is there a carriage-road to be found; and the mule, or at best the creaking ox-cart, with its enormous wooden wheels fixed upon axle-trees, are the indispensable vehicles.

It is true that conveyance on mules' backs is the only one possible on paths which, in the rainy season, are knee-deep, and sometimes breast-deep, with mud, and show ascents of twenty or thirty feet in a hundred, and which sometimes are obstructed by huge masses of loose rock and stones. In consequence of these difficulties, and of the exceeding slowness of progress—scarcely ten or twelve miles a day—this mode of transportation is so dear that even valuable products like coffees do not pay the cost of conveyance to a seaport, if the distance exceeds 300 miles; while the freight necessarily conveyed in small packages, and loaded and unloaded often, is exposed to all sorts of risks.

In Brazil considerable exertions have been made, within the last few years, to remedy this state of things. The energy which is directed to prosecuting the existing rail-road system is deserving of high credit, and this latter alone is certain to be of great advantage to the country.

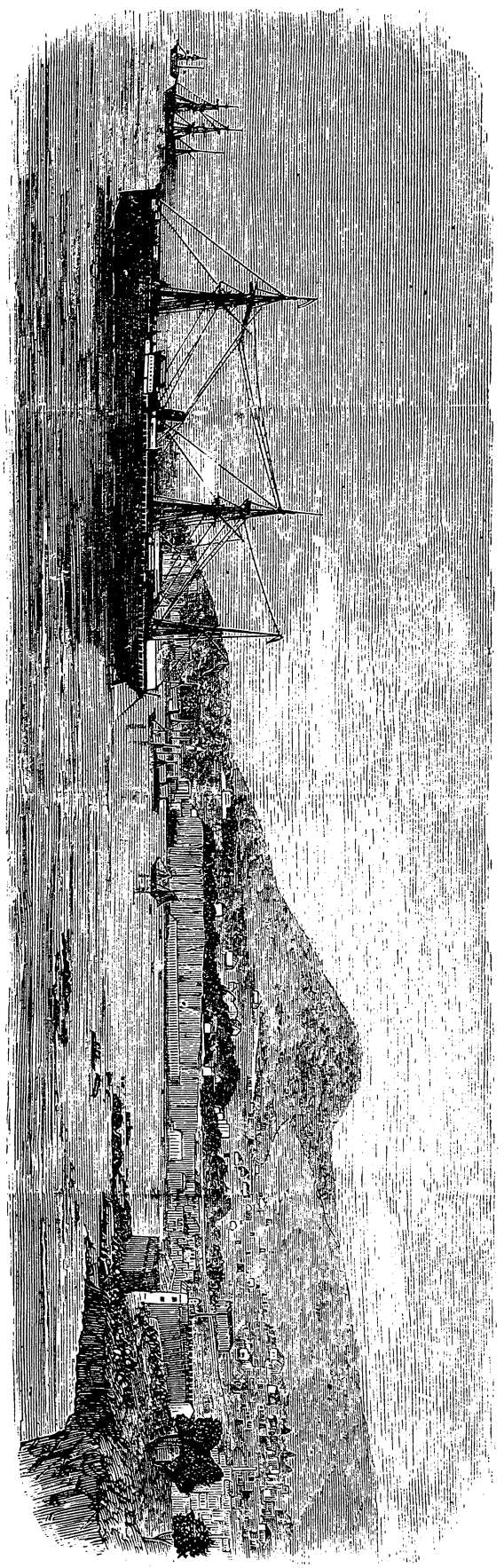
So it is with steam navigation. At present, besides several transatlantic lines and a New York line—all of which touch at Rio, Bahia, and Pernambuco—there is also a Brazilian line of steamers which links all the minor ports, and corresponds with the Amazon line and with those on the River Plate in Paraguay. If the Parana, with its large affluents, the San Francisco, the Tocantin, Tapahaz, Xingu, Medena, etc., were perfectly navigable, Brazil would not so much need railways and roads just yet. Unfortunately, all these rivers have, at different points of their course, either real falls—as the San Francisco, not far above its mouth, and the Grand Fall of Paulo Affonso—or currents that scarcely allow a canoe or a flat-boat to pass. And thus thousands of square miles of the richest soil have continued for ages to remain unexplored, uncultivated, and almost totally uninhabited.

The scarcity of labor in Brazil is severely felt and interferes with the production of its most important staples, particularly cotton. It is, in fact, that, with a liberally supported labor system, cotton could be produced in Brazil in successful competition with the whole world.

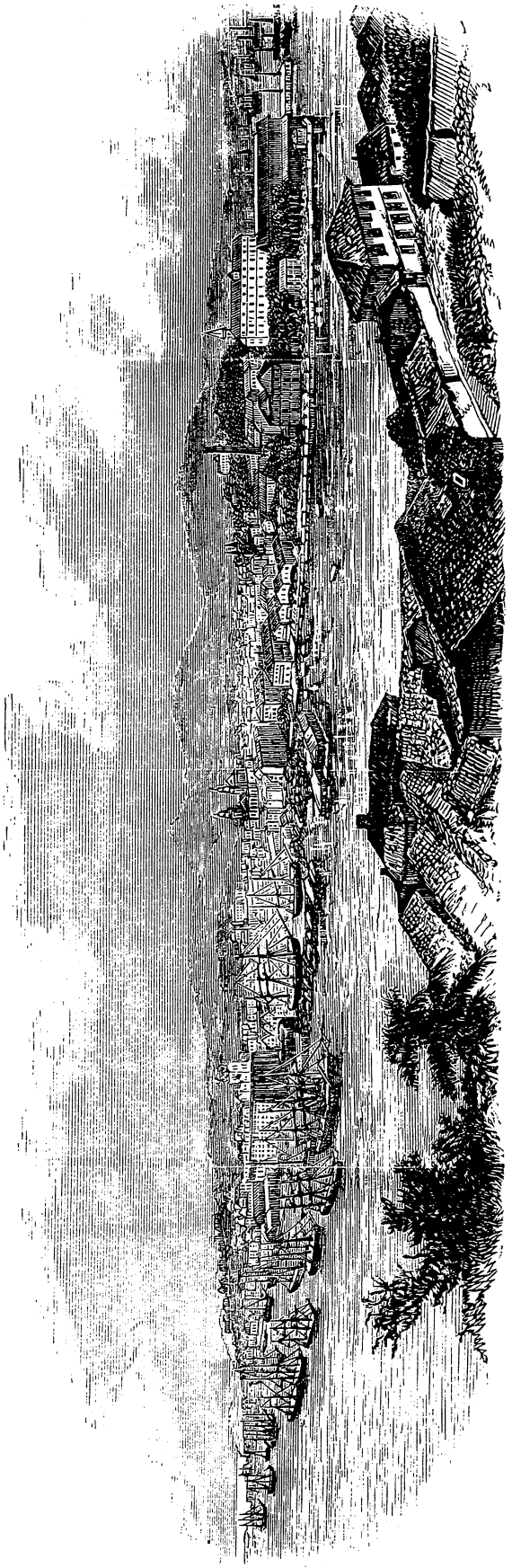
Burton says with truth that, "as a field for the white man, no country equals Brazil." In the great Atlantic cities of Brazil—and these only, as a rule, are known to foreigners—there are sections of the labor market where competition flourishes, and where there is a great and increasing jealousy of intruders.

Not so in the interior and smaller towns. Nowhere can an honest, hard-working man get on so well with such a minimum of money or ability. The services of a useful hand, whatever be his specialty or trick, will be paid for at once, and at the highest possible value, and will always remain in demand, and it is simply his own fault if employment does not lead on to fortune, and to what we may call rank.

Brazil will supply many instances of men who came out as simple miners and mechanics, and who by industry,



THE "SEINE" LAYING THE BRAZILIAN SUBMARINE CABLE BETWEEN BRAZIL AND MADEIRA.



GENERAL VIEW OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

sobriety, and good conduct, unaided by education or talent, have risen to positions which, in an older country, could not be achieved in a single generation. Some have gone forth to become superintendents of mining companies. Others are local capitalists, and there are a great many instances of successes on a still smaller scale.

Labor is well paid for in Brazil, while the expenses of living are light, house rent is very moderate, and altogether are innumerable advantages offered to the industrious laborer. The mining interests alone of Brazil might employ all the unused mining labor of the world. Even to this day the Serra do Mar, within eyesight of the ocean, is mostly covered with virgin forests. It is known to contain extensive mineral deposits, and on the Rio coast alone has any part of them been worked. At present a vast deal of the mining is done by blacks, one establishment employing 1,450 men, women, and children.

Altogether it will be seen from this sketch of the present condition of Brazil as regards its Government, the nature of its population, and the character of its industries and natural products, that there is here offered to the world a field for the exercise of human intelligence and energy quite unsurpassed, a climate and soil possessing peculiarly advantageous qualities, and a wealth of natural production almost unsurpassed, magnificent water-power for manufacturing purposes, and a vast network of river communication, which only needs proper utilization by the addition of railroad and canal facilities. These are some of the peculiarities which should render Brazil as magnificent in the proportions of its accomplished efforts as it is in natural gifts.

It may be reasonably assumed that the contributions of Brazil to our Centennial Exposition, at Philadelphia, during the present year, will tend to enlarge the ideas of those then present with regard to all the points most important in making this country better known to the world. While it is certain that all such information will be scattered broadcast throughout the civilized world, by means of the reports which will be returned to their several Governments by the Commissioners to the Exposition, popular attention is also certain to be specially directed toward Brazil, from the fact of the presence at the Exposition of the Emperor Dom Pedro II., who will be accompanied in his visit to the United States by three of the most powerful ships in the Brazilian navy. The imperial party will include men of high prominence in the empire, among them being the Vice-Admiral of Brazil.

The products and specimens of Brazilian industry intended for the Centennial have been all collected and placed on view in Rio. These will chiefly exhibit the natural products rather than the arts or manufactures of the country.

Dom Pedro II. was born in Rio Janeiro, December 2d, 1825, and is therefore now in the prime of life. He was crowned emperor, July 18th, 1841, and since his accession to the throne Brazil has been steadily increasing in power and usefulness. The emperor possesses remarkable literary and scientific acquirements, is a just and liberal sovereign, and enjoys the warm affection of his people. He is also a member of the French Academy of Sciences. He should be specially welcomed in this country if only for the liberal advantages which he granted to Professor Agassiz in the prosecution of his scientific expedition into the interior of the empire.

THERE is a great deal said nowadays under the captivating title of "Social Science"; but much of what is said and written warrants a doubt of even the existence of such a science. Still more does it warrant the doubt that those who attempt the discussion of social topics have, even admitting the existence of such a science, ever mastered the first rudiments of it.

"A CRASH!—A GUSH OF BLOOD, AND THE CREATURE TUMBLED BACKWARD, SHOT THROUGH THE THROAT BY MY BRAVE LOTA!"

How I Told My Love.

OH, the glories of a sleigh ride in the sparkling bracing air of a Canadian Winter! The sky clear and exhilarating—keenly bright, but with a different degree of lucidity from that of a bright Summer's day. Broad expanding plains—the city receding behind us, as the horses, leaping onward to the music of their chiming bells, make for the broad, boundless country. The fir forests are clasped in a shadowy, ghostly slumber. Far away on our right are those pathless funereal groves where the wolves congregate in hundreds. To the left lies a ridge of hills sloping down the river, which is locked up in the iron manacles of the Winter King. Ahead, and right before us, whither we are bound, over waste, and plain, and clearing, lies a snugly sheltered village, the headquarters of the "lumberer" and the *voyageur*. Our destination is not quite so far.

This said destination is a broadly spread, low-lying farmstead, with its almost numberless out-houses, consisting of cattle-sheds and dairies, corn-stores, roofings for Winter fodder, wood-stacks, and other concomitants surrounding the dwelling, all palisaded by zigzag fences, as so many outworks to protect the comfortable citadel. Within it, warm fires blaze and sparkle from the huge and odorous logs crackling on the broad, bounteous hearth. In the great common chamber, raftered and picturesque as an antique gothic hall, are warm hearts and flashing eyes. Bearded men and fair women are there—laughing maidens, and strapping young hunters who have just shaken the snow off their furs at the portals. Despite the stern yet musical baritone of the stinging wind as it goes by, stinging cheeks, biting noses into purple, and making the blood tingle, shouts of mirth and laughter rise above the boreal blasts; and our leaping sleigh, gliding—flying along rather—to the music of the soft musical bells, is fast approaching its terminus.

"In the meantime," asks the reader, "who occupy this sleigh?" I hasten to answer.

First, there was your humble servant, the narrator, Dick Lonsdale by name, but a few months back from the banks of the Isis, with the "bar" in prospect, my "governor" having a snug interest in the India House. I add a few of my personal items. Rather good-looking (at least my wife says so), a fair shot, a stunning "stroke oar," can hit with wonderful vigor straight out from the shoulder, am five feet ten and—growing, can play the fiddle, a game at pool, and have the temper of an angel. I had been one of a party of adventurous sportsmen—"going in" for something worthy of Alexander, and, with fishing-tackle, spears, and "shooting-irons," had done no inconsiderable execution among the denizens of the Canadian woods and sounding "rapids," and hunted the bear in his own bold and picturesque fastnesses.

Enough for myself. Now for my companions.

Place aux Dames, therefore; for nestling by my side, wrapped up in rugs and warm furs, is Lota d'Arville, a bright-eyed, rosy-lipped, laughing Canadian, as lovely a girl-woman of seventeen as glance of man ever rested complacently upon. The Canadian mother and the French father were expressed in her name. Her playful lambent eyes had exercised their sorcery upon me ere this, and the modulations of a voice unequaled for its low, soft sweetness, completed the young siren's triumph. This by the way, for we had exchanged no confidences as yet on a subject very near to my heart.

We were bound to a merry sleighing party at Windy Gap Farm—ostensibly to a hunt upon a vast scale, which accounts for my two rifles and ammunition lying in the sleigh, and for the noble deerhound, our third companion, who had curled up his great body at our feet, and aided to keep them warm. I had known Lota's brother—a young officer in the Canadian Rifles—had killed "bar" at the "salt-licks" with him, had met the whole family on board a St. Lawrence

steamer, and was now a guest at their house enjoying their frank and bounteous hospitality.

"Hurrah!" Through the keen sonorous air sleigh and horses bound along! "Cling-clang!" go the chiming bells. "Crick-crack!" goes the long-thonged whip, with a sharp cheery significance. My "Madawaska Cariole," a sleigh which is the perfection of locomotion, is not less perfection than the fiery steeds, with their sinews of elastic steel, which I drive.

Driving the sleigh-tandem is the easiest thing in the world, when you are used to it. I was a member of the "Tandem Club," and considered rather a crack hand. I exulted in my skill now, as I bore my rosy companion flying through the air, and the whip went "crick-crack!" like a double-barrel going off, and the sweet bells sung and chimed. "Oh! sweet echoes of far distant wedding-bells," I thought, and the crisp snow was split and shattered into diamond dust under the grinding of the hoofs and the attrition of the "runners," and with an exhilaration I could not repress, I gave a vigorous "Hurrah!" which conveyed itself to Lota, wrapped up in moose and bearskins, and warm as a toast. A sweet, girlish laugh echoed my exulting shout.

"You appear to enjoy this, Mr. Lonsdale," she said.

"If I don't——" "Crick-crack!" filled up the kiatus. What a pair of beauties! Phœbus Apollo never drove the like down the steeps of heaven! The wily Ithacan never "raised" such cattle when he cleared the stables of Rhesus of his horses. "Crick-crack!" and the horses neigh and toss their arching necks, and the bells are chiming and tinkling, and the mad, exulting rush uplifts one like wine.

I remark to myself that the sky has deepened into an intense, still, darkening blue—darkening with a strange, unearthly, tenebrious inkiness, betokening a coming snow-storm. No matter. "Windy Gap" is right ahead, and the welcome lights will blaze out of the casements soon, for the afternoon is wearing.

On we go, but I do not see them yet; and yet—but no—it's all right!

"Are you warm—quite snug, dear Lota!" said I, half-turning to look at the rosy, exquisite face peeping forth with so much furtive coquetry from its *encadrement* of white cozy furs.

"Oh! *so* comfortable," she answered, with a nestling movement, and a smile which made my heart leap joyously upward.

But my attention was called away to the creeping, crepuscular inkiness of the sky. It was light, yet not daylight, but *blue* light—to coin a word; that wintry hue of livid darkening steel, always the precursor to a fierce change in the weather. This only made the long, level plains of snow gleam with a lustre the more dazzling and intense. I remarked this, but with a momentarily divided and wavering sense.

I had never (familiarly as we had grown, and I was "honest as the skin between your brows," as *she* was in fact)—I had never said "*dear* Lota" before, and the words were yet in mine ears like a sweet old burden. I loved her with all my heart and soul, but I had never told it. I yearned to tell her so now; but I thought it scarcely fair, not up to the mark of my manhood, to take what seemed an unfair advantage of the protection I was supposed to extend over her. I magnanimously resolved to wait, choking down the words, but not for long.

Meantime "crick-crack" went the long whip, and still "cling-clang" went the chiming bells, and the horses held on with unabated pace and splendid vigor, but—*where* had "Windy Gap" gone to all this time, for time was up, and we should be there by this?

"Goodness!" exclaimed Lota, all at once, "how strange the sky looks! we shall have more snow—a heavy fall, too."

"I fear so," I replied; "but, *n'importe*, we'll soon be out of it."

"We are very long, I fancy," she continued, reflectively; "you have driven there quicker than this before. "Oh, Heaven!" she cried, with the suddenness of a revelation, "can we have *lost the track?*"

The blank question warped with a horrible jar on my most vivid fears. Now or never was the time to be cool.

"No, I think not," I replied, with assumed carelessness; "we shall come to our landmark presently."

"A clump of fire—an old mill, further on; yes," she added, "I recollect. But we should have passed them long ere this. Oh, I fear we are lost!"

A cold chill seized me as I tacitly admitted that she was in the right. I could not account for my error, if such was the case. I looked round the horizon, but beheld no friendly sign; it was only a circle gathering closer and darker the while. Suddenly my brave deerhound lifted up his head and uttered a low growl. The horses gave a startled swerve just as suddenly. A strange, lugubrious, but appalling sound came all at once from windward, wailing like a death cry—a prolonged, awful groaning discordance—over the white gleaming snow; and then it died away.

The horses halted trembling; only the shivering tinkle of the bells broke the death silence that fell like an eclipse over all.

"What is that?" asked Lota, in a shuddering whisper, as she clutched my arm.

I listened. "It is the wind sighing and dying away in the pine forest," I answered.

"And we do not go near the forest," she said. "Hark! there it is again. Oh, what—*what* can it be?"

Again the indescribably hideous and lugubrious sound broke forth; clearer, nearer. It increased; it multiplied; the horrible *crescendo* howling, shrieking and ravening was *not* that of the wind this time.

"Merciful God!" gasped Lota; "*the wolves!*"

I never understood till that moment what the concentrated essence of literal deadly horror might mean. I never experienced the shock before or since; and I have in my hunting excursions faced my danger and played out the game manfully. To have lost the way was terrible enough; but the wolves and Lota! For an instant I was numb and dumb.

It was true, however. The severity of the weather, the migration or scarcity of the animals on whom these unclean creatures preyed, had made their hunger a raging, devouring madness. They were encroaching on civilized territory, and, losing their usual characteristic and craven cowardice, were approaching the habitations of men, haunting village and settlement. Woe to those in their path! As the infernal howl rose lingeringly again, the horses darted away with a shrill neigh of fear, and I guided them—beginning to recover myself—in an opposite direction, while Terror, my noble hound, stood up with every fang bared and every hair erect, waiting for the enemy he had already scented.

If my good horses had gone on so admirably at first, they sped off now like arrows from the bow, for the madness of fear added wings to their speed, as that of hunger did to our panting pursuers. I was growing cool. Lota was pale and calm. I felt proud of her, though it was certain if we escaped not speedily the brutes would run us down; and then, horror of horrors, what a fate for her!

I had two rifles, a revolver, ammunition, a spear, and a wood-hatchet in the sleigh. I conveyed my intention to Lota.

"Can you load these weapons with those cartridges?" I asked.

"Yes," was the answer; and she loaded a "Fuller" and a "Manton" with true hunter's skill. I took one rifle.

looked back, the pack was increasing. I fired and Lota loaded; and one after another fell, to be devoured by their ravenous comrades; and still the horses sped on.

The accursed things were, for all this, gaining ground. Doubts, fears, hopes, trembling, were at my heart as I turned to the sweet girl whose life or death were all to me, and said:

"Lota! if we die together, remember that I loved you—none but you! I tell it to you now, if I may never again."

"Kill me first," she whispered; "I hear your words—I echo them. You have my heart, Richard——"

"Oh, Lota, best beloved, what a moment to confess! and I know not if I feel pain or gladness most."

"There are now no secrets between us," said Lota, smiling. "Take this rifle; give me—the pistol; one kiss—so! they come. Save me from *them* at any cost."

I thought my ears would have split at their dreadful yells, for they were now upon us, opening out to surround us; and though the horses held bravely on, I dreaded every instant that sheer terror would paralyze them. It is scarcely possible to conceive the unutterable horror that was circling us both; young lovers with beating hearts forever from that hour interchanged with each other.

With lolling tongues, eyes of flame, hoarse, deep growls, they had ceased to bay and howl; they were closing in upon us. I remarked one huge monster in advance of the rest; his object evidently being to leap into the sleigh from behind. I fired—and missed him! The next moment his huge bulk came scrambling over the back; his paws were on me; his fiery breath on my cheek; and I expected, as I murmured a short prayer, to feel the fangs of the abhorrent brute in my flesh. A flash!—a crash!—a gush of blood—and the creature tumbled backward, shot through the throat to the spine by my brave Lota! Then I plied hatchet, and split skull after skull, while the sleigh tore on; but I was giving up all hope, and turning round—oh, Heaven! to spare my darling a more hideous fate—when shots and shouts rang around, and troops of dogs and hunters came swiftly to our aid—and we were saved! Providence had directed the sleigh to "Windy Gap"; our firing reached the ears of our friends, and brought them out in hot haste to aid us. We were saved! And as I bore her fainting form into the hospital hall, and clasped her tenderly to my breast, you may guess how sincere was the gratitude I breathed in silence to Heaven.

It was the prelude to a wedding, which occurred soon afterward; and you may be sure I never forgot my fight with the wolves, how pluckily my noble Lota backed me, or the somewhat original but *apropos* mode in which I told my love.

SINGULAR EFFECT OF LIGHT,

AT THE BARIOUND, VALLEY OF LUCERNE, PIEDMONT.

The Vaudois Valley of Lucerne, in Piedmont, is watered by the river Pelis, one of the affluents of the Po. At the entrance to this valley, in the plain of Piedmont, stand the rock and town of Cavour. The rock of Cavour presents the very rare phenomenon of a limited upheaval of a mass of gneiss rock in the midst of tertiary and recent strata. It has the aspect of a huge, isolated pyramid, and has two pointed summits, visible from a great distance.

On this rock are the ruins of the ancient feudal castle of the lords of Cavour, of whom the late celebrated Piedmontese minister, who exercised so much influence on the destiny of Italy, was the most illustrious descendant.

The valley of Lucerne, at first open and cheerful, unfolds itself with a very slight inclination, like a gulf in the plain, as far as the village of Bobi, where it forms a basin of meadows intersected by great chesnut-trees, and environed by hills covered with vines.

But at a short distance it completely changes its aspect, becoming narrow, wild, and craggy. This contraction is caused by a bare mountain of singular form, which stretches across the valley and closes in the basin of Bobi.

Like the rock of Cavour, this mountain resembles a valley with two pointed summits. When the sun sets between these two points, its light flows through the opening that separates them in golden beams of extraordinary splendor and extent. Sometimes these beams all combine and form a single ray, which expands in the shape of a fan, and almost entirely covers the mountains with its dazzling vesture.

This beautiful effect of light is produced a few weeks before the Summer solstice, and a few weeks afterward. It is visible during three days throughout the whole extent of the basin of Bobi.

At the foot of the mountain a deep gorge opens, through which flows a torrent named The Cruel. The mountain is known by the name of Bariound. Our view has been taken from the slopes opposite the gorge.

THE CLIMBING PERCH (ANABAS SCANDENS).

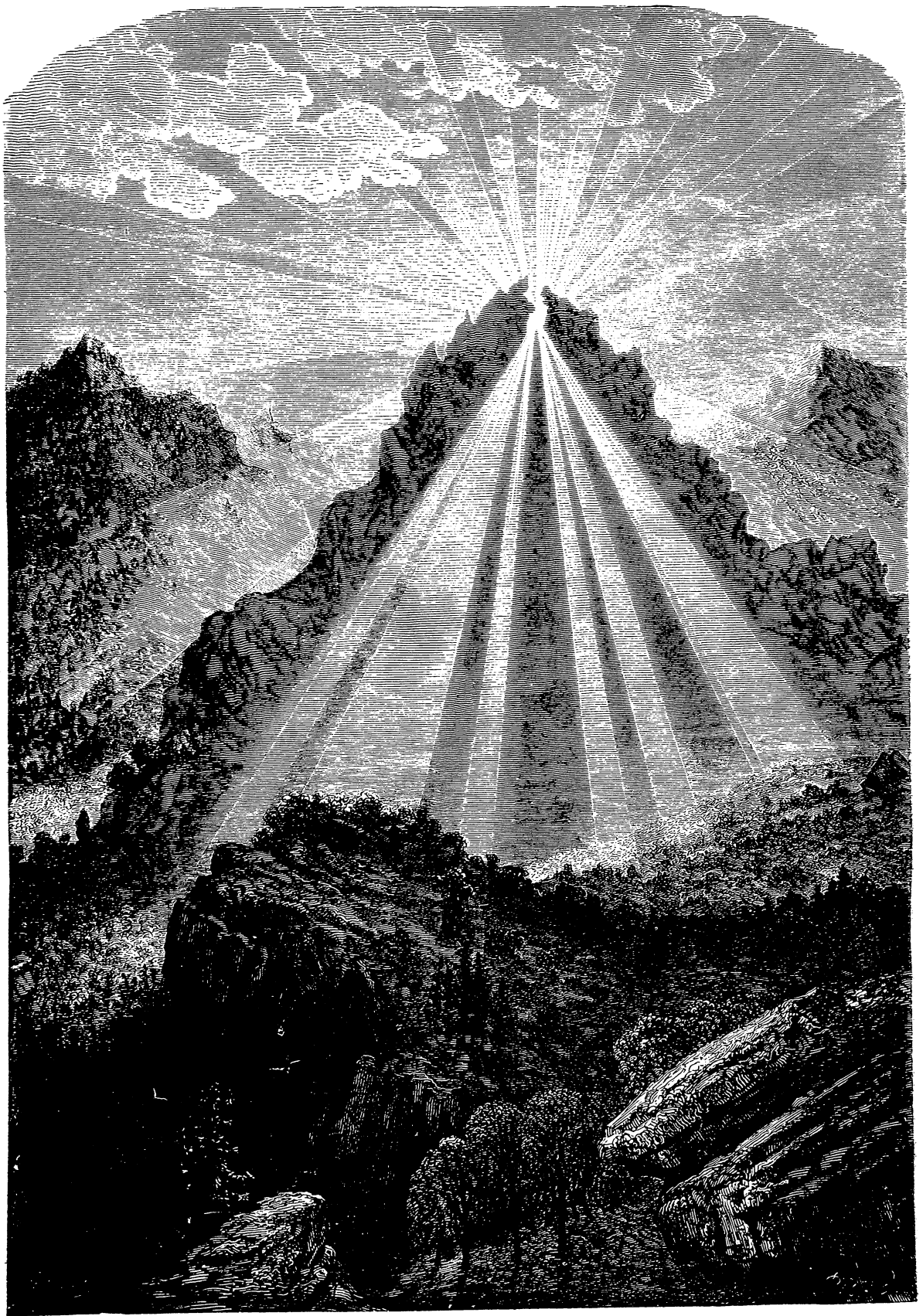
It was well known to the Greeks that certain fishes of India possessed the power of leaving the rivers and returning to them again after long migrations on dry land, and modern observation has fully confirmed their statements. The fish leave the pools and nullahs in the dry season, and, led by an instinct as yet unexplained, shape their course through the grass toward the nearest pool of water. A similar phenomenon is observable in countries similarly circumstanced. The doras of Guiana have been seen traveling over land during the dry season, in search of their natural element, in such droves that the negroes have filled baskets with them during these terrestrial excursions.

Pallegoix, in his account of Siam, enumerates three species of fishes which leave the tanks and channels, and traverse the damp grass; and Sir John Bowring, in his account of the embassy to the Siamese kings in 1855, states that, in ascending and descending the River Meinam to Bankok, he was amused with the novel sight of fish leaving the river, gliding over the wet banks, and losing themselves among the trees of the jungle.

The classes of fish which possess this power are chiefly those with labyrinthiform pharyngeal bones, so disposed in plates and cells as to retain a supply of moisture, which, whilst crawling on land, gradually exudes so as to keep the gills damp. (See picture of head, page 405.)

The individual which is most frequently seen in these excursions in Ceylon is a perch called by the Cingalese *Kavaya* or *Kawhy-ya*, and by the Tamils *Pannei-eri*, or *Sennal*. It is closely allied to, if not identical with, the *Anabas scandens* of Cuvier, the *Perca scandens* of Daldorf. It grows to about six inches in length, the head round and covered with scales, and the edges of the gill-covers strongly denticulated. Aided by the apparatus already adverted to in its head, this little creature issues boldly from its native pools and addresses itself to its toilsome march generally at night, or in the early morning, whilst the grass is still damp with the dew; but in its distress it is sometimes compelled to travel by day, and Mr. E. L. Layard, on one occasion, encountered a number of them traveling along a hot and dusty gravel road under the mid-day sun. Mr. Morris, the Government agent of Trincomalie, says:

"I was lately on duty inspecting the bund of a large tank at Nadecadua, which, being out of repair, the remaining water was confined in a small hollow in the otherwise dry bed. Whilst there, heavy rain came on, and, as we stood on the



SINGULAR EFFECT OF LIGHT AT THE BARIOUND, VALLEY OF LUCERNE, PIEDMONT.—DRAWN BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.—SEE PAGE 403.

high ground, we observed a pelican on the margin of the shallow pool gorging himself; our people went toward him, and raised a cry of 'Fish, fish!' We hurried down, and found numbers of fish struggling upward through the grass in the rills formed by the trickling of the rain. There was scarcely water enough to cover them, but nevertheless they made rapid progress up the bank, on which our followers collected about two bushels of them at a distance of forty yards from

the tank. They were forcing their way up the knoll, and, had they not been intercepted first by the pelican and afterward by ourselves, they would in a few minutes have gained the highest point, and descended on the other side into a pool, which formed another portion of the tank. They were chub, the same as are found in the mud after the tanks dry up."

In a subsequent communication, in July, 1857, the same gentleman says:

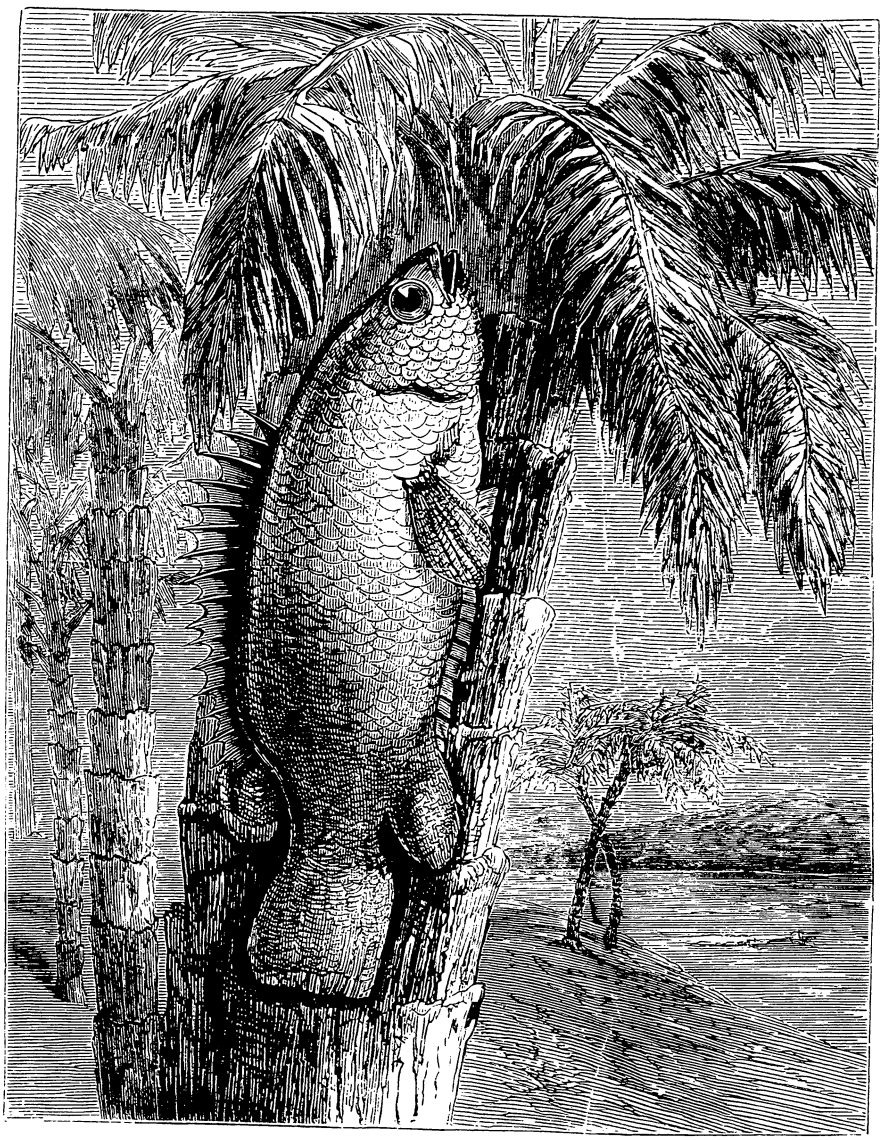
"As the tanks dry up the fish congregate in the little pools, till at last you find them in thousands in the moistest parts of the beds, rolling in the blue mud, which is at that time about the consistence of thick gruel.

"As the moisture further evaporates the surface fish are left uncovered, and they crawl away in search of fresh pools. In one place I saw hundreds diverging in every direction from the tank they had just abandoned to a distance of fifty or sixty yards, and still traveling onward. In going this distance, however, they must have used muscular exertion sufficient to have taken them half a mile on level ground, for at these places all the cattle and wild animals of the neighborhood had latterly come to drink; so that the surface was everywhere indented with footmarks in addition to the cracks in the surrounding baked mud, into which the fish tumbled in their progress. In those holes, which were deep and the sides perpendicular, they remained to die, and were carried off by kites and crows.

"My impression is that this migration takes place at night or before sunrise, for it was only early in the morning that I have seen them progressing, and I found that those I brought away with me in chatties appeared quiet by day, but a large proportion managed to get out of the chatties at night—some escaped altogether, others were trodden on and killed.

"One peculiarity is the large size of the vertebral column, quite disproportioned to the bulk of the fish. I particularly noticed that all in the act of migrating had their gills expanded."

Referring to the *Anabas scandens*, Mr. Hamilton Buchanan says that, of all the fish with which he was acquainted, it is the most tenacious of life; and he has known boatmen on the Ganges to keep them for five or six days in an earthen pot without water, and daily to use what they wanted, finding them as lively and fresh as when caught. Two Danish naturalists, residing at Tranquebar, have contributed their authority to the fact of this fish ascending trees on the coast of Coromandel, an exploit from which it acquired its epithet of *Perca scandens*.



THE CLIMBING PERCH (ANABAS SCANDENS).—SEE PAGE 403.

Daldorf, who was a lieutenant in the Danish East India Company's service, communicated to Sir Joseph Banks that, in the year 1791, he had taken this fish from a moist cavity in the stem of a Palmyra palm, which grew near a lake. He saw it when already five feet above the ground struggling to ascend still higher. Suspending itself by its gill-covers, and bending its tail to the left, it fixed its anal-fin in the cavity of the bark, and sought by expanding its body to urge its way upward, and its march was only arrested by the hand with which he seized it.

It is remarkable, however, that this discovery of Daldorf, which excited so great an interest in 1791, had been anticipated by an Arabian voyager 1,000 years before.

Abou-zeyd, the compiler of the remarkable MS. known since Renaudot's translation by the title of the "Travels of the Two Mohammedans," states that Suleyman, one of his informants, who visited India at the close of the ninth century, was told there of a fish which, issuing from the waters, ascended the cocoa-nut palms to drink their sap, and returned to the sea.

KEEP dark, as the old bachelor said to his hair-dye.

MAN, SUNSET, AND THE SEA.

A SAD man, as the dying day
Floated on purple clouds away,
Stood musing by the sea, whose surge
Sounded like to a funeral dirge.
The sunset threw its golden flood,
E'en to the spot on which he stood,
As though it sent a smile to cheer
A soul so sorrow-bent, and drear.

"Go! glorious Orb!" the sad man cries,
"Leave this earth dark—light other skies;
To me the same, the day and night,
Sunrise and sunset, gloom and light;
To me the same the rose's bloom,
And the green moss upon the tomb.
Dead is the heart within my breast,
I only pray to be at rest.
I see the world is bright and fair,
But feel bowed 'neath a weight of care.
Welcome, glad hour, when o'er my grave
The hungry winds will roaming rave,
And thou, bright Sun! will dart thy ray
Upon that silent mound of clay,
'Neath which reclines my wearied form,
Wrecked in this life's tempestuous storm;
But as I speak thy light is gone,
And I with darkness stand alone."

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

FROM some one of those wonderful Eastern cities of which he loved so well to talk, the old Captain had brought it home from his last voyage—Draxy's wedding-gown.

Heaven only knows what turbaned Hindoo, in the damp, hot courts of boiling Rangoon, or reeking Calcutta, wrought the marvelous designs of bud and leaf which dotted everywhere the vapory web. Heaven only knows what rare gum, hived in the heart of some jungle-tree, or flower burning in lonely rice-fields by poisonous river-sides, where the mailed alligators lolled, yielded the sleepy odors which clung to all the frost-like yards of gauzy thread and delicate embroidery.

Age and infirmities had now overcome the old Captain, and the splendid East, and the blue sea, and his own quarter-deck had slipped like dreams out of his life; and leagues upon leagues from the cunning dark hands that shaped all its loveliness, the muslin lay on a white bed, in an old New England house, fashioned into the prettiest gown that ever gladdened the heart of a bride.

"I'm downright glad it's done," said Aunt Dorcas; "now you'll have two whole days to rest in before the wedding, Draxy. You won't have to go to church all fagged out, and looking like a ghost, as most of the brides do nowadays. We've taken your marriage by the forelock, as it were, and all that's wanted of you till eight o'clock Thursday night is to be happy with Nat."

Leaning two dimpled elbows on the sill of the gable window, Draxy Wymen stood humming a little song as she looked forth on the purple sunset. As Aunt Dorcas spoke, the soft voice ceased suddenly.

"I hope I am not too happy," she said, with a little laugh; "I don't wan't to be flippant, Aunt Dorcas, but isn't it unprecedented that the last stitch is set in everything, that I am really and truly ready two days before time? I hope this breathing-space is not left open for some undreamed-of misfortune to creep in upon us."

"Good gracious, how you talk! Misfortune! Tut! a pretty word in the mouth of a girl just ready to marry the best fellow in town! Hark! ain't that the Captain's gig at the gate? If we are to have cream-biscuits for tea, it's time for me to go down and make them."

With her long, bronze-colored curls dropping about her shoulders and bosom, Draxy leaned over the sill, and looked down through the lilac-bushes to the garden gate.

A moment of dead silence followed.

"Yes," she answered, slowly, "it is father—but what a face! What can have happened? I am sure he is ill—or——"

She was off before the words were fairly out, running headlong down the stairs, with the breath coming in gasps through her parted lips. She reached the door just as the old Captain planted his big foot on its threshold. The two—parent and child—stood motionless, and looked at each other.

A short, square man was the Captain, with an apoplectic purple in his face, and a pair of foxy, gray eyes snapping under bushy white brows—an old, uncompromising tyrant, who, having ruled a quarter-deck for the best part of a half-century, now recognized no will on earth or heaven but his own. He stood staring at his dimpled, peach-colored daughter as if she were a Medusa.

"Papa!" quavered Draxy.

"Minx!" roared the Captain—she was the apple of his eye, the pride of his heart—"let me in, will you? What do you mean by blocking up the door like this? Is all the wedding finery done, I'd like to ask?"

He was in a tremendous passion, as she could see. She stepped slowly out of the way.

"Certainly it is done. Dear me! whatever is the matter? You horrible papa! You look as if you would eat me."

He put her by in grim silence, and stalked into the kitchen, where, at a big walnut dresser, Aunt Dorcas stood molding the cream-biscuits.

The Captain walked up to her, and seemed for a moment about to pull the smart cap from her head. He restrained himself, however, buried his hands in his breeches' pockets, and glared at her.

"I'm going to law, old woman!" he snorted.

Aunt Dorcas dropped the cream-jug in her consternation.

"To law! Land alive!—what for! Who with?" said she.

"For a boundary!" cried the Captain. "Do *you* hear, minx? A boundary—that is, six feet of rocks and a Baldwin apple-tree that hasn't borne an apple these ten years; but, confound it, that don't signify. There it stands, ma'am, at the foot of the garden. Squire Crawford swears his fence ought to include that tree—I swear it hadn't. We are going to law!"

Draxy stood staring at the speaker with wide, violet-dark eyes. Then she laughed.

"Oh, papa! how can you? To quarrel with Nat's father, just two days before our marriage—that is very, very shabby!"

"Your marriage, minx? He spoke excitedly. "Not with Nat Crawford! I'd see you dead sooner? Not with kith or kin of the old Squire. Let him put his fence round that tree. I'll tear it down faster than he can build it up. Drat his fine son! If he darkens my doors again, I'll throw him out, neck and heels!"

The soft color receded slowly from Draxy's cheek.

"Papa, you cannot mean it!" she cried, aghast.

"Can't I?" he answered, flinging his coat-tails into the air as he pranced about the kitchen. "Son nor father will

ever have daughter of mine. Pitch your wedding-gown into the fire—sell it to the ragman, minx—for, sure as God hears me, you'll never wear it to church with a Crawford, unless you take my curse along with it."

Aunt Dorcas sank into the nearest chair, and flung her apron over her head.

"Oh, Lord!" she groaned, "who'd have thought of this?" And everything ready, and the invitations given, and the cake—oh dear! oh dear! Sixteen eggs, according to rule, and no end to the fruit and frosting! Drat the apple-tree! Let the old Squire have it, if he wants it. What's it good for, anyway?"

"Ay," answered the Captain grimly, "he may have it, ma'am, but not while I've a dollar left to dispute it with him—not till I'm pretty sure that the fruit of it—if it bears any—will have a bitter flavor in his mouth to the end of his days. Give the wedding-cake to the pigs, ma'am—Draxy must live single a while longer."

"Papa!"—she glided up to him with dilated eyes, with the breath coming hurriedly through her pale lips—"do you mean to part Nat and I for such a cause as this? And now, too—*now?*"

"You've said it!" answered he, growing redder and louder every moment. "Go back to your dolls. I'll curse you living, I'll curse you dead, if you marry that boy! After to-night, don't let me hear his name mentioned in this house."

He banged out of the kitchen. A moment after they heard him driving his horse and gig into the stable-yard like one possessed.

And Draxy? She did not shriek or rave. There was a curious startled look on her face, but that was all.

Aunt Dorcas, however, who had a wholesome horror of the Captain's tantrums, because she could never hold her own against them, rocked herself back and forth in great agitation.

"Lord help us! There! And he means it—every word of it! As sure as you're born, Draxy, you'll not be married. And here we are all ready, and the dress and the cake and the things!"

Words could no farther go. Draxy drew out the tea-table in silence, and began to spread the cloth. With a steady hand she set the tea to draw, brought cake and pies and cold meat from the pantry, and stood watching the cream-biscuits till they had assumed a ravishing brown tint. She then lighted the lamps, called in the Captain from the stable-yard, and the three sat down to supper.

It was a frightful meal. Nobody spoke—nobody ate. Presently a mellow whistle, fanning up on a puff of night-wind from the far foot of the garden, floated through the open window.

The Captain started, and dropped one of his big nautical oaths.

"That's Nat," said Aunt Dorcas, boldly.

Up rose Draxy. Pushing back her chair, she turned and fled out through the porch and down a walk bordered with pinks and stocks and yellow marigolds, and with curls blowing, and her pink dress snatched up from the dew, she burst upon Nat Crawford just as he was leaping the fence close by that Baldwin apple-tree, whose scraggy branches now bid fair to hold these two apart forever.

A handsome, brown, resolute fellow, in white duck and linen, was Mr. Nat. He made a dash through the melons and gooseberry bushes, and seizing Draxy in a pair of imperative arms, kissed her promptly in the mouth.

"Halloo! what a sober face!" he cried, his own voice sounding a trifle queer. "Oh, it's the boundary business, is it? The Captain has told you, then?"

She clung with both hands to his arm, hung her head against him, and began to shake and tremble.

"Yes. And you?" she answered, faintly.

He looked greatly annoyed.

"Oh, I have heard of it from a dozen quarters. My father, too, is a—well, a trifle out of sorts, and—confound the apple-tree! The deuce is in them both, to go raking up such an absurd matter forty-eight hours before our marriage."

"Nat!"—she looked him full in his handsome, dark face—"papa says there shall be no marriage now."

He started—grew alarmingly pale.

"Repeat that, will you, Draxy?"

"He says I shall never marry you—that he will see me dead sooner—that he will curse me! Nat, oh, what shall we do?"

He bent back her head, stared incredulously down into her eyes.

"Do!" he cried. "Why, snap our fingers at him—at everybody, of course—and go on our own way!"

"But we can't—at least, *I* can't—you know, Nat," and she hung heavily on his arm, a great sob tearing up from her white throat and shaking her like a reed.

"Good God! Draxy, what do you mean?"

"Do you think I could bear his curse? Oh, Nat, by-and-by, when his first rage is over, he will listen, I am sure, to reason, but not now."

"And meanwhile?"

"Meanwhile we must wait?"

A dark flush, partly pain, partly anger, overspread his face.

"Wait till two men, each with a full purse, and evidently in his right mind, shall cease wrangling over an old stump not worth the fillip of a finger? I will not hear of it for a moment, Draxy."

The earth seemed trembling under her feet. Far off over the roofs a big red moon was rising; damp, sweet odors rose up around them from the Captain's pea-vines and Aunt Dorcas's old-fashioned flower-beds. Over the disputed boundary-fence a bird sang in Squire Crawford's orchard-trees, and a brisk easterly breeze blew to their nostrils salt scents from the harbor below the town. Everything was as tranquil as heaven itself, and yet, there among the melon-patches, stood that pair, man and maiden, plunged in a moment from the pinnacle of happiness to the depths of misery.

"Nat!"

"You must marry me precisely as we have already agreed, Draxy. Thursday night, at eight, sharp. Then we will go away, and let them have their squabble out by themselves."

She stood like a statue of despair.

"He would never, never forgive me," she said, in a low voice.

He leaned back, with knitted brows, against the garden fence.

"Good heavens! This is unbearable! You will not marry me, then, without your father's consent?"

"I did not say that," she faltered; "I only asked you to wait, Nat, till his rage subsides—as, indeed, it must and will, as soon as he thinks the matter over. Papa loves me; he will not let such a foolish thing as this stand long in the way of my happiness."

"They are as like as two peas, Draxy," burst out Crawford; "your father and mine. Once at loggerheads, they will remain so for the rest of their natural lives. To wait is out of the question."

"But I am a minor, Nat," she answered, the trouble growing and swelling in her voice. "Should I defy him openly, papa, I know, would not hesitate to use force to keep us apart."

"You must fly with me, then!" said Crawford, gloomily

She stared, then flung back her head with a little, impatient, irritated movement.

"Fly! Elope! That word has a detestable sound, Nat, dear. No, no, no! We must wait as I said before, a little while—just a little while—I am sure it will be right if we will."

His fine brown face grew darker and darker.

"*I* cannot wait," he answered, angrily, "and since I hold but a second place in your heart, Draxy, it seems hardly right that I should. Will you, or will you not, marry me on Thursday next, as everybody expects you to do?"

Her eyes—her lovely violet eyes—flashed a little wrathfully.

"How unkind you are!" she cried, "how unlike yourself to-night! Have I not shown you how impossible it is, unless papa should come to his senses, that I could not if I would——"

"Enough!" cried Crawford, starting up tall and white from the fence, and hissing out the words through his teeth, "Good-by, Draxy—good-by, you false girl! May God forgive you, I never can!"

He strained her to him for a moment, left on her face one swift, hot kiss, then rudely, wrathfully, flung her from him, and turning, leaped the wall, and vanished instantly in the silence and darkness of the adjoining garden. Stunned, bewildered, Draxy stood quite unable to comprehend the new woe which had befallen her. He was angry—yes, but he could not, he would not, leave her like this. She ran toward the boundary wall.

"Nat!" she cried, in wild entreaty, "dear Nat, come back."

No voice, no sound answered her. Her lover was gone!

She sat down among the melon vines, and listened. The big moon rose slowly into the zenith. The clocks in the town struck out the hours one after another. It was nearly midnight when Aunt Dorcas, with a shawl flung over her head, came picking her way through the shrubbery and blundered on that prostrate figure in the wet, pink dress, with its small, white, miserable face still turned toward the grim garden fence.

"Draxy," she cried out, "merciful Heaven! what are you doing here? Where's Nat?"

"He's gone," gasped Draxy; "he is angry—he says he will never forgive me. Oh, Aunt Dorcas, I wish I were dead!"

"Tut! All young people wish that if a breath of trouble blows on them. Silly dears! We're made to live and bear sorrow, not die under it. Of course, Nat must go and make matters worse by getting mad—that's like a man. Come into the house this minute; you'll catch a fever out here in the dew."

MAN, SUNSET, AND THE SEA.—SEE PAGE 406.

She followed Aunt Dorcas in, and for the rest of the night knelt by her open gable window, and looked out across the long garden to where the apple-tree lifted its scraggy arms, and Squire Crawford's grapevines made patches of blackness against the light of the moon.

"He will come to-morrow," she kept repeating, with pale lips—"he will surely come to-morrow."

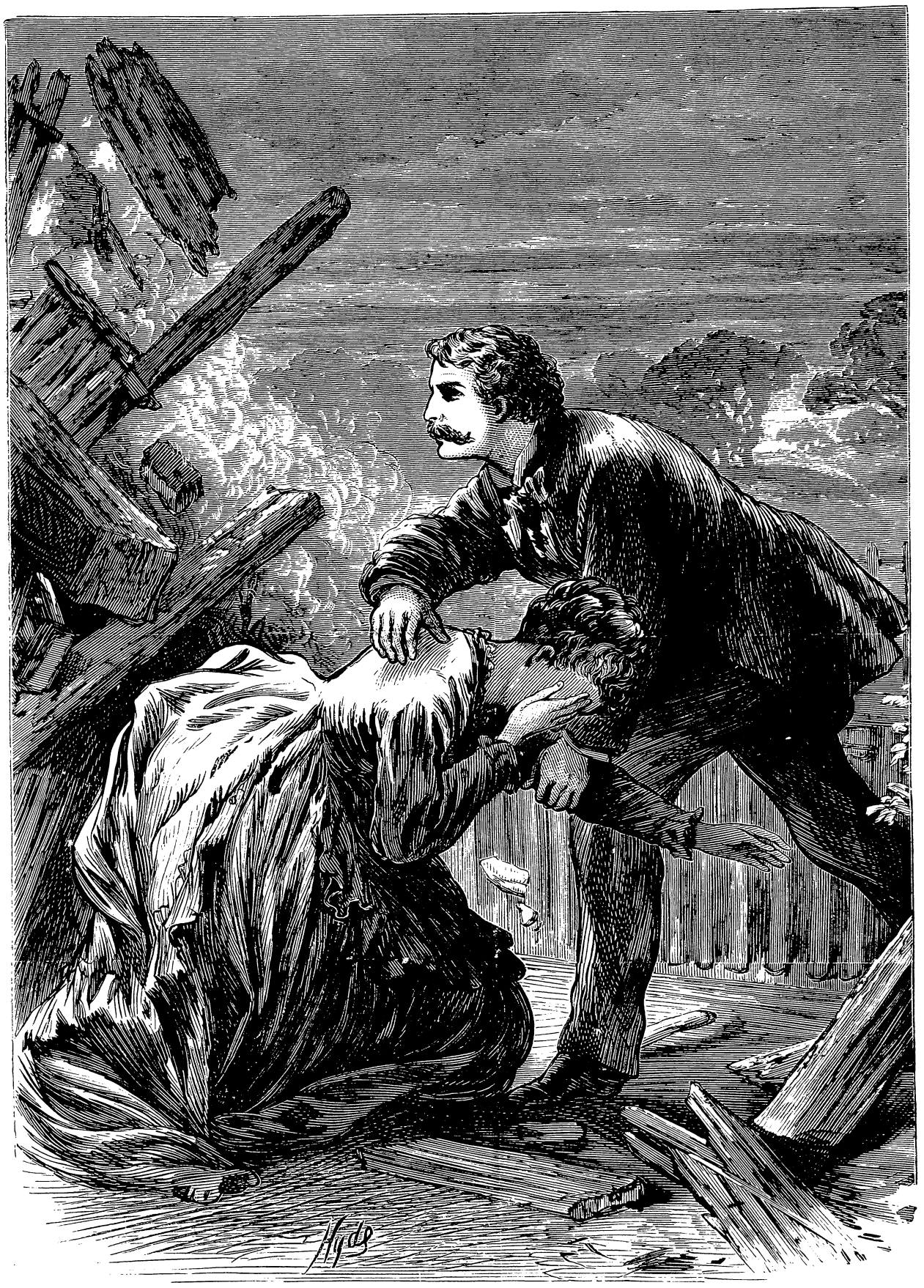
She descended to breakfast, with blue shadows about her eyes, and every vestige of color gone from her cheek. It was late. The old Captain was delving in his garden, and Aunt Dorcas, with a worried, miserable face, alone occupied the kitchen. "I've been talking to your father," she sighed, as she poured Draxy a cup of chocolate, "but it's no use. He's set as a rock. Wild horses wouldn't move him. I'm in despair."

"Hark!"

Draxy started up.

The breath of a cigar floated in through the window. A voice mingled with the old Captain's outside. The blood ran hot into her face.

"I knew he would come," sang her heart, and, overturning her chair, she ran out into the porch, and straight into the arms of a man—blonde, elegant, *debonair*—who, with his Panama hat in hand, stood leaning languidly against



THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.—"A THUNDERBOLT SEEMED FALLING FROM A CLEAR SKY . . . . THE NEXT INSTANT SHE WAS IN HIS ARMS, SNATCHED FROM WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SURE DESTRUCTION."—SEE PAGE 406.

a trellis of honeysuckle as he talked with the old Captain.

Nat? Alas, no! Only Mr. John Ford, her father's counsel.

"Ah!" he cried, his arms closing promptly around this beautiful intruder, "what a pleasure!"

She recoiled in great haste and confusion.

"Pardon! Indeed, I thought it was some one—some one——"

He regarded her with a quiet smile.

"I understand, Miss Draxy. How unfortunate I am! You mistook me for a more welcome visitor. In view of the event which we expect to-morrow, I need not mention names."

"Faith!" growled the Captain, "you are out of your soundings there. That folly is over."

Mr. Ford started.

Under his steadfast gaze Draxy grew scarlet.

"I did not know," he murmured; "I had not heard."

"Then I beg to inform you," she said, bitterly, as she shattered the yellow honeysuckle over both, "that I find my future entangled to such an extent in the case that you have just undertaken, that no event whatever need be expected to-morrow."

At the same moment both looked, and saw Nat Crawford at the gate.

Very tall and brown and handsome, he stood one hesitant moment with his hand on the latch, and his eyes fixed on Draxy and on the lawyer. A lightning flash of jealous anger, of pain unspeakable, swept his face. His hand fell to his side again. Without word or sign, he walked off down the pleasant morning road.

"Good heavens!" cried Ford, airily; "Mr. Crawford does not seem to take kindly to the situation. Was that look for you or for me, Miss Draxy?"

"You are welcome to it," she answered, in a low voice, and turned about, and went slowly back to her forsaken breakfast.

All day in the upper rooms of the house Aunt Dorcas ran in and out of open doors, putting away garments of silk and lace and muslin, white gloves, and cobweb handkerchiefs.

At twilight John Ford's cigar appeared like a star in the garden-walk, and John Ford's deep, musical voice floated pleasantly again into the cool, dim sitting-room.

But where was Draxy?

Down by the Baldwin apple-tree, leaning against its rough trunk, with her hands locked, and the moonlight on her face—there she stood, looking over toward the Crawford garden, wondering vaguely if Nat had suffered this day as she had. It was not likely. To men love is an episode. To women—that is, women like Draxy Wymen—it is life or death.

"Will he come?" she said to herself. "Will he come to-night, to be friends with me again?"

She waited. She waited. The voices of her father and John Ford, far up by the porch, died away at last. Hour after hour went by. The lights faded out in the town clouds overswept the moon—swallowed it up in billows of darkness; the damp chill of the wind from the sea struck through her like a knife; night waned. No, he did not come!

Sometime in the cold, gray dawn, enough of life and sense remained to her to rise up and betake herself, with silent speed, back to the house. She came like a spirit upon Aunt Dorcas, who was descending the stairs in the dubious light, with the Captain's boots in her hand.

"Draxy, wherever have you been?"

She made a single gesture.

"He has forsaken me!" she cried, and fled along the passage to her own chamber, and darted in and locked its door between herself and the world.

At the end of a week the law-suit of the apple-tree was the talk of the town. At the end of a week Draxy walked down the stairs again, and for the first time since that night in the garden took her usual place at the dinner-table, between Aunt Dorcas and the old Captain.

"I'm glad to see you back, minx," said this somewhat trying parent. "That boy of Crawford's sailed two days ago for Calcutta."

With unusual delicacy he refrained from looking at her as he said this. So, also, did Aunt Dorcas.

"And whatever is Nat going to do in Calcutta?" cried the latter, confusedly. "It's an awful place for one's liver, I've heard."

"Hang me, ma'am, how should I know?" answered the polite old mariner. "The Squire has some interest in an English house there. And now I wish to say, ma'am, that John Ford is coming, at my request, to take tea with you to-night. Have out your best plate and china, and your company airs, ma'am—otherwise you'll hear from me."

"Poor down-trodden Aunt Dorcas obeyed this mandate to the letter. To tea, accordingly, Mr. Ford came. As for Draxy, she wore a dress of thin black stuff, through which her neck and arms shone like marble, and on her bosom was fastened a trumpet-flower in a spray of green leaves.

"Calcutta is a long way off," thought the lawyer, smiling to himself, as he watched her. "Such a girl as this will not grieve forever."

In the cool twilight, as she rose up from the table, he followed her out into the porch. The Captain had that day been at work there digging away part of the old framework rotting with the weight of the wet pines. Draxy, leaning back against a shaken, weather-beaten pillar, looked up at a big star flashing like a jewel against the red-gray of the west.

"Shine on his bark,"

hummed Mr. Ford, in a mellow baritone. "I beg you will not lean too heavily against this frame, Miss Draxy; it has the appearance of a broken reed."

She did not heed him in the least; but, still watching the far-off star, she asked, in a low voice:

"Do you think this quarrel will ever end?"

"Not during the lifetime of the disputants, probably."

"Why, in the original creation of things," she said, in a hard, bitter tone, "could not the apple-tree have been forgotten?"

"Remembering that little affair in Eden," he answered, somewhat flippantly, "we might all ask the same question. I did not suppose, however, that such a matter would drive Mr. Crawford into exile, as it seems to have done."

"We will not talk of Mr. Crawford, if you please."

"Because," retorted he, with bold scorn, "a man who would leave you like this is not worth word or thought and——"

"Stop!"

She started up from the shaking pillar. As she did so, there came a sudden, cracking sound. A thunderbolt seemed falling from the clear sky. She was struck backward, downward. The huge support against which she had been leaning, and the rotten framework around and above it, reeled and fell.

"My God!" cried Ford, and the next instant she was in his arms—snatched back from what might have been sure destruction—while he, hurling aside by main force a mass of shattering *débris*, darted into the protecting doorway, in a storm of dust and plaster, just as the undermined timber rolled over into the garden-walk, tearing loose great clouds of odorous bloom, and setting the swallows fluttering in the nests under the eves.

"Faith!" cried Ford, airily, "that was a narrow escape!"

She did not answer. Stunned and motionless, she lay

against his shoulder. The blood started slowly from a little wound on her temple, where part of the falling frame had struck her in its descent. As he looked at her thus, flashes of light darted before his eyes, a wild ringing filled his ears.

"May he live in Calcutta, and die there!" he muttered, through his teeth. And, as if unable to contain himself, he bent over the unconscious girl and laid his mouth on hers —kissed her, once, wildly and passionately. The next moment, Aunt Dorcas, startled by the crash, came flying through the passage. John Ford put Draxy into her arms.

"She is not hurt," he said, in a queer, suppressed voice— "at least not seriously. You see what has happened here. She will be herself again in a moment. I will go and find the Captain.

He went, but forgot to return.

In the weeks and months which followed this night, the sun rose and set; Aunt Dorcas made pies and preserves; the Captain delved among his garden-beds, and swore and growled, all as if nothing had happened; and the world in general moved on in that cruel, passionate way which mocks at human misery. Draxy looked in the glass, and saw the peach-color fading out of her face, and her full contours wasting somewhat under the dogged endurance in which her life seemed encased like a thumb in the screw.

"Only a few years," she said to herself, "and I shall be another edition of Aunt Dorcas—with wrinkles under my eyes, and cork-screw curls; devoted to the sewing-circles, and the making of clothes for heathen children. Oh, my heart!"

Up from the walk below, strewn now with Autumn leaves, arose a gay voice:

"Where is Miss Wymen?" it said. "This air is like wine —a splendid panacea for pale cheeks. Can't you induce her to ride over to the Port with me, Aunt Dorcas? I promise to bring her back by dark."

Growing white and red by turns, Draxy straightway tied up her brown curls in one rich, confused mass, put on a violet jacket and a little round hat, with a gray gull's wing fastened therein, and floated down to John Ford.

"I hope you'll see that she don't take cold," said Aunt Dorcas, anxiously. "She ain't strong this Fall; I'm a good deal worrit about her."

"Trust her to me," answered Ford, and his gloved hand closed firmly upon Draxy's as he helped her into his elegant box-buggy. Gathering up the reins, he took a seat beside her, and together they rode off in silence through the sad, rich-colored Autumn day.

Once out of the village, the road wound along by the sea. The smoky, blue horizon was dotted with white sails—fishing-smacks, schooners loaded with lumber—vessels outward and homeward bound. Draxy watched them dreamily, as they came and went in the soft, violet haze. Through the deep sand the buggy-wheels rolled noiselessly. John Ford's horse, a blooded beauty, leaped at every swell on the rocks below, and tossed his splendid mane like a wild mustang. His driver, with tightened lines, sat bolt upright, his eyes fixed on the absorbed face of his companion.

"What are you thinking of?" he asked, shortly—"those outward-bound ships? I wish I could keep you on this side of the world for a few minutes."

Her little grey-gloved hands stirred nervously on her lap. She lifted her eyes, but was glad to drop them again before the look in his.

"I was thinking of nothing at all," she answered.

"Then let me propose a subject, here, close at hand— myself."

"You are immensely kind. Do you always go round all these sand-hills to reach the Port? I am sure there is a nearer way."

"True. It was because of its length that I found this one preferable. Pray don't begrudge me a short-lived bliss like this."

Into the town they rode, up and down dull old streets, strewn with the frost-bitten leaves of the maples. Draxy's heart began to throb in her throat. A wild impulse seized her to leap over the wheel of the buggy, and fly—anywhere away from him—out of the reach of his terrible eyes. A thrilling silence fell between them. As they left the town and came back among the sand-hills, with the sunset flushing shore and sea, and the glimmering sails still spotting the blue distance, John Ford leaned suddenly, and took one of the grey-gloved hands lying in her lap.

"Draxy," he said, shortly, "I love you!"

She changed rapid color, then turned her face toward the wide sea.

"I am sorry!" she answered, brokenly; "I am sorry!"

He set his teeth.

"That means——"

"You know."

A pause.

"Yes," said Mr. Ford, frankly, "I do! How long do you propose to go on in this way, Draxy, wearing out soul and body together?"

Her lip quivered like a grieved child's.

"And do you think," she said, in a low voice, "that I can help myself?—do you think I would not have it different— if I could? Is sorrow so pleasant at eighteen that one would not be glad to cast it off? I am like Sinbad, with the Old Man of the Sea upon his shoulders. I *cannot* forget! Say no more."

He did not. They rode swiftly back across the shore. Only at the gate, as he helped her to alight, he pressed her thin hand fiercely.

"Draxy, *won't* you listen to me?"

She writhed in his grasp?"

"Oh, don't—oh, don't!" she answered, in a voice so weary and spiritless that it went to his heart. He raised the hand to his lips.

"My poor child!" he said, despairingly; "farewell, then!" And so this second lover went out of Draxy's life, even as the first had done, and she was left alone.

The Winter snows fell on the beach. The ships came into the harbor mailed with ice, or with sails rattling free in the Spring gales—one year went by, and then another. And still the question of the boundary remained unsettled.

"You've got Draxy on your hands for good," cried Aunt Dorcas to the old Captain; "you cheated her out of the best match in town, and now you may just make up your mind that she'll live and die an old maid under your roof— more's the pity."

"I'm willing, ma'am," answered he, "I ain't nowise anxious to be rid of her. She'll have something handsome by-and-by. I'll make up to her the loss of the match you speak of. She'll have a house, ma'am, and bank-stock, and shares in half a dozen merchantmen; and she'll have, ma'am, *that apple-tree* down there by the fence. Now, what does a girl with all this want of a husband?"

It was Sabbath night in the hot midsummer. The West was black with thunder-clouds. Every window and door in the house was standing wide open, and Draxy, in a vapory white dress, lay stretched at full length on the cool matting of her chamber floor, looking out into the gathering dark, when Aunt Dorcas's lank figure appeared suddenly in the doorway.

"Where's my lace mantle, child?" said she; "I'm going to evening meeting. Hadn't you better come? You'll find more comfort there among good, pious folks than here, with the captain swearing and tearing about the house like a mad thing. All I hope is that the Lord will bring him to a proper repentance before he dies."

She went to a closet in the dark passage, and took down from a peg something which she supposed was the lace mantle. She flung it upon Draxy's bed.

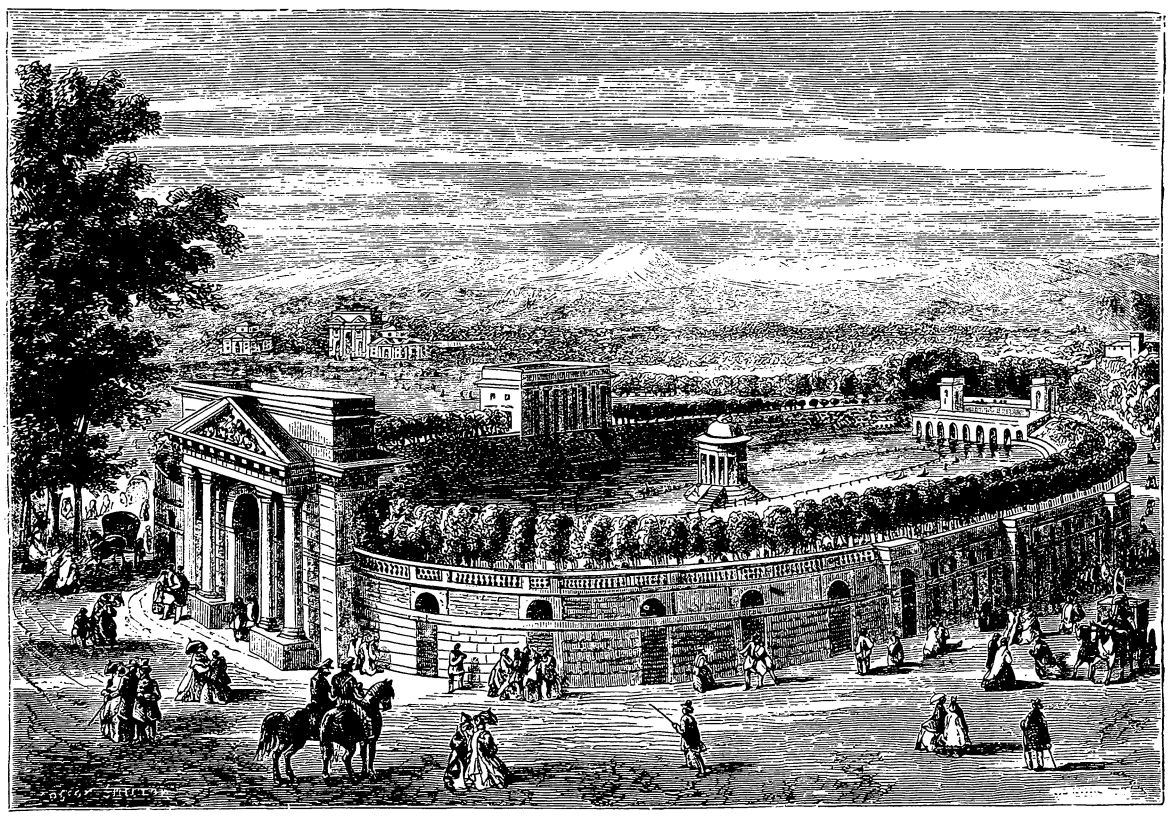
"Great Heaven!" cried the girl, "there's my wedding-gown!" and she sprang up from the matting, looking strangely tall and white in the uncertain light, and snatched it from the counterpane, and held it out at arm's length. Yes, there it was—the beautiful muslin with its riotous embroidery and exquisite texture—the bridal garment which no bride had ever worn.

"Poor yellow, old-fashioned thing!" said Draxy, and flung it down again, with a short laugh. "Yes, I will go with you, Aunt Dorcas—as well be in one place as another to-night. There *are* worse sounds in the world, I suppose, than that of people singing psalms through their noses."

She put on a jacket of black lace, and a white hat, bright with a half-blown tube-rose. With a big, regretful sigh, Aunt Dorcas returned the wedding-dress to the closet.

Some one had risen in the aisle behind Aunt Dorcas and Draxy, and, in a kindly, earnest voice, half-drowned in the tempest, was telling something about God's precious grace in time of tribulation. The girl started, and turned her head, as if to catch a glimpse of the speaker. In that one swift glance, her eyes took in the whole vestry behind her—lighted partly by gas-jets, partly by flashes of lightning. But room nor worshippers did Draxy see—only one solitary figure—that of a man, coming at that moment with his hat in hand, down the dry, gray aisle behind.

A brown-bearded figure, with a pair of square, resolute shoulders, and a grave, almost melancholy face, darkened by the sun of other climates. The church whirled round and round. The lights vanished before her eyes. The whole world seemed passing like a dream. With a shriek that rang from end to end of the vestry, high above the voice of the speaker, high above the storm outside, Draxy Wymen sprang to her feet.



THE AMPHITHEATRE OF MILAN.

Then the two descended to the hot, dark street, and, walking silently on together, entered the brown-stone church at the corner, where Draxy had worshipped from childhood up.

"I wish to mercy we'd taken an umbrella," whispered Aunt Dorcas; "there'll be a shower before we get back. Like as not the Captain won't think to close a door or window—he's mortal 'fraid of thunder."

They walked down the vestry-room betwixt rows of long, yellow letters, and took seats before the platform, on which the pastor's reading-desk stood. Service had already commenced.

Aunt Dorcas composed her countenance, and, looking about for a hymn-book, joined in the anthem, which was bravely ringing through the vestry.

Ou ide, the thunder began to roll and rumble. Great drops splashed on the horse-chestnut trees growing by the open windows. Sheets of blue lightning played over the glass. Then down came the rain in splashing, shattering torrents.

"*Nat!—oh, Nat!*"

One moment he stood, as if rooted to the floor; the next, leaping headlong over the intervening seats, as unmindful of time, of place, of spectators, as was she, he had her in his arms—breathless, pale as death, standing there before them all, he strained her to his breast; he kissed her madly again, and yet again.

"Draxy, my darling, my darling!"

White as death she lay upon his shoulder—she had fainted quite away.

They carried her out of the vestry. Water was thrown upon her. Aunt Dorcas slapped her hands, and rubbed her temples unmercifully, and presently she opened her eyes and looked up in Nat Crawford's face.

"Oh!" she sighed, "have you come at last?"

"I arrived from Calcutta this morning. Can you ever forgive me, Draxy, for leaving you as I did? Shall anything earthly stand longer between us?"

Home went the three to beard the old Captain in his den. As they rushed out of the storm into the porch—Draxy sheltered under her lover's cloak—a deafening crash, as if a salvo of artillery fired above their heads, rolled and reverberated across the garden. A blue, infernal glare lit their faces for a full moment—then all was darkness again.

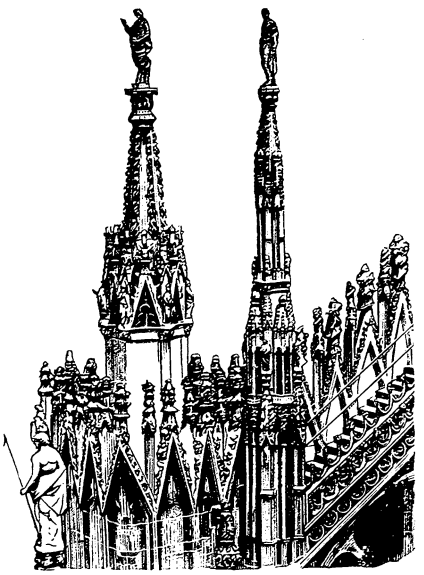
Aunt Dorcas groped her way into the house. The others followed.

"Captain! Captain!" she called.

No voice answered. The sitting-room was empty—so, also, was the kitchen. Suddenly, however, a step was heard outside on the walk—the door flew violently open, and the Captain, with his hat flapped down over his foxy eyes, and the water running off him in streams, dashed in.

"Lord, save us!" he roared, "that Baldwin apple-tree is split clean down from top to root, and one-half lays over Crawford's fence, and the other over mine. Confound it! The law-suit is settled."

And so it was. A thunderbolt had divided the contested tree equally betwixt the two disputants. The next day they shook hands over its riven trunk, and a week after Nat Crawford married Draxy.

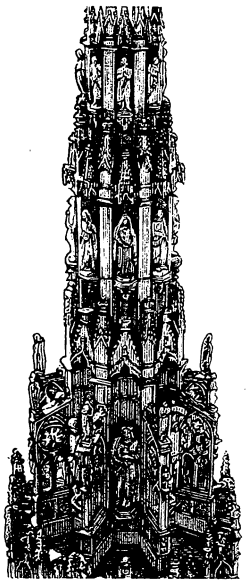


VIEW FROM THE ROOF OF CATHEDRAL.

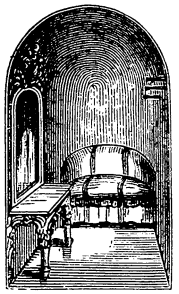
MEMORIES OF MILAN.

By Frank Leslie.

If St. Peter's in Rome be the most magnificent temple in the world, the next rank must be accorded to the splendid Gothic Duomo of Milan. No two buildings could possibly be in stronger architectural contrast. One is rectangular, solid, and heavy, crowned with a dome that conveys no idea of lightness, while the vast proportions of the other are concealed under its wilderness of buttresses, pinnacles, spires, and statues, rising against the sky in forms as light and graceful as the frost-traces on our window-panes. They differ, also, as much in material as in style. One is constructed of rough and porous stone, the other of marble of a mellow rosy tinge. St. Peter's has no exterior beauty; the Duomo is a dream of architectural grace realized in stone. Although it was begun in 1386, one hundred and six years before the discovery of America, it is still unfinished. The stone-cutters are still busy with its details, and many years may elapse before its completion. Its dimensions are: length, 485 feet; breadth between ends of the transepts, 287 feet; width of nave, 67 feet; interior height of vaulting of nave, 153 feet; total height, including that of the statue of the Virgin crowning the spire, 355 feet.



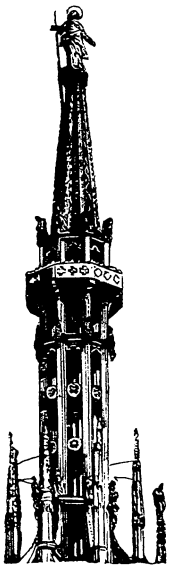
PORTION OF ONE OF MINOR TOWERS.



THEATRE LA SCALA. ANTE-CHAMBER.

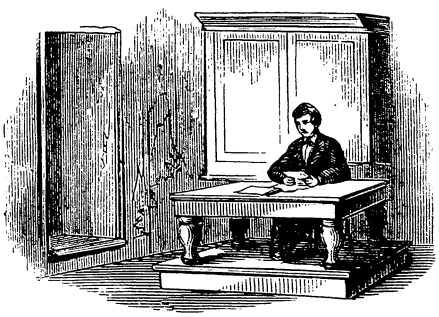
At the risk of being thought far younger and more irrepressible than I am, I have to acknowledge that I ascended to the topmost pinnacle of the Duomo; not alone to view the architectural marvels of its roof, but to get some idea of the city of Milan and the surrounding plains of Lombardy. The stairs are inside one of the buttresses at the end of the south transept, and lead, by 158 steps, to the roof. You pay a small fee to a man who has the key of the door leading to them, and who also drives a trade in pamphlets and photographs relating to the edifice. The ascent is a little wearisome, but all fatigue is forgotten in admiration when the traveler emerges on the roof, which is composed entirely of overlapping slabs of marble. Here is a forest of pinnacles and long vistas of flying buttresses, from which depends a wealth of fret-work, like a fringe of lace, so rich in design and harmonious in execution. Every point terminates in some fruit or flower, carved in them, and it is said that of the many thousands of these that are to be found here, and which give to the roof the name of "the flower garden," no two are alike.

All around you are spires, surrounded by open marble tracery, and you reach the level whence they rise, by steps on the flying buttresses, which sweep upward and inward in graceful curves. Here you find two stairways winding inside the open tracery of one of the turrets, and ascend to an octangular platform, from which rises the main spire to a further height of more than a hundred feet. All around and below are numberless pinnacles, each crowned with the statue of some saint, of life size. When seen from below, these look like the diminutive dolls we see in toy-shops. Many of these are the work of celebrated sculptors, and were contributed to the Duomo by their authors. One, of St. Paul, by Canova, is specially indicated in the guide-books. When the pinnacles shall all have been crowned, and the niches of the exterior walls of the building filled, the number of statues will exceed 4,500. About a thousand remain to be placed, and on these upward of two hundred sculptors and carvers are constantly employed.



UPPER PART OF CENTRAL TOWER.

Just below, and on one side of the octagon, you find a large wooden house resting on heavy timbers, themselves resting on the marble roof. This building has a steam-engine for raising stones from a stone-yard beneath, a blacksmith's shop, and places for the stone-masons who fit the stones in their final positions. I looked inside; it was the noon hour, and the thirty or forty workmen employed here, having disposed of



ENTRANCE ROOM TO CATHEDRAL, WHERE THE ADMITTANCE FEE IS PAID.

their dinner of bread, cheese, and cheap Aosta wine, were all lying on their stomachs, with their heads resting on their crossed arms, enjoying their nooning in a style, I thought, eminently porcine.

From the platform of the octagon, a wide and beautiful view is commanded, and here most visitors stop, as the ascent beyond into the spire is more difficult. Besides, here you must employ one of the custodians of the building to accompany you—for what purpose I cannot say, unless to prevent eccentric people from committing suicide by precipitating themselves from the great spire into the marble wilderness below.

The first part of the ascent of the spire is over flying buttresses, springing from the platform. From these you pass into the base that supports the shaft itself, reaching to the upper gallery, immediately under the figure of the Madonna. The stairway, which winds around the shaft inside a marble balustrade of exquisite workmanship, is narrow, barely admitting two persons to squeeze past each other. Here you feel the full force of the winds sweeping, as the case may be, from the Alps or the Mediterranean, and here people of weak nerves generally evince a disposition to turn back. I was not afflicted in this way, but noticed that my companions ahead of me leaned perceptibly inward toward the core of the shaft, and fixed a pretty firm grasp on any projection of the stone in that direction. Undoubtedly, visitors should ascend slowly, for the *twist*, if I may so term it, is so rapid that it may induce vertigo, with dangerous consequences.

Finally, a little weary about the knees, we reached the topmost gallery, just under the statue of the Virgin, supported and held in position, not alone by octagonal stone pillars, but by massive bars of iron. In fact, such bars are carried up through every one of the piers supporting the roof, from their foundation, and then extend up through every spire and pinnacle. From this upper and ultimate gallery we took our first deliberate view over a prospect far wider and grander than that from the top of St. Peter's. The eye here ranges, not alone over the broad, classic plains of Lombardy, to Lodi and Solferino, eastward, and Magenta and Navarre on the west, but from the Alps, on the north, to the Ligurian Mountains and Apennines on the south. In the northwest you distinguish the massive bulk of Monte-Rosa, which, when the sun is going down, will blush with the tint that gives it its name. In the same direction is the five-peaked mountain of the Simplon; and a little further to the east, a depression is seen, between snowy mountains, which affords the pass of St. Gothard—the southern gate of Switzerland—over which the Lombards or Long-beards poured for the conquest of these sunny plains. Scarcely less interesting than this is the view of Milan, at your feet, with its new and shaded drives along the line of its obsolete ramparts, and its vast Piazza d'Armi, or parade ground, flanked by the arena, and entered from the Simplon road by the magnificent Arch of Peace.

I believe it is usually admitted that getting down from high places is easier than getting up. I have always found it so, and particularly in this instance. We were not long, after starting, in rejoining the ladies we had left below in the body of the church, and were now as eager to be shown its interior wonders as we had been to gain a view from its topmost turret. And particularly, with characteristic taste for honors, they wanted to visit the tomb of St. Carlos Borromeo, the great benefactor of the cathedral, whose body is preserved in a crystal case within a magnificent sarcophagus, contained in a subterranean chapel immediately under the high altar. To enter here you are obliged to fee the priestly custodian, who opens the heavy iron doors leading downward, and then carefully locks them behind him, so that non-paying visitors may not enter. The crypt is obscure, being but dimly lighted by an opening in the pavement of the church, but the custodian speedily lights up some candles, and you discover that you are in a large vaulted chamber, a lengthened octagon in form. The floor is elaborately tesselated with the finest marbles, and the walls are of the rarest stones, supporting each an oval bas-relief in silver-gilt, representing some incidents in the life of the saint. In each angle is a cornucopia pouring out real gold and silver coins, somehow kept in place by unseen wires. Valuable jewels and other votive offerings are also hung around the shrine.

A single word about San Carlo Borromeo. He was a member of a rich and noble family of Milan, who gave up all secular glories when in the midst of their enjoyment, and dedicated himself to a life of austerity and charity. He did many benevolent things, and some rather marvelous ones, if we may credit the stories told of him; but his most important act was the presentation to the cathedral of the fine marble quarries belonging to him situated on the banks of Lake Maggiore, from which the stone for finishing the building is obtained, and which has proved the source of great revenues. Overlooking them and the lake is a gigantic bronze statue of the saint, second in size to none in the world, except the emblematic one of "Bavaria," near Munich.

The principal object here, however, is the elaborate sarcophagus of the saint, covered over with a spread of heavy lace, in which is worked the motto of the Borromeo family, "Humilitas," which is also repeated in golden letters on the rich tapestry that is draped around the tomb. The same motto is written on the front of the sarcophagus in letters of brilliants. For an additional fee, the custodian, with the aid of a carefully concealed crank at the end of the sarcophagus, lets down the front, which swings on hinges, and displays the corpse contained in a case with rock crystal panels, dressed in full canonicals, or, as the guide-books say, "in mitre, cope, sandals, and archiepiscopal ring." The body is, of course, hidden by these things, and only the head is seen—a ghastly relic of humanity, the brown and shriveled flesh scarcely covering the bones—the eyes mere sockets, and the thin parchment lips drawn back in a horrid mockery of a smile from the yellow teeth. A large annual revenue is drawn from the exhibition of these poor remains, but chiefly, as the custodian said, from the "feristeric" foreigners, adding, with a sly wink to the masculine portion of the party, "especially the females."

I was not loth, for one, to get out of the crypt into the open but still obscure church above, where, behind the grand altar, a myriad-colored mass of subdued light pours through three grandly painted windows, each over sixty feet high—the finest that I saw in Europe.

There are a hundred things in this grand edifice which I have neither the time nor patience to describe, and will only mention the two granite columns that flank the principal doorway, and which are regarded as the largest monoliths, or single stones, in Europe, each being thirty-five feet in height, and within a trifle of four feet in diameter.

We carefully "did" Milan, not only in the conventional way, but in our own. That is to say, besides being carted around by *cicisonii*, as everybody is, to the church of Santa Maria dell Grazie (St. Mary of Grace), containing the original fresco on the walls of the refectory of the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, with which everybody is familiar through the thousand copies and engravings that have been made of it, but which is in a bad state of decay; and to the Arch of Peace, which the First Napoleon endeavored to convert into a monument commemorative of the victory of Jena, but to which the Austrians, after his downfall, gave its present name, placing on top a bronze form of Peace—in a car drawn by six colossal horses in the same material.

The arena of Milan, which stands on the northeast side of the Piazza d'Armi, is a grand amphitheatre, built in 1805,

from designs by Canonica. It is elliptical in form, measuring 780 by 390 feet, and surrounded by ten rows of seats, affording accommodation for 30,000 spectators.

The design is a reproduction of an ancient Roman amphitheatre, and the arena is so constructed that it may be flooded for aquatic contests or displays. At one end of the greatest diameter are the Carceres, flanked by towers; and at the other is a fine triumphal gateway of granite, in the Doric style; while one side of the lesser diameter is embellished with a portico of eight Corinthian columns of polished granite.

Exhibitions and athletic contests of various kinds, including races, regattas, fairs, balloon-ascents, rope-dancing, and fire-works, frequently take place here, and it is also used for great public meetings and national celebrations. It is the "Hippodrome" of Milan in its multitudinous public uses, and might be imitated here with advantage were our climate milder and less variable.

But before leaving the really attractive city of Milan, let us pay a visit to the grand theatre of La Scala, which disputes the palm of size with that of San Carlo in Naples, and is said to be the largest in the world, as it certainly is the best arranged. The respects in which it differs from our theatres, and indeed from most others, are—first, in the great size of the stage, which, behind the curtain, is 150 feet, admitting of the grandest scenic effects; and, second, in the arrangement of the boxes, of which there are five tiers, extending all around the house. Each box has a small room belonging to it, on the side of the passage opposite to it, which contains a mirror, sofa, *etager*, etc., to which the occupants may retire for refreshments, conversation, or rest whenever so disposed. Some have cooking facilities connected with them, so that a hot supper is practicable. Most of the boxes are private property, and furnished, except as to exterior drapery, according to the owner's taste, and it is in them that most of the social interchanges of courtesy or visits between the people of Milan are made. The formal rows of people, closely jammed and uncomfortable, that we see in our theatres, and especially in those of London, are unknown.

The people at large, bachelors, occasional visitors, and travelers, have generally to take their places in what used to be called the pit; but which we now term the *parquette*. Strangers may, however, by paying for it, secure a box for themselves, each hotel having usually one or more of their own to let, or placed in the hands of the porter by their owners to be let when they do not care to use them themselves. Large as it is, however, owing to the consumption of room by the boxes, La Scala will only hold about three thousand five hundred persons.

The theatre is kept open from September to May; in the interval there are no regular performances. From the ceiling, which is suspended twenty feet below the roof, for acoustic purposes, there hangs an immense chandelier of one hundred and forty lights, and in front of each box is a chandelier; but the theatre is never fully lighted except on occasions of the visit of the royal family, which has a large and richly draped *loge* immediately in front of the stage. Telegraphic wires communicates from the director's room to the orchestra and the different departments of the stage, obviating the tinkling of bells and the noisy transmission of orders, which one often hears, in other theatres, behind the curtain. The finances of the theatre are kept in a healthy state by having two rentable stories beneath the auditorium—a hint on which sickly or bankrupt opera-houses in our country may improve.

A BACHELOR'S face is often the worse for wear—a married man's for wear and tear.

THE ANTHELIA.

THE halo or nimbus which the painters introduced to give notice, as it were, of the sanctity of the individual, is not without a certain reality in nature, although the anthelia surrounds not a person's head, but that of his shadow.

It has been remarked in several countries, and has a most beautiful effect. It is produced by reflection from drops of dew or fog.

Scoresby, describing one seen in the Arctic regions, says:

"The lower part of the circle descended beneath my feet to the side of the ship, and although it could not be one hundred feet from the eye, it was perfect and the colors distinct. The centre of the colored circle was distinguished by my own shadow, the centre of which, enveloped by a halo, was most conspicuously portrayed. The halo or glory was evidently impressed on the fog, but the figure appeared to be a shadow on the water; the different parts became obscure in proportion to their remoteness from the head, so that the lower extremities were not perceptible."

Similar effects have been seen in Ceylon. Tennant, in his interesting work, remarks:

"When the light is intense and the shadows proportionately dark—when the sun is near the horizon and the shadow of a person walking is thrown upon the dewy grass—each particle furnishes a double reflection from the concave and convex surfaces, and to the spectator his own figure, but more particularly the head, appears surrounded by a halo as vivid as if radiated from diamonds."

The Rhodomont Messer or Knife.

ON the next page we give an illustration of a curious wooden knife, the use of which will, probably, puzzle our readers.

Upon the knife is a bell stamped with the arms of the Emperor of Germany; the verses are by Hans Sachs, the Nuremberg cobbler, the most voluminous of known authors, (he acknowledged 6,048 pieces, great and small), and the handle contains a whistle.

The Rhodomont knife was used in social gatherings, and lay beside the one who presided. If any guest, by loquacity or rhodomontade, made himself a nuisance, the head of the table took his knife, and blowing it, or ringing the little bell, handed it to the culprit, amid, of course, shouts of laughter and unsparing jeers. He kept it by him till a greater boaster disturbed the table, when he quickly bestowed the unwelcome gift on his rival.

This antique knife was, probably, made about 1550.

Forks and Their Days.

DO WITHOUT forks! How did the world get on without forks? The Turkish plan of all putting their fingers into the dish has something very much at variance with our modern ideas of cleanliness, for no matter how our untidy and ignorant cooks, born in hovels where cooking was scarcely thought of, prepare the meal, we wish all on the table to be scrupulously neat and tidy.

Yet the fork, as a general article of use, was not employed more than three-quarters of a century before the American Revolution. Coryat, whose "Crudities Hastily Gobbled Up," is so racy an old book of travel, has the reputation of having first brought it into common use in England.

Yet forks were not absolutely unknown. Their use in the Mosaic sacrifices would suggest other uses. The forks in our illustration are in the collection of Lord Londesborough, and they represent different periods of English

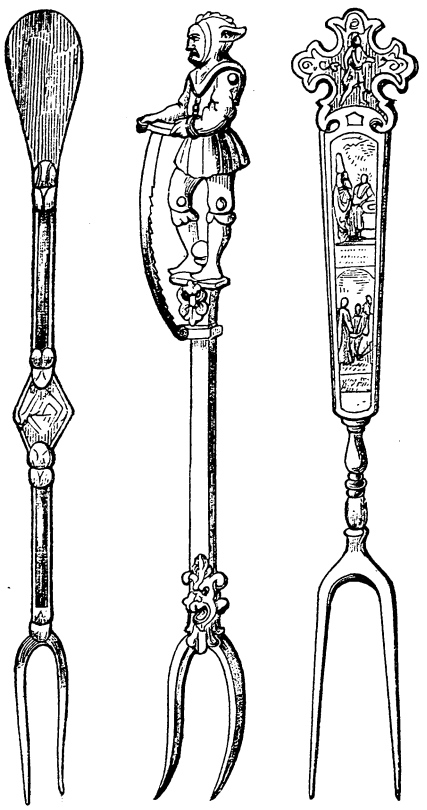
history. The first was taken from an excavation at Sevington, North Wiltshire, in 1834, having been found with coins and other articles of Saxon workmanship, the most recent date being 890.

Akerman, in his "Pagan Saxondom," gives another. The second example is a German fork of the sixteenth century. The figure is jointed like a child's doll, and tumbles about as the fork is used, the saw slipping up and down. In the middle of the sixteenth century they were taken up "by spruce gallants," says Lord Heylin. Our third specimen is of this period, and is elaborately engraved with scriptural subjects.

THE ANTHELIA.—SEE PAGE 415.

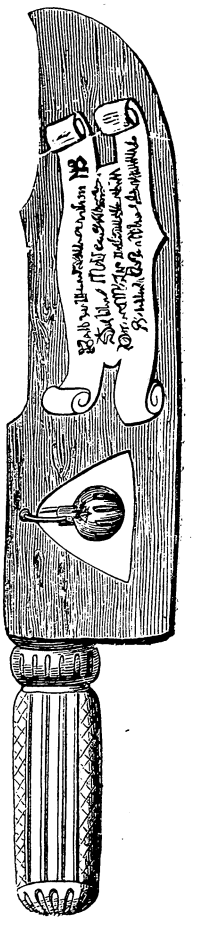
DIVINE PLAN CONCERNING GENIUS.

To REGARD the appearance of men of genius as mere chance, or dependent on material causes alone, will be impossible to any one who views man's history, not as a vast chaos, but as the scheme of an intelligent superintending Power. There remains, then, only this alternative: to refer the appearance of every single individual to a special act of Divine will and creative energy; or to recognize, in the whole succession of such individuals, *one* great act of the same will, expressed in an eternal, inviolable law. Each supposition has much on its side; the former seems, at first, more honorable to God, as well as to men of genius, who thus appear to derive their being more directly from an act of free will on His part; the other corresponds more to the general course of Providence, and suggests more clearly the idea of a great spiritual choir extending, in harmonious succession, through the whole history of human progress. If, however, we examine more closely, we shall find that the two sides of the dilemma are not contradictions, but different views of one great truth. Free will and necessity are, when used of God, two ways of expressing the same idea. Looking, according to our imperfect conceptions, at each separate manifestation of the Divine will, we may truly say that, by a special exercise of creative power, the heaven-born gift of genius has been bestowed on the world at such a period and among such a people. But we must guard well against representing to our minds the Divine will as a series of unconnected resolutions; it is, on the contrary, an all-embracing plan, eternal, unchanging; and thus the idea of a law, by which the periodical appearance of men of genius is regulated and fore-appointed, and the progressive intellectual development of the human race secured, harmonizes fully with what our previous conceptions would lead us to expect.

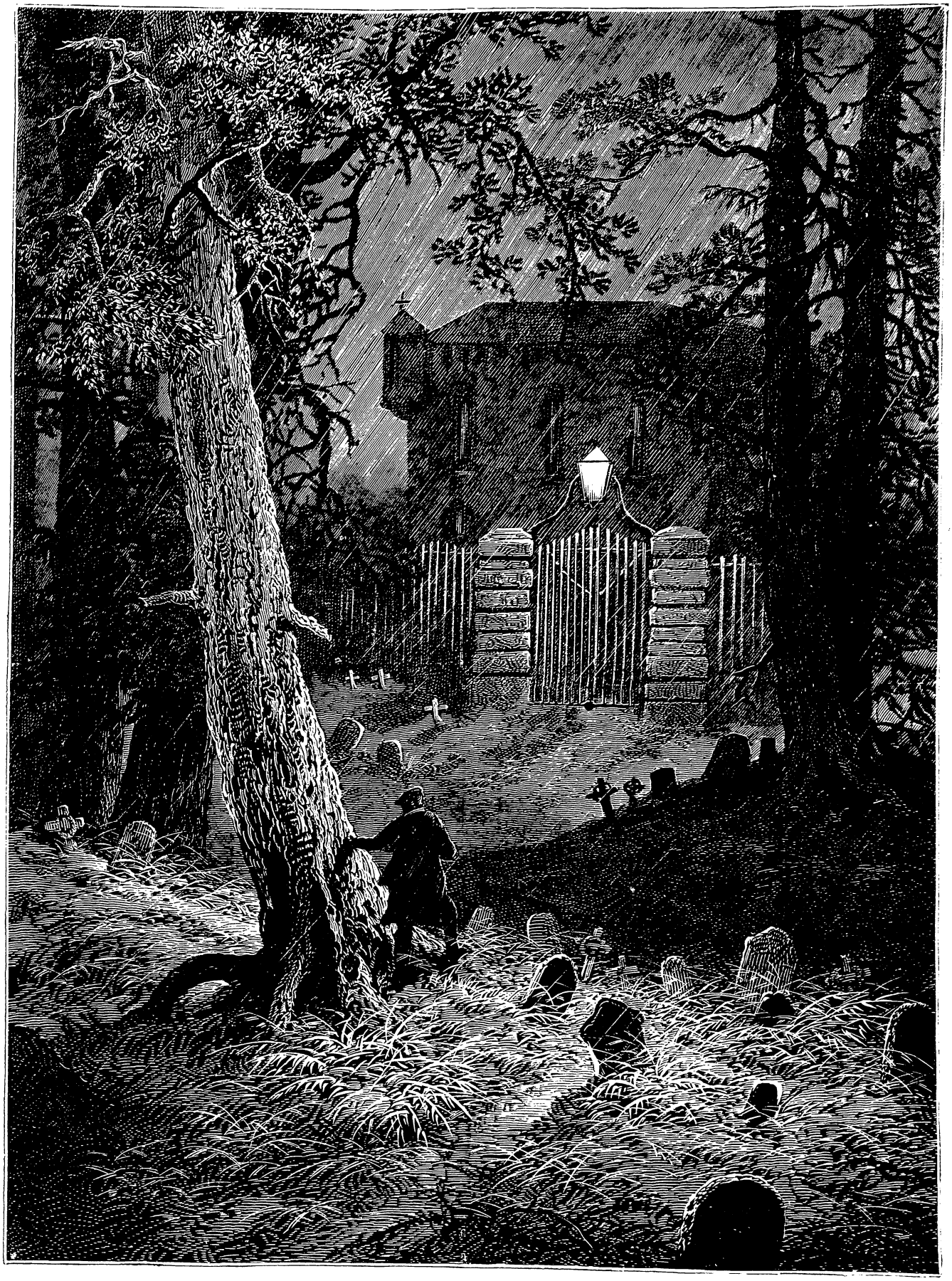


ANTIQUE FORKS.—SEE PAGE 415.

THE lives of most are misspent for want of a certain end of their actions; wherein they do, as unwise archers, shoot away their arrows they know not at what mark. They live only out of the present, not directing themselves and their proceedings to one universal scope; whence they alter upon every change of occasions, and never reach any perfection; neither can do other but continue in uncertainty and end in discomfort. Others aim at one certain mark, but a wrong one. Some, though fewer, level at a right end, but amiss. To live without one main and common end is idleness and folly. To live at a false end is deceit and loss. True Christian wisdom both shows the end and finds the way; and as cunning politics have many plots to compass one and the same design by a determined succession, so the wise Christian, failing in the means, yet still fetcheth about to his steady end with constant change of endeavors; such one only lives to purpose, and at last repents not that he hath lived.

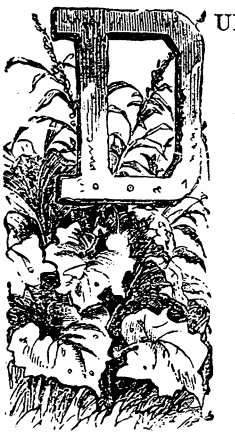


THE RHODOMONT KNIFE.—SEE PAGE 415.



A STORY OF THE DEAD-WATCH HOUSE.—"ONLY ONE DIM LIGHT IN THE CEMETERY, FROM AN IRON LAMP SUSPENDED ABOVE THE GATEWAY, SHOWED WHERE THE 'DEAD-WATCH HOUSE' WAS SITUATED."—SEE PAGE 418.

A Story of the Dead-Watch House.



DURING a sojourn of some weeks in the quaint old city of Neuringen, I was very fond of visiting the cemetery, which, with its secluded walks, its good, shaded alleys, adorned with flowers, and its grand old trees, formed a pleasant place in which to dream away the leisure hours of a quiet Summer evening. It was interesting, too, to watch the other visitors to that quiet place—"God's Acre," they called it, in German—laden with flowery wreaths and crosses, which they hung reverently upon the tombs; and to read the inscriptions, strangely quaint and outlandish to my American ideas, wherein the simple-hearted, loving Germans sought to commemorate the virtues of the departed friend or relative.

But the object of most interest to me was a low, gloomy-looking building of gray stone, in a remote corner of the cemetery, with ironed casements, screened within, and surrounded by a high iron railing, as if to prevent the too near approach of curious visitors. Yet, forbidding as was the aspect of the house itself, it was pleasant enough without, where trimmed flower-beds bloomed beneath the shade of the elms and willows, and little birds hopped fearlessly about the bright greensward, and wicker-work benches invited you to rest beneath the pleasant shade.

There was always an old man sitting close to the gate of the iron railing, or walking slowly about outside, with his withered hands crossed behind him, and his white head, and grave, quiet face bent a little forward.

The stone building was the Dead-Watch House, and the old man was the doorkeeper. And within these four stone walls lay the bodies of those recently deceased, which, by a law of that part of Germany, were to be kept a certain number of days, in order that the death might be fully proven, before the body should be consigned to the grave.

By this wise provision, many a loved one had been restored to his friends from apparent death, and thus rescued from a fate too horrible even to contemplate—that of being buried alive.

At the time of my visit to Neuringen, a peculiar interest was attached to this cemetery, to the Dead-Watch House, and even to the old keeper, on account of an incident which had but a short time previous occurred here. I heard the story repeated by various persons, who visited the place, apparently, to look upon the scene of the tragedy; and, subsequently, also had the truth of it corroborated by the old man himself, Jean Uhlmann by name, or, as he was generally called, "Father Uhlmann."

The story is this:

Gustave Sundmann was a student in the old university of this town—a handsome, clever young man of two-and-twenty; ardent, poetic, and impulsive; but, unfortunately, very poor. And this latter being the case, it was still more unfortunate that he should have fallen in love with the only daughter of Herr von Steinen, the richest and proudest burgomeister of the town, who, having himself risen from poverty, measured every man by his money, and had often been heard to declare that his daughter should marry none but a man of wealth, or of rank sufficient to atone for the lack of it.

It was no ordinary love which the impassioned young student bore the fair, graceful girl, who had been for two years the one sole object of his thoughts and desires above all others. He had first met her, a bright, smiling school-girl of sixteen, as she tripped lightly along the pretty retired street, shaded with lindens, which led the short distance from her father's residence to the convent where she daily took lessons in music and painting from the accomplished Sisters. It was not so much her beauty that had won him; for he met, daily, faces as fair, which had yet no such power of attraction as hers; but it seemed as though between these two existed that strange, inexplicable spiritual influence or sympathy which can in a moment draw heart to heart, soul to soul, and is the foundation of the truest and most perfect love to be found on earth.

And so, when the Fraulein Lena von Steinen lifted her soft blue eyes, and met the dark dreamy ones of the handsome young student fixed full upon her—and, fascinated, they looked thus, each into the other's eyes, in the moment of passing—two hearts sprung into mutual love, and each felt instinctively that in the other it had found its true destined *affinity*, as the school of Spiritualists term it.

Again and again they thus met, for months—for a whole year, even—and no word had passed between the two. Then Lena's visit to the convent ceased—her education being completed—and the meetings were now at church, at the picture-galleries, at the tea-gardens: in whatever place Gustave could discover that she visited or frequented. But she was always accompanied by one of her two prim, suspicious-looking maiden aunts; and though he now anxiously sought for an opportunity which might afford an excuse for speaking to her, he had as yet found none. As to seeking a formal introduction, such a thing, he knew, was impossible.

Fraulein von Steinen was now a belle in the first society of the aristocratic town, to which the poor student could not gain admission.

But true it is, the world over, that "Love will find out a way," and so it proved in this case.

Fraulein Katrina, one of Lena's aunts, was a great devotee, and never missed service at the kirche, generally taking the young girl along with her. And so, once, when the two had gone thither to evening prayers, and found, on coming out, that a sudden storm had arisen, the old fraulein, in terror at the lightning, retired again to pray; while her niece lingered in the inner vestibule, gazing out on the heavily falling rain, and the trees writhing in the wind. And as she drew a little back from the partly-opened window, a voice which she had never before heard, yet at once recognized, spoke to her simple words of ordinary courtesy—as a hand closed the window against the wind and rain—yet with a strange trembling eagerness in its tones. And then the two, who had so long in silence loved each other, stood alone together; and, for the first time, words passed between them, as their hands instinctively met in a long, close pressure. Is there any intoxicating bliss on earth equal to that of lovers so situated?

Few words were spoken. The hearts of both were too full for speech. Yet Gustave asked and obtained permission to write to her. She would trust Grisé, her maid; and so the matter was arranged, And thus, also, by means of these notes, was arranged a meeting, not exactly clandestine, since it was to be in a walk with Grisé to the convent, under the very drooping, shady lindens where the lovers had first met. And in that twilight walk they spoke more freely: he, earnest and impassioned; she, tender and timid, yet admitting, as she placed her hands in his at parting, and looked up into his eyes with earnest, tearful glance, that she loved him—loved him above everything on earth, and that she believed the angels in heaven had brought them together, and that it was the will and decree of heaven that they should love each other.

"Heaven has surely willed and destined it!" said the student, almost reverently. "For only from heaven could

come aught so holy. You are mine forever in the sight of God!"

"But," and a shadow came over the girl's fair brow, "the will of heaven is not always the will of earth. My father——"

Here, indeed, was the one great bar to their happiness, and Gustave felt it bitterly, as he looked down upon the lovely yet now sad face before him, and reflected that *she* was a great heiress, whilst he was but a student whose sole fortune were his talents, not yet even prepared for being put to a practical use in the world.

"My God!" he cried, in sudden, passionate bitterness. "What can I do to win you? Would that I were a king, that I might claim you for my own!"

"Or that I were a poor peasant-girl," she answered, in almost a whisper.

"Would you be satisfied with that lot for my sake?"

"More than satisfied," she replied, blushing beneath his eager gaze.

"Then, my beloved, my worshipped one, may we not take our fortunes into our own hands, and together work out the destiny that heaven has provided for us? I will work, toil, slave for the means which I now lack, if you will promise when the time comes to be mine. We shall not need the accursed gold that stands between us to make us happy; and for your father, surely, if he at first oppose, he will in time forgive, and become reconciled to seeing his child happy with one whose whole aim shall be to make her so."

Lena shook her head. She knew her father's obstinate and irascible temper. He was a cold, stern man, who had married for money, and had no sympathy with love or lovers. To herself he had never been a fond or indulgent parent, and, as she was bitterly conscious, felt in his only and beautiful child more pride than affection, looking upon her as a means of further gratifying his worldly ambition by what is called "an advantageous marriage."

Her aunts, though fond of her, were much of the same disposition as their brother; and to escape from a splendid though uncongenial home to the humblest cottage with the man she loved, appeared no trial, but a blessed dream of light and happiness to the devoted girl.

And so it was, that when on this interview the lovers parted, they had solemnly pledged themselves to each other. Lena would never, never marry another; and Gustave, let what obstacles might oppose, *would* obtain means sufficient to enable him to claim her for his own. And as he walked homeward through the dim twilight his thoughts went forward to a professorship that he knew he could obtain in the dear little town whence he came, and to one of those pretty, white-walled, vine-covered cottages on the rocky terrace everlooking the beautiful Neckar, with its bright, blossoming garden, and tiny green summer-house, where of evenings——And here the idea of such happiness was too much for him, and he could only murmur, passionately, half-aloud:

"I will win her yet! *I will not live without her!*"

Alas! alas! that man should mar the happiness that heaven would bestow!

A few days after this interview of the lovers, old Fraulein von Steinen entered her brother's private business room, where none of the family dared in general intrude, and anxiously and tremblingly laid before him an open note, which she said she had found in her niece's private cabinet. She had seen Lena hastily put away this note on her aunt's entrance, had noticed her flushed cheeks and tearful eyes, and, watching her opportunity, as she considered herself in duty bound, had gained possession of the cabinet key, read the note, and, finding it what it was, had thought it further her duty to lay it before her brother.

The note was from Gustave. He spoke of their mutual love—of the difficulties in their way by reason of his poverty—of the plighted troth between them, and of his determination to let nothing earthly prevent his some day—not a *very* distant one, he hoped—claiming her for his wife. And the note concluded as lovers so earnest and impassioned are wont to address the beloved one.

Herr von Steinen's florid face grew pale with anger as he read. Together the brother and sister discussed the subject, and the result was a stormy scene between themselves and Lena, in which the girl acknowledged her love for the student, and declared that she could never love or marry any one else. She pleaded tearfully and passionately with her father, who remained cold and inexorable even when Frau Carlotta was moved to tears; and, to add to her distress and despair, she was some days after informed by her father, in his most determined manner, that he had this day promised her hand to the Count von Altenburg, a poor and proud nobleman, who was willing to stoop to the *mésalliance*, in consideration of the beauty and grace of his bride, and the wealth which she would bring him.

All Neuringen was excited on the subject of this wedding, which promised to be so brilliant. The bride was envied by the women, the bridegroom by the men; and everybody said how fortunate each had been, and how happy they would be together! Youth, beauty, wealth and rank! What more was left on earth for the Fraulein Lena to desire?

And nobody saw the bride—how white and impassive as marble she moved about her room, and submitted to have the costly lace and satins fitted to her form, and the gleaming diamonds clasped about her fair neck and arms! She appeared like one in a dream, or whose spirit has left the body, to wander afar off in unknown regions; and once she said to her maid Grisé, who wondered at her young mistress's calmness, when she should have thought her heart would be breaking:

"I shall not live to be the count's wife. I feel that my life is ebbing away with each day that passes. It is good of God and His angels; and ere long Gustave will come, too, where we shall never be parted."

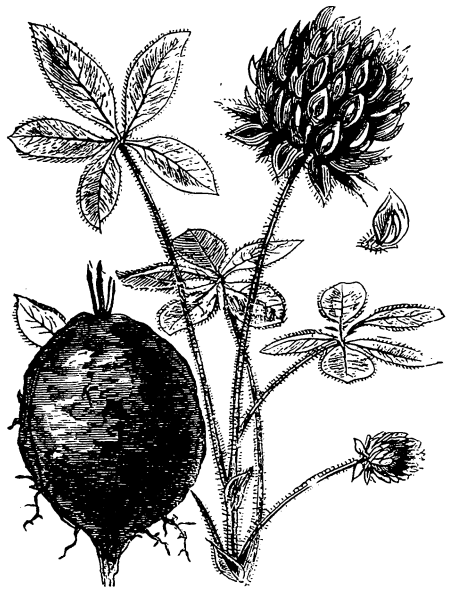
At set of sun, on the day fixed for the wedding, all Neuringen was astir to see the grand procession to the church; and an hour later an awful hush had fallen upon the town, and with looks of grief and horror people whispered to each other the news, at the doors of houses and corners of the streets.

The Fraulein Lena von Steinen, who was this day to have become the Countess von Altenburg, when her bridesmaids came to her room to escort her to where the groom awaited her, had been found by them kneeling in her bridal dress before the crucifix, dead—quite dead and cold! And the body was to be taken at ten o'clock, according to the old law of the town, to the Dead-Watch House in the cemetery—not shrouded, but dressed as it was, in white bridal robes and vail. Was ever before so sad a history known? And she so young and lovely! Doubtless it was the emotion of her too great happiness which had killed her; for the family physician had said something not very long ago about heart-disease, and the danger to her of too great emotion or excitement.

Grisé, in the midst of her own grief at the loss of her young mistress, could yet think of Gustave, whom that mistress had so loved. She was warm-hearted and sympathetic, and being herself in love and betrothed, could feel a deep interest in all lovers, especially in the young student who had been so devoted to her mistress; and the day after Lena's death she stole forth for the purpose of seeing Gustave Sundmann, and of offering whatsoever consolation might be in her power.

"What will he say—what will he do?" thought Grisé in distress. "Doubtless he will go mad, poor young gentleman!"

But Sundmann did not go mad. Carefully of late cut off from all communication with Lena, he had known nothing of the projected marriage until it had come coupled with the report of the Fraulein von Steinen's sudden death. This he had heard last night, it being the public topic; and to-day Grisé found him in his room, white and still, and preternaturally calm — even as Lena herself had appeared in her despair.



THE POMME BLANCHE, OR WHITE APPLE. SUBSTITUTES FOR THE POTATO.

"She said that you would soon follow her," sobbed Grisé. "That she was going away to another world, where you would be united, never more to part. Ah! it was easy to see how she loved you, and it was her great love that killed her."

The student's eyes kindled.

"Did she say that of me?" he asked, earnestly.

"She said it, and she believed what she said. 'God is good,' said she. 'Gustave will come to me in that happier world where we can never more be parted.'"

Something like a smile passed over his pale face.

"Yes," he murmured, dreamily, "I will go to her. Thou shalt not in vain look for me, my beloved!"

It was midnight. Through the great cemetery of Neuringen the October wind moaned fitfully, scattering about the dead leaves and twigs; whilst at intervals a cold, drizzly rain dripped from the nearly leafless branches upon the graves and tombstones beneath. Only one dim light in the cemetery, from an iron lamp suspended above the gateway, showed where the "Dead-Watch House" was situated.

Father Uhlmann, the old doorkeeper, slumbered in his arm-chair before the stove in the vestibule. It was his turn to watch to-night; but it was seldom at this hour, and in such weather, that any one came; and the old man was weary, and had been easily lulled by the low-moaning wind without, and the "tick-tick" of the great clock in the corner of the room. Now and then he would partially rouse himself and glance up, more from habit than with any consciousness, at a row of small bells which hung on the wall just in front of him—each bell having a number plainly inscribed above it, and communicating, by means of wires, with the adjoining room.

Ah, that room! with its cold, still forms laid out upon marble slabs, in separate niches; some wrapped in the sleep that shall know no awakening, and others, perchance, to be aroused from that seeming death again into life. Who might tell?

Attached to the fingers of each corpse was a card, connecting with the wires of the bells in the next room; and above the head of each of the marble slabs was a number, corresponding with that of the bell belonging to it. A tremulous, scarce-perceptible motion of those pale fingers, and one of those "dead-bells" would breathe out upon the startled stillness a warning of the dead returning to life, and a cry to the living for help and rescue from the grave. Alas! how many such maddening cries have come too late—down in the darkness and silence, where no eye can see, and no ear hear, the awful horror of that awakening!

Suddenly, Jean Uhlmann, who had begun to snore, started, and rose from his chair. Somebody was knocking at the outer door. Hastily trimming the dim lamp, the old man unlocked the door cautiously against the wind and the rain, and thus admitted the untimely visitor—a pale, handsome young man, clad in the well-known cap and loose coat of the *berschen*.

"I pray you, what is your business?" inquired Father Uhlmann.

"To see the dead now beneath this roof," was the reply, calmly spoken.

"Your permit?"

"I have none."

"Then, my son, I cannot give you entrance. It is against the law of the place."

"Father, you *must* grant my request. I could not obtain a permit from the friends of the person I would see, for they would not give it; but to you I say, let this be my passport, that I loved her, loved her—oh, my God!"

And the young man sank on the chair near him, and covered his face with his hands.

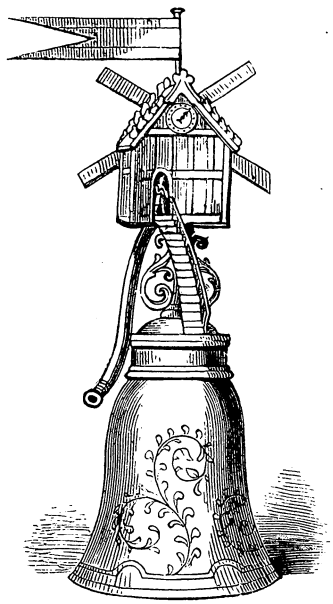
Jean Uhlmann looked on, kindly sympathy in his dimmed eyes, but puzzled doubt in his wrinkled face.

"I wish, my son, that I could do as you desire," he said, gently.

The student rose, and placed his hands on the shoulders of the keeper.

"Father, you are now old, but you were once young. Have you forgotten that time? Have you forgotten how you once loved? For sake of that love of your youth, I pray you let me look once upon the face of her I love before it is given to the grave!"

The old man stood a step back, and silently motioned to the door of the dead-room. The student, removing his cap, entered softly and reverently, yet eagerly—even as though it were a bridegroom entering the chamber of his bride. And there, indeed, lay she whom he sought, dressed in bridal robes, covered from head to foot in a bridal veil, and lovelier, it seemed, in death than she had been even in life. The features were not changed — the pure pallor of her face was scarcely that of death; the long lashes but half-vailed the blue eyes; and the small hands were crossed on her breast, lying amid lilies, whose whiteness they rivalled.



WHISTLE DRINKING-CUP.—SEE PAGE 422.

Gustave Sundmann knelt down beside the bier, and, for the first time in his life, kissed the cold hands, and the brow and the lips, passionately, but reverently, as though kneeling at some holy shrine. He murmured low, tender words, and took the lovely head on his arm, gazing upon each lineament of the face, as though to impress it upon his soul forever.

"Yes, my darling, my own and only beloved! I will

come to you. Here, in your presence, will I die; and, while our bodies lie together in death, our souls shall meet and mingle, never, never more to be separated!"

Was it a fancy—an illusion of his own overwrought mind—that the long lashes quivered, and the white lids slowly uplifted themselves? But, no; for, the next instant, the eyes of the dead girl gazed into his own—at first, dreamily unconscious, but then with a slow intelligence awakening in their blue depths!

"Lena! Lena, my beloved! my darling! Oh, my God! can this be? Is she, indeed, living?"

"*Gustave!*"

The lips scarcely murmured the name, yet a faint tinge of returning life-hue flushed suddenly over brow, lip, and cheek, telling of the emotion which, even on the verge of death, the sight of him could awaken.

The student took the girl's form in his arms, and held her close, closer to his heart, as fearful lest she should be still snatched from him. She had, with fully returning consciousness, glanced around, and comprehended the whole truth, and she now clung to him, with her arms about his neck and her cheek on his shoulder.

"Gustave! you will not—will not leave me? I have been, what appears, asleep—a dream; but I am awake now, my beloved; and to you, who have breathed life into me, I must belong."

A sharp, wild cry, full of agony and despair, broke from the lips of the student.

"Oh, my God! my God!" he cried, "must I lose you now—doubly lose you, both on earth and in heaven?"

"Lose me? Never! Have you not rather won me, who have rescued me from the grave?"

"Oh, Lena! my soul's beloved! you do not know! I could not live without you, and to join you in the world whither I supposed you had gone, I—I——" His dry lips at first refused to utter the words, but then, as a quick shudder convulsed his frame, and the girl's arms clasped more closely about his neck, he added: "*I have taken poison!*"

ESCAPES OF MASERS DE LATUDE.—"LATUDE RAN AT FULL SPEED, CALLING OUT, 'STOP HIM! STOP HIM!' AND AS THE GUARDS RAN UP, HE POINTED AHEAD IN THE FOG, AND KEPT ON."—SEE PAGE 422.

Jean Uhlmann, who had been summoned both by the sound of the dead-bell and of the voices, and who had stood an almost petrified spectator of this strange scene, now aroused himself.

"I will bring the doctor," he said, in tremulous eagerness and agitation. "Be still, both of you, for your lives, and we will save you!"

It took but a moment to summon the doctor, who was always at hand here. But when he came, breathless in his eagerness, a strange, strange spectacle was presented to his sight! There lay the lately living—dead! and there stood the seeming dead—alive! And better for her had it been if, from that death-like trance, she had never known awakening! In the high-walled convent, at the end of that *Lindenstrasse* of which we have spoken, the stranger sees, on certain occasions, a young and beautiful nun, whose face, in its pure pale repose and perfection of feature, more resembles a marble statue than a living woman who was the daughter of the rich Herr von Steinen, of whom is related the strange but true history which we have here given.

THE POMME BLANCHE, OR WHITE APPLE.

SUBSTITUTES FOR THE POTATO.

A WRITER in the English *Gardener's Magazine* says: "Amongst a heap of letters I have been lately endeavoring to dispose of in a way to satisfy all parties—though I fear some will be disappointed—one has particularly attracted my attention. The writer asks, 'Is there any substitute for the potato?' It admits of a simple reply to this effect—No. But to dispose of it in that way, under the head of 'Replies,' would be scarcely fair; for very many of our readers must be disposed to put the same question, happily ignorant of its extreme simplicity as a naked question, and of its interesting fullness as a subject for an essay.

"Now, I will not attempt an essay, but I propose to concoct a note that may be useful to very many of our readers. In the first place, then, it must be understood that, in my opinion, there is no substitute for the potato. You may live without it, and you may find maize, rice, or even parsnips, substitutes to a certain extent. But as regards productiveness, nutritiousness, and hygienic properties, there is simply no substitute at all; or, in other words, there is no plant known that can exactly, or even nearly, take its place. Where potatoes are freely eaten scurvy is unknown, and the people have, as a rule, clear complexions. We have no other anti-scurvy root, and the cruciferous plants (cabbage, cauliflower, watercress, etc.) come nearest in anti-scorbutic properties.

"The most noted of the supposed substitutes for the potato are the following: Chinese yam, *Dioscorea batatas*. Of this we grew fine crops on ridges at Stoke Newington some fifteen years ago, but gave it up; for, somehow or other, it came to grief in the kitchen. Can any one amongst our twenty thousand friends give us a comprehensive and practical paper on the culture and cookery of the Chinese yam? The Jerusalem artichoke, *Helianthus tuberosus*, is certainly an important and a real delicacy, but there is room for a special essay upon it. *Basella tuberosa* may be worth attention in the south of Europe and the Canaries. It is a relation of the chenopods, which is in its favor as an article of food. *Lathyrus tuberosus* is promising in name only at present; can any one tell us if the roots are worth

cooking? Of *Oxalis* there are several tuberous-rooted species, and there is scarcely any chance of their ever taking any high rank as articles of food. The sweet potato, *Convolvulus batatas*, is a thoroughly important plant in sub-tropical climates, but of no use here. And where it has its full importance it is no substitute for the potato, being more like solidified treacle than a savory sort of bread; for a first-rate potato is really like bread advanced to a higher state of perfection. The following are, in my opinion, of less importance than any of the foregoing, and they complete my list of possible substitutes for the potato: *Ulluca tuberosa*, *Polymnia grandis*, *Apios tuberosa*, and *Caladium esculentum*."

Now that the potato has become so uncertain a crop, subject to rot and also to the ravages of the Colorado potato-bug, the question of a substitute is important. There is a wild American plant, not noticed by the English periodical, which is deserving of attention; this is the *Psoralea esculenta*, or white apple.

Among the most esteemed of the wild vegetable products which serve as food to the many tribes of Indians in the Northwest, there is scarcely one more generally esteemed than the Pomme Blanche, or White Apple. Why or in what manner it became possessed of the popular name "*apple*" it is difficult to tell, for it certainly bears no more resemblance to that fruit than does our common potato. But this is by no means the only instance of popular misnomer among plants; the peanut, for instance, which is no more entitled to the name of "*nut*" than is a *Lima bean*. But we will pass this over, and look into the true character of this Indian root. Happily it has other and more sensible names, of which the Prairie turnip is one. This vegetable is a tuberous, potato-like root of a hairy, herbaceous plant botanically known as the *Psoralea esculenta*. It grows in profusion throughout Wisconsin, Missouri, and many other parts of the Northwest, and is cultivated with good success in Missouri. This tuber, known also as the American Bread-root, forms an extensive article of food, not only with the Indians of the Northwest, but with all the white population, and is much esteemed. It is one mass of starch. It is cooked and prepared in a similar manner to the potato, although not considered as nutritious or palatable. The plant is about a foot in height, clover-like in appearance, and is covered with a soft pubescence. The leaves are composed of fine leaflets disposed in a palmate manner, and the flowers, massed in a roundish head, are of a beautiful pale blue color.

We have not heard of any attempt to cultivate the Prairie apple in the Eastern States, but there is no reason to suppose that its cultivation would be attended with any serious difficulty other than that of framing and protecting the young plants. In good soil a healthy plant will yield the tubers in abundance.

WHISTLE DRINKING-CUP.

THE drinking customs of various nations would form a curious chapter in ethnology. The Teutonic races have, however, the most claim to be considered "potent in potting." The Saxons were great drinkers; and took with them to their graves their ornamental ale-buckets and drinking-glasses; the latter made without foot or stand, so that they must be filled and emptied by the drinker before they could be set down again on the festive board. Mighty topers they were, and history records some of their drinking bouts. Notwithstanding the assertion of Iago, that "your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander, are nothing to your English" in powers of drinking, it may be doubted if the Germans have ever been outdone. Certainly no persons have bestowed more thought on quaint inventions for holding their liquors, or enforcing large consumption, than they have. The silversmiths of Augsburg and Nuremberg, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, devoted a large amount of invention to the production of drinking-cups, taking the form of men, animals, birds, etc., of the most grotesque design. Our engraving represents one surmounted by a windmill. It will be perceived that the cup must be held in the hand to be filled, and retained there till it be emptied, as then only it can be set upon the table. The drinker, having swallowed the contents, blew up the pipe at the side, which gave a shrill whistle, and set the sails of the windmill in motion also. The power of the blow, and the length of the gyration, were indicated in a small dial upon the front of the mill, and also in some degree testified to the state of the consumer. Among the songs of Burns is one upon a whistle, used by a Dane of the retinue of Anne of Denmark, which was laid upon the table at the commencement of the orgie, and worn by whoever was last able to blow it. The Dane conquered all comers, until Sir Robert Lawrie, of Maxwelton, after three days' and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table.

ESCAPES OF MASERS DE LATUDE.

THE most interesting and exciting story of captivity in the Bastille is that of Latude, son of the marquis of that name, who, at twenty-four years of age, in 1749, was, for offending King Louis XV.'s worthless mistress, Pompadour, arrested and confined in the Castle of Vincennes. After he had been there eight months he began to think of escape. Strange to say, he succeeded in passing the sentries unobserved, and getting safe out of prison. He took up his quarters in Paris, and had the incredible folly to write to the king, telling him of his escape, and begging his forgiveness. The next day he was again in the Bastille. They promised him his freedom, if he would confess how he managed his flight, that such, in future, might be made impossible to other prisoners. Latude consented, and was at once placed in stricter confinement than ever. He was in despair, for he wrote in a book insulting verses against the king's favorite, Madame de Pompadour, who had originally caused his arrest.

The book was brought to the authorities, and, five days later, Latude was locked up in one of the worst cells of the roof. The governor was a kind-hearted man, and granted him a companion, who, six months after, died raving mad. A new companion was stronger and more courageous; to him Latude communicated his plan of escape, which was to get up the chimney on to the roof, and from thence, by means of a ladder on the tower of the "Trésor," to descend into the trench.

Latude had discovered an empty space between the floor of their cell and the ceiling of the chamber beneath them. Here they hid their tools, made out of any pieces of iron they could get from their furniture or utensils; it took them six months to break away the bars from the chimney; they moistened the mortar by sprinkling water on it, and they labored at this till their knuckles and elbows often bled; when they were exhausted they worked at their ladders and ropes; the steps of the former were made of the fagots which they had for firing. The two ladders were, together, fifty feet in length. Besides these, the prisoners fortunately had in their possession a bundle of ropes 360 feet long, the materials of which were thirteen dozen shirts, two dozen pair of silk stockings, eighteen pair of drawers, three dozen napkins, a great many light caps and pocket-handkerchiefs. For letting down the ladders they had a quantity of thinner lines; in all, a length of 1,400 feet. Both worked for eighteen months.

We can scarcely imagine the fears and hopes of the prisoners, when, on the night of the 25th of February, 1756, they began their dangerous undertaking. Latude went first up the chimney, and reached the roof in safety. He then let down a string to Alègre, his companion, who tied the ladders and ropes, and Latude drew them up. Alègre soon came up too. They crept on to the platform. The night was pitch-dark and it rained in torrents. Latude fastened the rope-ladders to the end of a cannon, then tied the rope round his waist, and, swinging down in the dark night, began slowly to descend toward the abyss below.

"I was almost fainting," he says, "and feared to be dashed against the wall, so strong was the wind."

At last he reached the ditch, and Alègre soon after joined him. They plainly heard the pacing of the sentinel in the gallery, but went noiselessly onward up to their necks in the water of the trench. Just then the sentries made their rounds, and the light from their lanterns fell upon the water in the trench; the fugitives had to dip down, and keep their heads under water for the moment. To get out of the Bastille they now had to break a hole through the outer wall. They succeeded in nine hours. At five A. M. they were in the Charenton road. "We fell into each other's arms and wept," says Latude. Both reached Brussels in safety. Their escape excited immense sensation. Pompadour was furious.

Latude was again arrested at Amsterdam by order of the French Government, and taken to the Bastille. For forty months he sat in a dungeon. Light and air he received only through two little holes. He had become a pitiable object. Rotten straw was his couch; his food would not have been thrown to swine. But he did not die. His lips were split, his teeth had fallen out. At last, because the water rose in his cell, he was transferred to another. Here, with fish-bones for his pens and blood for his ink, he wrote a treatise for the king on an improved postal arrangement, and a new way of infantry attack. These were adopted by the Government with advantage, but Latude still remained in prison. Madame de Pompadour was called to her account in 1764, but Latude was not released. He was removed at last from the Bastille to Vincennes. Hence he escaped for the third time. He thus relates it:

"On the 25th of November, 1765, I was walking at four in the afternoon, the sky being perfectly clear. Suddenly a dense fog arose; the idea of escape flashed across my mind; but how to escape my guards, to say nothing of the sentinels who stopped the way? I had a sergeant on each side of me. I would not fight them nor elude them, as their orders were not to leave me an instant. So I turned to one of them, and said: 'How do you like this weather?' 'It is horrid, sir.' I at once replied carelessly, 'I find it capital to escape in;' and, striking each one aside with my elbows, ran at full speed, calling out, 'Stop him! stop him!'" and as the guards ran up he pointed ahead in the fog, and kept on. The last sentry, however, knew him, and prepared to run him through: "Your orders are to arrest me, not kill me," said Latude, walking up as if to surrender, but suddenly springing on him, and hurling him in one direction and his musket in another. He was at last free. He easily concealed himself in the park, and keeping away from the main road, cleared the wall, and at night entered Paris.

Two ladies gave him shelter; but the shrewdness displayed in escaping seemed to desert him when he got out.

Can we believe that from his hiding-place Latude wrote to the minister, Choiseul, and that he was again cast into prison? This time into such a dungeon, that in it Latude longed for the cells of the Bastille. There Latude won the compassion of a jailer, who took charge of a letter in which the unhappy man begged for mercy. This letter, fortunately for Latude, was lost. A woman, named Legros, found it. She was only a washerwoman, but she had the courage and endurance of a heroine. She took it whither it was addressed; she did all she could for her unknown prisoner. For three years the little woman worked on; she won over great men to the cause which she had at heart, and on 22d March, 1784, Latude was set at liberty. He had passed thirty-five years in prison, and a poor washerwoman obtained his release. Latude died in 1805. The Republic gave him an indemnity of 60,000 francs.

MAZARIN.

By the Author of "Mirabeau," etc.

HERE are not two biographers that agree as to the parentage of Cardinal Mazarin: a Jew, a fisherman, a banker, a Sicilian gentleman, have in turns been accredited with his progenitorship. It is generally understood, however, that his father was an artisan of Sicily, who, coming to Rome to seek his fortune, attracted the notice of the Constable Colonna. This nobleman appointed him to be his steward, and held him in such high favor that he gave him his niece and goddaughter Ortensia Bufalini in marriage.

Giulio Mazarini—such is the correct form of his name, and the one in which he always wrote it until his naturalization in France—was born in the year 1602, while his mother was journeying in the Abruzzi. He was educated in the Roman College, which was under the control of the Jesuits, and rendered himself so remarkable by his talents that, when he was only sixteen, Grassi, the astronomer of the college, selected him to sustain public theses, in the presence of the cardinals and the most eminent *literati*, upon the great comet which appeared in that year; and he acquitted himself with an eloquence and strength of argument which won universal applause. The sons of Colonna were the companions of his studies and his intimate associates. Strikingly handsome, gifted with a marvelous power of insinuation, and a natural aptitude for intrigue, received on terms of equality in the palace of his patron, he acquired at the same time the distinguished manners and the vices of the great. While yet a youth, he was a confirmed gambler; Fortune—some say finesse—usually favored him, and filled his pockets with gold; but sometimes a reverse turn of the wheel left him without a sou: "The free-handed has Heaven for his treasurer," was a favorite saying of his.

The young Colonnas being sent to Spain to complete their education, his parents, hoping to divert him from such evil courses and evil associates, solicited that he might accompany them; which he did, ostensibly in the capacity of a *valet de chambre*, but in reality as a companion; no menial offices were ever performed by him, he had separate apartments, and studied in the same college. In all learning and accomplishments he made rapid progress, and won the heart of every person with whom he associated. Upon his return to Rome he took the degree of Doctor of Laws.

But, in 1624, we find him a captain in the Pontifical army stationed in the Valtelline, and employed in several political negotiations, his skill and address in the conduct of which won him the favor of Pope Urban.

"He was," says his biographer, Benedetti, "a veritable Proteus, speaking Spanish with the Spaniards, French with the French, and agreeable to all by his politeness and

engaging manners; he seemed gifted with ubiquity; he was everywhere, according to the need of the service, at Turin, Venice, Milan, in the Valtelline."

But always observant, always studying the situation, always, as it were, instinctively divining the proper course; under the patronage of the powerful Cardinal Barberini, he played an important part in Italian politics.

In 1629 he was attached to the legation sent by Rome to mediate between France and Spain. The conference took place at Lyons, and it was here that he came to the turning-point of his career, his introduction to Cardinal Richelieu. "I have just been speaking to the greatest statesman I have ever seen!" Such was the great minister's emphatic declaration after his first interview with Giulio Mazarin. These words were probably a sincere tribute to an intellect whose subtle power he could peculiarly appreciate; but at the same time they expressed the satisfaction of the speaker in having found a valuable instrument for future use. There seems to have been an immediate *rapprochement* between these two men, who had something in common. Mazarin saw in Richelieu a patron, who, above all others, could advance his fortunes, and, by skillful flattery, to which no man was ever more susceptible than the cardinal, at once won his favor; while Richelieu discovered in the young diplomatist a clever, unscrupulous adventurer, whose services might prove of incalculable value to him.

COURT SCENE IN THE DAYS OF MAZARIN.

From that time Mazarin's French sympathies were gradually manifested. The treaty between France and Savoy (1630), which detached the latter from Spain, was the first result of these proclivities; after this he cajoled the Spaniards into restoring Pignerol on conditions, not fulfilled, of corresponding value on the other side. Upon his return to Rome he was accused of having betrayed the cause of Spain; but Cardinal Barberini defended him from all attacks, and Richelieu wrote the Pontiff a letter teeming with his praises, and soliciting that he should be appointed Nuncio to the Court of France. This recommendation was not complied with until 1634, although he was named Vice-Legate of Avignon two years previously. His mission was to demand the reinstallment of the Duc de Lorraine in his possessions. Orléans had, without the king's consent, secretly married his sister; for which an army was sent against him, and Nancy seized. Soon after Mazarin's arrival in Paris he was attacked by a severe illness; Richelieu overwhelmed him with benefits and attentions, installed him in his own château at Ruel, solicited for him a cardinal's hat, and sent him as his own representative to the baptism of the dauphin. The hat was refused, and Spain, which could not be blind to this diplomatic comedy, was so loud in her complaints that the Pope determined upon his recall.

Although his family now held very distinguished positions in Rome—he himself had been created Monsignore—his mother being dead, his father had remarried into the noble house of Ursins, and his sisters had formed alliances almost equally distinguished—he resolved to renounce the service of the Papal Court, return to France, and place himself at the disposal of Richelieu. It was doubtless a prearranged affair; at all events, he was quite certain of being received with open arms; and it so happened that the cardinal's *alter ego*, Père Joseph, died about this time, thus leaving the field entirely clear for the new favorite. In 1639 he was naturalized a French citizen, "on account of the praiseworthy and important services he had rendered in divers negotiations." From that time he was employed in various diplomatic affairs, and in 1642 was created cardinal, the hat being placed upon his head by the king's own hands.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA AND CARDINAL MAZARIN.

In the last month of that year died the great Richelieu. On his death-bed he strongly commended his *protégé* to the king; his commendation was not neglected—a circumstance as much owing to Mazarin having already secured the royal favor as to respect for the dead servant's request—he was at once admitted to the council; and, as a further honor, was selected to stand godfather to the dauphin, whose christening took place about this period.

The sinking state of Louis's health, and the extreme youth of his successor, turned all men's thoughts toward the inevitable regency, which lay between the queen and the Duc d'Orléans; the respective claims of the two candidates divided the court into opposing parties. Although the servant of Richelieu, Mazarin had never taken part either against Anne of Austria or any of her favorites, and too wise to lean upon the arch-traitor Gaston, he now turned toward her, and used every means to win her confidence. This he compassed through her most trusted counsellor, the Bishop of Beauvais, an imbecile old man, whom it cost him little pains to overreach. About the expiring monarch gathered the two cabals, with fluctuating hopes. Louis had never truly pardoned the queen her supposed share in Chalais's conspiracy—never fully exonerated her from the dishonoring suspicions of the Buckingham affair; yet, whatever might have been his prejudices, he could scarcely have decided in favor of his infamous brother; and besides which

since the birth of her two sons, Anne had become highly popular. So at length, after long hesitation, he finally determined to appoint her regent after his death; but the opposite faction obtained for Orléans the presidency of the council, with the Prince de Condé for deputy; upon which Mazarin prevailed upon the king to appoint him second deputy. These restrictions upon her absolute authority were viewed by the Parlement, which was wholly devoted to her, with great disfavor, and from the moment that the decree was recorded upon its registers, it busied itself with the consideration of how it could be formally annulled. For some time the king fluctuated between life and death—one day he was seemingly *in extremis*, the next he was playing the guitar, and apparently recovering. News of his approaching end brought the exiles flocking into Paris; news of the favorable change drove them out again faster than they came. At length, on the 14th of May, 1643, the long-expected, hoped-for event came to pass. Under the protection of the Duc de Beaufort, the young king and his mother started immediately from Saint-Germain, and proceeded to Paris, where they were received with the utmost enthusiasm. So overawed was the poltroon Orléans by these demonstrations, and by the attitude of the Parlement, that he voluntarily resigned all power into her hands. Mazarin, finding himself in the background, resorted to a *ruse;* he begged permission of the queen to return to Italy, but mingled his request with the strongest protestations of devotion to her person. Greatly concerned, and taking his request in a literal sense, the queen laid the matter before the Count de Brienne, who, having a better understanding of the cardinal's motives, replied that if she offered to restore to his Eminence what he had lost by the annulling of the late king's will—namely, the deputy-presidentship of the council, there was no doubt that he would gladly remain in her service. She followed this counsel with the result foretold.

From that day Mazarin's star rose rapidly: he was appointed superintendent of the king's education, and began to gain that absolute ascendancy over the mind of Anne of Austria which terminated only with his life.

"His wit and gentleness," says Madame de Motteville, "pleased her from the first conversations she had with him, and frequently, speaking to those in whom she confided, she had testified that she was not displeased to see him in order that he might instruct her upon foreign affairs, of which he had a complete knowledge, and in which the late king employed him." After he had obtained an authority, "when those who were believed to possess it entirely did not imagine that he dared even to think of, he became in a little time master of the council, and the Bishop of Beauvais diminished in power as his competitor augmented; this new minister from that time used to come to the queen in the evenings and have great conferences with her."

Mazarin was now in the prime of life, strikingly handsome in person, graceful in demeanor, insinuating in manners, and court and city were soon rife with scandals upon this close intimacy.

Were we to implicitly accept the testimonies of Madame de Motteville and La Porte, we should content ourselves by ascribing every doubtful passage of the queen's life to that excess of gallantry, which still stopped short of crime, that distinguished the Spanish manners of the period. But, valuable and authentic as are the memoirs bequeathed to us by those faithful servants, we must regard them, where their mistress is concerned, as partisan; they were both her devoted friends, and would certainly, even if they had had proofs of her guilt, which is by no means probable, have declined blackening to posterity the name of one whom they regarded as the most amiable and injured of women. Yet, notwithstanding, they have recorded many suspicious facts, and much indirect evidence, against her. Whether she merited the cruel doubts and persecutions with which the king her husband harassed her throughout his life, is a problem that it is not the object of this paper to solve. *If* we are to believe a certain passage in De Retz's "Memoirs," suppressed in the first editions, her guilt with Buckingham is beyond dispute. But if she were guilty, few could ever plead more excuses. Young, beautiful, reared in the most gallant and romantic court of Europe; married to a man whom, if half the scandals of the time be true, she could not but loathe as well as despise, and who from the first treated her with profound indifference; licentiousness all around her; tyrannized over by an imperious mother-in-law; her every action spied upon by the malignant eyes of Richelieu or his creatures, and subjected at times to indignities that would have debased the meanest scullion of her palace—strong, indeed, must have been the rectitude *or pride* of her nature did it pass immaculate through such circumstances and temptations. But these things belong to a period anterior to the events with which this article is concerned—it is simply the question of her relations with Mazarin that I propose to examine, and I will begin with an extract from De Brienne's "Memoirs," in reading which it must be borne in mind that he was a believer in the queen's innocence. His mother, in a private interview, has informed her of the scandalous rumors which are rife in Paris:

"When she had finished, the queen, her eyes suffused with tears, replied to her: 'Why, my dear, hast thou not told me this sooner? *I confess to thee I love him, and, I may say, tenderly.* But the affection I bear him does not go so far as love, or if it does it is without my knowing it, my senses have no part in it; my mind alone is charmed by the beauty of his. Would that be criminal? If there is even in this love the shadow of a sin, I renounce it now before God and before the saints whose relics are in that oratory. I will speak to him henceforth, I assure thee, only of affairs of State, and *I will break off the conversation when he speaks to me of anything else.*' My mother, who was on her knees, took her hand and kissed it, and placed it near a reliquary which she had just taken from the altar. 'Swear to me, madame,' said she, 'I beseech you, swear to me upon these holy relics, to keep forever that which you have just promised God.' 'I swear it,' said the queen, placing her hand upon the reliquary, 'and I pray God to punish me if I am conscious of the least evil.'"

"This is very strong," says Victor Cousin, in commenting upon this passage, "and would altogether persuade us if we did not remember that in 1637, leaving the communion-table, Anne swore upon the holy Eucharist, which she had just received, and upon the salvation of her soul, that she had not once written to Spain, while later she made confessions quite contrary to her first oaths." Here, at all events, we have a distinct confession of her love, and an admission that Mazarin did not always confine the conversation to State affairs. It was impossible for so acute an intellect as his to be ignorant of her disposition toward him, and it is almost equally impossible that so unscrupulous an adventurer, and one notorious for gallantry, should not have availed himself of her weakness to enhance his influence. Those who believe in the possibility of platonic affection under such circumstances are beyond the reach of argument.

The deaths of Cardinal Richelieu and Louis XIII. had opened the prisons and frontiers of France to all the great cardinal's enemies and to all the queen's old adherents, who now swarmed upon the court like locusts, greedily to devour all favor. Chief among these was the Duc de Beaufort, son of the Duc de Vendôme, and grandson of Henry IV., *le roi des halles*, as he was called, from his great popularity among the market-women, whose manners and

language he was pleased to imitate; the Duchesse de Chevreuse, the remarried widow of Albert de Luynes, the most intriguing and licentious woman of her age; Madame de Hauteville, whom Richelieu had banished because his royal master had looked upon her with eyes of favor; these, and many others, who called themselves the queen's party, formed a cabal, which was nicknamed the *Importants*. Upon their arrival at court they had believed that hatred of her old enemy the cardinal and the memory of old friendships would give them the first place in the regent's confidence and counsels. At first there seemed every probability that their expectations would be realized; they were received with open arms, and Mazarin, who, unlike his predecessor, always temporized with an enemy, while secretly undermining their influence, openly courted their friendship. To Madame de Chevreuse he was most profuse in his offers of service; but she, over confident in her power, treated his advances with mockery and contempt, and resolved upon his destruction. One of the means adopted for this end was to repeat to the queen the sayings of every scandalous tongue in Paris, hoping thereby to force her pride to his dismissal. This course produced the very opposite effect to what had been intended: it only strengthened the ties which united Anne and her minister, and as their insolence increased so did her friendship for them cool. The arrogance of Beaufort exceeded all bounds, he abused and threatened the cardinal and grossly insulted the queen, and to bring affairs to a crisis, the cabal formed a plot for the minister's assassination. The conspiracy was detected, and on the 2d of September, 1643, Beaufort was arrested, and Madame de Chevreuse, and the other leaders of the *Importants*, banished from the court and capital.

"It is in the last days of the month of August," says Cousin, "that we must place the certain date of the declared ascendancy, public and without rivals, of Mazarin over Anne of Austria. . . . Those attacks to which the minister had just been exposed precipitated the victory of the happy cardinal, and the day after the last nocturnal ambuscade, in which he was to have perished, Mazarin was the absolute master of the heart of the queen, and more powerful than Richelieu had been after the Day of Dupes.

"On the 19th of November she represented in council that in consequence of the indisposition of M. le Cardinal Mazarin, and of his being obliged, with great pain, to pass daily across the garden of the Palais Royal, and seeing that at all hours he had new affairs to communicate to her, she found it necessary to give him accommodation in the Palais Royal in order that she might conveniently converse with him upon affairs." The Princess Palatine, many years afterward, used to point out the secret passage by which Mazarin gained access to the queen's chamber.

From that time he was only an occasional visitor to his own magnificent residence.

"The National Library," to again quote Victor Cousin, "contains enclosed in a chest, called the chest of St. Esprit, numbered upon the back 117,826, divers papers relative to Mazarin, among which are some letters under this title: 'Lettres originales de la propre main de la Reyne Anne, mère du Roy Louis XIV., au Cardinal Mazarin.' The authenticity of these letters cannot be for a moment contested; we undoubtedly recognize in them the hand of Anne of Austria, her bad writing and bad orthography. There are eleven letters, all autograph. It seems that formerly there must have been more, from the great space of time over which these letters extend, from 1653 to 1658, and we know that during those five years the queen and the minister were several times separated, and would have much to write about. The first of these letters is at the end of 1652 or the commencement of the year 1653, when Mazarin with Louis XIV. was with the army, and Anne of Austria remained in the centre of the Government, at Paris, Fontainebleau, or Compiègne. The intimate connection, commenced in the middle of the year 1643, had already existed ten years at the commencement of this correspondence; it had then lost its early vivacity. On the other hand, Mazarin was all but victorious over all his enemies both within and without; his dangers, which had animated and sustained the queen, were dissipated. She was also obliged to express herself with a certain circumspection, her couriers running the risk of being intercepted. In fine, according to the fashion of the age, she employed a jargon only intelligible to Mazarin and herself, and of which the key has not been found, so that all which related to private affairs escapes us entirely, as there are also lines which cannot be read. Notwithstanding, however, the time, which would have deadened them, notwithstanding the circumstances which restrain expression, notwithstanding the mysterious cyphers in which they are vailed, the sentiments of Anne of Austria yet appear impressed with a profound tenderness. She sighs for Mazarin's return, and impatiently endures his absence. There are words which betray the trouble of her mind and almost of her senses. It seems, too, almost impossible to misunderstand the language of an affection very different to simple friendship and an attachment purely political."

I have not space to present extracts from these eleven letters, which the reader may consult himself in the appendix, pp. 471–482, of Victor Cousin's 'Madame de Hautefort'; but will give instead a letter that speaks volumes, and which M. Valckenaer has subjoined to his 'Mémoires sur Madame de Sévigné,' the original of which he asserts to be in the Bibliothéque Nationale:

"SAINTES, June, 1660.

"Your letter has given me great joy. I do not know if I shall be happy enough to make you believe it, and if I could believe that one of my letters would have pleased you as much I would have written it with a good heart, and it is true that to see the transports with which they were received and read brought strongly to mind another time of which I am almost always thinking. Although you may believe or doubt, I assure you that all my life shall be employed to testify to you that there never was a friendship more true than mine, and, if you do not believe it, I hope in justice that you will some day repent of having doubted it; and if I could as easily make you see my heart as what I write upon this paper, I am assured you would be content, or you would be the most ungrateful man in the world, and that I do not believe."

The licentious press of the Fronde period teemed with scandals against the queen and her favorite; several pamphlets more than hint that there had been a marriage between them, and one or two even go so far as to name the priest who performed the ceremony. Michelet favors this supposition; nor does it appear at all improbable that Anne of Austria, who was much of a devotee, should have resorted to such a means of quieting her conscience, more especially as, according to all the memoirs of the period, she had more than once been taken to task by the religious sisterhoods whom she was constantly in the habit of visiting. It will be objected that Mazarin, being a churchman, could not marry, but it is extremely doubtful whether he was ever ordained a priest—at least, he never officiated as one.

Whatever might have been the relations which subsisted between queen and minister, it is certain that his control over her, the young king, and the government of the nation, was, throughout his life, absolute. While he lived in the pomp and luxury of an Eastern potentate, Louis was kept in a state of absolute penury; he was suffered to grow out of his clothes, even the sheets upon his bed were in rags, and his carriages were moldering with age. The civil wars which desolated the capital and many of the provinces for years were wholly directed against Mazarin, and these, together with all the odium which throughout that time the nation cast upon her, might have been suppressed by

dismissing him from her councils. Of his brutal rudeness toward her during the latter years of his life, and even upon his death-bed, where a scene was enacted which can bear but one explanation, all contemporaries bear witness, and, to conclude with a most significant fact, although previously notorious as a man of intrigue, from the commencement of his close relations with Anne of Austria, not even the most scandalous pamphlet ever accused him of an amour.

With the overthrow of the *Importants* commenced that period which is known in French history as "the fair days of the regency." Never, even during the reign of Richelieu, had France held so dominant a position in Europe. At Rocroi the young Condé had crushed the power of Spain, and, together with Turenne, marched from victory to victory, until the culmination at Lens and the peace of Münster. But while the war raged without, all within was peace and tranquility, taxes were repealed, largesses bestowed with a liberal hand, and the popularity of the regent attained such a height that a courtier one day remarked that the whole French language was reduced to five words — "The queen is so good!"

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT—"LE ROI DES HALLES."

In the days of his advancement Mazarin had sought by clemency and a humility of demeanor to win popular approbation, and the change from the stern and pompous Richelieu was so striking that the very contrast secured his success. But from the fall of the *Importants* and the consolidation of his power all this was altered. He sent for his nephews and nieces from Rome and placed them in high positions about the court; he raised a guard for the protection of his person, and began to assume a style of regal splendor; he reduced the Council of State to two persons besides himself—the Prince de Condé, father of the great general, and the Duc d'Orléans—and between these he craftily sowed the seeds of dissension by opposing their interests; by the aid of cajolery, large promises, and small fulfilments, and a fostering of selfish jealousies, he contrived, for a time, to preserve perfect tranquility and hold the balance between all parties. De Retz gives an admirable description of this state of things in the following paragraph:

"Monsieur (Orléans) thought himself above taking warning; the Prince de Condé, attached to the court by his avarice, was willing to believe so likewise; the Duc d'Enghien was just at the age to fall asleep under the shadow of his laurels; the Duc de Longueville opened his eyes, but it was only to shut them again; the Duc de Vendôme considered himself too happy *only* to have been exiled; the Duc de Nemours was but a child; the Duc de Guise, newly come back from Brussels, was ruled by Madame de Pons, and believed that he ruled all the court; the Duc de Bouillon fancied every day that they would give him back Sedan; Turenne was more than satisfied to command the army in Germany; the Duc d'Epernon was enchanted to have got into his post and his government; Schomberg had been all his life inseparable from everything that was well with the court; Grammont was its slave, and Messrs. de Retz, Vitri, and Bassompierre believed themselves to be absolutely in favor, because they were no longer either prisoners or exiles. The Parlement, delivered from the Cardinal de Richelieu, who had kept it at a very low ebb, imagined that the age of gold must be that of a minister who told them every day that the queen would be guided only by their counsels."

But this contemptible and temporizing policy could not succeed forever. Posts promised to doubtful friends were treacherously bestowed to mollify certain enemies; no favor was granted without some pecuniary equivalent being wrung from the recipient; every man's pride was

MADAME DE SEVIGNÉ.

outraged by the sense of being befooled, and sullen murmurs swelled into howls of execration from every class of the community. There was no lion's hide beneath the fox's skin. Mazarin was a coward; when cunning failed him, he was lost and had to yield; he never dared to boldly dare his foes, and, conscious of his impotence, foes soon began to swarm around him in ever-increasing numbers.

During "the fair days" Anne had emptied the treasury in bestowing largesses upon her friends; the effects of an empty exchequer soon began to be felt: magistrates, governors of towns and fortresses, officers, and even soldier were unpaid, and but for loans from the commanders of the army it would have been impossible to have sustained the war then raging. The finances were under the superintendence of Emery, a name which even his contemporaries have sent down to posterity loaded with execrations. Bussy Rabutin

describes him as "harsh, proud, clever, intelligent in matters of business, ingenious in the creation of new subsidies to provide for the expenses of the war; he exercised a rigorous inquisition upon property of all kinds, and was never tired of trampling upon the subjects of the king."

He had a difficult task to perform, and he performed it iniquitously: he created new offices of the most extraordinary character, such as the Comptroller of Fagots, the Criers of Wine of the King's Counsellors, and sold them to the highest bidders; he plundered the public funds, and granted the most infamous monopolies of public food. In 1548 there had been passed a law for limiting the growth of the capital within certain bounds, and this *toisé*, as it was called, he now revived, exacting from those who had built beyond the prescribed limits a heavy fine to redeem their property from demolition; the people rose in riot against the surveyors, who could carry out their orders only under the protection of a body of troops. This oppression was succeeded by another still worse—a new and exorbitant tariff upon all articles of food brought into Paris. The outcry of the people aroused the spirit of the Parlement, which had been crushed by Richelieu and cajoled by Mazarin, and it refused to verify the edict without certain modifications. Too timid to force an open rupture, Mazarin withdrew the tariff, but through his agent Emery revived a number of ancient imposts, which, although obsolete, having been sanctioned by former Parlements, could not be rejected. Six new edicts, however, which the king placed before Parlement at the opening of the year 1648, were so violently opposed that Mazarin, in an access of cowardly fear, yielded everything.

Perceiving its own power and the weakness of the minister, the legislative assembly from that time took the upper hand, disputing even the just and reasonable demands of the Government; the provincial Parlements followed the example of the metropolitan; De Retz was stirring the people to revolt, and, to culminate the confusion, the leader of the *Importants*, De Beaufort, was suffered to make his escape from Vincennes. Ere the disturbances assumed dangerous proportions, Mazarin, the queen, together with the young king, contrived to get out of Paris and take shelter at St. Germain.

Briefly noticing the Fronde period, it may be said that throughout that memorable struggle Mazarin was a passive rather than an active person, a quintain at which all parties tilted; De Retz was the real hero of the civil war, and after him Condé and Beaufort, Madame de Chevreuse and Madame de Longueville, played the principal parts. A full description of the innumerable and tortuous intrigues of this extraordinary revolt would fill a whole number of the magazine, would prove exceedingly dull to the general reader, and would throw very little additional light upon Mazarin's character; his policy throughout was but a repetition of that which had gone before—it was false, temporizing, and cowardly. Three times was he obliged to quit Paris, and twice the kingdom, to save his life; once the Parlement declared him guilty of high treason, placed him beyond the pale of the law, and commanded all persons to put him to death wherever he might be found, offering one hundred and fifty thousand livres for his capture alive or dead. And yet, notwithstanding, upon his return from his third and last exile, on the 29th of March, 1653, he was received with every mark of enthusiastic affection; the great nobles, many of whom had been his most virulent enemies, cast themselves at his feet, and jostled each other for the distinction of being first to crouch there; a grand festival was given in his honor at the Hôtel de Ville, and the multitude gathered about the building in crowds, and rent the air with acclamations whenever he appeared at the windows.

Such is the value of popular hate—and popular favor.

De Retz was in prison, Condé and Beaufort were in exile, the party of the Fronde was shattered, the populace were weary of civil strife, and Mazarin still remained master of queen and king. There is something marvelous in the tenacity with which through years of discord, hatred, rebellion, and exile, this man clung to power; France could no more shake him off than could Sinbad the Old Man of the Sea. "I and Time," was a favorite expression of his, and the two certainly wrought wonders for him. He lived down all hate and all enemies, and that with little or no assistance from the headman's ax, and passed the latter years of life in tranquility, absolute authority, and a general toleration almost amounting to popularity. This it is which has given to posterity an exaggerated estimate of his talents.

His rule from first to last was a vicious and unhappy one for France, the success which attended her arms was due to her great commanders, Condé and Turenne, and these were her only off-sets against the oppression, exaction, and the wretched condition of her people which marked the whole period of his administration. Nothing could be more deplorable than the management of the finances. What it was under Emery has been already referred to; Fouquet appropriated and squandered the national money with a magnificent generosity that half-blinds us to his faults; it was reserved for the great Colbert to redeem the crimes and errors of his predecessors. While commerce was almost extinct, the people famishing, and justice dead, Mazarin had but one thought—the aggrandizement of his power and the increase of his enormous wealth.

"Sire," said Fouquet to the king, "the exchequer is empty; but his Eminence the Cardinal will lend you what you want."

The magnificence of his state far surpassed that of royalty itself. When he left Paris for Spain to arrange the Treaty of the Pyrenees and the King's marriage, he took in his train sixty churchmen and nobles of the first rank, accompanied by their retinues; his household attendants were 300 in number, besides a guard of 300 foot and 100 horse; his baggage was conveyed in eight wagons, each drawn by six horses; in addition to these were twenty-four mules, and a great number of led horses. His re-entrance into the capital with Louis and his bride is thus described in one of Madame Scarron's letters:

"The household of Cardinal Mazarin was not the ugliest. It began with seventy-two baggage-mules, of which the first twenty-four had housings, simple enough; the others had more beautiful, finer, and more brilliant housings than the finest tapestries you have ever seen. The last were of red velvet with gold and silver embroidery, and silver bits and bells, all of such magnificence as caused great exclamations. Then passed twenty-four pages, and all the gentlemen and officers of his household; after that, twelve carriages with six horses each, and his guards. In short, his household was more than an hour in passing."

Although usually grasping and avaricious, Mazarin could be magnificent at times. It is related that at one of his great *fêtes* he led his guests through a suite of apartments, in which they were shown furniture, mirrors, cabinets, candelabras, plate, jewels, and other costly articles worth five hundred thousand francs, and that, when they had done admiring these riches, he informed them that he intended to put them all into a lottery for which each person should be presented with a ticket.

The means by which he had accumulated his riches were various, and mostly base: sales of offices, fines, peculations, gambling, plunder of all kinds. Gambling was the all-pervading vice of the age, and the especial favorite of the minister, who, probably, to draw men's minds from State affairs, carefully fostered and encouraged it at court. The king was

early initiated into the custom, and staked and lost the little money he was allowed most royally in the cardinal's or Madame de Soisson's *salons*. Every mansion was a gaming-house, where scores of thousands of francs were lost and won every few minutes. From the court the passion descended to the city, and spread universal corruption.

Nevertheless, Mazarin did much to soften and polish the manners of the nobility, rendered rude and savage by generations of civil war. He introduced a taste for music, and brought singers and operas from Italy. Until his time the royal orchestra was limited to violins; he brought into use various other instruments till then unknown in France. Dancing was also greatly cultivated, and the ballet, which assumed such magnificent proportions during Louis XIV.'s reign, became a principal entertainment in all the court festivities. In fine, he initiated all the luxury, splendor, and refinement which ultimately degenerated into the sybaritism that distinguished the second half of the seventeenth century.

In the meantime he carefully excluded the young king from all State affairs, inclining him to frivolous and vicious pursuits, keeping from him all good books, and diverting his mind from all studies of an ennobling character, or which would instruct him in the art of government. In consequence of this training, the future Augustus grew up very ill educated. La Porte, who was the king's personal attendant during his boyhood, has, in addition to this, brought an accusation against the cardinal too terrible to be repeated in these pages, the veracity of which is seemingly confirmed by the fact that, although banished on account of the assertion during Mazarin's lifetime, he was afterward recalled and taken into favor, which would scarcely have come to pass had his story been false. After all, there must have been something truly great in Louis's nature that it could emerge so well from such a training.

Mazarin had married one niece to the Prince de Conti, and a second to the Duc de Mercœur; two others, Marie and Olympia Mancini, were unmarried; these the cardinal kept at court, and threw constantly into the young monarch's society. Madame de Motteville tells us, when Olympia first arrived in France, she was remarkably plain, but as she grew to womanhood a great improvement took place in her personal appearance. Her eyes were always fine, but from being exceedingly thin, she became plump; her color was high, but delicate; her cheeks were dimpled; her hands and feet small and exceedingly beautiful, and she possessed wit, talents, and grace. Such charms, thrown constantly in his way, could not fail to make some impression upon the heart of a boy of seventeen. They read, sat, talked, danced together, and Louis studied Italian for the express purpose of conversing with her in her own language. But the impression was not lasting; a rival, her own sister, Marie, who has been described as being positively ugly, after a time usurped her place in the king's affections, and took a far firmer hold upon them than Olympia had ever possessed. She reciprocated his tenderness with an all-absorbing passion. Madame de Motteville relates that Mazarin actually entertained the idea of raising his niece to the throne.

"I very much fear," he said to the queen one day, "that the king too greatly desires to espouse my niece.

The queen, who knew her minister, comprehending that he desired what he feigned to fear, replied haughtily:

"If the king were capable of such an indignity, I would put my second son at the head of the whole nation against the king and against you."

"Mazarin," writes Voltaire, "never pardoned, it is said, that response of the queen, but he adopted the wise plan of thinking with her; he assumed honor and merit in opposing the passion of Louis XIV. His power had no need of a queen of the blood for its support; he feared even the character of his niece; and he believed that he strengthened the power of his ministry by avoiding the dangerous glory of elevating his house to too great a height."

Mazarin now resolved to at once remove Marie from the court; upon his declaring this intention, and forbidding any further intercourse between her and the king, her grief and despair was so heartrending that Louis offered to break off the marriage then negotiating with the *infanta*, and make her his queen. How admirably the wily cardinal could act a noble and self-denying part is manifest in the reply he made to this offer: "Having been chosen by the late king, your father, and since then by the queen, your mother, to assist you by my councils, and having served you up to this moment with inviolable fidelity, far be it from me to misemploy the knowledge of your weakness, which you have given me, and the authority in your dominions which you have bestowed upon me, and suffer you to do a thing so contrary to your dignity! I am the master of my niece, and would sooner stab her with my own hand than elevate her by so great a treachery." In two of his letters he threatened the king with resigning his office, and quitting France for ever, unless he relinquished all thoughts of his niece. There are historical writers who have held these heroic effusions to be the expression of his real sentiments, and have praised them accordingly; but such a judgment is in direct contradiction of the whole life of the man. He who could systematically endeavor to debase a boy's mind, and to unfit a young monarch for all the duties of good government, *must* have been wholly destitute of the nobility of character pretended to in that speech and those epistles. Besides which, the concluding *gasconade* about stabbing his niece with his own hand is so opposed to his cold and timid nature, that it would alone suffice to throw discredit upon the whole. It all meant what Voltaire says it did—he found it wise to think with the queen.

Orders were given that Marie should be placed in the convent to which poor Olympia had been already consigned. With tearful eyes the young Louis conducted her with his own hand to the carriage which was to take her away. "You weep, and yet you might command," were her parting words.

There had been several brides proposed for the young monarch—Henrietta of England, Marguerite of Savoy; but, as both countries were desirous of cementing a piece, policy determined the Spanish alliance, and at the end of February, 1660, after several months of negotiations, the Treaty of the Pyrenees was signed, which gave France Alsace, Roussillon, and a large part of Flanders. "Mazarin has one fault," remarked Don Louis de Haro, the Spanish ambassador—"he suffers his design to cheat to be constantly apparent."

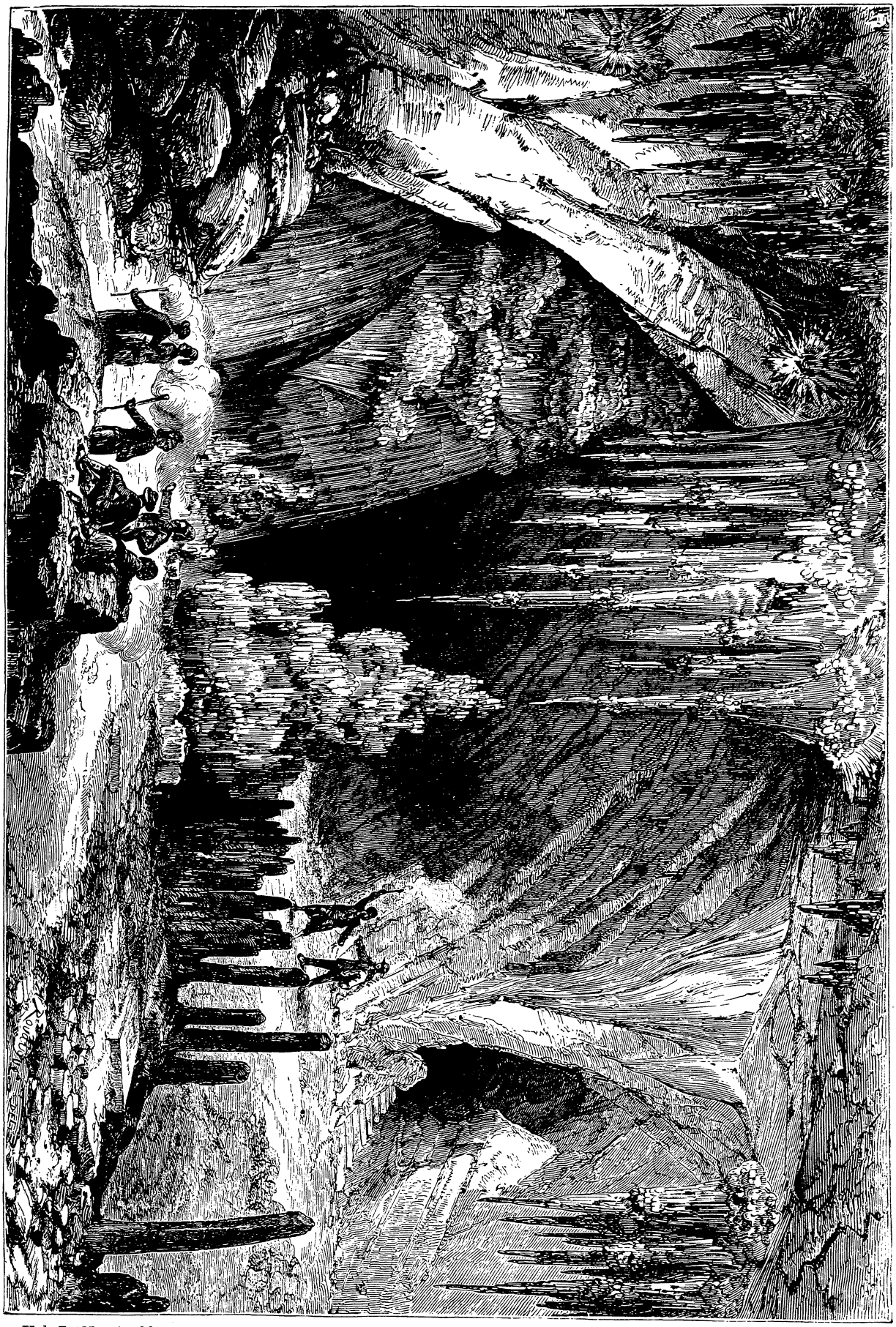
Although Louis was now twenty-two years of age, Mazarin still held absolute power over the State; the king presided over his councils, but his was but the shadow of authority; and those who would obtain favors from him must solicit them through the cardinal. The queen mother was a mere cypher, who could obtain nothing for herself or her adherents without his permission. A painful and fatal disease, however, was hurrying him fast to the grave; anxious to conceal its ravages from strangers, when he received foreign ministers, he had his cheeks covered with rouge. Death found him seated in his chair, dressed in his full cardinal's robes, and his beard carefully trimmed, as if for a *levée;* he continued to sign despatches while his hand could grasp a pen; power passed away only with life. To the last he was consistent with his old hypocrisy; a few hours before his decease he sent a message to the Parlement, in which he declared that he died its very humble servant. The event took place on the 9th of March, 1661.

The character of Mazarin is fully portrayed in the events of his life; how poor it appears beside the Satanic grandeur of his predecessor! it is all mean and mediocre. "Eight years of absolute and tranquil power from his return until

MADAME DE LONGUEVILLE.

his death were marked by no establishment, either glorious or useful," remarks Voltaire.

Mazarin possessed one amiable virtue — clemency. His whole career is unmarked by one vindictive or sanguinary act; never had minister caused so little blood to flow by the ax, and never had minister enemies more numerous and blood-thirsty. This is rare and unique praise for a man of that age. But we must remember that the Italians were at least a century in advance of the French in civilization. Let us not, however, begrudge him this virtue, for he had few others.



THE GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.

Few caves have been longer or more justly famous than the grotto in the island of Antiparos, one of the Cyclades, an island so insignificant in itself that its very name makes it a mere appendage to the neighboring island of Paros.

An old tradition affirms that some conspirators, who failed in an attempt on the life of Alexander the Great, took refuge in this grotto, and a tablet still exists, with traces of an inscription, said to have been the names of these men.

In modern times, we find the island long ruled by Venice, from whom it was wrested by the Turks in 1714, but when the new kingdom of Greece arose Antiparos became its great natural curiosity.

A curious stalagmite, not far from the entrance, and which, in form, somewhat resembled a colossal human figure, long prevented the superstitious from entering or exploring.

This entrance is on the side of a hill, a sort of natural pillar dividing it, and similar pilasters making a sort of rude colonnade, all crowned with creeping plants.

As the cave yawns below you, the pillar forms the support for a rope to enable you to descend. You thus reach a platform with a deep chasm on either side. Mounting an almost perpendicular rock on the right, the traveler begins a longer and much more perilous descent, practicable only by a rope-ladder, and bringing the lover of the picturesque to a mossy rock, whose treacherous surface slopes to caverns deep.

A long, low, narrow, winding passage to the left leads to the main chamber of the grotto.

Monsieur Olier de Nointel, French Ambassador to Turkey, visited it during the Christmas holidays in 1673, and one of his party thus describes the scene:

"Our candles being now all lighted up, and the whole place completely illuminated, never could the eye be presented with a more glittering or a more magnificent scene. The whole roof hung with solid icicles, transparent as glass, yet solid as marble. The eye could scarcely reach the lofty and noble ceiling; the sides were regularly formed with spars; and the whole presented the idea of a magnificent theatre, illuminated with an immense profusion of lights. The floor consisted of solid marble; and, in several places, magnificent columns, thrones, altars, and other objects, appeared, as if nature had designed to mock the curiosities of art. Our voices, upon speaking, or singing, were redoubled to an astonishing loudness; and, upon the firing of a gun, the noise and reverbations were almost deafening. In the midst of this grand amphitheatre rose a concretion of about fifteen feet high, that, in some measure, resembled an altar; from which, taking the hint, we caused Mass to be celebrated there. The beautiful columns that shot up round the altar appeared like candlesticks; and many other natural objects represented the customary ornaments of this rite."

To give brilliancy to the scene, five hundred tapers and lamps were lighted up.

The altar will be noticed in the centre of our illustration, and, like all the concretions that adorn this wonderful cave, is of inimitable beauty in form and in purity of its snowy material.

MONKEY HUNTING.

Monkeys seem hardly fair game, yet some of them are said to be good eating, though it looks like cannibalism to dress one for the pot. In Central America and New Granada they are so numerous and so destructive to crops that hunting them becomes a matter of necessity. They must be kept in bounds. The Barbary ape is equally destructive in Northern Africa, from Bona to the Grand Kabyle; and the Kabyles especially make war on these predatory bands. A lion is well enough for the honor of the thing, but killing monkeys is a contribution to the food supply.

When a band of these marauders, after plundering a cocoanut-tree, are squatted down, divesting them of husk and shell, and drowning the noise of an approaching foe by their chattering, the Kabyles steal up and pour in a volley that generally finishes a band. There is, too, a wonderfully simple kind of trap sometimes used for the capture of these creatures. It consists of a moderately wide-mouthed bottle, of clear glass, secured firmly to a stone, or the root of a tree, or any other convenient base. This is baited with a nut placed inside. The ape, perceiving the nut, presently discovers, by the inductive process, that it is only to be got at by putting his hand down the neck. As soon as he grasps it, however, the hand becomes a fist too large for the mouth of the bottle. And now that passion, which in the more highly developed animal, is called avarice, comes into play. Having got the nut, he objects to giving it up, and, without giving it up, he cannot take his hand out of the bottle; so there he remains, holding on to his property, till the trap-setter comes and takes him into custody.

Monkeys are pretty common, yet, as all the family are remarkably cunning, has it ever occurred to the reader how they are taken? Pitfalls will take a lion, and the famished monarch of the forest will, after a few days' starvation, dart into a cage containing food, and thus be secured. But how are monkeys caught? The ape family resemble man. Their vices are human. They love liquor, and fall.

In Darfour and Sennaar the natives make a fermented beer of which the monkeys are excessively fond. Aware of this, the natives go to the parts of the forests frequented by the monkeys, and set on the ground calabashes full of the enticing liquor. As soon as a monkey sees and tastes it, he utters loud cries of joy that soon attract comrades. Then an orgie begins, and in a short time the beasts show all degrees of intoxication.

Then the negroes appear. The few monkeys who come too late to get fuddled escape. The drinkers are too far gone to distrust the natives, but apparently take them for larger species of their own genus. The negroes take some up, and these immediately begin to weep and cover their captors with maudlin kisses. When a negro takes one by the hand to lead him off, the nearest monkey will cling to the one who thus finds a support, and endeavor to go off also. Another will grasp at him, and thus in turn till the negro leads a staggering line of ten or a dozen tipsy monkeys.

When finally got to the village they are securely caged, and gradually sober down; but for two or three days a gradually diminishing supply of liquor is given them, so as to reconcile them by degrees to their state of captivity.

In a diluted form the wourali poison merely benumbs or stuns the faculties without killing, and is thus made use of by the Indians of South America, when they wish to catch an old monkey alive and tame him for sale. On his falling to the ground they immediately suck the wound, and wrapping him up in a strait-jacket of palm leaves, dose him for a few days with sugar-cane juice, or a strong solution of saltpetre. This method generally answers the purpose, but should his stubborn temper not yet be subdued, they hang him up in smoke. Then after a short time his rage gives way, and his wild eye, assuming a plaintive expression, humbly sues for deliverance. His bonds are now loosened, and even the most unmanageable monkey seems henceforward totally to forget that he ever roamed at liberty in the boundless woods.

A SEA-FIGHT IN THE OLDEN TIME,

BETWEEN MONK, DUKE OF ALBEMARLE, AND ADMIRAL DE RUYTER. AN ENGLISH FIRE-SHIP DEFEATED.

IN the naval war between England and Holland, in 1666, the fleet of the former country was commanded by General Monk, now Duke of Albemarle, who had been ennobled for his share in restoring Charles II. and Prince Rupert, who had fought so gallantly in the civil war.

They were not navy officers, but they had splendid commanders under them. For two months, from the beginning of June to the end of July, the adverse fleets sought each other's destruction, and, in a series of actions, displayed on either side the greatest courage and seamanship, victory favoring each at times, and sometimes mocking both.

In actions of that time fire-ships played a conspicuous part. A vessel sometimes as large as a frigate was loaded with powder and shells, and was steered or towed alongside an enemy's vessel, grappled to her, and the train fired so that she should blow up, destroying the vessel to which she clung. She was, in fact, an immense torpedo, the latter being our modern substitute for the old-fashioned fire-ship.

In the action of July 31, 1666, between De Ruyter and his English antagonist, off the North Foreland, De Ruyster's own flag-ship nearly fell a prey to an English fire-ship. Our illustration shows the splendid rescue, and the defeat of the dangerous companion sought to be forced upon him.

Seeing a fire-ship bear down upon him, escorted by men-of-war, with wind astern, he lowered four long boats, with forty-eight picked men, four being young French noblemen who had come to take part in a stirring battle against the English. These were to attack the fire-ship, and prevent her grappling. The deadly craft, a fine frigate, was so near that her crew took to the boats, leaving only two on board—one at the helm, the other to fire the train. De Ruyter suddenly bore up to leeward, leaving the fire-ship behind; and her crew, in their boats, were suddenly attacked by the Dutch so vigorously that the men on board fired the train, and leaped overboard.

No longer directed at her helm, the vessel, in flames, drifted on an English ship, which, endeavoring to avoid so uncomfortable a partner, ran near the flag-ship of Admiral Van Ness, who poured in such a broadside that she struck, and the fire-ship, left alone in the midst of the fleet, burned fiercely on till she exploded, sending hull and masts and spars aloft in a blaze of fire.

THE BURGLARS OF MACON.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER."

IT was on my first visit to Geneva that I met with the following adventure:

I had been a pretty close student through the Winter and Spring, in the famous Latin Quarter of Paris, and felt the need of a vacation. It was already the middle of June, and the passes of the Alps were open. I determined to visit Mont Blanc, the Oberland, and the Tyrol. I was nineteen years old; an age when we not only enjoy much, but anticipate much. I had dreamed all my life of romantic excursions through the Alps, and, now that I was wearied of the Sorbonne, the Hotel Dieu, the Hospital of Our Mother of Pity, the Cliniquez of Velpeau, and the Lectures of Majendie, I looked forward with an indescribable zest to the fulfilling of my day-dream.

My chum, Charley Felton, was three or four years older than I. He had taken his degree in medicine, and, if I must confess it, was not only more sedate but a harder student than myself. We had been over a year together, and got along admirably with each other. I admired his gravity of demeanor and his application. He liked my free-and-easy manner and my love of fun. He served as a sort of balance-wheel to me, while I could always stir him out of his gravity into a hearty laugh.

Felton was to be my companion on this trip. We purchased two small traveling-bags—for travelers over the Alps must not be encumbered by luggage—and sauntering across the Pont-Neuf one afternoon, we went to the office of the Messageries Royal, and engaged seats Numbers 2 and 4 in the *interieur* of the Lyons diligence, for six o'clock the next morning. I say diligence, for at this period (1837) there was not a single railway in operation in all France.

We were punctually on the spot at the famous rendezvous of Laffitte, Caillard & Co.'s lines, which, at the aforesaid time of six o'clock, started for every part of the kingdom, from their immense courtyard, Number 4 Rue de Grenelle St. Honoré.

I cannot tell you how independent we felt as this nondescript vehicle lumbered slowly out of Paris, amid the cracking of the whips of the postillions over the five horses, and the *sacres* of the conductor.

We were not tied to trunks and boxes. We could carry our little bags on two fingers, and, if we liked, could quit the diligence at any moment, and proceed in any way our fancy might suggest. The world seemed "all before us where to choose," and Lyons was the first principal stopping-place. There we should strike the Rhone, and the Rhone flowed from the Glacier.

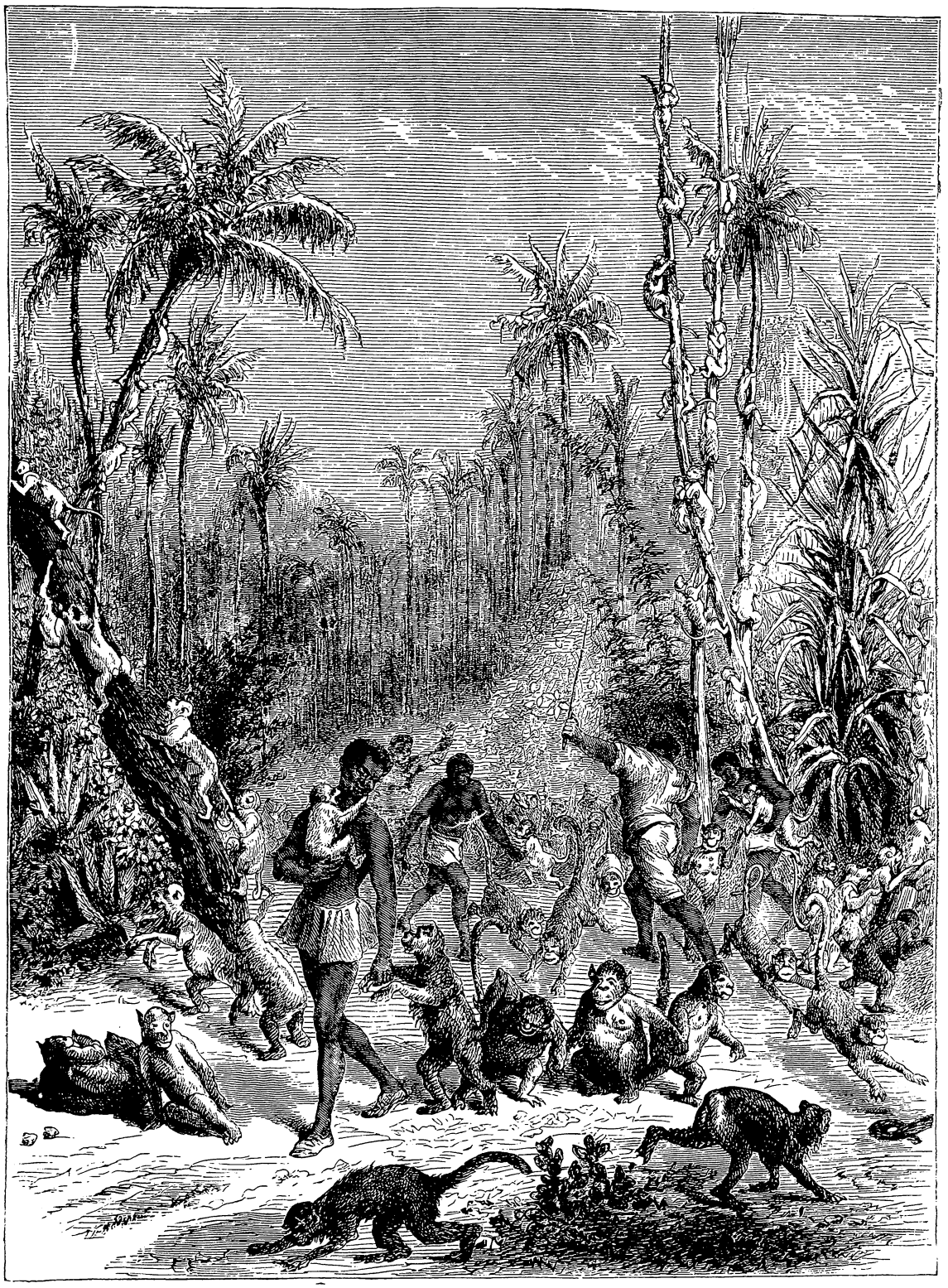
We had corner seats *vis-à-vis*, which was some comfort, for the six places of the *interieur* were all taken. Two besides ourselves were going through to Lyons. These, I recollect distinctly, were an old gentleman and his wife, on a visit to their son, who was a manufacturer of silks. There was a military man on his way to Dijon, and a rather nice-looking woman who was going as far as Chalons. The *rotonde*, the *coupé*, and the *banquette* were also full, so that, when we stopped for refreshments, an odd, motley group met our eyes, descending from this Noah's Ark.

Our route lay through a most charming portion of France, but we had little opportunity to see its beauties. The diligence kept on its monotonous course by day and by night, stopping only for the passengers to take their meals and for change of horses. At Dijon we struck the famous district of Burgundy, and between that place and Chalons passed Clos de Vougort, Nuits, and Beaune, well-known names to the lovers of these favorite brands of wine.

I do not propose to give any account of our excursion, only of the adventure to which I alluded at the beginning of the chapter. An interesting article might be written on the great changes which railways have introduced, by which a journey of four days is shortened to twelve hours, but it is foreign to my present purpose.

It was the night of the third day after we left Paris that we entered Macon, an old town of considerable importance in the wine trade, and which is known as the birthplace of Lamartine.

It was one o'clock at night as we rattled through this solitary place, heralded by shrill blasts from the conductor's horn, to which the cracking of the postillion's whips formed a discordant second. We drove pell-mell up to a dirty-looking tavern in the main street, called, as I now remember, the Hotel Sauvage, where we could either amuse ourselves on the pavement or go into a desolate-looking room without furniture, except a table and a few chairs. It made little difference, I thought, for we should leave again in ten minutes; but, as fresh horses were being yoked, it was



MONKEY HUNTING.—HOW MONKEYS ARE CAPTURED IN DARFOUR.—SEE PAGE 434.

discovered that one of them had cast a shoe, and we were told that this would detain us an hour.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, so bright and clear that we could see objects almost as distinctly as in the daytime. I proposed to Felton to take a little stroll about the town. He would not listen to it.

"I am going on no fool's errand," he said. With that he opened the door of the diligence, got in, and fixed himself snugly in his place.

"If you are wise," he continued, "you will do as I do. We shall have a good hour's sleep while those Frenchmen are chattering over a lost horseshoe."

I felt no disposition to follow his example. The beauty of this midsummer's night was too attractive. The weather was warm, without being oppressive, and the air was loaded with the fragrance of flowers.

First, I inquired particularly which street the diligence would pass through, and received for answer that it would keep the main street which we were now in, until nearly at the River Saone, which ran along one side of the town. It

was a frequent occurrence for passengers to walk on in advance of the diligence during the day, so that the conductor only shrugged his shoulders when I told him what I proposed to do.

"I want to breathe the fresh air," I said, in reply. "I shall not go very far."

"As monsieur pleases," answered the conductor; "but I advise monsieur to be sure and keep the main road, which turns sharp to the right, about a third of a league from here."

I thanked him and started on. It was with a sense of romantic freedom that I passed along the streets of this old town, venturing occasionally to turn aside a short distance to look at an old church or ancient fountain.

As I advanced down the main street, and thus put myself still further from my "base," I experienced a sense of vagabondism which was perfectly delightful. For the moment I would not have cared had the diligence driven by and left me to my wanderings. . . . . Just then I had come opposite a very narrow street, which proved to be a *cul-de-sac*. At the very end of this street I saw a light from a window in the second story of a house, which was built directly across it, and which formed this *cul-de-sac*. In the vagabond spirit I have just spoken of, I turned into this alley and directed my steps toward the light. I took intuitively the dark side, the moon shining brightly on the other. As I came near the building, the casement was thrown open, and a face appeared from the window. The moonbeams fell directly upon it, and disclosed the most horribly repulsive countenance I ever beheld. So dangerous did it appear, that I shrank instinctively in the shadow of the wall. I had frequently seen desperate fellows on their way to the galleys. I had looked at the portrait of Dumourier, "the fiend," and Lamouin, "the murderer," to say nothing of several visits to Madame Tussaud's "chamber of horrors," but I never saw in person, in painting, or in wax, so horrible a face as this. The man looked cautiously out, turning his head, as if listening. Presently the face disappeared, and the casement was closed. What possessed me? I do not know. But, impelled by some strange impulse, I passed stealthily along the alley, reached the house, and pushed the door, which was ajar, softly open. Leaving it so, I mounted the stairs, which were partially lighted by the rays of the moon shining through a small window at the top of the first landing. The stairs creaked under my footsteps, but the door was open below, and I could retreat at will.

MONKEY HUNTING IN ALGERIA.—SEE PAGE 434.

At the top of the first flight I stopped, and, applying my eye to an immense keyhole, saw an unexpected sight.

On a table in the centre of the room was a closed coffin, with two tall wax lights burning at the head. The apartment was scantily furnished, and the two candles made its gloom conspicuous. The man I had seen at the casement

was seated near the window. He had the attitude of a person waiting. His features were even more brutal and repulsive near by than they first appeared. His hair was very long, and hung matted over his forehead, his beard and whiskers were black, and his eyes had an expression so vindictive, that when at times he turned them toward the door I shuddered involuntarily.

I was so well satisfied the man was expecting some one to arrive, that I turned as noiselessly as possible to descend, when I heard a step on the pavement, and immediately after in the entry. Then I heard the door close and a bolt drawn. Next, a heavy tread up the stairway! What should I do? Attempt to rush by the unknown and make my escape into the street? He would, doubtless, turn, and before I could get the door open, would, with the fiend inside, be upon me. Should I ascend another flight, it would only be complicating dangers by adding new features. To confront the unknown was impossible. Even if he were well disposed, how could I explain myself? He was not well-disposed. I was sure of it. I thought of my friend Felton, and the diligence, and our companions; and a pang such as I never experienced before shot through me.

All this passed in the quarter of a minute wherein the new-comer was stepping heavily up the stairs.

I moved to the further side of the landing, quite into the shadow, crowded myself into a niche constructed to admit a statue, and held my breath.

The creature appeared. It was a man. I could see him distinctly. He bore on his back a large sack, which he carried with difficulty. He was older than the one inside, but, though hideous in aspect, was not so repulsive and terrible. Fortunately, he was too much occupied to look about him. He stopped at the door, knocked, and was speedily admitted.

You would think my first impulse would be to cautiously descend and make my escape; but, the immediate danger passed, I felt an intense curiosity to know what was going on inside.

Once more I applied to the keyhole.

They had already commenced business. The last comer produced a screwdriver, and began to unscrew the lid of the coffin. As he did so, I had full opportunity to peruse his face. Notwithstanding its ruffianly appearance, there was about it an exhausted, hopeless, despairing expression, which made me feel sorry for him. He worked away mechanically, drawing the screws one by one, and laying them on the mantelpiece. At length all were out.

The other now came forward and took hold of the lid to assist in raising it.

"*Laissez-mot!*" exclaimed the other, stepping in front of his companion, and pushing him aside. The wretch grinned hideously, but took his seat again. The other then proceeded to remove the lid, and, bending down with tenderness, took in his arms from the coffin the body of a young girl, who could not have been more than eighteen. She was arrayed for the grave. Why was she now to be disturbed?

He placed the corpse on the bed in the most gentle manner, just as a parent would lay in its little cradle a sleeping child. Next, the bag was emptied of its contents. These consisted of various tools, odd-looking instruments, such as I never saw before, two small crowbars, some masks, two caps, a couple of blouses, a quantity of false hair, false whiskers and mustaches. All these were carefully packed in the lower end of the coffin. The corpse was then replaced in it with the same tender care. A quantity of loose paper was laid in at the side, probably to make the packing tight.

After carefully arranging the lid of the coffin, the screws were adjusted and turned down. All this time the fiendish-looking wretch was sitting by the window watching the street.

When the one who was working at the coffin-lid had finished, he turned to the other, and in a tone of intense bitterness, exclaimed, "*C'est fait.*"

"*Il y a encore un*" (there is still one), cried the fiend, pointing to a single screw which had escaped his companion's attention.

At this moment I raised my head, and, glancing out of the window, saw, to my horror, the diligence driving past at the bottom of the street. Without an instant's hesitation, I dashed down the stairs. It was not difficult to find the bolt and to draw it. I rushed along the alley into the main street with the greatest possible speed, bawling at the top of my voice, "*Arrêtez! Arrêtez!*" mingled with cries of "Felton, Felton—stop the diligence!" We all know the old diligence was not a fast institution, but being behind time the conductor was pushing on with considerable speed. I think the rascal heard me all the while, and was unwilling to stop. I had this consolation—I was gaining on him, and my endurance was good. Suddenly I saw Felton's head thrust from the window, and heard him also crying "Stop! Stop!" The conductor could not be deaf any longer. The diligence was brought to a halt. I got in and resumed my seat, "a wiser and a sadder man," without saying one word. Felton knew something had happened, but was discreet enough not to question me. It was not till we reached Geneva that I told him my adventure.

* * * * * * *

Two days later, while we were still at the *Hotel de l'Europe*, Felton handed me a Lyons newspaper, and pointing to an article, said, quietly: "There is the explanation." I took the paper and read as follows:

"THE MURDERERS OF MONSIEUR DANOIS ARRESTED.—Day before yesterday screams were heard proceeding from the blind alley (*cul-de-sac*) Vouteuil—my cries to stop the diligence, doubtless—which were continued so long, that they attracted the notice of two *gens-d'armes*, No. 18 and No. 31, who were crossing Rue Vernot. They saw a light burning in the house No. 20, which forms the *cul-de-sac* at the end of the alley, and known as a rendezvous for some desperate characters always under *surveillance*. The *gens-d'armes* were joined by Sergeant Ducros, and, proceeding to the room where the light was, found it occupied by two brutal-looking wretches. One was standing, when the officers entered, at the head of a coffin, with a screwdriver in his hand, and gave himself up without resistance. His companion made a desperate fight, wounding all three of the officers before he could be secured On examining the coffin, it was found to contain the corpse of a young girl, and, horrible to relate, a double set of burglar's tools, masks, and various disguises; also two blouses, which were covered with blood. These men proved to be Antoine Loeuze and Pierre Marrin, two of the most notorious characters in the Department, and are the murderers of Monsieur Danois of Fontenay, whose house was entered and robbed about two weeks ago. The criminals had been hunted so close that, to conceal their implements and all traces which might lead to their detention, they had recourse to this shocking expedient. The man Marrin has confessed all, while Loeuze refuses to speak one word. The corpse is that of Marrin's daughter—his only child—but sixteen years old, of unexceptionable character, and who, it is believed, lived in complete ignorance of her father's terrible trade. He himself declares that, since his child's death, he has no desire to live. Both men are lodged in prison to await their trial at the next court."

* * * * * * *

The following day we left Geneva for Mont Blanc.

I was for a time fully cured of my romantic propensity for exploring dangerous localities after midnight, and for watching the doings of burglars through a keyhole up a crazy flight of stairs. The incident, so said Felton, had made me quite rational in this respect. I dare say it did. But it took a long time to put aside the remembrance of that innocent face, and I used to imagine a thousand circumstances in what must have been her unfortunate life. In fact, now, after more than thirty years, I often recur to it.

"THAT HOUSEKEEPER."

"BUT Tom," said I, "don't you think it is odd?"

"Yes, very," replied my husband, swinging my little King Charles in an anti-maccassar. "Very odd, indeed! What is it, my dear?"

I had positively been talking to that provoking man for half an hour, and I don't believe he had heard a word. But, of course, I knew scolding would not fix his attention. I had been married two years, and knew better, so I strategized.

"Oh, my goodness!" I exclaimed, in a little terrified scream.

Jip dropped on the carpet with a bang that made him run up the whole gamut of yells.

"What in the world is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," I replied, serenely. "I swept your meerschaum off the table with my sleeve, and I thought I had broken it, but I see it is not hurt."

It was quite a master-stroke of domestic diplomacy; he turned quite pale. I knew I could manage him. He had been "coloring" that meerschaum abomination, and I verily believe valued it above all earthly possessions. "Coloring" a pipe, means smoking it before meals and after meals and between meals, very early in the morning, and very late at night; smoking it when you are happy, smoking it when you are miserable, smoking it when you are well, and smoking it when you are sick, and after you have finished smoking it, beginning again. The rest of the time you keep it wrapped up in crape, and nearly drive people crazy by constantly telling them not "to touch that meerschaum." If you persevere long enough, and make a point of smoking in bed, you will probably succeed in setting your house on fire, giving your family dyspepsia, and making your pipe look very nice and dirty. But how far I have wandered from the original subject!

"Tom, dear," I said, after a silence, "I was talking about that housekeeper."

"'That housekeeper,'" caressing the meerschaum. "I suppose you mean that late domestic acquisition of yours who acts as your brother's nurse?"

"Well, yes. I was saying that I thought she was very odd."

"Define the term 'odd,'" said Tom.

"'That housekeeper,' as you insist on calling her, strikes me as being a very respectable, unobtrusive, young old lady, of a somewhat eccentric turn of mind, said eccentricity being marked by a predilection for green spectacles, and a white crape cap, otherwise. I regard her as useful if not ornamental."

"She takes very good care of John."

"But her dress is not all that is peculiar about her. She has such strange quiet ways! Why, I don't believe I ever heard her speak above a whisper. And then, the first night she came (the night after John was taken so ill, you remember), she seemed so terribly agitated, I declare I was quite nervous. Then another circumstance impressed me so strangely, on returning to the room after having left her for a few moments, I actually found her kneeling by the bedside, resting her face on the pillow, and sobbing as though her heart would break. Now *don't* you think it is odd, Tom?"

"It does sound rather singular, said he. "But perhaps John reminds her of some lost son of hers. She is just the nervous, sensitive creature to be deeply affected by such a thing."

"It may be so," I replied, meditatively, "but I always feel as though there were some mystery about her. She is very attentive to John, though. Poor Jack! if he only had a wife."

"Why, Alice," exclaimed my husband, "what are you talking about?"

"I do not understand you."

"Whe-e-w," whistled he. "Do you mean to say you never heard the history of John's marriage?" My work dropped from my hands on to the floor in my astonishment.

"You must be dreaming," I said, almost indignantly.

"No. It is true, too true, for poor Jack's happiness, I fear. You see, Alice, it happened when he was down South. I can't tell you the particulars, but I believe he married the daughter of some broken-down merchant. The rest is an old story; the poor fellow found too late that the girl's heart had never been his, and that she had been dragged into the marriage by her father. How he discovered it I don't exactly know, but Thorpe said that one day a man was found lying all crushed and mangled on the track, after the cars had passed, and the people took him to your brother's house. I fancy the wife recognized him as the lover from whom her marriage had separated her, for they say there was some scene in the very room where the dead man lay. How it ended, no one could tell, but the next week John came North, leaving his wife behind him, and since then they have never met. She was very young, a mere child I hear, and he loved her to adoration. Poor old boy! he deserved a happier lot!"

The tears were in my eyes. Poor Jack! and this was the cause of his sadness—a weary life, his broken health and crushed spirits. How he must have suffered!

"Oh! Tom," I said, "and we can't help him."

He shook his head.

"No; but—I don't know how it is, but I have such firm faith that it will all come out right. I do not see how a woman can live, and not appreciate his goodness in the end."

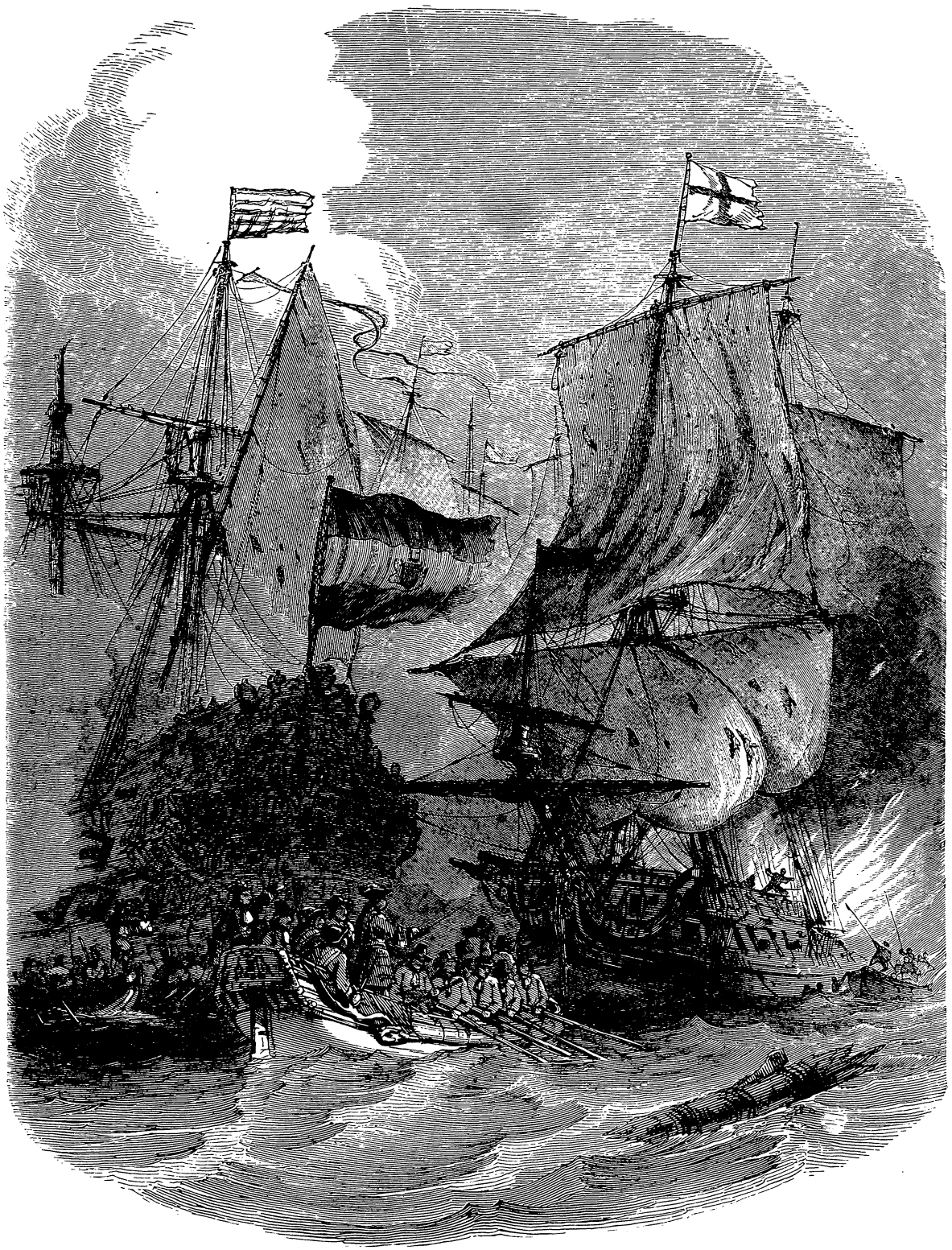
I could not understand how it could come to pass, but Tom always is in the right, and I have learned to trust him so, that in spite of the seeming improbability his words comforted me.

The story made me forget all about that housekeeper; indeed my mind was so full of it, that I believe I should never have thought of her oddity again, if a curious circumstance had not recalled it to my mind.

Since the failing of his health, my brother had made our house his home, and I had constituted myself his chief nurse. Going into his room I found he needed something which it required the housekeeper's services to procure. Being told by the servants that she was in her room, as I wished to speak to her about the matter myself, I stopped there on my way upstairs, and knocked for admittance. I received no answer to the summons, so I opened the door and looked in.

She was standing before the glass with her cap off, her face resting on her folded arms, her hair falling about her. The utter dejection of her position struck me as almost terrible; but this was not all—her unbound hair, instead of being gray and scant, as would have been expected in a person of her age, was glittering and luxuriant, sweeping in a mass of soft blonde coils to her very waist.

I started back in amazement. I felt as if, in some unaccountable manner, I had broken upon a secret. I turned to leave the room without disturbing her, but at that moment she raised her head, and her eyes met mine. Until then I had never seen them unless beneath the disfiguring spectacles; now they shone upon me in strange discordance with her withered face.



A SEA FIGHT IN THE OLDEN TIME.—SEE PAGE 435.

Beautiful eyes they were, large and amber-brown, timid as a frightened fawn's, tender and soft as a girl's. Her face flushed crimson, and she trembled from head to foot.

"I beg pardon," she said, "I did not know you were here."

I could not tell what to say, she was so evidently agitated, that I was filled with pity, and so tried to pretend that I had not noticed her appearance. I am afraid I did not succeed very well, but at least my manner reassured her.

"It is I who ought to ask pardon for my intrusion," I said, pleasantly. "Pray excuse me, but Mr. Kenyon wanted you," and, having explained my errand, left her.

I wonder if women really are more curious than men? Do you know when I told Tom of my adventure, as I called it, he did not seem as anxious, and actually laughed at my excitement. He said that she might have glass eyes, and then told me some frightful stories about old ladies with remarkable hair. I don't like to doubt Tom, but really

THAT HOUSEKEEPER.—"I RECEIVED NO ANSWER, SO I OPENED THE DOOR AND LOOKED IN."—SEE PAGE 439.

when he begins to descant on female centenarians with—

"Chignons *à la Chinoise*
And chignons *à la Grecque*,
With chignons *à la bushel*,
And chignons *à la peck*,"

I must say I feel rather dubious; but then Tom will always make fun. He says I am such a confiding innocent, that he likes to "yarn" to me. (Query? What is "yarn"? can it possibly mean fib?)

But how that housekeeper did trouble me! Troubled me with her soft step and whispering voice, troubled always and horribly with the thought of the star-eyes in the withered face, with the memory of the golden hair hidden in the widow's cap. She haunted me even in my dreams, always connecting them strangely enough with the story of my brother's loved but unloving wife, she grew upon me like a nightmare, always surrounded as she was by an unfathomable mystery. No one but myself seemed to have noticed her particularly. True, John had one day spoken praisingly of her, and wondered at the extreme grace and youthfulness of her figure, as compared with the rest of her appearance, but that was all. Under the influence of the constant sense of watchfulness, I grew nervous and restless. I began to lock my door carefully at night, and excite Tom's delighted mirth by looking into the wardrobe and under the bed before retiring. The provoking man was in ecstacies, and once when I thought I saw something and started back, exclaiming: "Oh, Tom, there's a man under the dressing-table!" he actually had the cruelty to answer me in the words of that dreadful Jones: "Is there, my dear? You don't say so! Well, I am very glad you have found him at last; you have been looking for him long enough." But one night, being awakened from my sleep by a dream of unusual vividness, I could control myself no longer, and, under the influence of an almost irresistible impulse, took a taper and went upstairs to the woman's room.

A light was burning dimly, and she lay upon the bed, her soft hair shining like an aureola as it floated upon the pillow, her hands clasped upon her bosom. I bent over her, smothering a little cry which rose to my lips. The wrinkles were gone, the dingy tinge upon her skin had disappeared, her face was almost snowy in its whiteness and freedom from color, her lips were delicately carmine, her folded hands fair and blue-veined as a baby's. It was no elderly person who lay before me, it was a girl—a girl who could not possibly be more than eighteen years of age—a girl wonderfully beautiful? What did it mean?

A thought whose wildness startled me darted across my mind.

"It cannot be," I said, the next moment. "It cannot be," and moved by a feeling of pity, I stooped and kissed her softly. She moved uneasily.

"My darling," she murmured. "My darling, forgive me—love me."

I turned away with tearful eyes, content to let the poor child's secret rest, whatever it might be. I was too thoroughly excited to sleep again that night, but I determined not to tell Tom.

After breakfast the next morning, I went to John's room, and found the housekeeper there before me. I dared hardly trust myself to look at her, and she too seemed to avoid my eyes. All the day she was passing to and fro, with the soft step and low whispering voice, obeying my orders, yet hardly addressing a word to me.

I felt a curious sense of foreboding that something unusual was going to occur. I waited for it, and watched for it, yet so unconsciously, that when at last the *dénouement* came, it might have been a thing of which I had never dreamed.

It was late in the evening, John had fallen asleep upon his couch, and I was seated beside, watching him, when suddenly, without any previous summons, the housekeeper entered. The eye-shades were over her eyes, the cap upon her head, but, beneath, her face shone out star-white and pure.

She took a seat near me, and drawing from her pocket a blue satin rosette, handed it to me. I had missed it from my slipper when I dressed in the morning, and now I knew that I must have dropped it in her room the night before.

"I have a story to tell," she said, not in the low whisper, but soft and clearly. "If I tell it to you, will you listen?"

I bent my head silently for answer, and she began:

It is a sad one. The history of a woman's heart, sad

THAT HOUSEKEEPER.—"CLAIRE," HE SAID, HUSKILY. "MY POOR CHILD! AND I HAVE WRONGED YOU SO!"

enough to be true, for I think the truest of such histories are those which are most sad.

Two years ago there lived in one of the Southern States a broken-down merchant whom an unlucky speculation had plunged from wealth and luxury into poverty and debt. I will not say that he was a bad man, but at least he was not a good one—such a one as would sacrifice a pure emotion before a golden shrine.

He had one daughter, a girl of passionately warm heart and naturally good impulses—a girl such as a tender hand might lead into a path of noble womanhood, or a rough one blight into deformity. In the days of her prosperity she had met with a man who professed to love her, and at whose feet she poured out the whole treasure of her soul. She thought that his coming had been the perfecting of her imperfect life, that in loving her he had raised her above earth aud earthly things. She was very young—not more than sixteen years old. Blame her for what I am going to relate if you will, pity her if you can.

Time passed, bright Summer months in which day by day her life grew into a sweet, tender idyl. Then came the downfall, and—the ending of her love-poem is so dully commonplace that you will guess it before I speak. With the lost wealth the lover was lost, the idyllic life fell into dreary prose, the music and the rhythmical measure dropped out of her heart, leaving it dark to a wild terror. I think, under the first crushing weight of her misery, this girl was mad—she must have been—for then at her father's tempting she gave herself as a curse to a man who was as far above her old lover as heaven is above earth.

She did not think of the wrong she was doing in her reckless despair, she thought of nothing but the one pitiful motive of revenging herself upon the man who had been false to her.

She had not been married long before she awoke to the full sense of the sin she had committed, to the full revelation of the misery she had entailed upon her husband and herself.

In his strong tender way this man loved her to adoration, revered everything she had touched or worn, bore with her faults and coldness as no other man on earth would have borne, loved her, and was gentle in spite of all.

She saw this when the first sting of her pain was dulled, saw it and began to try at least to do her duty toward him, as but a poor return for his affection. I think she might have succeeded—I think she had succeeded partly—but just as her heart was being drawn toward him her lover returned; came with specious tales and tender words, came and knelt at her feet, praying for a word of forgiveness as a coward might pray for an hour of life.

I told you that she was but a child. If you blame her at all you must blame her now, for, as he knelt there pleading, all the old passionate yearning came back, all the old passionate love went out to him in a bitter cry.

"I love you," she said. "I love you. God forgive me for what I have done!"

Then he pleaded with her for a proof of this, and then, in her girlish weakness and despair, she promised to forsake her husband and follow him wherever fate might lead. She was going to a ball that night, and it was agreed that on her return he should be in waiting for her, having made arrangements to leave the country.

"I will be here at all risks," he said. "If I cannot come alive I will come a corpse."

He left her, and—can you guess the rest?—that night came back again. How? Oh, merciful God!

In spite of her misery she had kept her engagement with her husband; when she returned—(the woman was bending toward me, and her voice had sunk into a horror-stricken whisper)—when she returned and entered the hall her gorgeous dress trailed in a horrid pool that lay upon the marble floor—a pool that dabbled and stained it with scarlet. The servants gathered together in awe-struck groups, told her that a dead man had been brought to the house—a man who had been crushed by a passing train.

Urged by a mad impulse, in spite of her husband's detaining hand, she rushed into the room where the corpse was laid. The rich carpet was spotted with great gouts that dripped, dripped and splashed from the covering thrown over the awful figure—a figure crushed and mangled, slashed and cut by the tons of iron that had torn it from all semblance of humanity.

She stood beside it struck with fierce terror, listening to the dull drip, drip of the slippery drops; gazing stonily at the curls of fair hair matted and stiff with blood, at the perfect hand extended starkly from beneath the covering as if to clasp hers—the marble hand with the ring upon its finger.

He had said that he would come to her alive or dead, and so he had come!

It seemed to her as though she watched the fearful thing for years. At last she became conscious that her husband stood beside her.

"Come away, darling," he said, tenderly. "Poor fellow! I wonder who he is?"

She did not know what possessed her, but she turned to him, feeling rigid and emotionless as marble.

"This is the man I love," she said, slowly. "The only man whom I have ever loved. The man for whose dear sake I curse the day that made you my husband."

* * * * * * *

(There was a slight movement at my side, a sound as of a groan, and turning I saw that John's eyes were open and fixed on the woman's face. She stopped for a moment as though to collect her strength, and then, with both white hands wrung together on her lap, went on low and monotonously):

* * * * * * *

A weaker man might have despised her for the avowal, a harsher man hated her; but he was neither weak nor harsh, and in his tender, mightful love he pitied her. She saw the bitter pain creep up into his eyes, but he did not flinch under it.

"Claire," he said, huskily. "My poor child! And I have wronged you so!"

He did not say, "You have wronged and deceived me;" he did not say, "Yours was the sin, let yours be the blame." In his brave strength of pity he took the burden upon himself. Holding the dead man's hand, standing by the crushed mass of hideousness, she told him the whole story from beginning to end, hiding nothing, and even then he did not reproach her. He gave up his claim to her in the face of his misery, and then with a tender prayer upon his lips left her—false, cruel heart that she was—never to return.

* * * * * * *

There was another pause here, then, with eyes meeting my brother's, she went on very slowly:

I wonder—I have often wondered if the rest of this story would be trusted. However that is, I must tell it.

After he had left her, after she knew that he was indeed gone forever, this girl found out the treasure she had cast aside, learnt to see the contrast between the man who would have drawn her to shame and sin and the man who would sacrifice life and love for her; who for her sake would root up from his deep heart all that made life fair to him.

Slowly it grew upon her. Slowly the truth broke in upon her mind. Passing about her home she saw that all his thoughts had been for her, that while she had wronged and tortured him he had lived but for her happiness.

In her dreams he stood before her, brave and loyal as of old, grand and lion-hearted; in the day-time he haunted her in every room, in every passage. Every hour she longed for his kindly smile, for but one of the loving caresses which he had lavished upon her. The time came when she started from her slumbers sobbing out his name, when the thought of him would send her groveling upon the floor in her grief and self-abasement, when a scrap of his writing was dimmed with her tears and worn with her passionate kisses.

For almost a year this went on, and then the agony became too much. She would go and seek him, search for him everywhere, if when she found him she might only be his servant, might only be near him, see him, sometimes perhaps touch him. For some months her searching was in vain, then she discovered that he was far away—sick and almost dying. The day after she heard the news she was on her way to his adopted home. The sister with whom he lived needed a person to act in the capacity of housekeeper and nurse to her sick brother. She reached the place one night, when her husband was supposed to be on his death-bed, and was received into the house. She was allowed to wait on him, to serve him, to be with him always. No one seemed to penetrate the disguise she used, and she made up her mind, when the sick man was strong enough to bear the excitement, to tell him the whole pitiful truth, and ask his forgiveness.

Would he forgive her? Dare she hope that he would take her to his heart again? She did not deserve it, but she dared to hope he would, he had been so true and gentle in the olden days—so pitying and tender!

The day came when the story was told, when the erring wife stood before her husband pleading for but a little place in his heart.

"I love you!" she said. "I love you now. My darling. My darling!"

* * * * * * *

She had risen from her seat and fallen upon her knees before him, sobbing like a weary child. The cap was off, the eye-shades lay upon the carpet, her face was hidden upon his pillow.

Oh, how tenderly he drew her to his broad breast, as stooping he kissed the golden-shadowed hair!

"Claire, my love," he whispered. "And has my wife—my wife—come home to me at last?"

Dear, dear old Jack, the reward of his patient waiting had been given to him indeed!

I watched them for a moment with the tears streaming from my eyes, and then jumping up left them to themselves.

Of course I ran straight to find dear Tom. He was in the hall preparing to go out, but I took him by the button and pulled him into the breakfast-room, and shutting the door, set my back against it.

"Oh, Tom!" I said, almost breathless with excitement, and with the tears running down my cheeks. "She has come back to him."

He actually didn't know who I meant.

"Come back? Who?"

"John's wife," sobbed I. "And she does love him after all, and—and she is up-stairs, and guess who she is? Oh, Tom, she's 'that housekeeper'!"

CURIOUS AND USEFUL CROW.

J. Surder, of Virginia, owns a crow which serves as a substitute for dogs, cats, and all other domestic sentinels. He destroys every frog about the well; allows a mouse no chance for his life; drives hawks from the poultry, and bids fair to act as the best squirrel-dog in the country. He readily spies the squirrel, either upon the fence or on the trees, and with a natural antipathy to the squirrel tribe, his shrill, keen note is readily detected by his owner, accompanied by rapid darts up and down, and the owner is thus led to the game. The most remarkable feature about the crow is that he invariably keeps five or six days' rations ahead of time, well concealed.

THE GREY-BEARD, OR BELLARMINE.

The manufacture of a coarse, strong pottery, known as "stoneware," from its power of withstanding fracture and endurance of heat, originated in the Low Countries in the early part of the sixteenth century.

The people of Holland particularly excelled in the trade, and the productions of the town of Delft were known all over Christendom.

During the religious feuds which raged so horribly in Holland, the Protestant party originated a design for a drinking-jug, in ridicule of their great opponent, the famed Cardinal Bellarmine, who had been sent into the Low Countries to oppose in person, and by his pen, the progress of the reformed religion.

He is described as "short and hard-featured," and thus he was typified in the corpulent beer-jug here delineated. To make the resemblance greater, the cardinal's face, with the great square-cut beard then peculiar to ecclesiastics, and termed "the cathedral beard," was placed in front of the jug, which was as often called "a grey-beard" as it was "a Bellarmine." It was so popular as to be manufactured by thousands, in all sizes and qualities of cheapness; sometimes the face was delineated in the rudest and fiercest style. It met with a large sale in England, and many fragments of these jugs of the reign of Elizabeth and James I. have been exhumed in London.

The writers of that era very frequently allude to it.

Bulwer, in his "Artificial Changeling, 1653," says of a formal doctor, that "the fashion of his beard was just, for all the world, like those upon Flemish jugs, bearing in gross the form of a broom—narrow above and broad beneath."

Ben Jonson, in "Bartholomew Fair," says of a drunkard, "The man with the beard has almost struck up his heels."

But the best description is the following, in Cartwright's play, "The Ordinary," 1651:

> ——"Thou thing!
> Thy belly looks like to some strutting hill,
> O'ershadowed with thy rough beard like a wood;
> Or like a larger jug, that some men call
> 'A Bellarmine,' but we a conscience,
> Whereon the tender hand of pagan workman
> Over the proud ambitious head hath carved
> An idol large, with beard episcopal,
> Making the vessel look like tyrant Eglon!"

The term "grey-beard" is still applied in Scotland to this kind of stoneware jug, though the face of Bellarmine no longer adorns it.

About 1770, there flourished a Mrs. Balfour, of Denbog, in the county of Fife. The nearest neighbor of Denbog was a Mr. David Paterson, who had the character of being a good deal of a humorist.

One day when Paterson called, he found Mrs. Balfour engaged in one of her half-yearly brewings—it being the custom in those days, each March and October, to make as much ale as would serve for the ensuing six months. She was in a great pother about bottles, her stock of which fell far short of the number required, and she asked Mr. Paterson if he could lend her any.

"No," said Paterson, "but I think I could bring you a

few 'grey-beards' that would hold a good deal; perhaps that would do."

The lady assented, and appointed a day when he should come again, and bring his 'grey-beards' with him.

On the proper day, Mr. Paterson made his appearance in Mrs. Balfour's little parlor.

"Well, Mr. Paterson, have you brought your 'grey-beards'?

"Oh, yes. They're downstairs waiting for you."

"How many are there?"

"Nae less than ten."

"Well, I hope they're pretty large, for really I find I have a good deal more ale than I have bottles for."

"I'se warrant ye, mem, ilk ane o' them will hold twa gallons."

"Oh, that will do extremely well."

Down goes the lady.

"I left them in the dining-room," said Paterson.

When the lady went in, she found ten of the most bibulous old lairds of the north of Fife. She at once perceived the joke, and entered into it.

After a hearty laugh had gone round, she said she thought it would be as well to have dinner before filling the grey-beards; and it was accordingly arranged that the gentlemen should take a ramble, and come in to dinner at two o'clock.

The extra also is understood to have been duly disposed of.

A CURIOUS AND USEFUL CROW.—SEE PAGE 443.

ANCIENT DRINKING JUG.—SEE PAGE 443.

——:o:——

Old Redoubt at Pittsburgh.

THE only remaining vestige of Fort Pitt, that, more than a century ago, occupied the place where the city of Pittsburgh now stands, is the old redoubt represented in our engraving. It is very heavily built of stone, and was erected in 1764. This ruin, associated with the memories of the Revolutionary struggle, was last used as a dwelling-house. It is now, we believe, tenantless, but still stands a venerable monument of war in the midst of the busy city.

——:o:——

THE JAR OF PEACHES.

THE soft May winds were tossing about pink waves of apple-blossoms in the orchard, wafting little gusts of perfume upon the air; the Spring sunshine lay in patches of gold across the old-fashioned porch, where a clinging wistaria was already opening its purple clusters; the canary was singing shrilly at one of the tiny latticed windows, and the little cottage looked as pretty a place as heart could wish, as Lilian Brentford walked up the box-bordered path, and, with a little sigh of weariness, entered the cheerful parlor. A trim, compact figure, with dainty feet and hands, clear dark skin, bright brown eyes with long lashes, and a pointed chin, with a dimple coming and going as she spoke or laughed, no wonder the "Widow Brentford" looked up with fond admiration in her eyes as her daughter entered her presence.

"Well, Lilly, what's the news?" she said, cheerfully, pushing a pile of unfinished work from a chair, and making room for the girl to sit down.

"No very good news, mamma; Sarah Lent is going to boarding-school, and her mother says it isn't worth while for Mary to go on with her music alone, so there go two of my best scholars. It's hard work trying to make both ends meet, isn't it, mamma dear? and my poor old dress gets shabbier and more rusty every day;" and Lilian glanced ruefully at the well-worn suit that had done good service, and showed it, too.

"I am sorry, Lilian, of course; but then you're not very strong, and the Summer is coming on, so, perhaps, it's all for the best; you might have overtaxed your strength. I don't see, just this minute,"

OLD REDOUBT AT PITTSBURGH.

she added, with a puzzled air, "where we are to get money for our rent—but we can manage it somehow, I don't doubt"—and the widow smiled bravely up into her daughter's saddened face.

"I'll tell you what I've been thinking of, for ever so long, mamma," said Lilly. "I knew all along I *ought* to do it, but I dreaded, and put it off day after day, hoping things would look brighter. But now I've made up my mind. I'll sell my piano! Frank told me last evening there was a lady at the store wanting to buy one, of Sandolini's make, and they hadn't anything that suited her."

"Sell your piano, Lilian!" remonstrated Mrs. Brentford. "Why, what would you do without it?"

"I haven't any home-pupils now, mamma," Lilian answered, "and may not have; and, as for myself, we can bring the little spindle-legged one down-stairs, and I'll get Frank to tune it for me. Of course it won't be so good as this one, but it would be simple extravagance to keep this, when we are suffering for so many more necessary things.

THE JAR OF PEACHES.—"SHE GAVE A SPRING, AND LANDING LIGHTLY ON THE CARPET, FOUND HERSELF FACE TO FACE WITH A TALL YOUNG MAN."

So, you see, mamma," she added, with an attempt at cheerfulness, "that the old piano that poor old Uncle Silas used so to delight in, and we have always laughed at, will do us a good turn yet."

Mrs. Brentford did not answer, but took up her work with a regretful sigh, and began once more the weary task of stitching.

"Mamma," began Lilian, after a few moments of silence, during which the canary-bird executed a series of trills, and the clock ticked monotonously on, "if only Uncle Silas had been as rich as people said he was, I needn't have been parting with my piano now. What do you suppose he meant by that mysterious will of his, which would have made me an heiress if he had any money to bequeath?"

Mrs. Brentford smiled sadly.

"I have long ceased to ask myself that question, Lilly. I remember too well what a search we all had for an imaginary treasure, turning everything upside down and downside up!"

"Was it thought that anybody had stolen it, or did they believe that Uncle Silas had only imagined he possessed wealth? Sick people have had such vagaries before, you know!"

"Well, my dear, it was a weary time, and I don't like to remember it; but I believe they thought he had hidden money somewhere, and forgotten about it. I watched with him the night he died, and I think he was trying all the time to tell me something. He pointed down to the parlor-ceiling, and said, 'There! there!' over and over again, with a never-varying persistency that I can hardly account for now. But we searched every nook and corner, we even had the flooring taken up, but nothing was ever found. Perhaps he made away with the remnant of his fortune in some of his delirious fits. At any rate, I never got anything but the old furniture, though I believe he died thinking he had provided handsomely for you and me."

And the widow gave a sigh as her thoughts went back twenty years into the past, when the old gray-headed man had been used to smooth her bright hair lovingly with his big brown hand, and tell her how she should be rich when he was gone.

But Lilian, who had no such memories of the past, was busy with projects for the present.

"Mamma!" she burst forth, "may I ask Frank to tea to-night? You know, if he tunes the piano, he'll have to stay some time, and I should so like to have him!"

"Well, dear, if you like," demurred Mrs. Brentford; "but you know that our teas are no very great affairs. Bread and butter and radishes, although they do well enough for us two, are scarcely tempting fare to offer a hungry young man."

"Now, mamma, I'm sure our tea is very nice, and I might open that jar of preserves Mrs. Loring sent me when I was sick, if you wouldn't mind. I think we might afford to treat ourselves a little, once in a while. Frank so seldom comes to tea, and, if I sell my piano, we shall be ever so rich;" and Lilian having mounted, with great agility, upon a chair, took from its retreat upon the closet-shelves a small glass jar of peaches, whose roundness and juicy contour she admiringly examined, with her pretty head on one side, and her lithe, graceful figure balancing skillfully on its rickety standpoint. "One, two, three," she began to count. "Here are seven; two a piece all round, and one for manners. Isn't that glorious?" she exclaimed, as, tightly clasping her treasure in her plump hand, she gave a spring, and, landing lightly on the carpet, found herself face to face with a tall young man, who, evidently feeling himself quite at home, had walked straight into the parlor without the previous ceremony of a knock, and now stood looking, with amused eyes, at the housewifely little figure before him.

Tall and straight, with a manly grace that suited well with the honest blue eyes and sunburnt skin, with the laughing mouth and bright, sweet-tempered expression, surely this Frank Alden was not an unpleasant person to look upon.

"Of course, it's glorious, little one!" he said, in a cheering voice; "but I don't quite know what it's all about. If you mean it's glorious that I'm here an hour earlier than usual, I am sure I echo the sentiment; and if you mean to say that I'm to be asked to tea, and have some of those precious peaches you are holding so fondly, why, then, I'm the luckiest fellow in the world, and I'll stay with all the pleasure in life! Let me help you set the table," and he went busily to work, tossing Lilian's hat and cloak away with so much alacrity, as he prepared to lift the table into the middle of the room, that Lilian, with a despairing glance at the confusion he created, set down the jar hastily, and came to the rescue.

"Frank! Frank!" she cried, "what are you doing? Look at poor mamma, half-smothered by the things you've thrown upon her!"

At this timely remonstrance, Frank became extremely penitent.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, Mrs. Brentford," he apologized; "but, you see, I'm not accustomed to being invited out, and I don't quite know how to behave, and having an extra hour at my own disposal has rather turned my head."

"I'm so glad you came early, Frank," said Lilian, when quiet was at last restored, and they were sitting cozily side by side on the little sofa. "You're just the very one I wanted."

"*You're* just the very one I've wanted for a long while!" interrupted Frank, saucily.

But Lilian paid no attention, and went on, demurely:

"To tune my piano, I mean. I've been thinking over what you said about that lady wanting one of Sandolini's manufacture, and I've made up my mind to let her have mine. So, you see, I want you to put the old one up-stairs in as good order as you can for me."

"I'd tune fifty pianos for you, if you asked me, Lilly," responded Frank, sobered instantly by her last words. "You know that; but do you think that it is exactly right for you to give up your beautiful new Sandolini, when you depend upon it for so much of your enjoyment?"

"But we need the money so much, Frank, and I think"—she lowered her voice as he followed her up-stairs—"that I should be more than ungrateful if I allowed mamma to want for anything while I kept that useless piece of extravagance for my own selfish enjoyment. Don't oppose my plan, but help me all you can!"

"Help you!" echoed Frank, as he looked admiringly down into the depths of the earnest, loving eyes, filled with tears. "Why, I'll work till I turn the little old rattle-box into a first-class piano, with all the modern improvements, as the advertisements say. Just sit down and keep me company, and I'll take it to pieces in no time at all."

And the young giant went to work with a will, taking apart the queer little old-fashioned instrument, and examining its curiously shaped proportions with a comical mixture of contempt and amazement.

"Lilian," he said, as he pulled out the front board, with the maker's name in tarnished gilt letters inscribed on its face, "what do you suppose Mr. Stoddart said to me to-day?"

"I'm sure I don't know," responded Lilian, touching the worn yellow keys softly, and playing noiseless tunes upon them. "Some ridiculous nonsense about your being useful, or reliable, or something of that sort, I suppose."

"Better than that, Lilly dear! Don't put your hand in there—you'll get it dusty. Let me lift up this board first. He said he was thinking of taking me into partnership. What do you think of that?"

"Think? I think it's splendid! Just to fancy the firm being Stoddart & Alden! Only it would be better if it were Alden & Stoddart!" joyously exclaimed Lilian, as she dropped the duster, which she had been elaborately whisking around the cobwebs on the inside of the key-board.

"It can't be either yet awhile, my darling!" sadly re-

sponded Frank. "The trouble is, Mr. Stoddart wants me to supply five thousand dollars capital, and that's just what I can't do. So I am as far off from being in the firm as ever, for anything I can see. Five thousand dollars don't grow on every bush, unfortunately, and—halloa! what's this?"

In the same breath he drew out from the recesses of the rickety old piano an oblong roll of yellow, time-stained papers.

"Some of Uncle Silas's love-letters, I declare! 'Findings is keepings!'" he shouted, as he held the paper high above the little outstretched hands that the girl held tremulously out to receive it.

But Lilian had turned deadly pale. Quick as thought her mother's words, spoken not an hour ago, flashed across her mind. In that one brief moment the whole scene seemed to stand out before her bewildered eyes—the quaint little chamber, with its corners full of indistinct shadows—the shaded night-lamp, the high four-post bedstead, with the pale, wan face of the dying man looking forth with eager eyes, and trying with outstretched hand to point to the hidden wealth below. And it had been lying there all these weary years, under her very hands, as it were, vibrating to each touch of her fingers, thrilling with every chord she had struck!

"So near, and yet so far!"

"Lilian and Frank, come down to tea!"

It was the familiar voice of her mother, and, with its tones, her vision faded away, and she found herself in the bright, sunshiny room, with her lover supporting her in his strong arms, and his anxious face bending over hers, while, as she slowly opened her eyes, the neglected package of precious bills lying on the floor at her feet, wrapped in its yellow old newspaper, was the first object that met her eye.

"My darling, I thought you had fainted. Let me lay you here on the lounge, and call your mother to bring some water. I should not have let you stay here in this hot room so long."

When Mrs. Brentford came running up-stairs with the camphor and hartshorn, and half a dozen other restoratives that she had caught up in her hurry, she was told the wonderful story of the finding of the long-lost treasure, and taken to look upon the exact spot where it had lain concealed during all the years of her unavailing search.

"So uncle Silas was right, after all, and this little piano has kept his secret till the time when we needed the money most;" and, with reverential touch, and fast-falling tears, given to the memory of the generous old man, the widow gathered together the scattered bills that were to raise her from poverty to wealth, and, placing them in her daughter's hands, she murmured:

"My own darling, it was *your* generous resolve that brought us the sunshine of good fortune!"

An hour later, when the first freshness of the joy had a little subsided, and the roses had crept back to Lilian's cheeks, they descended to the pleasant little parlor, where everything looked just as bright and homelike as ever. The purple wistaria was wafting heavy perfume from its dew-laden clusters, and the canary had closed sparkling little eyes, and converted himself into a golden ball of down; the moonlight was streaming in at the lattice-windows upon the tea-table, which looked delightfully inviting, with its snowy cover, its shell-like china, the plates of delicately thin bread and golden butter, while the radishes, shining pink through their garland of green leaves, made a brave show, and the jar of peaches, crowning the feast, fairly made Frank's mouth water with their globes of rounded sweetness.

"If it hadn't been for those beauties," he enthusiastically exclaimed, "I shouldn't have been invited to tea, and if I hadn't staid to tea, I shouldn't have tuned that charming old piano, and if I hadn't taken that all apart, I should never have found 'the treasure-trove.' And so, if you both insist that I shall borrow that five thousand dollars, and buy myself into the firm of Stoddard, Alden & Co., and as *I* insist that Lilian shall become my wife this very month, I dont see why we mustn't thank that delicious-looking jar of peaches for bringing it all about! And Lilian, dear, when you and I are married, we'll have peaches for tea every day of our life!"

And Lilly laughed, and blushed, and looked very happy, but said neither Yes nor No.

So they were married, and the old piano that had held their fortune so long and trustily was tenderly put together again, and placed in the middle of the new drawing-room; and often and often, in the Summer twilight, Mrs. Brentford would touch its time-yellowed keys, softly playing some tender melody of long ago, and sit dreaming of the old, old days when the dear, quaint strains were played for other ears—when Uncle Silas would come in and listen to her music, and Lilian's father would praise her skill, until brought back by the touch of baby-fingers and the ring of fresh young voices to the reality of wealth and happiness, that had been raised, as by magic, from the hollow depths of the old piano.

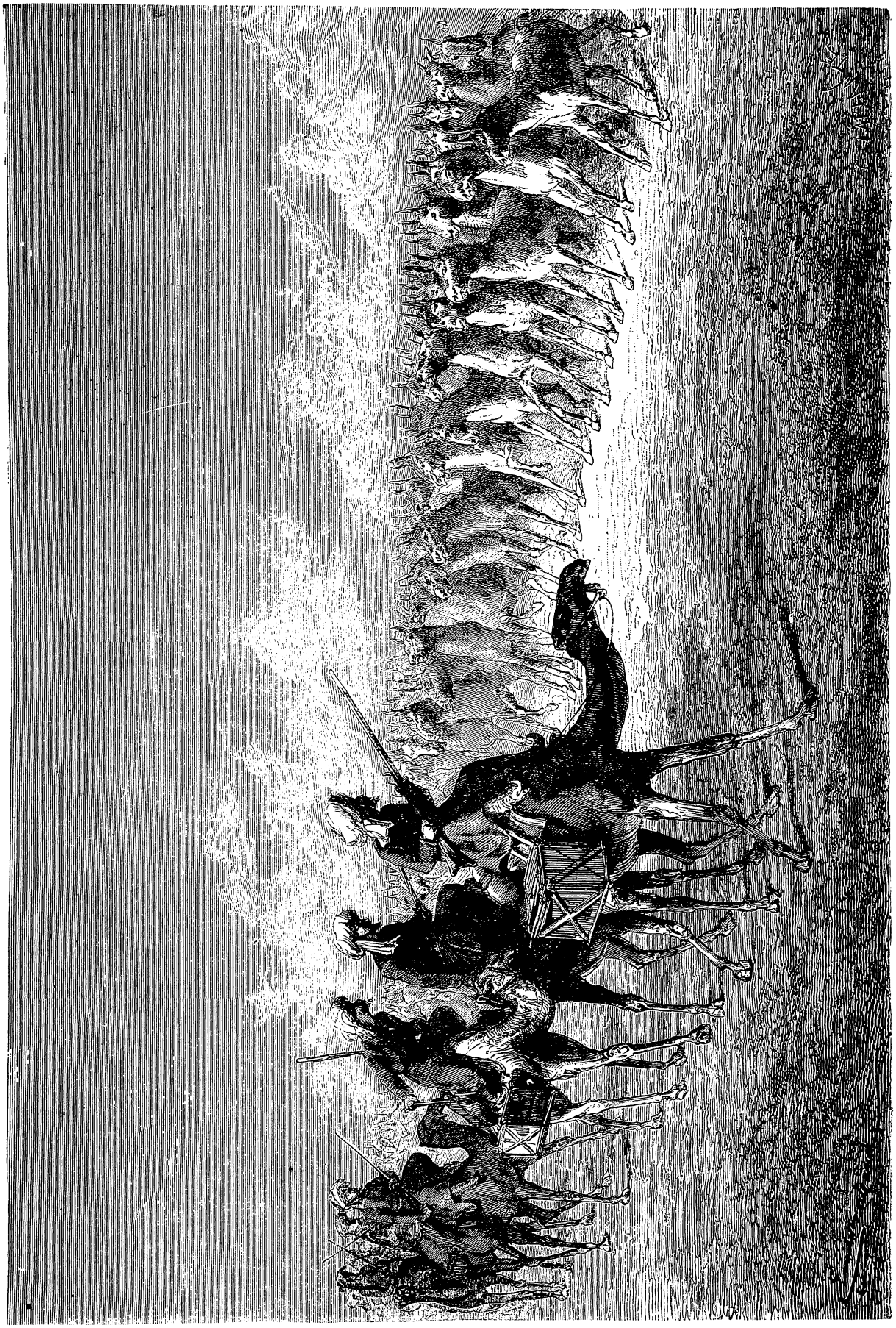
Attacked by Wild Asses: A Scene in the Desert of Khiva.

THE Kiang or wild ass of Thibet inhabits the high table-lands, and is wonderfully fleet and active. It has the neigh of a horse, so that by some it is called a wild horse. It inhabits the wild table-lands, and generally goes in bands of eight or ten, but is sometimes seen in large herds. It is rather a large animal—a full-sized animal measured fourteen hands high at the shoulder. It can stand great cold, and is supplied with a warm furry coat to endure a low temperature, and how low it can stand may be seen by the fact that where it ranges the thermometer often falls below zero. In Summer the fur is a light reddish-brown, and the legs straw-colored; but in Winter the coat is light-grey and the legs white. Down the back it has the black stripe common to asses, but lacks the cross-bar. It is a swift and wary animal, and not easily approached by the hunter, for it is regarded as excellent game.

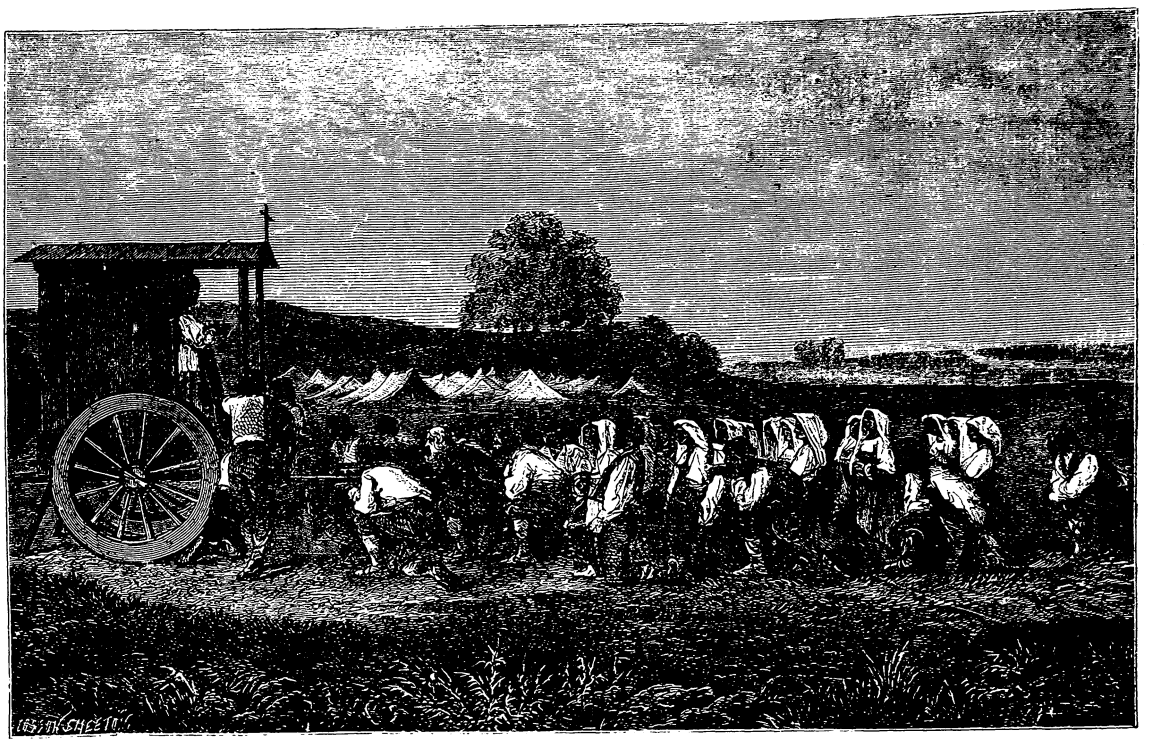
Vambery thus describes his encounter with a herd:

"It was, I think, in the course of the second day passed by us on the Kaflanker, that we descried, toward noon, an immense cloud of dust rising to the northward. The Kervanbashi and the Turkomans flew to arms. As the cloud came rolling on, our anxiety became intense. At last we could make out the outline of the moving mass—a series of squadrons ready to charge upon us. Our guides laid down their arms. True to my assumed Oriental character, I restrained my curiosity, but my impatience grew feverish as the cloud approached. When it was but fifty paces from us, a shuffling sound was heard, as of a thousand horsemen suddenly halted at a word of command; but no sound came forth from the mysterious cloud. We were not long in suspense; the cloud fell, and we found ourselves face to face with some hundreds of strong and vigorous wild asses that had halted in an ordered line. They regarded us for some moments, till doubtless they were satisfied that we did not belong to their category, when they resumed their gallop and vanished in the west."

WHY is a blush like a little girl?—Because it becomes a woman.



ATTACKED BY WILD ASSES—A SCENE IN THE DESERT OF KNIVA.—SEE PAGE 447.



PEASANTS OF THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA HEARING MASS IN HARVEST TIME.

THE PINK COUNTESS.

By Joaquin Miller.

Chapter XV.

DRIFTING TO THE SHALLOWS.

IT is better sail boldly on in almost any direction than drift without any direction at all. You had better sail in the maddest storm that ever troubled your sea of life than lie on the sea and drift with any wind that chooses to blow.

Murietta was utterly alone in Rome as far as anything like real friends were concerned, although he was petted and patronized and courted by the kind artists here; and many an old woman, and young one too for that, had made ineffectual efforts to draw and corkscrew him into their special clique and circle where weak tea and strong scandal was dealt out with prodigal liberality.

He seemed to have lost his spirit somehow. He was drifting. He was not waiting for anything to turn up. He was not wanting anything to turn up. It seemed to him rather that there was now nothing else to be done. He felt that he had come to the end of his road of life, and was perfectly satisfied, too, with the thought, that he should never live to leave Rome.

The warm, soft wind was in again from Africa as the artist opened his window next morning. The cats were on the wall asleep just as they were before. Possibly they had not left their posts on the battlement all this time. It was as warm and sweet as middle Spring. Even the beggars affected the shade of the wall, and the people as they passed by sang low and dreamily if they sang at all, and all seemed languid and half-asleep.

The artist passed out of his room and crossed the little white hall, and looked away to the hills beyond the Tiber and above the dome of St. Peter's. Monte Mario, in almost a single night, had mounted himself in green. He lifted his glass and saw that the side of the mountain turning to the sun was in places red with roses, and in other places white with flocks of sheep.

"I can almost hear the songs and the pipes of the skin-clad shepherds," said the man as he lowered his glass and turned back to the lonesome room. "I can almost hear the movement of Spring. The country seems to call to me across the mossy walls of Rome, and invite me to come forth and be glad."

He was walking slowly across the room asking himself what he should now do, for, despite his promise, he had more than half resolved to see the beautiful pink countess no more for ever, when his eyes fell upon the picture half hiding away in the shadow of the door. He approached, lifted it tenderly to the light, and sat down before it in silence. What could he have been thinking of? At last he rose up with a sigh, set it back in its place, and then shook his head and shrugged his shoulders violently, as if he would shake off and throw off the load of thought that encumbered him.

"I will go upon the Campagna." He took his hat as he said this, threw his cloak over his shoulders, and hastened down the narrow stone steps. He had been looking at Annette, loving her, worshipping her, talking to her, taking her into his heart. Therefore he almost hated the countess as he began to remember his promise the day before, to be with her at the hour of twelve, which was now near at hand.

"There is truly a bad atmosphere about that palace of the pink countess, and what have I done that I must condemn myself to perpetually inhale it? She is in the meshes of some great grief and trouble," mused the man, "and now why, or what reason there is that I—I of all men—should take it upon myself to champion her, I cannot understand. I will not! There!"

He snapped his fingers as if he had sundered the cord that bound him to her, and then threw back his head and began to whistle as he went on down the street, like a country ploughman.

Carriages were pouring past, up, and down, as he reached

the Corso, and they were full of beautiful women, and fragrant with bouquets and enormous baskets of roses.

Sometimes these roses would be thrown in a perfect shower from carriage to carriage, and now and then some beautiful woman, in these little battles of the roses, would be almost covered with red and white and pink as she sat in her carriage. This to Murietta seemed to be the most beautiful and innocent thing of all the Carnival.

His spirits rose as he saw so much levity, such innocent diversion, and so many light-hearted and happy people, and he began to despise himself for a morbid and a discontented man.

"I will join them," thought he. "I can get a carriage there around the corner. I can get a carriage there under the palace around the corner; but where can I get a beautiful woman to sit by my side and challenge the volley of roses?"

The carriages rolled by as if they were innumerable. There were mounted cavaliers throwing roses and bantering the beautiful women, and lifting their hats and leaning from their horses to talk in whispers. All the air was full of the breath and fragrance of the country, and all things seemed as beautiful and full of life as if Rome was one great ball-room hung with flowers and filled with the beauty of the earth, and all were moving down the mazes of the dance.

The man lingered here a long time. He looked and peered into every carriage with an eagerness and concern and anxiety on his face that was not to be mistaken. Had he been asked what he was looking for he would have been angry even with his best friend. Had he asked himself what he sought there, he would have said, "Nothing." He was looking for Annette. She was not there.

At last he began to wonder if the countess was out in this glorious air and occasion, so full of life and health and happiness,

Did she come because he was thinking of her? Or was he thinking of her because she was coming? Possibly he was thinking of her all the time. At all events, there she sat in the carriage, smiling sadly, sweetly, tenderly.

"You will come to the palace at twelve to-morrow," she said, but was gone before he could refuse or remonstrate or explain.

"It is fate," said the man to himself. "Chance has again thrown us together. The responsibility is with chance. I will not resist fate, but will drift on the sea of life whithersoever the tide may flow." Then he turned home. He would see the countess to-morrow.

The restless horses had stamped so long and so hard on the stones of the court when the artist arrived, next morning, that the doves had all fluttered and flown away and up to the sun on the niches and arches of the palace, and Little Sunshine had muffled himself up, and was sitting all a shiver on the front seat; for nothing is more tantalizing and chilling and cheerless than the courts of these damp, dismal palaces.

"You are so very fashionable!" smiled the beautiful countess, as she half rose and drew her pink-and-rose robes to one side to give place to the artist.

"A thousand pardons, lady, I feel very guilty. But then," he added, as he sat down by the rustling robes of pink and silk and lace, "you know it is always twelve until it is one in law."

"Yes, in law, but in love?"

The artist was glad the carriage and the horses' feet on the cobble stones of Rome precluded a reply, for he felt certain the countess used the last word in the remark, not with any significance, but simply because it fitted in there and was a pleasant word, and in that place made a pretty alliteration.

This very often happens in conversation. Words do not always have the same weight and importance.

There was a beautiful but silent scorn of the gaieties of Rome on the part of the countess that day, which now more pleased the moody Murietta than anything that she said, or could have said. She had chosen this day, this "Feast of Flowers," in quite another sense.

Turning down the Via Angelo Custode they passed the fountain of Trevi, reached the Corso, passed the resurrected and exhumed Forum of Trajan, and crossing the old Roman Forum, soon touched the Tiber under the steep and north side of Mount Aventine, and were on their way out to the gate of St. Paul.

The countess never questioned Murietta as to whether this drive would please him or whether that would displease him. "Whatever she may be," mused the man to himself as they sat silent all the time, "whatever she may be now, or whatever troubles encompass her, she is a lady who, once in her time at least, has known no will or whim or humor but her own."

As they rolled between the yellow Tiber to the left, and the steep Aventine covered with old ruins and new woods to the right, the lady looked up, and lifting her little pink hand to the top of the mountain, and following it with her great hazel eyes, said:

"There is a shrine up there; would you care to see it as we return?"

"Well, there are so many shrines in Rome," answered the artist, "that one must be a little particular, else one will never get through with them all."

"But this one is very old."

"And pray what is it?"

"The Tomb of Remus. It was there he watched the flight of the birds, and there, says tradition, he was buried."

"No, I do not care to see it," said the artist, "it is an old affair at best; besides, I am not in a mood to visit tombs to-day."

"Not in a mood to visit tombs to-day? But you must be," said the lady, looking the least bit troubled; "do you see that little mountain down the Tiber there with the great cross at the top?"

"Yes."

"That overlooks the Campo Santo. We are going there; it is the prettiest place in all Rome. We are to visit the graves of Keats and Shelley."

After passing down a long avenue of elm and locust trees, they turned to the right through a broad gate and passed on to the south, toward the great marble pyramid built in the wall of Rome, and, when almost against the wall, stopped before a deep moat that runs around the old Protestant burying-ground.

The sexton led across a little arched bridge, and there in one corner of the little island, as it were, with its few trees and many flowers, lifted a flat faded stone without any name whatever. For that name has been "writ in water."

A few roses were blossoming pale and feebly on a few sickly bushes that had struggled ineffectually with the thick carpeting of grass, and here and there a bright margaretta starred the green covering, but the place was cheerless and lonesome and cold from the shadows of the trees and the walls. The grave and the little stones had been restored but a few years before by an artist of Rome who had come from the New World (Rhinehart), and the strange and mournful inscription on the head-stone without a name had been made once more legible.

That artist lies buried now up yonder, under the tall dark cypresses in the new ground against the wall of the city, and not so very far from the ashes of Shelley.

Murietta on first taking his seat in the carriage had thought that the countess contemplated a revel in the Carnival of Flowers on the Corso, for there in charge of the foot-

man were two broad and splendid baskets of roses. They were destined for a better purpose, these flowers, than to be trodden under the feet of revelers.

The countess moved about the grave of the great boy-poet as silent as the stone that stood nameless above his head. She turned to her footman at last, and made a sign. He brought the basket of flowers, and while he held it in his hand she scattered the roses above his dust, and then departed in silence. She had not spoken one word.

It is but a stone's-throw from this burying-ground—which is now full and closed up—to the higher and more beautiful ground where Shelley has his last resting-place.

They passed through a great iron gate, and stood at once in one of the most beautiful flower-gardens to be found in all that land of flowers.

The keeper knows perfectly well what the stranger wants who enters that iron gate. His hat is in his hand, and he leads at once slowly up through the garden of flowers, up the little hill between the long row of tall, dark cypresses, right against the very top of the wall of Rome. The old man knows full well that but two classes of people come to him there, and but for two purposes: one is the traveler who comes to visit the grave of Shelley, and the other is the man who has finished his travels and has come home to his own grave.

Whatever beautiful things Shelley may have said of the grave of Keats, it is not so beautiful now. It is beautiful, it is true, but it seems so very, very lonesome.

But here, by Shelley's grave, the birds sing. The sun is always here when it is anywhere in Rome; and then the spot is lifted so high and so much above all the other world that it really seems nearer to heaven than any other place. Even the dark and mournful trees look pleasant, for all about their feet are flowers of every clime and color, and birds are in the bushes.

The flat stone that lies above the sacred ashes, with its well-known inscription, is nestled in blooming roses that nod and toss in the wind that blows in and softly around the wall from the Campagna.

Others had set flowers there that day. Ladies had come and left their little tokens, and their gifts lay still fresh and unwithered on the white stone.

The earth is almost level here with the top of the wall. The grave of Shelley looks over the Campagna, and you can, on a day of singular clearness, see the Mediterranean Sea from the port-hole in which the grave is very nearly placed.

The silent countess, after scattering the roses on the ground and around the stone, taking care not to disturb the gifts of those who had come before her, lest they should be from nearer and dearer hands, passed through the little half-open door that had been placed there at the mouth of this port-hole, and stood there and looked away to the south on the mighty edifice of St. Paulo, and on to the spot where the apostle perished, but spoke no word.

The little room that had been cut off by this door, and improvised out of this port-hole by the sexton, was a dingy little place full of flower-pots and spades and mattocks. It was the place, in fact, where the gravedigger kept his tools.

Birds and flowers and sunshine, and the songs of peasants bore in from the fields and over the walls; dark sweeping trees and pilgrims coming and peering from under their shadows the whole year through. Surely this is the grave, if such a grave there be, to make a man "in love with death."

The artist followed in silence this silent and incomprehensible woman, and lifted her in the carriage and took his place by her side with a feeling almost akin to reverence. She seemed to him now to have something of that soul and sympathy which he had ever in his heart demanded that every one should have before they entered his soul. Here was a woman cradled in the lap of fortune, a beautiful woman, too, the most beautiful woman in her way in all the wide world, one not without her worshipers, who had turned in contempt from the follies of the Corso, where all the world had met to bandy wit and challenge and mingle in the Battle of Flowers, and had gone aside in silence to scatter roses on the graves of strangers.

The sun was dropping down behind the great gold ball of the dome of St. Peter's, as the countess drove, with a thousand others, up the Pincian Hill.

It looked as if the whole world had climbed the Pincian; as if there had been a deluge and every one had come up here out of the dark shadows, to stand in the last bright rays of the sun and escape.

What a gregarious people these Italians are! They are like a flock of sheep; wherever the leader goes the rest will follow and not give it a thought or make any question. But this was the season, and the full blossom and flower of the season, on this little hill and around this little drive among the figures and around the fountains.

The music played under the great palm-tree, as the sun settled behind St. Peter's, with a melody and sweetness that Murietta had never known before.

A thousand handsome men, the handsomest men by far in all the world, were there in their gorgeous uniforms glittering in the sun as they moved to and fro, mixed with the crowd, or passed from carriage to carriage lifting their hats to the ladies.

The band stopped playing for a moment, and the mass of carriages moved on, one, two, three, four abreast, and fast as the gay horses could whirl and spin about the little circle. The whole hill was blossoming with carriages, and every carriage was blossoming with beautiful women clad in every color of the rainbow.

Then the band began to play again, and again the carriages drew up on the broad gravel before the great palm-tree, and their occupants listened and looked at the sun hiding down behind St. Peter's, or laughed and talked and made love with their eyes.

The carriage of the countess, either by accident or by quiet and unobserved direction, was kept well out on the edge of the immense crowd, and but few acquaintances were encountered; and these few the silent countess dismissed with well-directed monosyllables, as if they had been little single-handled encounters and she the most cunning fencer in all the world; she was therefore left much to herself. As for Murietta, probably he had not spoken ten words all day.

There was a hat fluttering in the air in the face of the countess, as if to attract her attention, for she was looking dreamily away toward the gold and fire of the falling sun.

She caught her breath as she saw this hat, and her little hands clutched in her rose and pink and lace, and her face was deadly pale.

The hat, however, was replaced, and the man with his old gesture, as if he would say, "I am a blunt but honest sailor who carries his heart in his hand," passed on and joined the count and Prince Trawaska, and a group of other gentlemen who stood beneath one of the little sycamores talking and watching the gay whirl of fashion in the carriages.

The countess was suffering terribly. The old admiral knew this too, for as he passed on he threw a glance over his shoulder, looked hard and steadfast for a second in her pale and pitiful face as if to be perfectly certain that his arrow had gone to the heart, and then passed on with a swing and flourish of his cane, and a leer of satisfaction on his iron face.

The lady put her hand to her throat, she clutched at her clothes, and was for a moment in great agony, and for a time

it seemed doubtful if she could rally without assistance. Murietta caught her hand, tore off the little pink glove, and began chafing it, and tried to coax the frightened blood back and out from her heart and into her hands and face again.

As he did this the old admiral again elbowed his way through the crowd near the carriage, and led the count and his friends, or followers, whichever they may have been, in his wake.

The admiral looked hard into the carriage at Murietta, half-stooped, whispered to a man at his side, spoke to the count, who lifted his hat very civilly and respectfully to his wife, and so went on.

This time the countess was almost utterly overcome. She bit her lips till they bled. She sank back into the carriage, and it was with the greatest effort that she could be restored.

"He will murder me yet!" She whispered this to herself, and, when Murietta asked her if she really feared this man would harm her, she would not answer, but looked away again at the sun dying in a sea of blood, and was very silent and very pale.

At last the carriages in front began to move. It would be but a few minutes till the carriage of the countess also must move on and give room.

She turned to the artist and looked at him with the same sad longing, the same lonely and pitiful expression he had seen in her face at Genoa, and said:

"I may be imprisoned before I see you again. It may be impossible for me to see you more. Will you do me one favor?"

"I will do anything in my power to serve you, lady, even though it risked my life," answered the artist, with all the earnestness and determination of a nature now fully aroused and ready for action.

"No, not that much now," answered the lady, half-smiling at his earnestness; "not that now; it is only this: I am so situated that I am worse than alone. I must drive out, and dare not go out alone. That man will not murder me with a knife. He will not spill one drop of blood, but he will kill me as certainly as I live, and he will do it deliberately and by inches. Listen. I have found the ring—my dead brother's ring. This man the admiral has it. I must have that ring at the risk of my liberty—even of my life."

"But, my dear lady, I do not understand."

"No, you do not understand, and you do not promise."

"I do not understand, I do promise. If you are in danger, or if any lady is in danger, or if you even imagine you are in danger, what better can I do, what else have I to do, in this sullen, weary world"—the man was almost on his feet—"than to stand up and protect you?"

"Gently, gently," whispered the countess, "you are wild, you will ruin everything. But listen. Some day I may be in trouble, what then?"

"Send for me," replied the artist, firmly and emphatically.

"I may be imprisoned," she began again, in a low voice. Do you understand? They may put me in prison."

"I—I think I——"

"No, no, you do not understand. Look here. If a lady should send to you—send her maid—could send nothing like a note or letter, or other message, and tell you she was a prisoner and required your help, what would you do?"

"Well, I suppose the correct thing to do would be to go to the consul representing the country from which the lady came and——"

"And get laughed at for your pains," put in the countess, sharply.

The carriages were moving off. The countess, at last, laid her little hand on the arm of Murietta, and again looked in his face.

"If I some day send my maid to you, will you come to me, and at once, and contrive to get a message from me to my father?"

"Come to you? I will come to you for that purpose if I have to come through fire!"

She looked at the man's passionate and determined face, and seemed satisfied. She took her hand from his arm as the carriage whirled down the serpentine road between the rows of sycamore-trees, and, looking once more into his face, said softly:

"You will remember?"

"I will remember."

"No? You will not dine with me to-day? Then to-morrow you will be sure to be with me by twelve, and we will find a new drive in the gardens of the Dorias."

Chapter XVI.

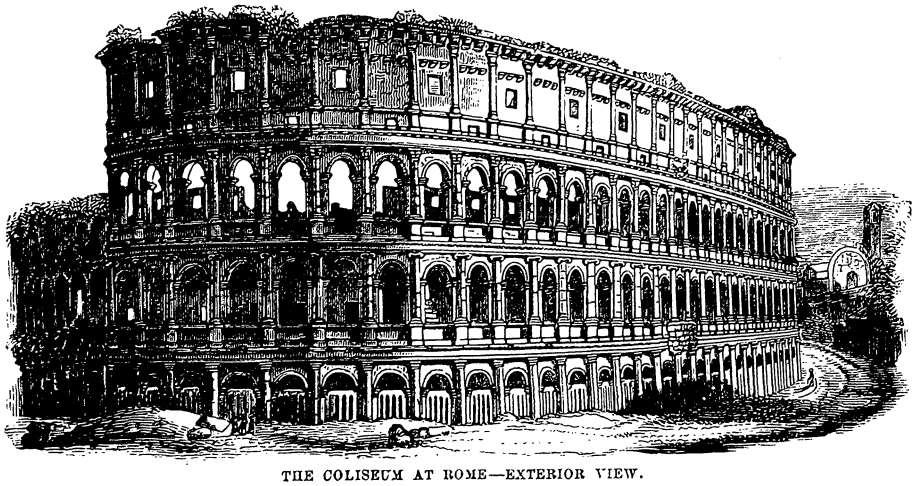
A MARCH HARE AND A HATTER.

Murietta kept his promise to drive with the countess across the Tiber to the grounds of Prince Doria, very reluctantly, next day. He hardly knew why, but he really dreaded to go. He had, in fact, made up his mind not to go at all, and when the footman came up the narrow stone steps and tapped at the door, he found him sitting there before the torn and pierced picture of the One Fair Woman, moody and ill at ease, and quite unprepared for the drive.

The artist was not well used to the convenient and fashionable lies by which men and women daily escape the responsibility of promises, and so, sending his compliments to the countess, he hastily arranged his toilet, and was soon descending the steps by the little blue Madonna with the undying lamp at her feet.

The morning was warm; the artist had made some haste, and was descending the steps and approaching the carriage with his cloak thrown back loosely over his shoulders, and his frock-coat unbuttoned and pushed back, so that it exposed the rich red silk sash that wound about his waist, and hung in tassels on either side, after the fashion of the Mexican at home.

The countess started back in her seat as if in terror at sight of



THE COLISEUM AT ROME—EXTERIOR VIEW.

this rich red sash about his tasseled waist, and cried out like a frightened child:

"It is blood! It is a sabre-cut, a dagger's gash! It means death!"

She hid her face in her hands and shuddered, while Little Sunshine looked at her in amazement.

After a moment she lifted her face and smiled sad and sweetly as before, and pulling in her rose and pink robes with her dimpled pink baby hand, that still trembled like a leaf in the wind, she made room for Murietta, and made no more mention of the red sash again.

They crossed the Tiber Bridge, and at the Island were soon climbing the tortuous road towards the Via Garibaldi.

Gardens to the right and gardens to the left, with a splendid fountain pouring out here and there, as if it was large and generous enough to water the whole thirsty Campagna in a middle Summer's day.

Palm-trees, sycamore, locust, and trees of every name and clime, and flowers of every color on this sunny hillside, sloping down and overlooking Rome.

This is the most delightful as well as the most dreamy prospect of any city to be seen in the world, for, sitting here and looking east and against the high white mountains above Tivoli, and twenty miles away across the Campagna, the city seems to touch the base of these mountains. The towers and the spires, and the mighty structures of every age and elevation, standing there on the half-leveled Seven Hills, seem to have their base against the mountains twenty miles away, and the city seems to be built all over the vast plain from the Tiber to Tivoli.

Pass through this gate, with all the walls to the right and left, inside and out, battered and riddled and torn by cannon balls; this gate through which little armies have been coming in and going out, victorious and defeated, fighting like dogs, dying like men, for the last ten years, and you come in a little while to the highest spot and the most beautiful on all the banks of the lower Tiber. Here you drive through long avenues of oak, and the oak-trees are seared, and split, and splintered by shot and shell. You drive through an old cemetery with pagan inscriptions and sarcophagi, with Greek traditions and stories pictured out in marble, and the dead man's battles told in bold and bloody relief by the lid of his coffin, now set up and made bare for the contemplation of the curious barbarian from the far Northwest.

Drive on through and under the dark and overhanging oaks, and you see close to your right a little white monument, with its little story, in French, about the men who fell fighting down yonder for the Pope in the other oak avenue, and among the other tombstones.

BEATRICE CENCI.

Here are great pine-trees as tall and graceful as those of the Pacific, only they are set with awkward regularity, and have been put down in order, and in line, and in rows like soldiers, as if everything on this hill of beauty meant battle and discipline and death.

There is a great square in the centre of the open grove where princes and even kings come to walk and talk, and revel on the grass, in a sort of royal picnic, every Summer season.

There were but few people there, and the countess drew a long breath of relief as she saw the green plot but sparely sprinkled with people, and but few carriages in the long, eight-mile drive over the beautiful lands of the great and good Prince Doria.

Perhaps the countess had been thinking of that ugly face that rose up before her on the Pincian, and that came as if from under her own carriage but the day before, and feared a repetition if she should here fall into a crowd of people.

They drove round to the little lake, with its swarms of water-fowl, with its border of water-lilies, and there drew up, and Little Sunshine and the artist descended and gathered flowers from the banks, or threw bread at the swans, or fed the gold-fish that came up to the surface, almost on to the bank, to take the food from the hand.

The countess sat in her carriage more silent and sad than before. She had remarked to Murietta, as they climbed the hill up out of Rome, that they should have but few more drives together, perhaps but a single drive more; and he was thinking of this, and also thinking of her strange and unreasonable terror at sight of the red sash as he came to the carriage that day.

Suddenly through the green trees, below him, yet on a crest of a lower little hill, between him and Rome, he saw a tall and dark and a wonderful figure move and then stand, turn, and, plucking at a flower, look directly down on to the rolling Tiber and on Rome.

The artist let go the little boy's hand, dropped his own flowers, and almost fell upon his knees in the tall strong grass through which they had been wandering.

The little boy looked up to him with all the wonder of his mother's matchless eyes, put back his hair with a hand half-full of flowers, and stood there waiting while the artist looked away at the wonderful woman slowly plucking the flowers to pieces and looking down upon Rome as if she dreamed. It was Annette!

The little boy picked up the fallen flowers and handed them back to the artist, and then the two went on as before, picking up and plucking flowers from out the grass; only the artist could not see very clearly; and once, when the little boy caught a flower of singular beauty and held it up under his eyes, he pushed back his hair and looked around and up at the sky, and asked the artist if it was not going to rain, for he felt a drop on his hand.

The lady was quite alone. Murietta did not dare approach nearer. He even went aside and drew a clump of wood and vine between the lady and himself, as if it had been an impenetrable curtain and he wished to keep it there forever.

At last she had plucked her flowers to pieces, and then looking over on the dreamy and beautiful scene before, turned a little to one side and joined her father, a tall and iron-faced soldier, who stood against a great pine close at hand, smoking his cigar.

The father lifted his hand after a moment's consideration, and then a black man came forward and then returned, and then a carriage came down the avenue with two black men on the box, and father and daughter entered and drove rapidly away.

The artist led the little boy down and on to the crest of the hill where the tall dark woman had stood between him and Rome, as she had ever stood before him, lifted up, exalted between him and all things else, and there he stooped as if gathering flowers (while the little boy looked on and wondered), and picked up the bits of flowers that had fallen from her hand and placed them tenderly between the leaves of a book that he wore in his breast.

Then the little boy ran down the hill and plucked some special flower that he had discerned from the distance, and as he ran, the artist, looking quickly around and making sure that no one saw him, kneeled, fell upon his face, and kissed the earth where she had walked. Then he rose up, found the little boy, led him back, and as he entered the carriage and again sat down by the silent countess, he felt somehow inexpressibly happy and intensely sad.

The few carriages were fast rolling away toward Rome, for beautiful as is this place is it is very damp, and a dangerous place to remain in after sunset, and our party speedily followed. Little was said on either side. The countess was thinking of the future, the artist of the past.

"No, no, lady, another time," said the artist, resolutely, as she stood on the steps of her palace above him, urging him to join her at dinner, "I cannot to-day."

"Well, then, you will drive with me to-morrow?"

The artist hesitated. He had gone back to the worship of his old idol. The countess had driven him a thousand miles from her in a month. He had gone back to her feet in a moment, and he wished to remain there.

"You will come but this once, but this once more?"

The countess came down the steps and laid her little hand on his arm and looked in his face with a troubled and an appealing look. "You do not understand; you are a man and do not think of a woman's weakness and her wants."

"I should be a boor, a brute, lady, to allow you to ask me twice after all the peace and pleasure you have given me. I certainly will be with you to-morrow."

He raised his hand, she ascended the steps, and he passed out and down to the Caffè Greco, a bohemian head-quarters, where he sometimes fell in for an hour's pastime and a lunch, or a glass of indifferent wine.

Yet he had not been here much of late, and remembered, as he passed in, that he had not dined from under the roof of the countess for days together.

Some old friends sat there, and he felt that they were a little cold and chilly in their behavior. Away down in a corner, two artists sat at a little marble table together, and laid their heads close together as if they were whispering. One of them was stroking and patting the large round head of a great spotted dog, as he alternately sipped his wine and laid his head over toward the head of his companion, and then looked up at Murietta.

Over to the left, on the other side, an American artist spoke to a French artist and looked at Murietta. The French artist shrugged his shoulders, and then sat still, and left the American artist to translate that remark as he chose.

Carlton arose and came forward, as the one particular friend of the artist, but even he was a little stiff and ceremonious, as Murietta threw off his cloak and sat by his side at a table, and ordered wine for both.

"You have been away from us so long, so very, very long; why, we hardly know you!"

"So very long? Why, I have seen you, my friend Carlton, nearly every day for the last month."

"Yes, from a splendid carriage by the side of a mad countess, and another man's wife, and——"

"Good God!" The artist sprang to his feet and almost upset the wine that had just been brought. "What do you mean?"

"Sit down! The whole caffè is noticing you!"

The artist sat and filled a glass to the brim. Then, tossing it off, after the fashion of the American, said:

"But tell me, what do you mean?"

"Mean? Really, I mean nothing. Not I, but the world—that is, the little meddlesome, mischievous American world here—is talking of you and the countess, and the countess and you, and nothing else, and it has been doing so for the last fortnight. Can it be possible that you do not know it?"

"Know it? I did not dream of it! Besides, look here!" He caught the man half-savagely by the breast of his coat. "You know me, you know my affections lie in another field, Carlton. You knew when you heard people use her name and mine that it was utterly impossible that I should do, nay think, an improper thing in this connection!"

"Yes, I knew it."

"And what did you say to these meddlers?"

"What should I have said?"

"You should have told them they lied, and you should have driven the lie down their throats! Not for my sake, Carlton, not for mine! my name will take care of itself, and in the teeth of the world I shall pass unstained like a polished stone, but for *her* sake, for her, knowing what you knew of me, for you have broken bread at her table. Whatever a merchant may do or a politician may devise, a

man—a man, mark you!—who takes my hand and holds friendship with me, takes on himself the responsibilities of a man, and stands between an honest woman and the world!"

The artist had risen up, gathered his cloak about him, and was about to pass out. He had leaned his head and almost hissed his last words in the ears of Carlton between his teeth.

"Hear me, one word! Heaven knows my friendship for you, and I know your simplicity and your sincerity. Pray sit one moment, and let us not part thus, for you wrong me now, as you are always wronging yourself."

Murietta muffled his cloak closer about him and sat down.

"Look here. You are too impetuous. You know as little of the world as you do of women. You bring with you all the freedom and movement of the Plains. You would tomahawk a man as if you were a Comanche."

The artist tapped the stone floor of the caffè fiercely with his foot. "All Rome then is talking of that gentle and unhappy lady! All Rome is also talking of me. And the fair Annette! What has she heard, and what will she say?"

The world looked black to Murietta. He was almost blind with passion and tumultuous thought. Suddenly he turned to Carlton.

"Well, my politic and most civilized friend," began he, sharply and bitterly, "what would you have me do?"

"With the present state of affairs, nothing," answered Carlton, gently. "I should simply employ my own carriage, let the kind and gentle Count Edna, who has the sympathy and respect of all Rome, ride with and take care of his own wild wife, while I took care of my own reputation."

"I shall drive with the countess to-morrow!"

"Yes, perhaps you will drive with the countess to the end!" Then, assuming an air of the philosopher, Carlton said, "No, you will reform to-morrow. To-morrow, my boy, is the day of all days to reform in. To-morrow; always to-morrow."

"Mark you!" Murietta leaned over and wagged his finger in the face of his cool and prudent friend, "mark you, if ever any man, even though that man be her husband, dares open his lips against that woman, he dies, by heaven!"

"No, no, no, no. That is not the way to live; that is not the way to get on. If you will insist on your war-dance, put on your war-paint and go back to your Mexican border."

Carlton had reached and taken the artist by his arm, and half-forced him back again into his seat.

The cool half-humor of his friend did more to pacify him than had a dozen sermons, and, sitting still a moment, he leaned over to Carlton and said, "I am not curious, or at least I hope not vulgarly so, but please tell me what some of these meddlesome gossip-mongers have been saying?"

"Well," began Carlton, quietly, "do you remember the little fairy story in the 'Child's Primer,' about the March Hare and the Hatter?"

"No; and what the devil has a March hare and a hatter to do with me and the countess?"

"Listen, and you shall hear."

Murietta again tapped the stone floor with his foot, and biting his lips, sat eager to listen.

Carlton filled his glass, drank it off, filled that of Murietta, waited for him to empty it, or at least sip it in the old Italian fashion, and then he deliberately began:

"Well, this fairy tale runs after this fashion: Once upon a time a little girl was lost in fairy-land, and she did not know her way out. At last she came to the forks of the road, and there in the way sat an old woman with a short pipe in her mouth.

"'Madam, can you tell me which road I shall take to find my way home?'

"'Well, my child, if you turn to the right and follow that road, it will lead you to the house of the hatter. But, mark you, the hatter is mad—mad as a March hare!'

"The little girl shuddered, and turned and looked down the other road, and then timidly asked if she should not, then, take that road.

"'Take it if you like, my child, take it if you like; but mark you, down that road there lives the March hare, and the March hare is mad—mad as a hatter!'"

Carlton stopped, laughed a little, and then filled his glass and drank it off at a gulp, for he was an American, and did not know how to drink wine.

"Well," said Murietta—"well, well!" His foot tapped in a terrible tattoo on the stone floor. "What, in the name of all the saints—what, in the name of all the saints, has this mad hatter and this mad March hare to do with me, or this gentle and beautiful lady, the countess?"

"Nothing whatever, nothing at all," answered the other, slowly; "only this morning or yesterday, as you drove through the crowd in the great drive as usual, I heard a remark as usual, and that remark——"

"And that remark——" Murietta was again on his feet.

"Sit down, sit down," half whispered, half hissed Carlton as he tried to laugh, and as he reached up his hand and laid it on the arm of Murietta, and tried to gently drag him again back to his seat; "will you not sit down?"

"No; I am wild; I am sick and disgusted. I want the air. I can't breathe here; it suffocates me. I want to go out; I want to go outside the walls of Rome. There is not room here; it is too close!"

"Come! come!"

"I am going out. Good night."

"But the story?" said Carlton.

"But what?" asked Murietta, turning around and drawing his cloak closer about him.

"The story, or rather the sequel after, the fairy tale of the hatter and the March hare."

"Yes; that remark—what was it? You would provoke the devil," said he, again tapping a tattoo on the stones as he stood there with his hat down over his eyes and his cloak drawn close about him.

"Sit down, and I will tell you what it was, lest you think it something either very wicked or very witty, but I assure you that it was neither."

"Well, I am listening," said the artist.

"Really it is nothing," laughed Carlton quietly, "worth repeating; a man in the crowd simply said, as you and the countess passed by, 'There goes the hatter and the March hare.'"

As the two men parted, Carlton called back over his shoulder, "To-morrow we will reform."

Chapter XVII.

WITH THE ONE FAIR WOMAN.

It is very hard indeed to write a romance altogether out of facts. The facts refuse all the time to adjust themselves. They are all the time in the way. The unimportant facts refuse to lie down and lie still, and be passed over as they should be, and the important ones often stand up tall and white and cold, and ghostly, as if they had just risen from a grave-yard, and did not want to be disturbed. And then these grave-yard ghosts all want to be described so minutely. They keep introducing themselves and sitting down before you like Italian models, ever falling in position as they sit, and saying all the time, "I am So-and-so, and not This-and-this."

People, too, are tiresome. These real people are hard to handle. They are not exactly what you want. They some-

times persist in being intolerably dull and uninteresting, yet all the time and withal they will insist on being put down just precisely as they appeared, and will determinedly insist all the time in saying exactly the same stupid things they said on the occasion described without one redeeming variation. Better to break up your work, root and branch, scatter it to the four winds, and begin with stage, scene, actors—all from your own brain.

* * * * * * *

Murietta called at the palace of the pink countess in the afternoon of the next day, as he had promised.

It was not, perhaps, absolutely necessary that he should call, but he did so in a spirit of defiance, and wanted to show to himself and the world that he proposed to do as he pleased in this matter so long as he harmed no one, and kept his heart and his conscience clear.

He was glad, very glad, when he was told that she was not in; and went down the great broad brown tuffa steps with a lighter heart than usual.

"The spell is broken," he said to himself almost gaily as he gained the street, and tapped his boot with his cane. "The spell is broken, the charm is over, and I am again free, and well escaped from a love that I could never understand in the least."

Then suddenly he stopped and began to think, and then his brow gathered with concern. He knew perfectly well that she was not out, and he knew just as certainly that she would have seen him, that she wanted to see him, and he knew that something was wrong at the palace of the beautiful lady in pink.

He began to despise himself again for having only thought of her in the most selfish manner, and for that selfish satisfaction which he felt when he found she would not see him, and he walked on gloomy and full of conflicting thought.

As he slowly sauntered on along the Via Felice with his head down, a hand reached out before him, and looking up he saw the pleasant face of the Secretary of the Spanish Legation. This gentleman was a threadbare author and a friend of the artists. He gloried in the title of Secretary of Legation, for it gave him an admission into society.

"I am going"—then the secretary rustled and fumbled in his vest-pocket and drew out a little piece of paper and a little piece of tobacco, and these somehow rolled themselves together between thumb and finger, as they only can between the thumb and finger of a Spaniard, and putting the end of this little wisp between his teeth, he found a match in the same sudden and mysterious manner, touched it to the end of the wisp, and instantly fired himself off, while the smoke poured from his mouth as from the mouth of a cannon—"I am going to one of the Afternoons of the amiable Miss D——, an ancient but most honored lady; that is just as much as a Secretary of Legation should say, though if I was again writing novels I might say a great deal more, and would be more than honored if you would accompany me."

Murietta was just in the mood to do anything, go anywhere. He turned, took the kind, good secretary's arm without a word, and went on silently up the street. He was wondering what in the world had become of last month. He saw that the deciduous trees which had been quite bare when he last passed that way were in full leaf, and casting cool and pleasant shadows over at least a hundred happy peasants asleep in the open street.

"What in the world have I been doing?" he asked himself; "what have I done all this pleasant and dreamy Summer month? Then he thought of what Carlton had said the night before, and was sorely nettled. "Where am I going now?" He said this to himself almost audibly, and suddenly stopped and turned to the good-natured secretary.

"Pray tell me where we are going, and whom I am to see there?"

"You are going with me to one of the social afternoon gatherings of the amiable and ancient Miss D——. A very proper lady, I do assure you, else a Secretary of Legation would not be found there, I will be sworn."

"But whom will we meet there?"

"Artists and poets, literary and scientific people from all parts of the world. The best people, I assure you, the very best place in Rome for a man like you and I; lots of brain and not many clothes."

"And not many ladies, I hope?"

"Ladies! no; no ladies to speak of. Yet there are the tall, long people from the States, a sort of flag-staff species, that vibrate and flutter between the two sexes and belong to neither, yet claim all the privileges of both—I mean the special correspondent in gold-rimmed spectacles, usually from the city of Boston; but further than these, and an old imbecile and superannuated princess or two, you will find nothing much in the shape of woman."

Murietta was amused, and was also glad to know that there was no probability of meeting the One Fair Woman at this gathering of bohemians on the hill.

On reflection he began to see that he had really been keeping out of society, or at least had lacked courage to go to more than one pleasant gathering, for fear he should come face to face with Annette. Therefore, he was well pleased to know that in this company, at least, which had been so humorously pictured by the good-natured novelist and secretary, he should be quite certain to not encounter her.

They climbed the longest, steepest, narrowest stone stairs in all Rome, perhaps. It was a perfect corkscrew, and went round and round and round in the dark till they both grew dizzy-headed.

Then at last they pulled at the red tassel of a rope that hung there like a little red lamp trying hard to make itself seen, and then they entered a very pleasant ante-room, and leaving their hats and canes and cloaks, they passed the door which opened into a most pleasant place, and out of which poured a murmur of most pleasant voices, as of a great multitude talking in all the tongues of Europe.

They were met by a busy, bustling little woman who kept fluttering about and catching her breath, and coughing, and flipping her fan, and introducing everybody to everybody, and bumping against people, and all the time keeping the part of the saloon which she was in, and that was nearly every part at the same instant, in a perfect state of excitement and turmoil.

This little lady's name should have been Mother Bunch, for she was so fat and so good-natured and so delightfully stupid. She had corkscrew curls all about her ears and shoulders. In fact, nearly every woman there had, more or less, corkscrew curls about her ears. Even the little brown poodle there, which seemed terribly jealous of every attention to his mistress, and which pretended to sleep all the time and yet never slept at all, unless he did it while he was snapping at somebody, even this little poodle had little corkscrew curls hanging from and about his little flossy, brown-tan and leather ears.

There were a great many tall, bony, and lonesome women in corkscrew curls moving mournfully about behind a teacup and saucer.

These women wore gold-rimmed spectacles, and nearly every one there had at least once in her life mounted the stump, and in the face of the world uttered unintelligible philippics against man and in behalf of her downtrodden sex.

These tall, bony, hungry-looking women from Boston towered above the other sex assembled there, like flagstaffs above the procession in a Fourth of July Celebration.

They went round, behind their gold-rimmed spectacles and teacup and saucer, thrusting their long lean necks right and left, and looking like the giraffes in a menagerie. You would almost expect them to turn their heads to one side, reach up and nip off the ivy leaves that had been frescoed around the border of the ceiling.

What an odd assemblage it was to be sure! There sat the man in the centre of an admiring group, who had devoted his life to prowling through the catacombs and dragging up Christian bones to the vulgar gaze of the curious, and removing their simple tombstones to the museum of Rome.

This was the man who had torn the ivy and the old fig-trees from the Coliseum, and he was now telling, with a flourish of triumph, what he expected to find when he excavated the very foundations of the Coliseum. This was the man who had renovated the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla and made the place vile with asphalte and the smell of tar and turpentine. Yet this man set himself up for quite a hero, and was certainly quite a centre here.

There were good and great men too standing away here and there in the corners. And now and then you stood before a man, as you wandered around and wedged yourself through the crowd, whose name had been familiar to you even in your childhood. After awhile Murietta began to fall in love with this place and the puffy, fussy little woman, who had come and set up a little kingdom on the Seventh Hill of the Cæsars, and, in spite of his determination at first to retreat as soon as possible, he now found he was loth to go away.

There were some pretty flowers there, too. The violet looked up from the base of the wall to the tall sunflower that tossed its head and lorded the land, and the daisy peeped out from under the thorn and the thistle with its sweet soft eyes, and gave the place a charm and a perfect freshness. It was a sort of human garden.

But then the tall, long, lonesome woman kept wandering around, and kept suggesting the idea that the place was, after all, a menagerie.

The menagerie was complete. If the giraffe was there, then the mild-eyed gazelle was there also. Beautiful young girls sat there as silent as if they were painted on the wall against which they sat, as they watched the tall and terrible women moving to and fro upon their various missions in Rome. These beautiful children made one in love with Silence.

The lion was there also, the shaggy Numidian lion, and he moved about and shook his mane and roared in a voice and manner that made you feel very certain, and also very sorry, that the lion is and ever will be a beast in spite of his strength and dignity.

The elephant and the hippopotamus waddled and toddled about the grounds, and overgrown boys with guide-books, who had just been let out from school, snapped and snarled at each other from behind their wires, and talked art and disputed with a zeal that was equaled only by their ignorance.

THE CELEBRATED STATUE OF MOSES, BY MICHAEL ANGELO, AT ROME.

Good-natured old gentlemen, dukes, princes, consuls, and Secretaries of Legations went about feeding the pretty animals, and the plain animals too, in the menagerie, with tea and cakes and buns and bread and butter; and pretty innocent Mollie stood back in the corner by the side of Paolini, looking as happy as possible and eating as fast as an old general could feed her. She was playing the part of a little pet grizzly bear of California, standing on his hind legs and eating nuts from the hand of a Californian.

Such was American society in Rome, or at least the busy, the active, the accessible, the working wing of it, for be it known that the majority of the people present who contributed to make up this pleasant little menagerie were Americans, although the bustling little Mother Bunch of a hostess was English.

The party was thinning out and melting away. Murietta had found the modest little Secretary of Legation, and the two together were seeking for the amiable little hostess to say good-by.

There was a flutter about the door, and she was not to be found. Then in a moment there was a murmur of admiration just audible all around the saloon, and Murietta sank back behind the little secretary and close against the wall, and as well out of sight as possible.

The crowd parted before her as she passed on. Never yet did woman move with such perfect grace, such quiet power, and such noble presence, as did that lady then and

there, as she crossed the saloon with her father, the iron-faced soldier, and sat down dreamily on a lounge by his side.

Murietta, by accident, had settled back against the wall in this very same direction. He was standing now almost in reach of her hand. He hardly dared breathe. He was wondering if she did not hear his heart beat, and then he began to look in vain for an opportunity to steal away unseen.

Just then the kind little hostess, who had led Annette and her father to the seat, caught sight of the artist. There was no escaping; there was no time for excuse or explanation. He came forth from his retreat as the little woman called his name, and an informal introduction, a simple, sudden introduction, passed in a moment.

The lady did not rise. She sat perfectly still and composed all the time; yet she was neither disdainful nor indifferent. She was simply perfectly at home, and by her easy manners and careless off-hand conduct did more to make Murietta satisfied with himself and at rest than anything that she could have said or done.

The artist settled down in a chair at the head of the sofa with his arms thrown carelessly over the head of the covered settee, and in a moment was talking on the old and easy topic of all travelers in that sunny land—art and the future of Italy.

Gallant and graceful men would come, pay their compliments to the belle of Rome and pass on, looking regretfully back on leaving, as one might fancy Adam looked on leaving Paradise; but the artist, to his intense delight, was specially favored by fortune, and sat there and talked as if he had known this lady all his life.

Now and then the scarred and iron-faced soldier would say a word or two, but his mind seemed above and beyond the tame surroundings. His soul was riding on the smoke of battle. The old commander was marshaling his regiments and fighting over again the battles that had been lost. It is a dangerous thing for a man to engage in great contests and stretch his mind to its utmost tension in the accomplishment of herculean tasks. His soul becomes keyed to that high place, and he cannot come back to earth and be satisfied any more with common things.

Yes, he, the artist, had been to Naples, and he detested Naples!

"And do you like Naples?"

"To me," answered Annette, "Naples is a dream of Paradise. I think it perfectly lovely."

"Well, yes," answered Murietta, "now that I think of it, I, too, like Naples above all the world."

Then the lady paused a moment, and lifting her great, dark, sweeping lashes, so full of poetry and passion held at will, she said:

"And I ascended Mount Vesuvius, I and father together, and found it delightful. And what do you think happened? Ah, it was so touching and so beautiful!"

Murietta leaned forward to listen. He could not guess.

"Well, then," laughed the lady, quietly, "I will tell you. As we rode up the broad carriage-road winding above the sea toward the hermitage there was a party of two in advance of us."

"A party of two. Nothing remarkable in that, unless perhaps they were brigands or lovers."

"No, nothing remarkable in the number or in the men, so far as I know, for I did not see the faces of either of them. But this is the pretty little romance of it. The pretty, winding, natural road began to be strewed and strown with little leaves of pink and crimson."

"And then?"

"Why, that is all;" and the great lashes lifted and the fair and beautiful woman looked at the man a moment, and then let her eyes fall to the carpet, and said softly, and as if in a dream, and as if she was remembering something very pleasant and telling it over only to herself and not to a stranger, "the man, this man before me who rode up the mountain of fire in the sun, was scattering roses in my path!"

Chapter XVIII.

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

THE man who is miserable is also the man who is happy. He is, in fact, the only man who is really happy. A man may not reap till he has first plowed.

No one can understand joy till he has first felt misery. Nature seems to be a vulgar commercial shopkeeper. All things seem to have a price. There are a few men, however, who are so formed that they are sometimes able to get a little happiness, or at least pleasure, in advance of payment—on credit, as it were. But then, when these men come to pay for it, they have to pay such enormous interest that they are ruined.

Then there are other men who come to their full estate and fortune with the ruddy hue of youth on their faces and full of sunshine in their hearts. No, no! these men have not suffered. Therefore they cannot enjoy. They are children still.

You may follow this idea down till you come to a stone standing placid and still, and always serene and peaceful, but in the form and expression of a man; and this form of a man, this stone, has not suffered at all. It cannot enjoy at all.

Fire in the eye and furrows on the face. Let these things come when they may, they have their meaning. A man may crowd forty years into forty days and nights of his impetuous life, if he be large enough of soul to hold them, and may die an old man at thirty.

Nature keeps her own books and baptismal records, and all that, herself. It would be interesting if we could sometimes manage to have her books and man's compared. We would be startled at the discrepancies.

Well, let no man murmur, or woman weep, in vain. The storm is only the prophet and forerunner of fair weather. The peasants know perfectly well that they are going to have a warm and an early Spring when they have had a hard and unhappy Winter.

If a pendulum swings far to the left, it must swing just exactly as far to the right when it returns. All things are pretty evenly balanced. The law of compensation is exact and unalterable. The great store of Nature is indeed a big vulgar shop. You must pay for everything you get. And what is very interesting to know is the fact that the peasant has just as much of Nature's currency in his pocket as the prince.

Murietta had been doing a large business in this line from the first. From the very first he had felt and suffered much. Standing on a peak of the Cordilleras when still a boy, with the sun and wind of the Pacific in his yellow hair, he had dared to question why he had been born. Such revolutions, rebellions, never go backward. Ask this question, and sometime the answer may come to you when you are tired and want to rest. Then you cannot rest.

When you are suffering intensely you can safely say to yourself, "I am heaping up money, I am putting it in the bank of Nature, and some day it will all be paid back with interest."

But now it seemed to Murietta as he sat there so perfectly full of calm delight, that there never any more could be even

the breath of a storm. His roses in the road on the path of the strangers who followed had been bread upon the waters.

He did not say one word when she told this. He did not even look at her, for fear of he knew not what. He did not speak or answer her, or even lift his eyes to look at her. He was satisfied. It was enough.

Now, for the first time, he liked Naples. He even was certain that he loved Naples and all her motley wretched people. He liked all Italy and all the people of Italy; the beggarly princes of the old Jew quarter of Rome, and the princely beggars on the Spanish steps. He loved them all. For had not she said she liked Italy, and was not that enough? He was willing—he wished to be blind. He wanted henceforth to see only through her eyes.

Murietta did not dare remain long in her presence. In fact, for all that he had thought, and said, and felt, he had been before her but a very few minutes! But such minutes! They were bricks of gold. They were great big bank-notes that Nature had handed him, and bade him go and take a glorious holiday.

The good old commander came down from out his cloud of battle-smoke as the artist rose to say good-day, and, in a dreamy and indistinct way, said something of wishing to see this young man at his own house; and then, to the unutterable delight of Murietta, Annette took up the tangled thread and laid it straight and made its meaning intelligible by means of dates and numbers and names on a card which she now got from the dreamy old commander, who had gone back to ride on his battle-cloud; and then, by means of a pencil and a few bold, clear words in a hand as clear and strong as if it might hold and control a world of its own, she blazed out the future path of the artist's mind for many and many a day.

She had simply written the day, or evening, in which her house was open and they were at home. But this to him was more than all the wealth of banks, than all the world beside.

Poor deluded boy, self-deluded! He did not know, he did not think, could not think, that she had said nothing, done nothing whatever that she might not have said and done to any one, even the most humble and least favored in all that house.

Then he retreated from her presence, and found the good secretary hidden away in a corner where the light would not fall too heavily on his clothes, and then, turning to the good Mother Bunch, they bowed themselves away, and were gone.

Down the corkscrew steps, and down and down, and around and around and around. Murietta laughed as he descended, and he knew not why he laughed. His heart was so full of happiness that it jostled and spilled over and on to the steps as they made their unsteady descent.

"We have been up in heaven," he said to the good secretary, as they shook hands at the great portal, and then turned and gave to the beggars who crowded around all the money he could find in his pockets.

"Ha! ha! A pretty figure that," laughed the secretary, as he said his good-by, "a figure that might be used by a novelist. It was indeed heaven, and, like heaven, it was very hard to attain. Let us hope that we have not descended into hell." And so saying the novelist and secretary bowed very low, and then, waving his hand, went on his way.

The artist again stood alone in the street, but he did not feel alone. If all the hundreds of millions who have laid down and died in Rome, who have made the very roads and streets, even the soil of Rome for many feet deep out of their dust, had risen up, he could not have felt more in the presence of and in sympathy with his kind.

It is a bad sign if you feel lonesome in a city. And yet it is no uncommon feeling. And, too, if a man does feel lonesome in a city he feels it terribly. There is no man so lonesome as a man who is lonesome in a crowd.

This man was not a bit exalted. He gave away all his money to beggars. He could have taken the little urchin, clad in sheepskin even in Summer, who ran by his side and asked for a sou, into his arms and kissed him, yet when he saw Carlton coming down the street on his way to the popular and populous Greco, he turned up a court and escaped him.

Why had he done this? He did not know. Perhaps he did not wish to speak to him? Possibly he was offended with him? Not so. He could not have shaped the reason into expression, or have given it utterance. But the truth is he felt that this day was sacred. It was to him a holy day. He felt that it would be profanity to speak. He wanted to think, to dream, to drift. He did not want to speak to Carlton, because he wanted to think of Annette.

And now that he was happy, he did not stop to think that this would end some day. He felt that henceforward he should for ever walk on in the sun. It seemed to him just as if it would never be night any more in figure or in fact. His soul was drifting away into and over a great sea of light that knew not any shore. How could he then think of shore, or shipwreck, or anything that had a dark side or any disaster in it?

There are three things, at least, in art worth seeing in Rome, outside the Vatican. One of these, possibly the first, is the Dying Gladiator. Then there is the Moses of Michael Angelo, out in the rich old church near the Coliseum.

It is an ugly figure, with horns on its head. It sits there right before you as if it had come down from some high place to get close to you, and control you, and awe you, and absorb you into its awful self. It sits there lifting its wrinkled brows all day to God.

That figure seems as full of life, of husbanded strength, of suppressed power, as the Nile when flowing dark and full of flood, and lapping the topmost limit of its stony embankment.

Whatever you may be, standing before this awful form of deified man, be you Papist, Protestant, or Jew, or Pagan, you feel somehow that from out of a man like that, and only that, there could have flowed a stream and tide of people with all their laws and ceremonies intact—even from this fountain-head before you, sitting there with all the sad majesty and desolation of Sinai in the desert, that should flow on forever to the eternal sea.

The third and last, if it is not the first, is a little face thrown back over the shoulder, looking at you from under the careless brown hair, with the lips half-parted as if she had a story to tell you and you were bound to stand there, and look and listen and listen and look till you made out all the story yourself.

Murietta went and stood before this picture, and alone. Whenever any one with a red book, who had the good taste to find the little treasure on the walls of the Barbarini Palace, would stop before the sad face of the Cenci, he would pass on a moment, and only a moment, until the disappointed visitor shrugged his shoulders, shut up his book as if disgusted with the laudations heaped upon this little picture of poor Beatricia, and then he would return.

There he stood and listened and listened, and stood and watched the light come and go from the great sad eyes; even fancied he could see the blood flow and fall and pulsate through the neck; looked at the parted lips till the soul seemed passing through them, and then the sun went down, and the story was finished. He knew her now, and all her awful sorrows. Their souls stood close together. Lawless and terrible both of these, and mighty for good or

ill. How singular it is that all beautiful things are sad! Every great face seems to be a flood-gate of tears that is about to burst. This face of the Cenci is so, the Moses of Angelo is so; the face of the Gladiator would be so, only it is the face of a soldier, and is weeping blood.

Chapter XIX.

"I have something to tell you."

A FEW days after this, Murietta, with the secretary and Carlton, sauntered out of Rome for a walk in the Borghese. They passed through the Porto Populo, turned to the right, and passed under the extended wings of the great eagles that sit above the massive gates of the roads under the northeast wall of the city.

This was the season for such a walk. It was just the thing to do. All Rome was daily pursuing the same thing; with the exception that half of Rome rode in carriages, and a portion still were on horseback, including the King of Italy, the Crown Prince, and a small army of officers of their suite.

The woods were in full leaf, the grass grew long and strong, and leaned in the soft wind that blew through the trees, and there was the sound of bees in the white blossoms of the locust boughs overhead, and birds and butterflies moved and wound through the air, and all things seemed full of life and tranquil life and rest and peace.

Away out yonder on the lawn, under the wall, were a lot of monks in long red gowns playing at ball, and shouting at each other like children. Some of these red monks were black kinky-headed negroes.

Carriages were coming and going by hundreds. People passed on foot in light and airy dress, and horsemen galloped past in pairs, and men lifted their hats in silent respect as the royal party rode on under the waving boughs, and on by the many fountains.

Our friends reached the heart of the lonely wood, and there leaving the carriage road, went down a stair of stones together toward a little valley of deeper wood, with dark and mysterious walks, and fountains playing at every cross of the many interwinding walks through the silent and most romantic wood.

Some swans were floating idly around under the plash and fall of the fountain, and children were feeding them from their little hands whenever they could induce them near enough to the brink of the great stone-basin in which they swam.

"Ah! this was a land to battle for!" said Carlton, swinging his cane in the air, and catching a glimpse of the blue skies through the boughs and blossoms overhead.

"When Rome was Rome," said the secretary, "and there stood on every hill a new Jerusalem as it were, what wonder that men gave soul and body for the hope of holding her reins in hand but a single day!"

"The skies are the same," said Murietta, "the woods are the same, the birds and the butterflies they blow about us the same as they did around the golden chariots of the Cæsars. Ah, my friends, it is not the city that thrills you this morning! It is the wood, the air, the sky—Nature. There needs to be no new Jerusalem on a hill to challenge your admiration this morning. This is perfection. Man will never make it finer, build his cities as he may!"

Thus admiring, talking carelessly, walking slowly on, they came soon to the carriage-drive on the other side of the wood, for the place is limited, and the road makes a circuit around the little valley with the deep, dense wood. Our friends had crossed the valley, and, coming now out of the thick wood, they saw a number of carriages drawn up under the trees on the grass at the side of the drive by a plashing fountain. They drew near this fountain, for some tall dark men, in the costume of the desert—Arabs they were—had dismounted, and, oddly enough, were leading their supple horses up to drink at the fountain. Just as if they were out on a great desert, and had suddenly come upon a well.

Murietta's admiration for the horse was always great, but now to see these children of Nature, here in this old civilization, dismount and devote their first care to their supple and sinewy friends, whom they talked to and treated as brothers, he was quite carried away, and noticed no one, nothing but these tall dark men, these Ishmaelites, with their strange history and wild life of the desert and their beautiful horses. He left his companions and passed at the back of the party of Arabs, and, under the deeper-hanging wood, where there were but one or two carriages, half-hidden away, to get a better view of the splendid steeds as they stretched their necks and gratefully drank from the fountain.

"I have escaped from my prison, you see—ha, ha, ha!"

"Good heavens!" The man threw up his hand to his face like a child that is frightened, and took a step backward.

"Are you well? How are you? And how does it happen that you are on foot, when the king and all his court are so gaily mounted to-day, and riding through the woods?"

The lady laughed a little as she spoke, and, raising her head, looked to the left down the wood as if she was expecting some one, and was in fear that he would come too soon.

The artist stepped forward mechanically, touched the little pink and pearl hand, and then, as it fluttered about and finally settled, as it always did settle, on the bed of rose and pink before the beautiful countess, he extended his fingers; then, lifting his hat, passed the compliments of the day, and was stepping back and away into the crowd.

The lady lifted her hand, leaned forward, looked very serious at the artist, and then glancing suddenly over her shoulder, as if to be sure she was not watched or overheard, she turned her great brown eyes, now half-full of tears, full upon the artist, and said:

"I have something to tell you. Come here. For heaven's sake do not leave me! This may be the last time I shall be out. I only managed to escape this morning from my prison by the skin of my teeth. Come!"

The man stepped back, and stood by the carriage very awkwardly, and very much concerned; for the lady seemed wild and excited beyond any reason.

She looked once more over her shoulder, nervously. "They are down there." The little pink hand fluttered in the direction of the deep wood.

"They will be back in a minute. You see I cannot shake them off for more than a moment. They have got my little boy; my Little Sunshine, as you call him."

The artist caught a feeling of nervous fear from the lady as if it had been a fever; and he, too, began to look down the wood and feel a dread that they would come. Perhaps this was in sympathy for the lady, who really seemed to suffer with terror at the thought of seeing them.

"Do you know," she lifted her finger to her lip—"do you know they are trying to get my little boy away from me, trying to turn him against me, and make him hate me?"

Murietta did not answer. He began to feel a sympathy that was tearing his heart out.

"Well, they are," she continued, still glancing now and then over her shoulder, and once more lifting her finger to her lips; "they are doing everything to turn him against me, and get him away, and to make him hate me. And that

"SPEAK, SIR!"—FROM A PAINTING BY AUGUSTE TOULMOUCHE.

is not all, nay, that is not half. Half! that is nothing—that is nothing at all. But do you know—what fearful thing they are trying to do?"

The artist again looked blank, but did not answer, save with his eyes.

"I will tell you. Look here. Lean your head a little further."

The artist stepped close, and she reached out her face, now all aglow, and once more looking over her shoulder, she said excitedly:

"They are trying to make him a Catholic!"

Then the lady's face grew suddenly white, and she settled back in her bed of pink and rose, and the little pearl hand lay on her lap as dead and helpless as if it was to never rise up any more.

If there had been a grain of selfishness in the make-up of this man, he now would certainly have lifted his hat and turned away. There are men who suffer more from the nervous fears and concerns of others than from their own. Murietta was such a man as this. He was a man who had suffered terribly and intensely all his life; yet he despised suffering when that suffering was his own. When the affair was a matter of his own, he would rise up, take the bit in his teeth if the occasion was great enough to demand it, and right things and revenge them, or else bear and be satisfied. But when it was another who suffered, a fair and a beautiful woman, full of soul and sentiment, and one whom he could not assist, then he, through this sympathetic nature of his, suffered too, and even more terribly than she.

Standing there before her, all the sunshine of the day was driven away. The day became utterly overcast. A cold moist wind seemed blowing on him, and rasping his nerves with a chill and damp that went to the marrow.

He wanted to get away, and yet his unselfish, sympathetic nature bade him stand there and suffer while she suffered.

He lifted his eyes and looked from under the boughs over and across the fountain, for the Arabs were now leading their horses away and mounting them in the edge of the open road. Watching these men, for want of something better to do, while he stood there, his eyes met the eyes of Carlton. He had been looking at him all this time. Glancing around the crowd he saw that others, too, were noticing him, and frowning or half-sneering, as if he had been caught in a crime.

It was his turn now to turn pale. The whole thing flashed on his mind in a moment. "Then they saw me put down my face to hers to hear her tell her trouble. They saw her reach her hand, saw her fall back in the carriage as if something terrible had been said or done." He pulled his cloak about his shoulders, for he was growing chill, even in a Roman Summer.

The countess half-straightened in her seat, and looking up under the sweeping boughs down a sloping walk toward a fountain, she said, "They are coming," and then she smiled in the old half-sad fashion, as if nothing had happened, for she caught sight of her little boy sailing along with his hat in his hand and his hair on the morning wind, as he ran in chase of a butterfly.

"How beautiful he is this morning!" said Murietta.

"Do you know," said the countess, as if quite recovered, "that I am perfectly certain that children come to us directly and immediately from among the angels?"

"And pray," smiled Murietta, "how came you by such pleasant knowledge?"

"Oh, I know it by the way they behave, by their actions. See—look at my little boy there as he runs in chase of the butterfly. How light and airy he is! His feet take uncertain hold of the world. Even his child-language is new and strange to all men. He is hardly yet of the earth. Then you see he can almost fly even yet. He is more of heaven than earth, even though he has already been here for some years. He is much more like an angel in his movements than like a man."

The old admiral was glorious in his Summer sailor's clothes and low-crowned hat, with its immense band, just as we have seen him at Genoa. He walked with the same swagger through the beautiful avenue by the musical fountains as he did at the first. Beauty, melody, nature, had nothing in common with him, and took no hold on his hard and uncompromising soul.

"Oh, that monster! Must I forever remain in the power of that beast?" The lady hid her face as she said this, and shuddered and trembled.

Murietta's blood was in his face once more. He was about to speak, about to throw back his cloak and ask permission of the countess to fly at the throat of this man who was persecuting her, whomsoever he might be, and strangle him on the spot, when she went on kindly, as she uncovered her face:

"You made me a promise."

"Yes."

"You promised that when I should send word to you that I needed you, you would come."

"Yes," he said, emphatically.

"Lift your hand."

He lifted his hand from out his cloak and in the air above his head.

"You swear to keep your promise."

"I swear to keep my promise."

"There, that is well," and she sank back again as the men drew near. Then suddenly rising up and leaning forward, she said, "Here is a secret. My father is coming. My old, old father. He is old and he is dying, but he is coming to take me out of Italy, and away from these people who hold me here, or die with me. He is coming. They will try to keep him from coming; they have kept him from me for years, but he will be here soon. They will try to keep him from seeing me when he comes. But you——"

The men were passing through the trees, but a few steps distant. The old admiral had his hat in his left hand, and was reaching the other to Murietta.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Murietta. You know I am a blunt but honest sailor."

The countess leaned forward, and almost hissed between her teeth, "Don't touch his hand, he is a murderer! I have something to tell you! He it was who murdered my brother!"

Chapter XX.

WHAT THEY SAY.

The count was not at all wanting in politeness this morning. Italians never are, except it be to their wives or their servants, but it seemed to Murietta, who stood there quietly on his ground and also on his guard, that he was just a little over-anxious to get in the carriage and get his wife away.

"That man," said the artist, after lifting his hat to the countess as the carriage whirled away, "that man simply has a property in that woman, and makes the most of it. Whatever they may say, he is either a knave or a fool."

"Beautiful horses!" said the secretary, looking in the direction the Arabs had just taken down the drive.

"Yes, and beautiful men those fellows of the desert," answered Murietta, as the three friends once more fell in together and sought the deeper shade, for the sun was now high and hot where they were not protected by the wood or the plash of a fountain.

"Ah! but my friend Murietta," laughed Carlton, "has a better eye for beautiful women than for beautiful horses, or beautiful men either!"

"So I fear, so I fear; and if a secretary may be permitted to say as much, all Rome is perfectly well aware of the fact."

"Gentlemen," said Murietta, earnestly and emphatically, "*that* for what all Rome may say!" and he snapped his fingers in the air with an expression not to be mistaken; "but as for that lady, the lady to whom I spoke, and of whom you speak, she is a stranger here in a strange land, and in trouble."

"Ah," said the good secretary, quietly, "that is a good beginning for a novel!"

"Come, come, Murietta, you are indeed stating it strong! The lady may be a stranger, and also in a strange land, but she is hardly among strangers."

"Please to explain," said Murietta, as they walked on through the wood together.

"Well, a lady who is with her husband and has her children or her child about her, and has besides an income that supports a palace and a small army of servants, can hardly be said to be among strangers!"

"And then the count is so very, very kind; why, do you know," sighed the secretary, "he can scarcely speak of her or her malady without tears?"

"Her malady!" exclaimed Murietta, stopping short in the road between his two friends.

"Yes, her malady. The countess—did you not know it?—is mad."

"Then so am I mad!" answered the man with earnestness.

"Not at all unlikely!" laughed Carlton, "only your madness, my dear boy, is a sort of innocence that makes us like you all the more, and not afraid to be with you; while that of the countess is of a dangerous nature, and the poor count has no alternative but to put her in a mad-house, or keep a constant watch over her."

"And how noble it is in him to give up his life to taking care of her," said the secretary, zealously. "Why, the old admiral tells me that the count scarcely sleeps from one week's end to another."

"The admiral!" said Murietta with a sneer, as he thought of what the countess had just whispered in his ear.

"Ah! I see," returned the secretary, "you are disposed to laugh at the rough but honest old sailor, but he is just the man for the place. You could not expect a prince or a man of an over-sensitive nature to consent to become the guardian or body-guard, as it were, of a mad woman. No, no, it takes pluck, and patience, and gentleness, and a great deal of good sound sense and firmness; and all these qualities the old admiral possesses, I am sure."

"I am bound to say I never liked the old admiral," added Carlton. "He is either a very flat old fool, or a very deep knave, and I do not know which, and, besides, I do not know that it is any of my business."

"No, no; he is neither the one nor the other. I know the man, and I know human nature. We novelists must study human nature. We must make it a specialty in order to succeed. That is my specialty. Well, this man, the admiral, is simply an honest, happy-go-lucky old seaman, who is honest to the core himself, and of course thinks everyone else so. For my part I should like first-rate to put him in a novel as the hero of a great humanitarian enterprise, and a man who went about in a blunt, honest way, doing good to every one and not asking or expecting any return."

"I am afraid there would be but little good done in the world if it was left for that man to do it," said the artist, "and I should be very sorry to fall in with your hero on the highway of a night, I assure you!"

"Why! good heavens! do you fear that he would rob you?"

"He would either rob me or run away."

"Ha! you painters, you study only nature generally. We novelists study human nature. If we did not we would not get on. You can give me the tints and the bloom and the beauty of that bank of rose and briar to a nicety and precision that I would despair of. But you cannot tell one man or one man's motive, where I, as a novelist, can tell a hundred."

"Well, well, whatever there is in the old admiral, either good or bad, it matters little to me; but I do pity the poor count from the bottom of my heart, for he has a hard time of it, and all Rome sympathizes with him most deeply," said Carlton.

"And the lady?" said Murietta, stopping suddenly again and looking Carlton in the face inquiringly.

"Well, yes; I pity the lady, too, I suppose. At least I had not thought of that. She somehow never seemed to challenge my sympathy. She is always smiling, always bantering, sometimes saying very wild and often very pointed things."

"While he, her lord, who sits in watch and judgment over her," said Murietta as they moved on, "does ask you for pity, does pose and profess, and bend down and keep himself all the time in favor with the world, like a hound as he is, winning the world's good will at the risk of his wife's good name."

The party had passed through the valley of close wood and climbed the stone steps before the fountain.

"We will meet this evening," said the secretary, reaching his hand as if glad to break off the unpleasant subject of the unfortunate countess; "this evening, at the palace of the cloudy old general, who is all the time dreaming and drifting away on his battle-cloud."

"And may we meet in peace!" smiled Murietta. He shook his hand and said good-by, as if he had just now thought of this approaching evening for the first time, when it had been in his heart, been standing there as the one great coming event of his life, every hour since he had met her in that little heaven at the head of the long and tiresome corkscrew stairs the week before.

How cunning is Love! He deceives everyone. He will be frank with no one. He deceives the heart he dwells in most of all.

The two artists walked on down the slope toward the gate with great stone eagles over it in silence. The red monks had finished their game of ball, and were now gathering together in groups in the long grass and out of the sun. The king, too, had gone back with his suite from his morning ride, and the many carriages were gradually finding the gate that led out of the wood and back to Rome.

Carriages were passing down the drive toward the gate in hundreds as our friends kept on under the locust-trees that were white and fragrant with flowers and full of the drowsy sound of bees.

Murietta was thinking, and he was thinking too of the countess with the deepest concern. He was conscious that he had done nothing, said nothing, nay thought nothing whatever that could possibly have been construed either by the world or by her into an improper act or word or thought, or anything but the highest and most holy motive.

And yet Rome was loud with her name and his, if the not over-sensitive Carlton and the very stupid but good-natured secretary were to be believed. What could he do? He turned this over and over in his mind, and then feeling still helpless and at the mercy of the many idle tongues, he found relief in the fact that he had promised to stand by her side if ever she needed assistance, and the further fact that her father was on his way to Rome, and so with an effort dismissed the subject from his mind.

(*To be continued.*)

William Penn and the Settlement of Pennsylvania.

PENN STATUE FOR FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.

WILLIAM PENN, the founder of the colony of Pennsylvania, was born in London in 1644. He came of a family celebrated in the annals of England for martial spirit; his father won great renown as a bold and successful naval commander, attained the rank of vice-admiral and received the honor of knighthood for his distinguished services, and subsequently held several important civil offices.

That the scion of such a family, the son of so gallant an officer, should adopt the tenets of the despised sect of "Friends," or, as they were styled in derision, "Quakers," was strange indeed, and it is not difficult to imagine the state of astonishment, indignation, and disgust into which this event threw the old admiral.

It was while a student at Oxford University that Penn became a convert to the doctrines of Fox, and his violent advocacy of his new belief resulted in his expulsion. His father sent him at once to Paris, in the hope that he might forget the soberness of Quakerism amid the gaieties of the French capital, but he had no taste for dissipation, and turning his back upon the pleasures of Paris he engaged in theological studies at Saumur.

The admiral soon recalled him, and in a futile effort to overcome these tendencies sent him to Ireland, where he was placed in charge of two estates, which he managed to the entire satisfaction of his father.

He persevered, however, in his adherence to Quakerism, and in 1667 he was arrested for attending a Quaker meeting at Cork, and imprisoned for a short time. On obtaining his release he returned to England, and soon became involved in a serious quarrel with his father, who, finding him determined to adhere to his peculiar belief, at length turned him out-of-doors.

From this time Penn identified himself with the Quakers in everything but dress, soon became prominent as a preacher at Friends' meetings, and wrote several treatises in advocacy of their doctrines. He became partially reconciled with his father, but on the publication of a tract, in which he attacked the doctrine of the Trinity, they again quarreled, and Penn was arrested and imprisoned in the Tower for nine months.

After his release he resumed preaching, and between 1668 and 1672 he was several times arrested, and once sent to Newgate for six months.

He married in 1672 the daughter of Sir William Springett, and took up his residence in Hertfordshire, and although continually preaching, and defending by his pen, the doctrines of the Quakers, he seems to have been comparatively unmolested for several years.

It is probable that his attention was first turned to colonization in the New World in 1674, when he was called upon to arbitrate between Fenwick and Byllinge, both Quakers, in a dispute which had arisen over their proprietary rights in New Jersey. Penn decided in favor of Byllinge, and the latter, being too much embarrassed to improve his property, soon afterwards transferred it to Penn and two of his creditors as trustees.

Penn at once entered upon the work of colonization, and obtained from the crown, in lieu of a claim for £16,000, due his father, a grant or patent for the entire territory now forming the State of Pennsylvania. The perpetual proprietorship of this vast region was vested by the charter in him and his heirs, the only condition attached being the annual payment of two beaver-skins.

Penn at first proposed to call his territory "New Wales," and afterward suggested "Sylvania" as a suitable designation for a land covered with dense forests, but the king declared that the name should be "Pennsylvania," in honor of his old friend the admiral, and although Penn protested against this decision, fearing to be accused of vanity and vainglory, the grant was so entitled in the royal charter.

PENN'S COTTAGE, NEAR CHESTER, PA.

With the assistance of Sir William Jones and Henry Sidney, he drew up a scheme of government and laws for his colony, and, in 1618, sailed for the Delaware, where he landed in October of that year. He was received by the colonists with

PENN'S LANDING AT NEWCASTLE, PA.

much enthusiasm, and at one proceeded to organize his government.

On the last day of November, 1682, Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians, beneath a large elm-tree at Shackamaxon, now called Kensington. The Delawares, Mingoes, and other Susquehanna tribes met on this occasion, and formed with the Quakers a treaty of peace and friendship, of which Voltaire said that it was "the only treaty never sworn to and never broken."

The elm-tree was blown down in 1810, but its site is now marked by a monument.

Having purchased the land where Philadelphia now stands from the Swedes, who had bought it of the Indians, Penn laid out the plan of the city, and named it in the hope that brotherly love might characterize the inhabitants.

Devoting himself zealously to his duties as governor, he made treaties with nineteen Indian tribes, which remained unbroken as long as the aborigines remained in Pennsylvania or its neighborhood.

In 1684 Penn entrusted his government to a council, and sailed for England, leaving a prosperous colony of about seven thousand people.

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

The accession of James II., soon after his return, increased his influence at court, for the monarch had been the pupil in naval affairs of Penn's father, and was his own intimate friend.

In 1686 he prevailed upon the king and council to release those imprisoned on account of religion, and more than twelve hundred Quakers were set free.

This was the period of Penn's greatest prosperity, but evil days soon came upon him. Shortly after the revolution of 1688, which resulted in the overthrow of the Stuart dynasty, Penn was brought before the council on a charge of treason, but no evidence appeared against him, and he was immediately released. Subsequently he was again arrested on a similar charge, based upon a letter sent to him by the exiled king, James II., but, after a long examination before King William and the council, he was discharged.

In 1690 he was a third time arrested, and tried for conspiracy, but acquitted. This charge was renewed in 1691, and Penn concealed himself to avoid arrest.

Meanwhile his colony had been greatly disturbed by civil and religious quarrels, and, in 1692, Penn was deprived of his authority as governor and the administration of Pennsylvania entrusted to Governor Fletcher, of New York.

The Duke of Buckingham and other powerful friends now interceded in Penn's behalf with the king; he was granted a hearing before the council on the charges against him and honorably acquitted in November, 1693. In 1694 his government was restored to him, and, in 1699, he again visited his colony.

His first wife dying in 1694, two years later he married a Quaker lady, Hannah Callowhill, who accompanied him on his second visit to America. He found the colony prosperous and was well received. He immediately set about the accomplishment of various reforms, and strove earnestly to ameliorate the condition of the Indians and negroes.

The introduction in the English House of Lords of a measure for bringing all the proprietary governments under the crown, necessitated his return to England after a stay in the colony of about two years. Previous to his departure he constituted Philadelphia a city, by a charter, dated, October 25th, 1701. Soon after his return to England the attempt to abrogate the proprietary rights was abandoned.

For several years Penn was involved in great trouble by the affairs of Pennsylvania, owing to the misconduct of his son, whom he had sent to the colony as his representative, and the dishonesty of his agent in London — Quaker named Ford — who died leaving to his executors fraudulent claims against Penn to a very large amount.

To escape extortion, Penn allowed himself to be committed to the Fleet Prison, in 1708, where he remained until his friends compounded with his creditors.

In 1712 he made arrangements to transfer his proprietary rights to the crown for £12,000, but, before the negotiation was completed, he was suddenly stricken with paralysis, and, although he survived for several years, he never regained his mental vigor, and was for much of the time deprived of memory, and rendered physically helpless.

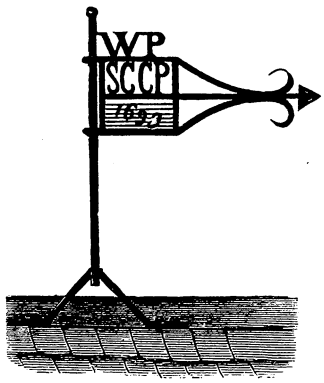
He died at Ruscombe, Berkshire, July 30th, 1718, and was buried near the village of Chalfont, St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire.

The extrordinary mingling of Quaker simplicity and powerful court influence which marked the life of William Penn has given rise to many imputations against his character. Several writers have stigmatized him as a hypocrite, a bribe-taker, and a corruptionist, and the severity of Lord Macaulay's estimate of his character is well-known; but a careful examination of the evidence adduced by Penn's detractors fails to discover adequate ground for such sweeping charges.

As has been well said by a contemporary writer, "William Penn will always be mentioned with honor as the founder of a colony who did not, in his dealings with a savage people, abuse the strength derived from civilization, and as a lawgiver who, in an age of persecution, made religious liberty the corner-stone of a polity."

Of the views herewith presented, two illustrate events already referred to—Penn's Landing at Newcastle, on the shores of the Delaware, and his Treaty with the Indians. The ancient building, shown on another page, is an historical relic of no little interest. It is an humble cottage, constructed of rough stone, and is the original dwelling built by Richard Townsend, for the accommodation of his family, while he was tending the first mill erected in the colony of Pennsylvania. It is situated about a mile and a half northwest from Chester, Pennsylvania, on the left bank of Chester Creek. The mill stood some forty rods above the cottage. The original mill is all gone, but the rocks around bear traces of its former existence, and the log platform still remains under water, at the place where the original ford was, on the road to Philadelphia.

The owners of this mill were William Penn, Caleb Pusey, and Samuel Carpenter, and their initials are inserted in the curious antiquated iron vane, which was formerly fixed on the roof of the mill, and is now placed on the top of Mr. Flower's house, where it still does duty after a continuous service of one hundred and seventy-seven years.



VANE ON TOP OF MR. FLOWER'S HOUSE.

In this rude cottage, no doubt, Penn, Pusey, and Carpenter, often met to count their gains and to devise plans for the future good of the colony.

The lower counties of Pennsylvania were almost wholly settled by the Quakers, whose high character and steady energy made this one of the most flourishing of the American colonies. It became the seat of learning, wealth, and refinement long before the Revolution. Here the independence of the united colonies was proclaimed, and the whole colony took a prominent part in the struggle for freedom.

The doctrines of the Quakers inculcate the utmost simplicity of dress, manners, and living, and condemn all things designed for show, for ornament, or for pleasure. The construction and interior arrangements of their meeting-houses are the simplest possible. They have no pulpits, as they believe that no one is authorized to speak in a religious assembly unless moved thereto by an immediate divine inward impulse.

A row of benches, slightly above the rest, is provided for the more venerable members, and especially for those who are oftenest impelled by "the Spirit" to address their brethren. The men sit upon one side of the house, and the women on the other. Upon entering, all take their seats in silence, without uncovering their heads. Persons of either sex are alike entitled to speak, if they feel impelled to do so. If no one manifests this divine impulse, each individual, when he or she chooses, arises and departs in silence. They have no ceremonies whatever, no stated form of prayer, no liturgy, and no regular preaching. It is said that, in some places, they have thus met in silence for several years in succession without any one speaking a word.

If the sturdy founder of the Quaker commonwealth could "revisit the glimpses of the moon" in this Centennial year of the republic, he would find his infant colony, with its sober population of seven or eight thousand souls, developed

into a mighty State, whose inhabitants number nearly 4,000,000.

In his "city of brotherly love," now grown to the dimensions of a great metropolis, with a population three times greater than the London of his day, he would find the nations of the earth represented at a celebration of the completion of a century of free government, founded upon those principles of civil and religious liberty on which he established his colonial polity 200 years ago.

WHY.

By Jennie K. Griffith.

You saw her dead in her rosewood case,
That was frosted with silver and lined with lace,
A pillow of satin, with tassels of silk,
And silken fringes whiter than milk,
Folds of linen like snowy drift
Over the bosom no breath might lift,
White hands crossed, and pomp and show,
Hiding the heart that was broken below.

Had I but known that the little hands
Held fateful dower of gold and lands,
I could have worshipped and walked aside,
Content in loving, my love to hide—
For their palms had touched me, and evermore
Life would have brimmed with the ecstasy o'er,
As the Nile's love-valleys, caressed from sleep,
With tropical fervors the memory keep.

As star answers star in the twilight of earth,
So a love in her bosom like my love had birth.
I kneel to recall it, the love of that girl—
For the gift was an ominous, sad sea-pearl;
All of the wealth of her womanly soul,
Of her tenderness all, of her life the whole;
For how could they give her to such as I?
For my darling is dead, and that is why.

ENIGMAS.

By Miss L. M. Alcott, Author of "Little Women," "The Eight Cousins," Etc., Etc.

I bought my roll that day of the quiet woman who kept the bake-shop near my poor lodging. I liked her ways; she always folded my purchase in a tidy paper, received my three cents with a little bow and a softly spoken "Thank you," which dignified the paltry transaction and cost my pride no pang. At the corner I paused to decide where I should dine. A simple process, one would fancy, for the bread composed my meal. But, not being a Franklin, I objected to consuming the roll in public, and had two free dining-rooms to choose from—the Park in fine weather, a certain reading-room in stormy. A drop of rain decided me, and I strolled leisurely away to the latter refuge, for hunger had not yet reached its unendurable stage.

The room was deserted by all occupants but the librarian and one old gentleman, consulting a file of foreign newspapers. I slipped into an alcove, devoured my dinner behind a book, and then fell to brooding moodily over the desperate state of my finances and prospects: the first consisting of a single dollar, the last a slow starvation or manual labor, if I could bring myself to it. An abrupt exclamation from the old gentleman roused me, for it had a hopeful sound.

"Page, who copied this? I'd like to secure such a penman."

"Don't know, I'm sure, sir," responded Page. "Among so many clerks it's impossible to tell. I'll inquire if you like."

"No; I couldn't have him, if you did. But if you happen to hear of any good copyist who, for a moderate sum, would do a job for me, let me know, Page."

"I will, sir."

The old gentleman put down the list of newly-arrived books which he had been examining, and drew on his gloves. As he approached my alcove a sudden impulse prompted me to step out and address him.

"Pardon me, sir, but necessarily overhearing your request, I venture to offer myself for trial."

"Have you any references or recommendations to offer, eh?" asked the old gentleman, pausing.

I had an excellent one which I had vainly offered to many persons for the last month. He read the very flattering letter from a well-known scholar whom I had served as secretary for a year, and seemed inclined to try me."

"Hum—quite correct—very satisfactory. Give me a sample of your writing; here's pen and paper."

I obeyed, and laying a sheet of paper upon the open book I had been reading, dashed off my signature in several different styles.

"Very good; the plainest suits me best. What's this? So you understand Italian, do you?"

"Yes, sir; perfectly, I believe."

The old gentleman meditated, and while doing so scanned my face with a pair of keen eyes, in which I could discover nothing but curiosity. I gratified it by saying, briefly:

"Mine is the old story, sir. I am a gentleman's son, poor, proud and friendless now, in want of employment, and ready to do anything for my daily bread."

"Anything, young man?" asked the old gentleman, almost startling me with the energy of his emphasis on his first word.

"Anything but crime, sir. I am in a strait where one does not hesitate long between almost any humiliation and absolute want."

I spoke as forcibly as he had done; it seemed to please him, for the stony immobility of his face relaxed, and a curious expression of satisfaction crept over it.

"Come to me to-morrow at ten. There is my address."

And, thrusting a card into my hand, the old gentleman walked away.

Precisely at ten o'clock on the morrow I presented myself at Mr. North's door, and was speedily set at work in his very comfortable office. The whole affair was rather peculiar, but I liked it the better for that, and the more eccentric the old lawyer appeared, the more I desired to remain with him, though copying deeds was not exciting. He seemed to take

a fancy to me, engaged me for a week, kept me busy till Saturday evening, and then astonished me by informing me for what secret service I was next intended.

As the clock struck five, Mr. North wiped his pen, wheeled about in his chair, and sat waiting till I finished my last page.

"Mr. Clyde, I have a proposition to make," he began, as I looked up. "It will surprise you, but I have no explanation to give, and you can easily refuse. I have not intended keeping you from the first, but desired to test your capabilities before offering you a better situation. A certain person wishes an amanuensis; I think you eminently fitted for the post. You wish independence, agreeable duties, and the surroundings of a gentleman. This place will give you all of these, for the salary is liberal, the labor light, the society excellent. One condition, however, is annexed to your acceptance. If you will pledge me your word to keep that condition a secret, whether you accept it or not, I will mention it."

"I do, sir."

"For reasons, the justice and importance of which you would acknowledge if I were at liberty to divulge them, I desire a reliable report of what passes in this person's house. I think you are fitted for that post also. A week ago you told me you were ready to do anything for your bread which was not a crime; this is none. Do you accept the place and the condition?"

"I am to play the spy, am I, sir?"

"Exactly, to any extent that your interest, ingenuity, and courage prompt you. It is necessary that I should have a daily witness of the events that occur in that family for the next month at least, perhaps longer. I know the task I offer you is both a mysterious and somewhat difficult one, but if you will rely upon the word of an old man who has little more to expect of life, I assure you that no wrong is meditated, and that you will never have cause to regret your compliance. Let me add that at the end of your service, be it short or long, you will receive five hundred dollars, and be subjected to no questions, no detention, no danger or suspicion of any kind."

"But, sir, am I to work utterly in the dark?"

"Utterly."

"Am I never to know what mysterious purpose I am forwarding?"

"Never."

"Can I, ought I to pledge myself to such blind obedience?"

"I believe you can and ought; it is for you to decide whether you will."

Not a feature of the old man's face had varied from its usual colorless immobility; his keen eye searched me while he spoke, and when he paused he sat motionless, with no sign of impatience, as I rapidly considered the strange compact offered me. I rebelled a little at the dishonorable part of it, yet I was conscious of a secret interest and delight in the mysterious mission. The place seemed a tempting one, the bribe a fortune, the security reliable, for Mr. North was as much in my power as I in his. As if cognizant of the doubt and desire between which I was wavering, he said, abruptly:

"You are well-born, well-bred, comely, discreet, and acute. Too proud to bear poverty, too poor to be over nice. A man exactly fitted to the place, though others may be found as competent, less scrupulous, and more eager for both the enterprise and the reward."

"Hardly, sir. I accept."

The only sign of satisfaction which he gave was a closer pressure of the long thin hands loosely folded on his knees.

"Good! now listen, and bear these instructions carefully in mind. This place is ten miles out of the city; here is the address. On Monday evening go there, ask for Mr. Bernard Noel, and present your letter of recommendation. On no account mention my name or ever betray that you have any knowledge of me. Another thing remember: use your Italian as far as the comprehending of it when spoken by others, but deny that you possess that accomplishment if asked."

"Am I sure of being accepted, sir?"

"Yes, I think so. You have only to say that you saw and and have answered an advertisement in last week's *Times*. Such a one appeared—stay, put it in your letter. Now look at this and give me your attention."

He turned to his table, produced a small locked portfolio, and explained its purpose as I stood beside him. Several quires of peculiarly thin smooth paper lay within, a package of envelopes directed in a strange hand to A. Z. Clyde, a seal with a skull for its device, and a stick of iron-gray sealing-wax completed the contents of the portfolio.

"You will record upon this paper the principal events, impressions or discoveries of each day, beginning with your first interview on Monday. Every Saturday you will send me your weekly report in one of the envelopes directed to an imaginary relative of your own. Secure each carefully with this wax and seal, and post them as privately as possible, without attracting attention by too much precaution."

"I shall remember, sir."

"You are to ask no questions, show no especial interest in what passes about you, and on no account betray that you keep this private record. You have wit, courage, great command of countenance, and will soon discover how to use these helps. Let nothing surprise, alarm, or baffle you, and keep faith with me unless you desire ruin instead of reward. Now go, and let me hear from you on Saturday."

He rose, offered me a check, the portfolio, and his hand. I accepted all three, and with our usual brief but courteous adieux we parted: the old man to brood doubtless over his strange secret, the young one to hope that in the unknown family he should find some solution of this first enigma.

* * * * * * *

JUNE 1ST.—Having received no directions as to the form into which I am to put my record, I choose the simple one of the diary as the easiest to myself, perhaps the most interesting to the eyes for which these pages are written.

According to agreement I came hither to-night at nine o'clock, being delayed by an accident on the way. A grave, soldierly servant ushered me into a charming room, airy, softly lighted, and exquisitely furnished, yet somewhat foreign in its elegant simplicity. It was empty, and wandering about it while waiting, I discovered a lady in an adjoining room. As she seemed unconscious of my presence, I began my surveillance by taking a careful survey. Leaning in a deep chair, I only caught the outline of her figure; for over her silvery gray dress she wore a large white cashmere, as if an invalid, and forced to guard herself even from the mild night air. Gray hair waved away on either side her pale cheeks, under a delicate lace cap, which fell in a point upon her forehead. A deep green shade concealed her eyes, leaving visible only the contour of a rounded chin and feminine mouth. She was knitting, and I observed that her little hands were covered nearly to the finger-tips with quaint black silk mits, such as ancient ladies wore. There was something melancholy yet attractive about this figure, so delicate, so womanly, so sadly afflicted, for I felt that she was blind.

Absorbed in watching her, I was rather startled by a rustling among the shrubs that grew about the open French window behind me, and turned to see a young man entering from the garden. Somewhat embarrassed at being discovered peeping, I hastily inferred that the new-comer was a

son of Mr. Bernard Noel, and introduced myself rather awkwardly.

"I came in answer to an advertisement in the *Times*, sir. I sent my name to Mr. Noel; but it is late—your father, perhaps, is not disengaged?"

What a singular look flashed upon me out of the dark eyes that were scrutinizing my face, and what a singular smile accompanied the words:

"I am Bernard Noel."

I murmured an apology, presented my letter, and while he read it sat examining my future patron, wondering the while that such a lad should need an amanuensis. I say lad, for at the first glance he looked eighteen; a second caused me to suspect that he was some years older. Every inch a gentleman, for high-breeding makes itself manifest at a glance. Of middle height, slender and boyish in figure, yet with no boyish awkwardness to mar the easy grace of his address or attitude. The light shone full upon his face, and in that momentary pause I studied it. Dark curling hair framed a broad, harmoniously rounded forehead; black brows lay straight above those Southern eyes of his, now vailed by sweeping lashes; the nose was spirited and haughty; the mouth grave and strong, perhaps rendered more so by a slight moustache that shaded it. Even his dress interested me, as if I were a woman, though nothing could have been simpler or more becoming. A black velvet paletôt, dark trousers, collar turned over a ribbon; an aristocratically small foot, perfectly shod, and a single ring on a handsome hand that held the letter. An almost instantaneous impression took possession of me that this youth was both older than he looked and wiser than his years. Whether some deep experience had matured him, or the presence of genius thus manifested itself, I could not so soon decide, but felt instinctively attracted and interested in the unconscious person whom I had been set to watch.

ENIGMAS.—THE AUTHOR AND HIS AMANUENSIS.—SEE PAGE 467.

Presently he looked up, saying in a peculiarly clear and penetrating voice:

"This is entirely satisfactory, Mr. Clyde; let me hope that the situation may prove so to yourself, for Mr. Lord has conferred honor in allowing me to secure the services of a 'fine scholar and an accomplished gentleman.'"

He bowed with a glance that turned the quotation to a compliment, then continued with a gracious gravity that was very charming, from the contrast of youth with the native dignity which sat so gracefully upon this boyish master of a household:

"It is too late for the return train; you will remain to-night, and perhaps send for your luggage to-morrow. I am impatient to see my work begun, for time presses."

"I am entirely at your service, Mr. Noel."

"Thanks. You will find us a quiet family; we see no society just now, for my cousin is an invalid, and my present pursuits require solitude. I hoped to have finished my task myself, but my health will not permit of such close confinement, therefore I shall leave the pen to you, and take a holiday."

Anxious to discover what my duties were to be, I put the question in the form of a surmise.

"I shall be doubly glad to take it up if, as I infer, it is to be used for the transcribing of some maiden work, perhaps."

A slight flush rose to the young man's cheek, colorless before; his eyes fell like a shy girl's, and his lips broke into a sudden smile, seemingly against his will, for he checked it with a frown, and answered, with a curious blending of pleasure, pride, and reserve:

"Yes, it is my maiden work, but, as we shall both be heartily tired of the thing before we are done with it, let us drop that subject for the present, if you please."

"Sensitive and shy, like most young authors," thought I, apologizing, with an air of contrition. Setting the topic aside with a little wave of the hand, Mr. Noel said, more cordially:

"Your rooms are in the east wing, and I hope will be agreeable to you. Madame Estavan's health and my own wayward habits prevent much regularity in our daily life, but this need not disturb you. We breakfast in our own rooms, lunch when we please, and dine at five. You will oblige me by ordering the two first meals at whatever hours suits your appetite and convenience, and by joining us at dinner; for in so small a family ceremony is unnecessary, and social intercourse better for us all."

"What hours do you prefer to have devoted to my duties, sir?" I asked, finding no difficulty in uttering the respectful monosyllable, for my six-and-twenty years seemed to give me no superiority over this stripling, not yet out of his teens, perhaps.

"I am in my study early these Summer mornings, finding an hour or two then more profitable than later in the day. Let us say from eight to four, or half after, with a recess at noon for rest and refreshment. The garden and west wing are sacred to madame, but the rest of the house and grounds are open to you, and the evenings at your disposal, unless you prefer to write. When not otherwise engaged, we are usually in the drawing-room after dinner, if you care to join us."

Another singular expression passed over his face just then, reluctance and regret, audacity and pain, all seemed to meet and mingle in it, but it was gone before I could define the predominant emotion, and his countenance was like a cold, pale mask again.

I expressed my satisfaction at these arrangements, and while I spoke he watched me intently, so intently that I felt my color rising—a most unwonted manifestation, and doubly annoying just then; for, conscious of my secret mission, a sense of guilt haunted me which was anything but tranquilizing, with those searching eyes full upon me. I think the blush did me good service, however, for, as if some doubt had disturbed his mind, my apparent bashfulness seemed to reassure him. He said nothing, but a slight fold in his forehead smoothed itself away, and an aspect of relief overspread his features so visibly that I made a mental note of the fact, and resolved to support the character of a simple-minded, diffident scholar, rather than a man of the world, as by so doing I should doubtless secure many opportunities which might otherwise be denied me.

Here madame called "Bernard!" and he went in to her. Without leaving my seat I saw him bend over her more like a son than a cousin, heard her ask several questions in a lowered voice, the answers to which she received with a silvery little laugh as blithe as any girl's. Then she rose, saying aloud in a slow, mild voice, with a pleasant accent in it:

"Take me in, *cherie*, and present monsieur, then ring for Pierre, that we have coffee."

Drawing her arm through hers, Mr. Noel led her to the larger room, established her in an armchair, and presented me, with the anxious look again apparent. Madame was very French, pensively courteous, and so gracefully helpless that I soon found myself waiting upon her almost as zealously as her cousin, who watched my compassionate attentions with that inscrutable smile of his. The soldierly servant handed coffee, and the slight constraint which unavoidably exists at the beginning of an acquaintance was fast wearing off when an incident occurred which effectually broke up our interview.

I was approaching madame with her ball, which had rolled from her lap, when Mr. Noel, who stood beside her, suddenly bent forward, as if attracted by something that alarmed him; for, dropping his cup, he whispered a single word and threw her shawl across her face. It sounded like "paint" or "faint," was probably the latter, for with a slight cry, more expressive of alarm than pain, madame fell into his arms, and without a word he carried her away, leaving me transfixed with astonishment.

He was back again directly, looking quite composed, and with the brief explanation that madame was accustomed to such turns, he presently asked if I would like to write the order for my luggage, that it might be dispatched early in the morning. Accepting the hint, I bade him good-night, and was soon installed by the old servant in two charming rooms on the ground floor of the west wing, where I now sit, concluding first report.

JUNE 2D.—Breakfasted in my room, and punctually at eight o'clock tapped at the door which Pierre had pointed out the night before as belonging to "master's study." Mr. Noel bade me enter, and obeying, found him busied in a deep recess, divided from the room by damask curtains. These being partially undrawn, discovered a wide window, looking on the garden, a writing-chair and table, a tall cabinet and couch, and a literary strew of books, MSS., ponderous dictionaries, and portfolios. The room itself was plainly furnished, quiet, cool and shady, while the same atmosphere of refinement and repose pervaded it that had impressed me elsewhere, and which seemed rather some peculiar charm of its possessor than the result of taste or time. Mr. Noel bade me good-morning with a chilling courtesy, which would have instantly recalled the relations between us had I been inclined to forget them. Pointing to a second writing-table, whereon all necessary appliances were laid ready, he handed me a pile of MS., saying, as he half-reluctantly loosed his hold upon it:

"Many freaks and whims are permitted to young authors, you know, Mr. Clyde. One of mine is to leave my book unchristened till it is ready to be dressed in type. I will not impose the first chapters upon you, but you may begin where my patience gave out. Copy a few pages as a sample. I will come and look at them presently."

He returned to his nook, and employed himself so noiselessly that I soon forgot his presence. The instant his back was turned my eye ran down the page before me, and what I read confirmed my fancy that Mr. Noel was a genius. That one sheet amazed me, for it gave evidence of a power, insight, and culture hardly credible in one so young. The book was no romance, poem, satire, or essay, but a most remarkable work upon Italian history and politics. A strange subject for a boy to choose, and still more marvelous was his treatment of it. I was fairly staggered as I read on at the learning, research, and eloquence each fine paragraph displayed. No wonder his cheeks are colorless, his eyes full of fire, his air both lofty and languid, when that young brain of his has wrought such sentences. No wonder he is proud, knowing himself endowed with such a gift, and the power to use it. This explains the fascination of his presence, the charm of his manner, the indefinable something which attracts one's eye, arrests one's interest, yet restrains one's curiosity by an involuntary respect for that attribute which is "divine when young."

I should have gone on reading in a maze of admiration and incredulity, had not the recollection of his request set me writing with my utmost celerity and elegance. Soon I became absorbed and forgot everything but the smoothly flowing words, that seemed to glide from my pen as if to music, for the theme was liberty, and the writer was a poet as well as patriot and philosopher. Pausing to take a long breath, I became aware that Mr. Noel was at my side. He saw my excited face, my evident desire to break into a rapture. It seemed to touch and please him, for he came nearer, asking, wistfully yet shyly:

"Do you like it?"

"I have no words to express how much. It is well that you laid an embargo on my tongue, for otherwise I should never be done praising."

His face glowed, his eye shone, and he offered me his hand with that enchanting smile of his.

"I thank you, I shall remember this." Then, as if to check me and himself, he examined my copy of his own hastily written MS.

"This is beautifully done. I hardly know my pages when freed from the blots and blemishes grown so familiar to me. Do you find it very tiresome?"

"On the contrary, most delightful yet most tantalizing, for I long to read when I should be writing. Mr. Noel, I am utterly amazed that such a book should be produced by so young a man."

"I might say I did not write it, for my father bequeathed me his spirit; and if these pages possess truth, eloquence, or beauty, the praise belongs to him—not me."

Softly, almost solemnly, he spoke, without confusion or conceit; pride unmarred by any tinge of vanity he probably showed, but seemed as if he had entirely forgotten himself in his work, and would accept no commendation but through that. He appeared to fall into a little reverie, and I sat silent, my eyes fixed on the shapely hand resting against the table as he stood. I was not thinking of it, but it annoyed him; for, with an almost petulant gesture, he flung down the pages he had held, thrust both hands deep into the pockets of his paletôt, turned sharply on his heel and went into his alcove. I heard him stirring there for several minutes, as if putting his papers under lock and key; then reappearing, he said, gravely:

"You will find lunch in the dining-room whenever you like it. I must take madame for her drive now; we shall meet at dinner."

He went, and soon after I saw a pony carriage roll down the avenue. I wrote till noon, when feeling hungry I set off on an exploring expedition, as Mr. Noel had forgotten to mention where the dining-room was, and I did not care to ring up a servant. A wide hall ran the whole length of the house, opening upon the garden in the rear. Four doors appeared: the two opposite were open and belonged to the drawing-rooms; I was standing on the threshold of the third, and the fourth evidently led to the dining-room. I chose to ignore that fact and satisfy my curiosity by prowling elsewhere. I might never have so good an opportunity again: the master and mistress were away, no one would suspect a stranger, and if I met the servants, ignorance would be a fair excuse. Having assumed the part of a spy, I wished to play it well, and being forbidden to question persons, must gain information from inanimate things, if possible. Two cross passages led from the main hall: one to my rooms, the other to the west wing. This, of course, I took, softly opening the first door that appeared—madame's apartment, for the gray silk dress and white shawl lay across a chair. A rapid survey satisfied me, and I passed to the next—Mr. Noel's, though I should scarcely have guessed it but for the hat upon the lounge, the pistols beside the bed, and the gentleman's dressing-case on the toilette. The windows were heavily curtained, the furniture luxurious, and an air of almost feminine elegance pervaded it. Two things struck me: the first was a dainty work-basket in a lounging chair, so near me that I could see the exquisitely fine stitching on the wristbands that lay in it. Madame was blind, no other woman appeared—who did it? The second discovery was more important. Opposite the door where I stood appeared another half open, showing a flight of thickly carpeted stairs winding upward. A blaze of June sunshine streamed down them, the odor of flowers came to me with a balmy gust, and in the act of stealing forward to see what was above, I was arrested by a soft voice, exclaiming in Italian:

"Ah, I am so tired of this; devise some new amusement, or I shall die of weariness."

"My darling, so am I," replied a deeper voice; "but remembering our reward, I can have patience. Come to me and let us talk of our next letter; it is due to-day."

"No; it makes me sad to think of that unless I must, and Heaven knows I need all the cheerfulness and courage I possess."

"Poor little heart, you do. Sing to me while I work, and so forget imprisonment and trouble."

"That is my only pleasure now. But I am thirsty, I want a draught of wine, and Pierre has forgotten me," murmured the female voice.

"No love, he never will do that. I was obliged to send him to the St. Michaels, that they might be told of this man's arrival, and conduct matters with double discretion," answered the man.

"Poor Pierre! he has to serve us now as butler, gardener, errand-boy, and sentinel. His life must be almost as wearisome as mine," sighed the other.

"Now you are growing sorrowful again. Kiss me, Clarice, and let me find a happier face when I return; I am going for the wine."

There was a rustle, a murmur, and a pause, but I heard no more; for gliding like a shadow down the hall, I bolted into the dining-room and began to devour the first viand that came to hand. Here was a discovery! the deeper voice I heard was Mr. Noel's, and the softer one not madame's. Hers was sweet and slow; this youthful and vivacious, plaintive and petulant by turns. Noel's was unmistakable, though now it varied from passionate melancholy to an infinite tenderness, a caressing tone that would have soothed and won any woman by its magic. I had barely time to compose myself before he entered, started at seeing me, then laughed, and explained:

"Pardon! I have lived so much alone that I had forgotten the addition to my household for the moment. Let me fill your glass."

I had opened my lips to reply when a strain of music floated past the window, and involuntarily I paused to listen.

"Ah! Casta Diva, and exquisitively given."

As I spoke I saw Mr. Noel's hand tighten round the decanter he held, and again that peculiar glance flashed upon me as he said:

"You understand Italian, then?"

"Yes," was on my lips, but the recollection of my promise checked it, and I answered with an accent of regret, "I wish I did."

Mr. Noel raised his glass to his lips, as if to conceal the smile that parted them, a smile which doubtless signified, "So do not I," but he said aloud:

"You recognised the air rather than the words, I fancy."

"Yes; madame possesses a wonderful voice."

"Madame is an accomplished woman."

With which unsatisfactory reply he strolled to the window, plate in hand, and stood there listening. I ate in silence, but watched him covertly, recalling what I had lately heard, and finding in his appearance further confirmation of the suspicion which had come to me. His eyes had met mine but once; on his cheek burned a color not born of the Summer heat; his grave mouth was soft and smiling, as if the kiss he asked for still remained upon his lips, and the music of that sweeter language seemed to linger in his voice. He looked a lover, and I felt that he was one, for genius rapidly matures both head and heart, unhampered by restraints of customs, age, or race. How else explain the presence of the unknown singer, upon whom I had heard him lavish such tender names with more than brotherly affection? I confess the fancy charms me, for my own loveless life has been so bare of romance, I am ready to find interest and pleasure in another man's experience, while the mystery which surrounds the strange youth and my

relations with him make it doubly alluring. As I rose to return to my work the act seemed to rouse him; approaching the table he carefully selected a cake and fruit, filled a glass with iced claret, and arranging them on a silver salver, added a handful of flowers from a vase near by, and carried it away, saying, with a half-sad, half-mirthful look:

"Madame likes me to wait on her, and is as fond of delicate attentions as a girl."

Till nearly five I wrote, then dressed for dinner, and when summoned found my host and hostess waiting for me. A well-appointed table, a well-served meal, and one occurrence at its close are all that is necessary to record of this episode. Noel sat beside his cousin, waiting on her with a quiet devotion beautiful to see. Pierre hovered about both with a respectfully protective air, which became the venerable servant who seemed to eye me rather jealously, as if he feared a rival in his young master's confidence. It was a silent meal, for Noel was not loquacious, and madame seemed sad. I did my best, but the *rôle* I had taken was not one to allow of much conversation, and long pauses followed short dialogues.

We were just rising when Pierre entered, bringing a basket of hothouse flowers, which he delivered to his master, with the message:

"For madame, with Mrs. St. Michael's compliments."

Madame uttered no thanks, made no gesture of pleasure, but every particle of color faded from her face as she seemed to listen for Noel's answer. He too was paler, and the hand extended for the basket trembled visibly, yet he answered with unwonted animation:

"She is very kind; cousin, I will take them to your room for you. Mr. Clyde, I have an engagement for this evening; but drawing-room, library, and lawn are at your service."

"The last shall be first, thank you, and I will enjoy the sunset out-of-doors."

With that I took myself away; Pierre closed the door behind me, and as I turned into the passage to my rooms I fancied I heard the click of a key turning in the lock. I got my hat, passed out at one of the long windows of my little parlor, and strolled toward the lawn along the terrace which lay close before the house. My steps were noiseless on the turf, and as I passed the windows of the dining-room I snatched a hasty look, which showed me the basket overturned upon the floor, madame with her shade at her feet and her face hidden in her hands, Mr. Noel reading a letter aloud, and Pierre listening intently, with a napkin still over his arm.

ENIGMAS.—COPYING THE WORK ON ITALIAN HISTORY AND POLITICS.—SEE PAGE 467.

They did not see me, all being absorbed, and with my curiosity still further piqued, I wearied myself with conjectures as I surveyed the exterior of the house, the occupants of which already inspired me with such interest.

A rambling English cottage in a nest of verdure. A lawn slopes to the road in front, a garden lies behind, a lane runs parallel with the garden-wall on the right, and a grove of pines rises soberly against the sky upon the left.

Curious to locate the room of the unknown, I struck into the lane, scrutinizing the left wing as I walked. To my surprise, no upper windows appeared. An ancient grape-vine covered the western wall, trained away from the lower casements, but completely masking the space above and wandering over half the roof. Looking closer, I soon discovered a large aperture in the roof, half-hidden by the leaves; the sash evidently lowered from within, and this explains the flood of sunshine and the odorous gust that floated down the stairway which I now long to mount. Having looked till my eyes ached, I roamed away into the fields which lie between the solitary cottage and the town.

As I came up the avenue on my return Mr. Noel passed me, driving rapidly; he did not see me, for his hat was pulled down low upon his forehead, but his mouth looked grim, his whole figure erect and resolute. I watched him out of sight, went in and read for an hour, then to my room and secret diary. It is past midnight now, but Mr. Noel has not yet returned.

JUNE 3D.—Found the young gentleman in his alcove, and my work laid ready when I went to the study this morning. He looked up and answered my salutation as I entered, then seated himself behind his curtain, and I saw no more of him for an hour. At the end of that time the perfect silence that reigned in the recess arrested my attention, and caused me to suspect that he had slipped away through the window. I was just meditating a peep, when accident supplied me with a genuine excuse. A little gust of air blew in from the garden, rustling the papers on his table; one was wafted beyond the curtain, and almost to my feet. I waited a moment for him to reclaim it, but nothing stirred, and quite sure that he was gone, I examined it. A closely covered sheet, written in Italian, it proved to be, and a moment's inspection showed me that it was a part of the work I was copying, though in a different and bolder hand. Stepping to the recess to restore it, I was startled by discovering Mr. Noel asleep in his chair. Very worn and tired he looked, though younger than ever in his sleep; on the page upon his desk lay drops that looked like tears. Seeing that his slumber was deep, I ventured to look well about me. The half-written sheet on which his pen still lay, as it dropped from his drowsy hand, was a translation of the very page I held. Others lay on the table, and in the cabinet which now stood open I spied three piles of MS. A hasty glance showed me the missing chapters copied in his graceful hand, a heap of blurred and hasty translation, and a worn, stained MS. in the same bold writing, the same language as the truant leaf. Farther I dared not look, but crept back to my seat, and fell to wondering why the boy wrote in Italian, and suffered no one to translate it but himself. Were he other than he is, I should suspect him of a literary theft, or some double dealing with another's work. But Bernard Noel seems incapable of deceit, and his look, his manner when speaking of it, assure me that it is rightfully his own, whatever his reasons may be for so laborious a process. My reflections were suddenly interrupted by hearing him rouse, and seeing him pull aside the curtain to ascertain if I was there. He looked half-bewildered by sleep, but began to collect the papers, carefully arranged them in the cabinet, locked it, and stepped out into the garden, where I saw him pacing thoughtfully to and fro for half an hour. That was the last of him for to-day, for he and madame dined at the St. Michaels, as Pierre informed me when five o'clock found me the sole partaker of an excellent dinner. They returned at nine, and the invisible musician has been singing for an hour.

JUNE 6TH.—For four days nothing has occurred worth recording, as I have been almost entirely alone. Mr. Noel hands me a chapter or two each morning, receives my copy at night, and only the necessary directions are asked and given. Madame has not been visible, ill I am told, yet her cousin looks tranquil, and no nurse or physician has been summoned to my knowledge. Very brief and silent are our interviews at dinner, and not once have I found the drawing-room occupied of an evening. No one calls, but Mr. Noel drives out often and returns late. My days have been spent at the writing-table, my evenings in my own room, or solitary walks about the country. Returning from one of these, I saw the window under the vines brilliantly lighted, and resolved to satisfy my curiosity the first moonless night. This ends my first week's record; I trust it is satisfactory, and that out of my own darkness I have given light.

JUNE 7TH.—To-day, being Sunday, I asked Mr. Noel, when I met him at lunch, in which of the three churches, over the hill, I should find his pew.

"In none; I go nowhere just now. My cousin cannot, and I join her in a little service here at home," he said, slowly; adding instantly, as if afraid I should expect to be included in that domestic service: "My friend, Mrs. St. Michael, will be happy to do the honors of her husband's chapel. I have spoken to her, and she expects you." I thanked him, went to church, found the pastor a dull preacher, though apparently an excellent and pious gentleman; his wife a grave, motherly lady, who received me with courtesy, examined me with interest, and, as we came out together, asked me how I liked her neighbors.

"Mr. Noel seems an eccentric but most charming young man, and madame a wonderfully cheerful sufferer," I replied.

"Genius has many privileges, and eccentricity is one, you know," replied the lady, adding, rather guardedly: "Madame Estavan is younger than she seems, and manifold afflictions cannot wholly darken her bright spirit. May I trouble you to give my regards to her, and tell Mr. Noel I will see him to-morrow?"

At dinner I delivered the messages; Mr. Noel turned graver than before on receiving his, and madame turned gay. I was glad to see her so, and did my best to interest her, observing that her cousin often took the word from her lips, and that Pierre's usually expressionless face wore an aspect of uneasiness. In drawing out her handkerchief madame dropped an ebony rosary. No one heard it fall, for it slipped noiselessly through the folds of her dress, and no one saw it but myself. Pierre was busy at the sideboard, and, stooping, I lifted and returned it to her. She received it with the exclamation:

"*Ciel!* How careless I am grown! I thought I put it by after mass."

"Madame is a Catholic, one sees."

The words slipped from me involuntarily, her answer seemed to do the same.

"Oh, yes; in truth I am, and so is——"

A heavy silver fork clanged down into Mr. Noel's plate, and madame started at the clatter, leaving her sentence unfinished.

"Pardon, cousin; if you are forgetful, I am awkward. You were about to say, 'and so is Pierre.'"

Noel spoke quite naturally, but I suspect madame caught some warning from his tone, for the color mounted to her forehead as she eagerly assented.

"Surely, yes. Whom else could I mean? Not you, my too-Protestant and English Bernard."

Poor lady, she overdid the matter sadly, and that anxious emphasis upon the words "Protestant" and "English" convinced me that Noel was neither, though but for this I never should have suspected it. As if anxious to banish it from my mind, he led the way to the drawing-room, and, as all madame's spirits had departed, exerted himself to entertain us both. In conversation I found him witty, earnest, and frank, but in the midst of an animated description of

ENIGMAS.—THE EAVESDROPPER WATCHING THE TWO SISTERS.—SEE PAGE 467.

foreign life he checked himself, and going to the grand piano, gave us fragments from the sacred music of the great masters, with an ease and brilliancy that captivated me. I was heartily enjoying this treat when, as if doomed to make scenes, madame suddenly gave a loud cry, and darted out upon the lawn, exclaiming:

"He has come! *Mon père! Mon père!*"

For an instant Noel stared aghast, then sprang after her, looking as wild as she. I followed to the terrace, and standing there, heard, through the stillness of the twilight, madame sobbing and her cousin chiding. He spoke Italian, but low and rapid as were his words, I caught them brokenly.

"I cannot trust you—you have no control of face, voice, mind or manner. You knew it was impossible—he cannot come for weeks yet—I will have no more of this."

"Forgive me. It is this life which destroys my nerves; it is unnatural. I cannot bear it. Let it end for me," sobbed madame.

"It shall," almost sternly answered he. "Rest content, I will ask no more of you; it is selfish, unwise. I can bear and do alone; you have suffered enough."

"It is not that; it is the suspense, the deceit, the danger that dismays me. I can act no part. Send me away for a little; you will be freer, happier, safer, without me, as you know."

"I shall, and so will you. To-morrow St. Michael will receive you and a few weeks will end all. Now compose yourself, go to your room, and leave me to explain your flight to Clyde."

"I slipped round to the hall door and met him there with, I flatter myself, well-acted concern. Madame passed me with a murmured:

"Monsieur, I have known loss, it haunts me; forgive the malady of a broken heart."

Noel gave her into the charge of a grave, elderly woman, whom I now saw for the first time, and who came hurrying up with Pierre. As she departed the old servant hastily explained that it was he who had peeped and startled madame.

"Then madame is not wholly blind?" I asked, quickly, for there he paused and looked confused. Noel answered, tranquilly:

"It is only a partial loss. You may go, Pierre; you are forgiven. But let us have no more of this, for madame's sake."

The old man gladly withdrew, and his master added, as I bade him good-night:

"My cousin needs change. I shall take her to town to-morrow. We have friends there, and her state demands better care than I can give her. We shall leave early, but I will prepare matters for you, as I shall not return till late."

A long sigh of relief broke from him as he turned away, and, on my soul, I pitied him; for it is my belief that madame is not only a little mad, but some refugee whom he is befriending, and who, in spite of gratitude, finds it hard to lead a life of concealment under the same roof with some fair, frail lover of this fascinating boy.

JUNE 8TH.—Found the house silent as a tomb, and fancy the sound of carriage wheels which half-woke me at dawn was the only farewell I shall receive from poor madame. A long, quiet day. Noel returned at dusk, and went straight to his room. I seized my hat, concealed myself in the lane, and watched the leafy window. Presently it blazed with light, and but for the appearance of Pierre in the garden I should have been tempted to execute my resolve at once. Hearing the rattle of the chain that holds the gate, I sprang into the footpath which turns into the lane from the fields. Pierre showed small surprise at meeting me, as these meadows are my favorite walk, and my assumption of simplicity has quite blindfolded this old watchdog. Anxious to see how he would explain it, I asked, as if just discovering the window:

"What is that light among the leaves? Does the roof burn?"

"Oh no, monsieur, it is my master's studio. He paints as he does everything else—divinely. For that room he took the cottage; an artist built it, and though he does little now, he often lounges there at night."

The answer came so readily, and seemed so natural an explanation I could not but believe it, and, saying I should go in and read, I left him. From my window I watched him far along the avenue, he and the maids chatting in the grove, knew that madame's nurse had gone with her from a word Pierre dropped at dinner, and felt that my time had come. It was a moonless evening, fast deepening into night; a light wind was blowing that filled the air with rustling sounds, and the house was quite deserted for the time. I had no fear—excitement is my element, daring my delight, and I desired to earn my liberal reward for this dishonorable but alluring service.

Leaving my hat behind me, I crept to the western wing, with every sense alert. Not by the vines did I ascend, but by a slender Norway pine, whose stem, being branchless for many feet above the ground, seemed to forbid approach by that means. Practice made me agile, and I was soon upon the first bough which touched the roof. With catlike steps I picked my way, crouching low and making no sound louder than the whispers of the wind. The window was closed, and all I heard was a murmur of voices, but parting the leaves at one shaded corner I lay flat and looked down.

A long, lofty room was below, full of light, soft colors, lovely shapes, but how furnished I cannot tell, for its occupants absorbed me instantly. Stretched his full length on a couch lay Noel, looking like a luxuriously indolent young sultan, in crimson dressing-gown and Turkish slippers. He was laughing, and till then I had never seen the real beauty of his face; some cloud of reserve, distrust, or melancholy had vailed it from me, but at last I saw the boy's true self, and felt that nothing was impossible to such as he. His white throat was bare, his black curls tumbled, his hands clasped above his head, and as he laughed he hummed a sprightly air, in which a softer voice joined fitfully.

At first he alone was visible, but soon down the long room came a woman dancing like an elf. Great heavens! how beautiful she was! She wore some foreign dress, brilliant and *piquante*, a lovely neck and arms shone white against the gold and scarlet of her bodice, and bare rosy feet scarcely seemed to touch the carpet. Dark eyes glittered through a stream of rippling gold hair, a sweet, red mouth was smiling, and as she danced the bloom no art can give deepened beautifully on her cheek.

With a deep obeisance and a ringing laugh she ended her pretty part of Bayadere, and dropping on a cushion beside the couch, talked vivaciously while gathering up her hair. Noel caressed the bright head which presently leaned against his pillow, sobering slowly as the thoughtful look stole back into his face. Clarice—for this was doubtless she—seemed to chide him, to try and win the gay mood back again, but vainly; for rising on his elbow he began to speak earnestly, so earnestly that his companion soon grew as intent as he. I would have given worlds to have caught a word, but not one reached me, and but for the emphatic gestures of the pair should have gathered nothing of their meaning. He evidently urged something from which she shrank, yet in the end acceded to with tears and eloquently sorrowful eyes. Noel seemed satisfied, and with the fondest gestures dried the tears, consoled the grief, and endeavored to make light of it. A deep lounging-chair stood before an easel, on which shone the image of this sweet-voiced girl. A dainty

little supper was spread beside the chair, and drawing his model—for such I now suspect Clarice to be—into the velvet nest beside him, Noel made merry over it like one content, and yet not heartily at ease.

It was a prettier picture than any he will ever paint; both so young, so blithe and beautiful, so loving and beloved, so free and rich in all that makes life pleasant. I felt like one shut out from some sweet Paradise as I lay looking from the dimness of the night upon this happy pair, while they nestled there together, drinking from the same glass, eating from the same plate, serving one another with such charming zeal, and forgetting all things but themselves.

Utterly oblivious of the outer world, Pierre's voice nearly caused me to betray myself, so suddenly did it break the hush.

"Catherine, has Monsieur Clyde come in?"

"Yes, long ago; his light is out."

The speakers were in the garden, and waiting till the door closed upon them I crept to the pine, half-slid, half-fell in my haste, and safely regained my room.

JUNE 9TH.—Mrs. St. Michael came, had a brief interview with Mr. Noel on the lawn, which was prudent but unsatisfactory to me, for I learned nothing from it. Saw no more of him till dinner, when he told me he should pass the evening out. At eight he drove away, and, curious to know when he returned, I amused myself with a book till nearly midnight; then, wearying of it, put out my light, and sat musing in the dark. The night was cloudy, close and warm, and, finding all still, I presently went out into the lane, wondering if Clarice, too, watched and waited for his return. The window was dark, but just as I turned from it, I was alarmed by the sound of wheels close by. I recognized the light roll of the pony carriage, though it was deadened by the turf, for to my dismay it was evidently coming not up the avenue, but along the lane. Fearing to be seen if I attempted to get in, I sprang behind the hedge, and, holding my breath, saw the carriage pause before the door in the garden-wall. A man leaped out, seemed to listen, then admitted himself both to the garden and the house, as the sound of a cautiously lifted window suggested. Quite breathless with interest I waited, and sooner than I expected the man reappeared, not alone now, for a slender female figure clung to him. I could just see the outline of their figures, the white gleam of their faces, but I knew them at once by the few words rapidly exchanged in Italian.

"How still it is! Have you no fear?"

"I have done with fear, Clarice."

"And I with captivity, thank God!"

"I shall miss you sadly, dear."

"Not for long, your wife will comfort you."

A little laugh accompanied the words, and, like spectres of the shadowy hour, house, carriage, man, and woman vanished in the gloom.

Here is a clue at last: Noel will marry, and for this purpose clears his house of all encumbrances; poor madame and the lovely model must give place to some woman whom he unwillingly marries—if his face and manner are to be relied on. Why he does so is a mystery like himself, but I will yet fathom both.

JUNE 10TH.—It is well that I was prepared beforehand, else the announcement made to me this evening would have filled me with uncontrolable surprise. Mr. Noel wrote steadily all day, was unusually taciturn at dinner, and amused himself at the piano till twilight fell. I had been pacing up and down the hall enjoying his music, when it ceased abruptly, and coming out he joined me in my promenade. The hall was not lighted, except by the softened gleam of shaded lamps in the drawing-room. I instantly observed the anxious look I have learned to know, and by the slight embarrassment of his usually easy manner I inferred that he both wished and feared to speak. Presently fixing his eyes full upon me, he said slowly, as if weighing every word and marking its effect:

"Mr. Clyde, as an inmate of my house, I feel that it is but right for me to tell you of an approaching event, which, however, will not materially change my mode of life nor your own—I am about to marry."

He so evidently expected me to be surprised that I instantly feigned what I should yesterday have really felt.

Stopping in my walk, I exclaimed:

"Married! you are very young for that experience;" there I checked myself and began the proper congratulations. He cut them short by asking:

"How old do you believe me to be?"

"You look eighteen; your book says forty," I answered, laughing.

"I am of age, however, and though young to marry, have neither parents nor guardians to forbid it if they would."

"It will be soon I infer, as you do me the honor of announcing it to me?"

"On Saturday."

"You mentioned that this event would make no change in my present mode of life—I am then to continue my copying as usual during your absence?"

"I shall be absent but a day. It will be a very private affair, and my—Mrs. Noel will return with me at once."

A little pause fell between us. I was contrasting his cool, quiet manner now with the loverlike expression he had worn when with Clarice, and felt more than ever convinced that for some weighty reason he was doing violence to his own heart. He seemed conscious that, having said so much, he should say more, and presently added, still in the same measured tone:

"Madame's departure leaves me lonely. My attachment is no sudden one, for I have loved Hortense from her babyhood. She, too, is an orphan, and both being solitary, we see no wisdom in delaying to secure our happiness. Mrs. St. Michael is a mutual friend, and at her house we shall be married in the quietest manner, for the few relatives we possess are far distant, and Hortense dreads strangers."

Here Pierre came in, bringing a dainty little note, which he delivered with a smile. Noel took it eagerly, wished me good-night, and hurried away to the west wing. I wish that I, too, were a lover.

JUNE 12TH.—Since our conversation in the hall I have scarcely seen Mr. Noel, and therefore I have little to record. For an hour or two he has sat in his alcove, then dressed and driven away to the St. Michaels, where I suspect the bride-elect has already arrived. To-day the wedding-day, and I waited with intense impatience for the coming of the young pair. Not that I expected to be invited to join them so soon, if ever, but because I was burning with curiosity to see the woman for whom he had discarded poor Clarice, and had no scruples about gratifying myself in any way that offered.

At five I went to my dinner, found Pierre polishing the plate, but no appearance of food.

"Master will dine at seven to-day, and hopes monsieur will not be incommoded by the change," he said.

"Am I to join them as usual, then?" I asked, surprised.

"Oh yes; the arrival of young madame will alter nothing but Monsieur Noel's spirits, I believe."

At half-past six o'clock a carriage rolled up the avenue, and from behind a group of larches on the lawn I watched the arrival. Pierre came smiling to the door as Noel led a lady up the steps. A slender, dainty little lady she seemed, but her face was hidden by the white vail which covered her blonde bonnet, and all I could discover of her figure, under a flowing white burnous, was that it was slight and graceful.

She was evidently very young; for as she entered the house she clapped her hands and danced down the long hall, as if overjoyed to be at home. Noel stood an instant talking with his old servant, and I caught a glimpse of his face, and very little like the countenance of a bridegroom did it look.

As both went in I returned to my room, and half an hour afterward was summoned to dinner.

Twilight had come on and lamps were lit. The table shone with damask, glass and silver, flowers glowed everywhere, and the lustres filled the room with a festal breadth of light. But none of these things caught my eye on entering, for standing in the deep window were Noel and his bride. His arm was about her, and leaning there, as if content, he looked down at her as she held out an almost childishly lovely hand, and seemed laughing blithely at the wedding-ring upon it. Both turned as I came in, and, with the color mounting to his very forehead, Noel said:

"Mr. Clyde, allow me to present you to—to my wife."

Well for me that a bow was all-sufficient, and that my command of countenance was great, or I should have betrayed myself beyond repair, for Mrs. Noel was Clarice! There could be no doubt of it. The face was peculiar even in its beauty, and not easily forgotten. There was the rippling, golden hair, dark eyes, sweet red mouth, and blooming cheek—even the smile was the same, brilliant and brief, the voice unchanged, vivacious, yet musically soft. The dress was simple white, yet above the flowers in the bosom shone the fair shoulders I had seen, and the round arm that lay on Noel's wore the very bracelet that had flashed upon Clarice's but a little while ago. Noel eyed me narrowly, but I believe my face was impenetrable, as I uttered my congratulations after the surprise of that first glimpse had passed.

Half-shyly, half-daringly, Mrs. Noel glanced at me, and as I paused she drew her husband toward the table like an impatient child.

"Come, Bernard, Pierre is waiting, and I am so hungry! That is a sadly unromantic admission for a bride to make, but it is true. Besides, I want to play mistress, and begin to realize that I am free from all restraints but yours, *mon ami.*"

We sat down, and a most charming mistress did she prove herself. So gay, so graceful, so frankly fond of her husband, so courteous to me, and now and then, as if the novelty of her position overcame her, so sweetly shy and blushing, that before the meal was over I found myself forgetting all the past and full of admiration for this most captivating little creature. Noel seemed to own the charm as well. The cloud lifted, and again I saw the beautiful blithe nature which he seems to hide and hold in check. He laughed as gaily as his young wife, drank her health more than once, and was more cordial to me than I believed it possible for him to be. Both seemed to forget who and what I was, to make me one of them, and freely to shed the light of their new happiness upon the lonely stranger.

ENIGMAS.—THE SPY'S REVENGE.—SEE PAGE 467.

My heart reproached me for my treachery, yet I did not repent, nor shall I till my mission ends. Strange as all has been here, I am fast learning to respect and love this gifted boy, to look leniently upon his peculiarities, and even commend this last act, whatever its causes and consequences may be. It is evident that he loves his wife passionately, and she loves him with a confiding tenderness which will not be concealed. I felt like one in fairy-land, and when they went into the drawing-room longed to follow, yet dared not, till Mrs. Noel, looking backward, beckoned me with an imperious little gesture that was irresistible.

"There is no need of you deserting your old haunts because I have come, Mr. Clyde," she said, looking up at me with eyes that seemed to read the desire I felt. "Bernard and I have known each other for so many years, have been together so much, and loved each other from our childhood, that the putting on of this ring seems to make no change in us. We care nothing for the world's ways, and rule this little kingdom as we will. You are a gentleman, you like my——" she paused, laughed delightsomely, and added, "my husband's book, and help him as he would be helped; therefore you are our friend, as such you must live with us, and let two children profit by your age and wisdom."

This friendly speech, so warmly, gracefully delivered, quite touched and won my heart, and I at once accepted both the offer and the hand outstretched to me. Hardly waiting till my thanks were spoken, little madame danced away to the piano, and broke into a song. If anything were needed to convince me of her identity with Clarice, this would have done it, for the marvellous voice could not be feigned. With a malicious fancy to see how Noel would bear an allusion to the falsehood he once told me, I said, carelessly:

"Although I heard but indistinctly at the time, Mrs. Noel's voice reminds me strongly of Madame Estavan's when she sang 'Casta Diva.'"

Smiling the smile that makes his face so young, he answered, with a mirthful look at the golden-haired, white-robed figure at the instrument:

"Well it may, for madame is a near relation of my little wife's, whose voice was trained by her. Hortense, come out upon the lawn, I want to show you your nest by moonlight."

She came to him with the airy motion that seems habitual to her, and, hanging on his arm, went out, along the terrace, looking a fit inmate of this enchanting and enchanted place.

JUNE 14TH.—I take the liberty of noting only such events as seem important or mysterious, and therefore when my days are solitary leave them blank. Yesterday the young couple fully proved themselves "a pair of children," for they danced and sang all through the house, haunted garden, grove and lawn, drove, walked, and rested, always together and always happy. Mrs. Noel seemed like a bird let loose, her husband enjoyed her joy, and gave himself a holiday, for mind as well as heart; for he never came into the study, but leaned in at the window, giving his directions while his wife stuck roses in his buttonhole. Perhaps my eyes looked wistful; I suspect they did, for suddenly she stepped in and came to me, saying, as she put a flower on my desk and then tripped away again:

"You, too, shall have one, because you are the wise and busy man. See, I give you this fully opened rose; it suits you best. Bernard must have the little white ones, because they are like me."

As I waited their coming in the dining-room, a few hours later, from the window I saw Mrs. St. Michael's servant come up the avenue and hand a packet to Noel, who was loitering there while madame dressed. The man went back. Noel read a brief note, hastily unfolded the newspaper which

composed the packet, and seemed to dart at once upon some particular passage. I saw him stand motionless and intent a moment, then drop the paper, turn as if to enter, and fall, face downward, on the grass.

Darting out, I raised his head to my knee, loosened his collar, and, while wondering at the smile still lingering on his pale face, I snatched a glance at the note, for the paper was still crushed in his hand. Only three lines:

"I go at once to London. Be prepared at all times. Another week and your long task is over, my brave child."

It was Mrs. St. Michael's hand. I had seen it on sundry notes of invitation, but whatever clue I might have found by searching the paper was lost, for Noel opened his eyes the instant I touched his clenched hand. To my utter amazement his face grew almost fierce as he staggered to his feet and thrust me off.

"Have you read it? What have I done? How came you here?"

He spoke as if hardly conscious of what he said; yet, through all the agitation of his manner and the incoherency of his speech, some strange happiness was plainly visible.

"My dear sir, I have read nothing. See, the note lies under your feet and the paper is in your hand. I saw you fall and ran to help you. Should I have left you here to startle Mrs. Noel."

The composure of my manner reassured him, but, as if wonders would never cease, he clasped his hands before his face, and great tears fell between his slender fingers as he wept like a woman for a moment. I involuntarily put my arm about him, for he trembled, and, as if the act were comforting, he leaned against me till the paroxysm passed. Presently he was himself again, and looked up half-grateful, half-ashamed. His eyes fell before mine; he saw the note at his feet, and, as if self were forgotten in some returning thought, he caught it up, saying, slowly, and with still downcast eyes:

"Forgive my folly and my harshness; I am not strong, and sudden tidings overcome me. Let me explain, for I hate mystery."

So, eager to learn, I did not refuse; and he added, after reading the note aloud, much to my surprise:

"This is from my kind neighbor; she goes to London about my book. I am to be prepared to deliver it at any moment, and that is the long task that will be ended in another week."

Nothing could be simpler, and yet I did not believe the explanation. Why? Because I have learned to know this young man's face so well that its expressions are familiar now, and not once did his eyes meet mine while speaking, nor did he once allude to the paper still crumpled in the hand behind him. I could not accept it, however, and as Mrs. Noel was seen coming out to us, her husband started, thrust both note and newspaper into his pocket, hastily smoothed his disordered locks upon his forehead, and said, fixing on me a look that was almost stern:

"Oblige me by saying nothing of this to my wife at present. I will tell her later. Give me your arm, please, and be so kind as to attract her attention from me for a little."

I obeyed in all things, but Mrs. Noel was not deceived; her first glance at her husband caused her to turn as pale as he, but some look or gesture unperceived by me restrained her, and she endeavored to appear unconscious of anything amiss. Pierre also looked expectant, was unusually awkward in his duties, and evidently eager to get me away. The instant dinner was over all three vanished, yet not together, and with every appearance of anxiety to be unobserved.

JUNE 17TH.—But one thing has absorbed the household for the last three days, and that has been the book. Such genuine interest and haste cannot be feigned, and I must believe that Noel spoke the truth. The study is no longer deserted, for not only has he written steadily himself, but merry little madame labors also, staining her pretty fingers with ink, flushing her sweet face with energetic struggles to keep up with our swifter pens, and making the once quiet room a bright and busy place.

"It must be done before the week is out, if we give our nights as well as our days to it. Help me through this task, Clyde, and ask any recompense when it is done."

Never had Noel spoken to me with such energy, such familiarity; his eagerness seemed to put new strength into my hands, his confidence to warm my heart with an almost brotherly affection for him. We did work, silently for the most part, but how rapidly you may understand when I say that to-night the book is done. I have just left the study very weary, yet heartily sorry that my share of the work is over, for Mr. Noel tells me he may not need me but a little longer. This unexpected note of Mrs. St. Michael's seems to have precipitated matters, and my task ends before the month is out.

JUNE 25TH.—The clue is found, and the mystery solved. Last night, being weary, I slept unusually sound, but woke suddenly, sure that some one called me. The moon had set, a slight shower pattered on the leaves, and a fresh wind blew in. While drowsily thinking that I must rise and close my window, there came a light tap on the glass of the one nearest me, which was already shut. I sat up and listened; cautious footsteps brushed across the turf, and, as if my movements had assured some one of my presence, a voice breathed softly:

"Pierre! Clarice! Bernard!"

"Who's there?" I cried, but nothing answered, and again the stealthy footsteps caught my ear. I sprang to the window, strained my eye and ear, waited and wondered for nearly an hour, but no sound reached me, and I reluctantly compelled myself to think it all a delusion, for these names had been sounding through my dreams.

This morning I stepped out upon the terrace early, as I often do, but took only a single step, for there in the black mold under my closed windows were footprints not my own. Peculiar footprints were they; one large, but shapely, the other smaller, and evidently made by a foot deformed in some way. Long I looked at them, but could find no solution of the matter, so strolled on looking for more. None appeared, and I was just turning back to ring for breakfast, when Mrs. Noel came flying down the hall, her hair loose upon her shoulders, her muslin wrapper half on, and terror in her face. Seeing me, she cried:

"Where is he? Bernard? Have you seen him? He is gone!"

"Gone! How? When? What has happened, Mrs. Noel?"

"I want Pierre," she cried, beating her hands distractedly together. "He too is gone, the maids tell me. What shall I do? Help me, Mr. Clyde! Look for them—oh, look for them!"

"Where shall I look?" Tell me more; I cannot help you till I understand."

"It was so warm last night that I left Bernard and went to madame's room. I heard nothing, knew nothing till I awoke and found him gone; I looked and called, I sent for Pierre, but he too had deserted me, and now I have no hope but in you."

Her white face dropped upon my arm as the last words left her lips, and she clung to me, sobbing like a frightened child.

"Let us go to his room, he may have left some paper, some trace that will serve us. Be of good heart, dear Mrs.

Noel; I will help you with all my wit, strength, and soul."

"You are so kind! Come, then—stay, I must go first—the room is in sad disorder."

Hurrying before me, she ran into the west wing; I followed when she called me, and looked vainly for some trace to explain Noel's absence.

"He never walks so early, never till now has gone even to the grove without telling me. Why did I leave him? Oh, my darling, what has happened to take you from——"

There she paused abruptly, for I beckoned. The long window was opened, and glancing out, I had seen upon the newly graveled walk footprints like those I had seen before. Others were beside them now, slender and small. Mrs. Noel looked, rushed out regardless of her disarray, dropped on her knees and scrutinized the prints, then rose, and carefully compared the smaller one with her own pretty foot thrust stockinglessly into an embroidered slipper. It seemed to satisfy her; a long sigh of relief followed, yet she began to tremble as her eye wandered far beyond the garden walls. I said nothing of my nocturnal visitor, and waited for her to speak. In a moment she recovered her self-possession, brushed away the larger footprints with a rapid gesture, and gathering her wrapper closer about her, she turned to me with a gentle dignity I had never seen in her till now.

"I have no longer any fear for him," she said. "These tracks show that Pierre is with him. They plan some surprise for me. Thank you, Mr. Clyde, and let me apologize for my foolish fright."

More mystified than ever, I was turning away, when Noel sprang in at the window, rosy, radiant, and wonderfully altered. Wherein the change lay I could not tell, but I felt it so strongly that I stood staring dumbly, while his wife explained my somewhat embarrassing situation, and chid him for his flight.

"My dearest, I only went to the St. Michaels. The good gentleman had one of his sudden attacks near morning, and sent for me; Pierre would not let me go alone; I feared to distress you, so we slipped away, hoping to be back before you awoke."

This statement, like several others, sounded probable, yet I doubted, and observed that while he spoke he looked steadily at his wife, who looked as steadily at him. Of course, I retired after that, and nothing more was said, even when we met as usual.

All day I wrote, copying several fine poems, which I suspect have been lately written, as they are of love. Something was expected as I left them. I heard Noel say to his wife:

"Wait a few hours more, darling. It will not be safe for him to come till twelve."

That was enough for me; out went my light, and, having carefully tumbled my bed that it might appear to have been occupied, I sat down by my window, waiting till the house was quiet. At half-past eleven I crept out, and looked to see what windows were still lighted. None but the studio showed a ray. There, then, this joyful meeting was probably to take place. Up I crept, but before I could set foot upon the roof the wind brought me the sound of steps coming to the gate. Motionless I sat, hidden in the sombre verdure of the pine, as two tall figures entered, crept to the window of Noel's room, and disappeared. One was Pierre I knew, by a suppressed "Hem!" the other was almost gigantic, seen through the pale mist that rolled up from the river. An unequal motion in the gait suggested a limp, and, as they vanished, I caught the faint echo of a voice very like Noel's, but far deeper and manlier than his.

Fearing that Pierre might stand guard, I remained where I was for some time, then crept to my former loophole, and looked down.

A magnificent old man was sitting in the easy-chair with Clarice upon his knee, both her arms were about his neck, and tears of joy were streaming, for she smiled as they fell, and seemed to have no words to express her happiness.

Another woman knelt beside the chair, her face uplifted, tearless, but how nobly beautiful! As I looked my heart stood still, then leaped with an excitement almost uncontrolable, for with a shock of recognition I knew that this was Noel, and that Noel was a woman. The black locks were parted on the forehead now, the dark moustache was gone, the loose paletôt was replaced by some flowing dress, from whose deep purple sleeves came arms whose white grace would have convinced me had the face been hidden.

Dizzy with bewilderment and a strange satisfaction I could not analyze, I stared down upon the three, seeing, hearing, yet scarcely comprehending for a time. This stately man was their father; it needed no words to tell me that, for Clarice's eyes were dark and lustrous as his; Noel's—I can call her by no other name—Noel's grave, sweet mouth was a perfect miniature of his, and the features of both have a strong though softened resemblance to those finer ones whose reposeful strength was beautifully touched by tenderness. An Italian evidently, for though his figure far exceeded the lithe slenderness which usually characterizes this race, there was the olive hue, the Southern eye, the fire, the grace which colder climates seldom produce. Gray-haired, worn and old, he looked; yet suffering, thought, and age seemed to have aged him more than years, for his voice had a youthful ring, his gestures the vigor of a man still in his prime. The right foot was smaller than the left, and slightly deformed, as if by some accident, and one of the daughters had laid a cushion for this weak and weary foot, the sight of which confirmed my suspicions that I saw the midnight visitor whose tracks I had found beneath my window.

The first words that reached me after a pause were Noel's, and I held my breath to hear, for the flutelike tenor I had learned to love was softened with a womanly tone, and now I knew why the seeming boy had been so silent when I was by. As if continuing some subject dropped for a momentary overflow of emotion:

"*Padre mio*, I will tell you how it has fared with us since they drove us from your prison doors. Good old Annunciata took us home, but remembering my promise to you to fly at once to your old comrade Pierre, in Paris, we went. He was all you believed he would be—father, friend, counsellor, and guard. He feared to keep us there, begged us to come to England, and in some safe disguise wait here till you could join us, if your captivity did not end in death.

"As we planned what would be the easiest, safest disguise for each to assume, I bethought me that if we were searched, for when it was discovered that the proscribed book had disappeared with us we should be described as two Italian girls; if we separated each might be found, and apart, our apprehension for each other would be unbearable. Now, if we could lose our identity altogether, and appear in a new land exactly opposite to what we had been in the old, we should be doubly safe, and could help you without fear. I recalled our wandering life before you knew Clarice's mother, when you and I roamed over Italy and France as a peasant and his little son. I made so excellent a boy, and liked the part so well, you know, I cried when forced to give it up; but in my strait I remembered it, and resolved to be, not a little lad, but a half-grown youth, and train myself to dare all things for your sake. Clarice could not if she would, having neither courage, stature, nor voice, poor timid darling as she is! therefore she should personate Aunt Clotilde, whom she used to mock, and her French accent would serve her well. Show papa how perfectly you looked it, naughty girl."

Clarice ran below, and in a moment, to my surprise, Madame Estavan appeared. Let me finish speedily. The three happy souls within laughed gaily as the mock invalid repeated her graceful helplessness, and deplored her sufferings with the pensive airs with which madame had won my sympathy. Soon Noel, or Monica, as I should now call her—ah, the sweet Italian name!—continued her narration, leaning on the high back of her father's chair, caressing his gray head with a fond reverence that was beautiful to see.

"Pierre was unknown, circumspect, and the dear soul insisted upon coming with us. He knew the St. Michaels, and had done them a service when they were in Paris years ago; he wrote to them, for they were true as gold; they prepared all things for us, and in this quiet nook we have lived through these weary months."

"But this young man, to whom I nearly betrayed myself what of him? how came he here? You would only hear my story then, now finish yours, my man-hearted girl."

How her face glowed at that, half with pride at the praise, half with shame at the part she had played, as if with her woman's garb she had assumed her woman's nature!

"Papa, see what we have done while waiting for you. Here, translated, fairly copied, and ready for your last touches, is the dear book, written with such enthusiasm, lived for, suffered for, and now to be enjoyed in this free land when all danger has gone by, and honor, fame, and love are to be reaped at last."

What passed below for a few minutes I shall never know, for my own eyes grew too dim for seeing, as the daughter who had dared and done so much laid her gift in her father's hands, and her head upon her father's knee. When next I looked the precious gift was at his feet, the beloved giver in his arms, and, with the two fair faces looking up into his own, the happy man was listening to that chapter of the romance in which I played a part. Clarice spoke now:

"This dear Monica nearly killed herself with working at it all last Winter, and, when the Spring arrived, Mrs. St. Michael and myself began to pray and urge and work upon her to consent that we should either put the copying out, or have some person here. At length we prevailed; she would not part with her charge even then for a time, but having grown bold through many successful trials, she consented to have a clerk at home. We were dying for society; we dared not go out much, because I could not play my part well, and made sad blunders by forgetting that I was blind and ill. She might have gone anywhere in this dull place, for none would guess her, but she would not do that for fear of mishaps. Both longed for some change, and, when we advertised, were wild to see who would come. This Clyde appeared; Monica liked him; he seemed well-bred, simple, unsuspecting, and sincere. In time we found him accomplished, assiduous, and a most agreeable inmate."

Infinitely mischievous and merry looked Mrs. Noel, as she glanced up at her blushing sister, who half-averted her face, and answered, with a traitorous softness in her tone:

"Yes, too agreeable for our peace of mind, perhaps. Now let me finish, for I have ill things to tell of you and of myself. Papa, Clarice forgot her part continually; she never would be careful, but kept me in a fever of fear. The first night he came a lock of her bright hair nearly betrayed her, another time she dropped her rosary, and calmly owned that we were Catholics. I took refuge behind her, for in a Frenchwoman it was nothing strange, but in me who desired to pass for an English youth it was not to be allowed. Mrs. St. Michael often tried us by her over-anxiety, and sent your letters in all manner of strange ways, till I bid her do it simply, for Clarice was always in a tremor when anything arrived from them, lest a letter should appear when least expected. I, too, was more than once on the point of telling all, for Clyde was very faithful, very kind, and oh! papa, I longed so for a wiser, stronger friend than either my good Pierre or the St. Michaels. When the paper came which announced the release of those who suffered for Italy, and your name was among them, I could not bear it. Clyde helped me, and was so patient, so unsuspicious, and so tender that it broke my heart to tell another of those falsehoods. But till I knew how free, how safe you were, I would not breathe a whisper of the truth."

"Poveretta! it was too hard a task, too heavy a burden for your loving heart. You shall be rewarded, my daughter, in this world if your old father can do it, and in the next where your mother waits to receive you into paradise." A little pause, then the proud father asked with a smile so like his daughter's I seemed to see an elder Noel, "Tell me why this mock marriage was performed?"

"It never would have been had we known how soon you would arrive. But Clarice endangered all things; I could not send Clyde away when that part of my venture failed, for the book was not done; she would not leave me, yet pined here in confinement after madame's shadow had departed. Nor could she appear as my sister, for I had said to various persons when I came that I had no family. Neither could she stay openly with me as a friend, because I would not have a breath of scandal or the faintest blemish on her maiden fame. We were in despair, when it occurred to me, that, as I assumed the *rôle* of a wayward genius—that I was forced to do, owing to the book and the secluded life I led—I might marry and play a little game of love and matrimony. It was foolish, perhaps hazardous, but I won them all to it, and brought my wife home, as happy as a bird when the cage is open and the sky cloudless."

"Lean nearer, my daughter, and answer truly. Did this shadow of love arise from any longing in your own heart for the substance? Have not these quiet Summer days, passed in the society of this young man, been hazardous to something more valuable than my safety? Will you not find the same longing to lean upon, to confide in, the new friend lingering under the woman's robe as warmly, as strongly, as when this gentle bosom hid itself behind a man's vest? Tell me, Monica, do you love this Clyde?"

There was no answer, but her face was hidden, and before the mute confession could be accepted she sprang up, as if pride struggled with maiden love and shame, and came toward me. Then I saw her face, and knew that the strange sentiment of affection, reverence, and admiration I had felt for her when I believed her to be a singularly gifted and noble boy was unsuspected love; that the blushes, the anxiety which I fancied arose from other causes, in truth, proceeded from a like suddenly upspringing, swiftly growing passion, whose chief charm lay in its blindness. These thoughts whirled through my brain as I listened, and when I saw that familiar yet sweetly altered countenance unconsciously betraying to me what it struggled to conceal from those nearer, yet not dearer, I could scarcely contain myself, and some half-audible exclamation broke from me. She caught it, looked up, seemed to see my face as vanished. No sound betrayed that she had recognized me, and so brief was the glimpse that I flattered myself she could scarcely think she saw a human visage through the thickest growing leaves. Like a guilty yet most happy ghost, I swiftly, silently regained my room, and dashed into bed. Not a moment too soon, for barely had I got my breath when a light step drew near and paused at the door. My heart beat as if it would betray me, when the door opened, and the invisible being evidently paused upon the threshold listening. I bore the suspense till I could bear it no longer, and stirred noisily in my bed. Then quietly as it had opened the door closed, and the steps withdrew.

Mr. North, I am your spy no longer, and the record which

I now dispatch is the last you will ever receive from me, for I break the compact and relinquish the reward you offer.

Those last words were written in the hush of dawn on that morning after the discovery, for I was eager to be done with my now insupportable task, and as Monica had said that her father was past all danger, I feared no harm would follow the delivery of that final record. I had waited impatiently for the first ray of light that I might make it, and when it was written paused for the page to dry. That pause was fatal, for worn out with a sleepless night and the excitement of the preceding hours, my eyes closed, my head fell on my arms, and I lost all consciousness in a deep slumber, which must have lasted for an hour, and when I awoke the sun shone in upon me. Intent on posting my letter unobserved as usual, I looked for it, and seeing it wished that I had never wakened. There it lay with its infamous purpose clearly confessed in its closing lines, and on it a bank-note, a slip of paper, all three stabbed through by the tiny dagger that pinned them to their place. I knew the dagger, had seen it on Monica's study-table, and admired its dainty workmanship; I knew the sharp Italian writing on the paper, for I had seen it day after day; I knew whose eyes had read my words, whose hand had stabbed the treacherous sheet, whose contempt had spared me for a remorse sharper than any pang of death. The slip held these words:

BURNT CORK.—SEE PAGE 483.

"We are gone for ever, leaving despair for the lover, wages for the tool, a friend for the traitor."

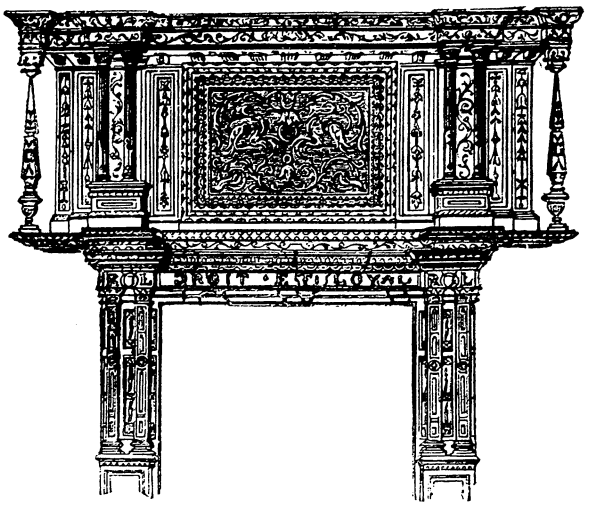
How long I sat there I cannot tell. The sun came up, the world woke, and life went on about me, but mine seemed to have ended.

A dull hope woke at last within me, and I went wandering through the house, looking for that which I shall never find. Every room was deserted, but that of the grim maid, Catherine; and from her I got no help, but a curt request to breakfast and go, as she had orders to close the house, and return to her former mistress, Mrs. St. Michael. "Were they there?" I asked. No, they were miles away now, and she would have no questions put to her. My one refuge was Mr. North, and to him I hurried. His office was closed. I knew his house, and ran to it. Crape shrouded the knocker, and when I was admitted it was to find him dead. The day before a strange gentleman had called, had a long interview, and when he went Mr. North was found speechless in his chair. He never had revived, and died at dawn. His secret had died with him, and through all these weary years I have never gleaned a hint of it; never seen Monica; never regained my peace of mind, nor found rest from pondering miserably over these unsolved Enigmas.

A COQUETTE is a rose, from which every lover plucks a leaf—the thorns are left for her future husband.

The Chimney-Corners of the Olden Time.

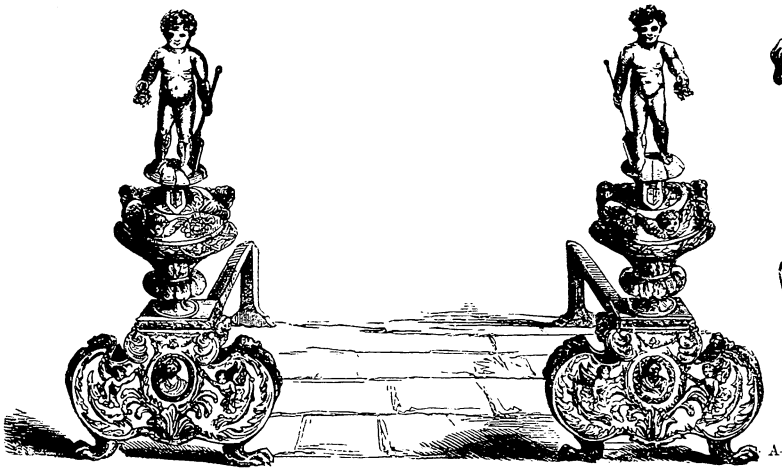
THE ways and means of firemaking, like most other branches of household economy, have changed greatly since the days of "good Queen Bess." Stoves, furnaces, steam-heaters, and other modern machinery of discomfort, have superseded the great open fireplaces of the olden time, but whether the change is an improvement or the reverse is a matter worth consideration. The accompanying engravings illustrate the old way, and the reader is probably sufficiently familiar with the new to decide the question.



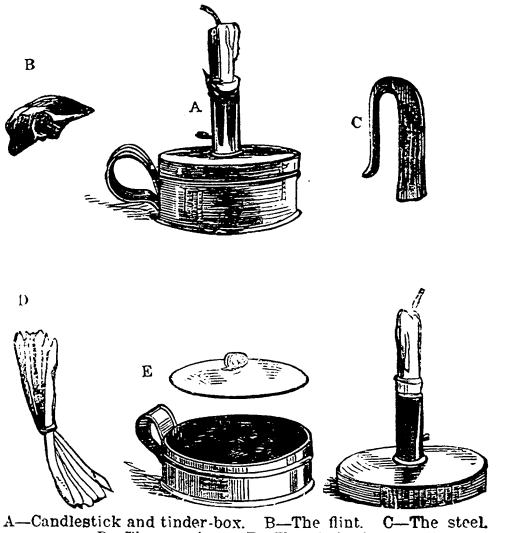
A CHIMNEY PIECE IN THE RUINED CASTLE OF KENILWORTH.

Kenilworth Castle, in Warwickshire, England, with all its romantic history, with its celebrated Elizabethan pageant, when Dudley so royally entertained his queen, but for the genius of Sir Walter Scott would have been long forgotten, instead of being now a name familiar to every reader of our language. An old fresco and a ground-plan were preserved, but, even with these, Kenilworth would only appear to us a mysterious mass of ruined gigantic walls; deep cavities, whose uses are unknown; arched doorways, separated from the chambers to which they led; narrow staircases, suddenly opening into magnificent recesses, with their oriels looking over cornfield and pasture; a hall, with its lofty windows and its massive chimney-pieces, still entire, the most beautiful being illustrated by us; but without roof or flooring; mounds of earth in the midst of walled chambers, and the hawthorn growing where the daïs stood. The desolation would probably have gone on for another century; the stones of Kenilworth would still have mended roads, and have been built into the cow-shed and the cottage, until the plowshare at last passed over the grassy courts. But half a century ago the "Wizard of the North" visited the crumbling ruins, and the progress of desolation was thenceforth arrested. The torch of genius again lighted up "every room so spacious"; they were ever after to be associated with the recollections of their ancient splendor, and now Kenilworth is worthily a place visited by travelers from all lands.

Save in old country houses andirons are now rarely seen. The illustration, from a set preserved at Knowle, England, shows the elaborate ornamentation sometimes displayed on these "fire-dogs," as they were commonly called. Strutt, writing in 1775, says: "These awnd-irons are used to this day, and are called cob-irons; they stand on the hearth, where they burn wood, to lay it upon; their fronts are usually carved, with a round knob at the tob; anciently many of them were embellished with a variety of ornaments." In giving an inventory of the bed-chamber of Henry VIII., which included "awnd-irons, with fire-forks, tongs, and fire-pan, Strutt adds: "Of the awnd-irons, or, as they are called by the moderns, cob-irons, myself have seen a pair which, in former times, belonged to some noble family. They were of copper, highly gilt, with beautiful flowers, enameled with various colors, disposed with great art and elegance."

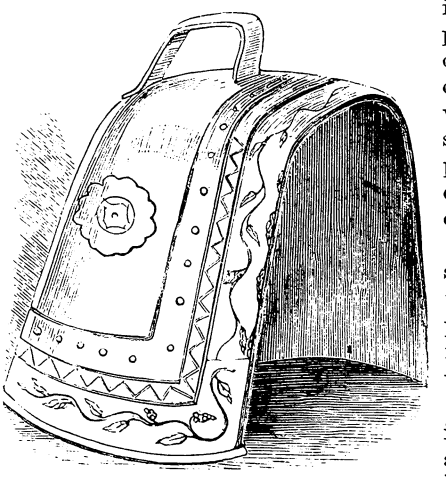


OLD ENGLISH ANDIRONS.—FROM A SET PRESERVED AT KNOWLE.



A—Candlestick and tinder-box. B—The flint. C—The steel. D—The matches. E—The tinder-box.

OLD-FASHIONED FLINT AND STEEL.



THE CURFEW.

At Hever Castle, in Kent, once the seat of the Boleyns, and afterward the property of Anne of Cleves, is a pair of elegant andirons, bearing the royal initials H. A., and surmounted with a royal crown.

Shakespeare, who overlooked nothing, thus minutely describes a pair of andirons belonging to a lady's chamber:

"Two winking cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing,
Depending on their brands nicely."—*Cymbeline.*

When the dry wood was piled in the wide fireplace, all ready to send forth its genial blaze, it was first necessary to "strike a light," and in this particular we are certainly much better off than our ancestors.

Young people nowadays who take a match and in an instant get a light, have no idea of the mode in which people fifty years ago went to work to get fire; and of a cold, frosty morning, in a dark kitchen, it was no trifling matter. Many of our readers—some young mothers, perhaps—will look at the array of articles in our illustration as much perplexed as though they were some outlandish importation.

To produce fire has been the great want of man. The various savage tribes resort to curious modes—rubbing two smooth pieces of wood, or spinning a hard stake in a hollow of softer wood, till electricity was excited to give sparks enough to kindle the dead wood or similar stuff ready to receive it. The friction of a belt on a wheel in machinery will, on the same principle, give out sparks, and sometimes set a building on fire.

Our grandmothers used the implements represented in our cut, the flint and steel, with the appendages which we now proceed to explain.

Every kitchen had a tinder-box: a tin candlestick, set in a round tin cup, rising about an inch in the sides, and fitting closely around the bottom of the candlestick. In this the housewife placed rags and set them on fire, smothering it with the candlestick. Her matches were curled shavings from the carpenter's planing-board, tipped at both ends with brimstone. To strike a light they used the steel (C), which was held in the left hand by the long arm, and the flint was struck rapidly on it with the right. When sparks came they were caught in the open tinder-box, the brimstone-tipped match was applied to this dormant fire in the tinder, and the result was a blaze. The candle was then lighted, the tinder smothered down, and off jogged the housewife to light the kitchen fire with her treasure.

Great credit is due to the inventor of the modern lucifer-matches—*locofoco* matches as they are sometimes called, meaning *fire on the spot;* although when it was at one time applied to a political party, from their use of these matches to replace the lights at Tammany Hall, extinguished by their rivals, a Spanish gentleman was much puzzled to explain the word. The dictionary did not help him, but he saw the politicians huzzaing in the streets in a way to make him doubt their sanity. It let in a ray of light. "Oh!" he said, "I see it now. *Loco* in Spanish is *crazy; foco* is your word, *folks.* Locofoco means crazy folks."

Common lucifer matches are tipped with a composition of chlorate of potash and phosphorus mixed with ground glass, coloring matters, and a little gum. The so-called noiseless matches consist of phosphorus, four parts; nitre, sixteen parts; red lead, three parts, and strong glue, six parts.

It is, however, very desirable that the matches we at present use should be superseded by others having no phosphorus in their composition. In the first place, nearly all the processes involved in the manufacture of our present lucifers are deplorably deleterious to the workmen—they are, perhaps, the only industrial processes more detrimental to health than needle-grinding—the inhalation of the vapor of phosphorus bringing on that terrible disease of the jaw-bones which is known as *phosphonecrosis.* In the second place, while phosphorus is one of the most important elements of the food of those plants which furnish mankind with the staff of life, it is an element of which the supply is so limited that as little of it as possible should be diverted from agricultural use; and at present many thousands of tons of bones, which ought to go on our fields, are consumed in the preparation of free phosphorus for the manufacture of matches.

Dr. Hierpe proposes to make the heads of matches of a mixture of from four to six parts of chlorate of potash with two parts each of bichromate of potash and oxide of iron or lead, and three parts of strong glue. Matches so made require a special igniting surface, for which Dr. Hierpe employs a mixture of twenty parts of sulphide of antimony, with two to four parts of bichromate of potash, four to six parts of oxide of either iron, lead, or manganese, two parts of glass powder, and two to three parts of strong glue or gum.

Another German chemist, Dr. H. Poltzer, proposes to make match heads of a mixture of chlorate of potash with a peculiar salt, which he describes as a compound of hyposulphurous acid with soda, ammonia, and oxide and sub-oxide of copper. Match heads so made ignite when rubbed on any rough surface, even more readily than our present lucifers.

The practice of extinguishing the fire before retiring is still in vogue among careful housekeepers, and a brief description of the means employed for that purpose in ancient days, together with the origin of the custom, may not be uninteresting:

Everybody has heard of the curfew bell, at the sound of which our ancestors put out their lights and quenched their fires. But the popular notion respecting the curfew is altogether erroneous, as to its name, its author, and its object.

The *curfew* is a vulgar corruption of *couvre feu*—that is, French for "cover the fire." The kind of instrument used for the purpose is shown in the accompanying engraving. Curfew is as much a corruption as beef-eater for *buffetier*, bull and mouth for Boulogne mouth, and kickshaw for *quelque chose.*

It is more than doubtful whether William the Conqueror introduced the curfew into England. It is certain that the practice prevailed in most other countries of Europe, and there are incidental allusions by old writers, which seem to intimate that it was well known in England before the Norman invasion.

The object of the curfew was not to degrade and humiliate a vanquished people, but to preserve life and property from destruction by fire. The rule that fires and candles should be extinguished at an early hour, was no more arbitrary than the same rule aboard ship, when we consider the condition of society as it then was. The houses were chiefly built of wood, and were far more combustible than they are now; the accidental outbreak of a fire often ended in the destruction of half a city and the loss of many lives. There were no engines to put out the fire—no water supply to be at once obtained—no fire-escapes to rescue endangered lives—no fire offices to make good the losses. The curfew was simply a useful police regulation, and, if it was sometimes barbarously enforced, it was merely characteristic of the barbarity of the times.

No doubt Norman William was rapacious, tyrannical, and arbitrary, but no censure can attach to him on account of the curfew. The custom was, in all probability, practiced before his time, and it was certainly continued for six hundred years afterward. Even now the ringing of a bell is still continued at the appointed hour, when

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

A CELEBRATED French preacher, in a sermon upon the duty of wives, said: "I see in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of disobedience to her husband, and in order to point her out I will fling my breviary at her head." He lifted his book, and every female head instantly ducked.

BURNT CORK.

AN ACTED CHARADE.

THERE you see Bella Smith—*de la belle on raffole!*
Making up Arthur Brown, who's a swell of Broadway,
With a piece of burnt cork for the principal *rôle*
In an acted charade. The word chosen's——

Scene the First—In the Alps (over chairs and the horse
Sheets and table-cloths hung) with Mount Blanc in the distance.
(A loaf of white sugar.) On each hand, of course,
A pine forest (brooms) a precarious existence
Maintains on the crest of the mountain, and hide,
A band of fierce robbers, who, hearth-broom to shoulder,
Springing out on a traveling party that rides
Through the valley, strike terror to every beholder.
However, the chief one fair traveler they've stopped
Regards with a feeling that's warmer than pity;
Declares it at once, and gets snubbed when he's popped.
So ends the first syllable act of——

Scene the Second—A garden (some plants ranged in pots).
The moon (moderator) in heaven is beaming,
In the distance of a sentinel—armed to take shots,
R. a casement (that's "off") where the damsel is dreaming.
L. U. E enter Brigand, who bears a guitar.
Soft music (in Greek)——
With a ditty to show what his sentiments are
Toward her, who of hope will not grant him the least ray,
The sentinel taking the chief for a cat,
With treacherous tones cries, "Puss, puss! Kitty, kitty!"
Then fires—shoots the singer, exclaiming, "Take that!"
So ends second syllable act of——

Scene the Last—Open plaza. A large crowd (of four).
Two soldiers drawn up—each one bearing a rifle.
The Brigand brought out from the jail (drawing-room) door,
With his arm in a sling, looking damaged a trifle.
"Make ready! Present!" but before the word "Fire."
At a stamp from their chief, or a nod, or a less cue,
The Brigands rush in and the soldiers retire.
The populace cheer at so timely a rescue.

The chief, proved a lord in disguise, weds his love;
And so ends the charade, which the shrewd and the witty
Have found out, from the lucid description above,
No doubt long ago, to be simply——

SOMETHING ABOUT A SONG.

THE representative song-writer in America of nautical themes, or songs of the sea, is, undoubtedly, Epes Sargent, of Boston. It is very certain, however, that what are known as sea-songs possess, after all, very little more of the flavor of salt-water about them than their name. Dibdin—the most noted of his class—wrote some exceedingly clever nautical songs that were extremely popular with landsmen and black-eyed Susans and Marys, but which never were sung by sailors. A midshipman or two, possibly, may have compromised himself and his profession by singing "Poor Jack" or "Sweethearts and Wives"; but your regular old tar, believe us, never was guilty of so doing. Sailors have their songs, however, which they hoarsely shout in the very teeth of a gale, as they round the Cape, or sing while their vessel lies becalmed off some sunny island in the Pacific. The songs, though, which they sing are mostly unwritten ones; and, like the ancient ballads, are transmitted, orally, from crew to crew and from ship to ship. Any one who may choose to loiter about the piers of a seaport town, when ships are breaking cargo, or the anchor is being weighed, will be able to hear, without venturing upon the ocean, the songs which sailors sing. They are rude, hearty, often coarse, but musical withal. To the accompaniment of certain airs sailors do certain kinds of work. To slow, low, and monotonous tunes they perform heavy labor; and to quick, lively strains they do their lighter toils.

Of Sargent's songs of the sea—which number some twenty-five—the most popular one is the "Life On the Ocean Wave." On board the steamer, within the cabin, and by the passengers—after they have recovered from sea-sickness, and are nearing port—this song may, perhaps, be sung; but it is not probable that a sailor down in the fo'castle ever heard of it, though it is a glorious song, and its musical notes roll forth with a majestic swell that reminds one of the waves of the ocean, as they roll on to some such pebbly shore by which, doubtless, many of our readers have whiled away a Summer morning, or loitered through a moonlight night.

The history of this song is simply this: Some thirty years ago, Mr. Henry Russell, the celebrated musical composer, being in America, asked Mr. Sargent to write a song for him, leaving the subject to the author's selection. In a walk on the Battery, in New York, the sight of the vessels in the harbor, dashing through the sparkling waters in the morning sunshine, suggested the "Life On the Ocean Wave"; and the poet had finished it in his mind before the walk was completed.

Upon showing it to a friend, himself a song-writer, his criticism was that it was "a very fair lyric, but was not a song." We draw from this the conclusion that, though a man may be able to indite clever songs himself, he may not be able to judge correctly of the merit of another's songs.

Sargent, somewhat disheartened, put the verses into his pocket, concluding that they might do to publish, but not to set to music. A few days afterward he met Mr. Russell at Hewitt's music-shop, and showed him the piece, informing him, at the same time, that it would not do, but that he would try again.

"Let us go into the back-room, and try it on the piano," said Russell. They went. Russell sat down before the instrument, placed the words before him, studied them attentively for a few minutes, humming a measure as he read, then threw his fingers over the keys; tried once, twice, thrice, and finally exultingly struck out the present melody to which the "Life On the Ocean Wave" is set. He certainly was not more than ten minutes about it, though he gave a day afterwards to scoring and writing out the music. The song, as all are aware, became immensely popular, and many thousands were sold before the year was out. In England three different music-publishers have issued it in various styles. The parodies that have been made on it are almost innumerable.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

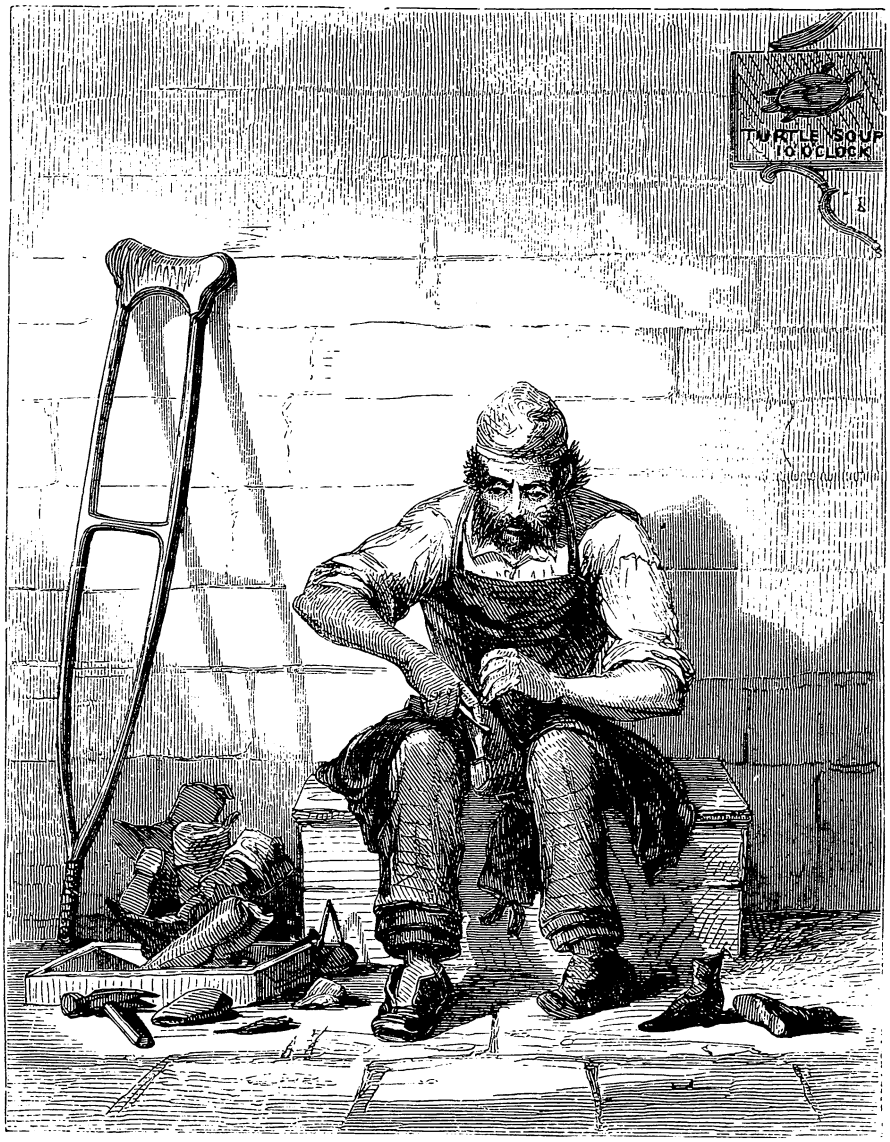
ALTHOUGH the "Father of Waters" may not be so attractive to the fastidious angler as some of those quiet mountain pools where the shy trout disport, still beneath the turpid bosom of the rushing stream the finny tribe are plentiful enough, and possess many qualities fitting them for the cuisine. The puffing and snorting of steamboats and the plash of paddle-wheels has, it is true, scared many of the "native population" into the adjoining lakes and bayous, but there is good fishing still on the Mississippi. For a national dish, a catfish chowder, such as can be served up at Memphis or Vicksburg, or thereabouts, is something that our epicures need not be ashamed of, and for the facilities of which many a poor household on the banks of the big river has reason to be thankful.

A Mississippi catfish, correctly done into a chowder, is certainly no "sardine." It is an institution belonging to those parts, the same as roast opossum stuffed with sweet potatoes. It is not unusual to get up catfish dinners, at

SOUTHERN SCENES.—FISHING ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—SEE PAGE 483.

which the *P. furcatus* is served up in every possible shape, the *menu* ranging from catfish soup to roast, boiled, baked and fricasseed catfish. When the times are hard many of the inhabitants along the river-side find no other occupation than with line or seine to seek for their dinners in the water. A trap made of wicker-work is often used, being a large conical basket, with a funnel-shaped mouth, into which the fish, swimming down stream, rush unawares, and rarely find the way out again, except into the fisherman's pot. Our engraving represents a fishing scene on the Mississippi, opposite Memphis, in Tennessee.

The illustration, entitled "The Itinerant Cobbler," is from a sketch made by our special artist in New Orleans — and depicts a favorable specimen of a large body of public characters who are to be found in that Southern city. They take up their stations on the street corners, and may be seen busily plying their various crafts during all hours of the day. The system has at least the advantage of cheapness, and as the season will soon become propitious and the rent question is still threatening, it would be well perhaps to introduce it into this city. Such an innovation would give variety and life to the monotonous respectability of our streets, and why a shoemaker has not as good a right to the sidewalk as an apple-woman for the display of her wares, or a drygoods dealer for the packing of his cases, it would be difficult to say. This individual scene was sketched at the corner of Toulouse and Chartres streets, from an old Frenchman with a night-cap on his head, and afflicted with a club foot; who, despite his age and infirmity, hammered away with right good will, maintaining, meanwhile, a dignified aspect, befitting a "Knight of St. Crispin."



SOUTHERN SCENES.—THE ITINERANT COBBLER.—SEE PAGE 483.

To KEEP up your spirits—Place the decanter on the roof of the house.

WESTCHESTER TOWER.

SOME years ago, I had occasion to make a short trip from London, to visit my old college friend, Maitland, who had settled down as a clergyman in connection with the cathedral of Westchester. It was a pleasant excursion, chiefly by railway, and I was hospitably entertained. After dinner, my friend and I walked out in the dusk of the evening, to look at the antiquities of the place. In the course of our ramble, the moon rose, and threw a charm over the scene. With the moonlight streaming through the colored windows, we sauntered through the ancient cathedral, enjoying the solemnity of the edifice. As we approached the gates of the choir, Maitland, though accustomed to the place, became singularly silent. All at once, he called on me to notice that we were standing under the main central tower, and that in the vaulted dome overhead was a round black spot.

"You see that dark spot," said he, "it is a covered hole opening up into the tower. It is sometimes used for the hauling up of lead and timber for repairs on the roof. I call your attention to it now, because I am going to tell you something about it by-and-by."

Seated once more at the fireside of my bachelor friend, I listened to what he had to say about the hole in the tower. I will try to repeat his story as he told it to me:

"I suppose it must be about five years ago, soon after I came to the cathedral, that I was engaged one evening in this room, writing, when I had occasion to refer to a book not in my possession, but which I knew to be accessible to me in the cathedral library. To procure the work, I sallied out with a lantern; and I had not gone very far when I was assailed by a cheery shout from Symes—Geoffrey Symes—an Oxford man, who had been my junior at Oriel. Symes was a little eccentric. He had taken a fairish degree, and might have done well, but, being passionately fond of music,

he took to studying the organ; and this had brought him to Westchester, as a professed pupil of the organist. As such, he was allowed to have constant access to the instrument—one of wonderful compass—in the cathedral.

"Symes would not, perhaps, have been called a scientific musician; but he had a wonderful gift of expressing thought and feeling on the organ, which he almost made to speak, so extraordinary was his power in bringing out effects. When engaged in this way, he seemed to be lost in an enthusiastic ardor. He wildly revelled in musical sounds. On this occasion, he seemed to resolve on a display of his powers. Rushing away for a few minutes, he brought little Jim Oxley, son of the verger, to blow the bellows; and, with this necessary aid, he set to work, and produced a voluntary that was altogether marvelous, and the effect of which was enhanced by the dark. Well-known passages from great masters were skillfully wedded with harmonious links into one another. One, however, a favorite of his as I knew, was complete, and alone—the 'Quando Corpus,' from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. I could compare it to nothing but the strenuous forging together of solid bars of melody, so severe, so nervous, so weighty, was the working out of the theme. And last of all, with most ravishing sweetness, came the exquisite duet and chorus from Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, 'I waited for the Lord,' and as those delicate silvery strains of patience and thankfulness streamed into one another, and melted at last with the chorus into the great tide of praise, I was unconscious of anything but the music, and could have stayed there without further thought till the morning.

"I was aroused from my ecstasy by little Jim, who had been blowing the bellows all this time, asking me if he might go home, as his father did not know where he was. I let him out; and as the door fell behind him, I heard the low, dying wail of the organ, as Symes struck one or two ineffectual notes, and exhausted its last breath. He came down and joined me; and as I was taking up my book and lantern, previous to our departure, he suddenly cried:

"Hollo! that tower-hole is open. Just fancy looking down through there into the nave.'

"'Yes,' said I; 'I daresay it would be very pretty; in the meanwhile, I am going home, however.'

"'All right,' said Symes. 'Lend me your lantern, and I'll bid you good-night.'

"'Why, what are you going to do?' I said.

"'Going up into the tower,' he replied.

"In vain I tried to dissuade him, using every argument to represent to him the folly, the uselessness, the danger of such a proceeding. Good-humoredly, but obstinately, he threw aside my remonstrances; and when at last I found him resolved, I made up my mind reluctantly, and not in the best of humors, to accompany him on his fool's errand. Thank God, that I didn't leave him alone, as I had intended!

"I was little disposed, however, to respond to his lively sallies, as I followed him into the staircase which led to the tower. The lantern was of little use to us as we climbed the worn steps. A cold strip of moonlight came through an open slit in the wall now and then, but otherwise we were in the dark. After some few minutes' ascent, we came to a doorway that led over the top of the transept arch under the leads of the roof. Begging Symes to look about him and to tread carefully, I passed after him through the darkness into the main tower. From where we stood, the upper side of the dome-like ceiling of the centre of the nave, between the two transepts, rose like an inverted cup before us; and at the apex of the dome, through the opening which had suggested this wayward undertaking, the moonlight streamed dimly up into the darkness of the tower. To carry out his purpose, Symes now proceeded to crawl up the dome, in order to look down through the orifice. I knew it was of no avail to say anything, so I stood and watched him with anxiety, as he leaned over the verge of the chasm.

"As I gazed, I became aware that immediately above the opening a stout rope was swinging, to which was attached a large hook. I remembered that some repairs had been going on for a few days on the roof of the cathedral, and that I had seen one or two rolls of lead wound up through the hole on the previous day. These thoughts were passing through my mind, when Symes, catching hold of the rope jerked it, to ascertain that it was fastened above, and leaned forward with his weight upon it, as he looked downward with exclamations of delight. 'Come up, sir, and see; do!' he cried. 'It's worth all the trouble of a climb.'

"I was just about to creep up, that I might share his gratification, when a sudden whirring, grating sound of wheels above—a gasping exclamation—a scuffling snatch with his feet, at the edge of the hole, and, before I could move, I saw the poor fellow disappear rapidly through the opening, as the rope uncoiled itself with increasing velocity from the winch overhead. It flashed across me in a moment. The handle of the winch had been imperfectly secured; the jerk and the subsequent weight had overcome the resistance, and, trusting wholly to the rope, he had slipped from his footing. The hope occurred to me, that the evident resistance which still restrained the free revolutions of the winch might prevent the descent being so rapid as to endanger life or limb; so that he would possibly land in safety with only a severe fright and shaking. These thoughts crowded pell-mell upon my mind at the first shock of surprise. But, conceive my horror, when, with a loud jar, the noise of the wheels ceased, and the rope no longer descended!

"How I started! He has let go, thought I, and listened breathlessly, in sickening expectation of the crash which I conceived must follow. But all was still; and mechanically I crawled up to the edge of the hole and leaned over, thinking to see his crushed body in a ghastly heap below me.

"No! About five-and-twenty feet down, vibrating in sheer space, was suspended my poor friend, at a height of at least fifty feet above the stone-flooring of the nave. He was in the very midst of the stream of light that poured through the clerestory windows. In some way or another, he had relieved the strain upon his hands by getting his leg over the hook at the end of the rope. I called to him to hold fast for a while, and to keep up his courage; but I never shall forget his despairing eyes, nor the hoarse agonizing whisper that replied:

"'I can't hold on! I'm numbed. Loose the winch! Be quick, for God's sake!'

"Waiting for no further suggestion, I rushed back again to the staircase, and found in the darkness, almost by intuition, the steps which led still upwards, and hastened to mount them. Once or twice, as I panted in the ascent, I remember that I came to the edge of a sheer depth, and drew back, scarcely conscious of the danger. I listened intently for any sound from below, but heard nothing; and at length, in what must have been an incrediby short space of time, breathless and gasping, I emerged on the rough, uneven flooring of the higher story of the tower. Trembling, I crept carefully forward to the centre of the space, and found the winch standing over an opening corresponding to the one below. I eagerly looked down, and could just see that something was still suspended in the now partially obscured light. I shouted again and again words of encouragement and hope; but there was no reply. With a sickening thrill, I set to work to examine the winch, and found, as I supposed, that the handle had been entangled in the coils of a rope, from which I had some difficulty, in the darkness, in extricating it. But, once released, I allowed it

to revolve slowly, until I felt that there was no further strain upon it. Scarcely, however, had the assurance of Symes's security dawned upon me as a possibility, when a deadly faintness crept over me, and I think for a minute or two I lost consciousness.

"How I succeeded in getting down without disaster through that perilous labyrinth, I can form no idea, nor have I any recollection. I remember devoutly thanking God, as I stepped out from the door of the transept on to the floor of the nave.

"'Here I am, old fellow!' I cried aloud to Symes, and sprang forward into the open space.

"There was no reply. My heart beat violently! Could he have gone home, and left me there? The moonbeams had sloped farther up the building, leaving the centre aisle in deep gloom. Creeping forward in vague terror, I almost stumbled over the body of my friend, apparently lifeless, but still clinging to the rope. With trembling haste, I disentangled his limbs, and drew him on to the mat beside the verger's bench, where I left him for a moment, while I rushed to fetch assistance. But conceive again my blank despair, when I found the door, which shut with a spring, locked, and the key—I couldn't tell where! I had probably laid it down in some forgetful moment, and I was locked in, with a man dying or dead under my charge.

"I shouted; I beat; I kicked upon the door, in the vain hope of being heard by some stray passenger; but there was no house within fifty yards, and I had heard the clock strike ten some time before. Wild with desperation, I ran back to my inanimate companion. By this time I had become so used to the obscurity as to be able to discern that, while I had been away, he had lifted his arm on to the bench, although there was still no further sign of consciousness. Such moments, my dear fellow, make one religious, if nothing else does. I do not know whether you have ever experienced the wave of relief that succeeds the unexpected deliverance from extreme peril; but I assure you that the conviction that poor Symes was not dead, brought me upon my knees, in thankfulness for the mercy that had protected us in such an awful crisis.

"I was overcome with weariness and weakness holding the hand of my unconscious friend, and I almost think that I was dozing, when I heard the sound of an opening door and friendly voices. I cried aloud, and we were at once surrounded with lights, and eager, frightened, inquiring faces, besieging me with questions, which for the time I was altogether unable to answer. Symes, still insensible, was carried to his lodgings on the other side of the green, whither I followed him, and waited for more than half-an-hour, until the doctor came and told me that he was partly conscious, but must not on any account be disturbed or excited by seeing anybody. He said he would remain with him through the night; and I returned with anxious thoughts and an exhausted frame, but with a grateful heart, to my own home.

"It turned out that little Jemmy Oxley had been the means of bringing us the help that we had despaired of. My old housekeeper had come into my room here two or three times during my absence, and could not understand my leaving the light burning, if I had intended to be away so long. She went over to Oxley's, and mentioned the circumstance, on which the verger said: 'Why, my boy left them in the cathedral an hour ago. And you may depend upon it,' added he, 'that they've agone and locked theirselves in, and that 'ere young fellow has been and lost the key, and they can't get out!' Which turned out to be pretty nearly the truth. And now, let us have some tea."

"Well," said I, "that's an adventure, certainly, and not badly told either. It made me feel very shaky about the knees when that poor fellow went down the hole. I suppose he got all right again?"

"No; poor man," said Maitland, with a sigh; "that is the saddest part of the history. He was dreadfully knocked down for some days, and then apparently recovered his general health, except that he had lost all his buoyant spirits, looked like an old man, and always seemed to avoid *me*. He has since gradually sunk into a state little better than idiotcy, which the doctors attribute to the shock to a highly excitable brain, and declare to be quite hopeless."

"Poor young fellow," said I. "I wonder how far he remembers the circumstances of that night."

"Very little, you may be sure," said Maitland.

And so we gradually floated away into the stream of friendly talk upon general subjects, until at a late hour we parted for the night.

I awoke in the morning from an eerie and weary sleep-journey, and soon gathered what had been the mischievous spirit presiding at my dreams! A bath set me to rights. And, after breakfast, Maitland drove me briskly out of the old city, through the frosty morning air, to the station.

"May I make use of your story?" said I to him, as we parted.

"With all my heart," he replied. "And, if you like, I'll send you up my memoranda. Good-by."

And this is the use I have made of it.

A TERRIBLE GAME OF LA CROSSE.

Our readers know this game, still a favorite with the Indians, and recently adopted in England and among ourselves. Few, however, may know how terrible a part this game once played in one of the most tragic scenes of the West.

On the 4th of June, 1763, the birthday of King George, the little fort at Michillimackinac was all astir. The morning was warm and sultry. The discipline of the garrison was relaxed, and some license allowed the soldiers. It was a time of peace. The white banner of France had been lowered from every post where it had so long floated, and the flag of England waved alone throughout the Northern continent, save where Spain's ancient flag still glittered around the Mexican gulf. At Michillimackinac all was repose; the French settlers and *voyageurs*, the Western Indians, English traders and English soldiers, all mingled in harmonious intercourse.

Encamped in the woods not far off were a large number of Ojibways, lately arrived, while several bands of the Sac Indians, from the river Wisconsin, had also erected their lodges in the vicinity. Early in the morning many Ojibways came to the fort, inviting officers and soldiers to come out and see a grand game of La Crosse or Baggataway, which was to be played between their nation and the Sacs. In consequence, the place was soon deserted by half its tenants.

Within the square palisade were the houses and barracks—canoes and nets drying in the sun. Women and children were moving about the doors; knots of Canadian *voyageurs* reclined on the ground, smoking and conversing; soldiers were lounging listlessly at the doors and windows of the barracks, or strolling in the area, while a few were looking from the palisade at the scene without.

There the contrast was striking. The gates were wide open, and many stood there watching the game.

The plain in front was covered by the Indians engaged in the favorite sport of the red men. At either extremity of the ground a tall post was planted, marking the stations of the rival parties. The object of each was to defend its own post, and drive the ball to that of its adversary.

Hundreds of lithe and agile figures were leaping and

bounding upon the plain. Each was nearly naked, his loose black hair flying in the wind, and each bore in his hand a bat of the form peculiar to the game. At one moment the whole were crowded together, a dense throng of combatants, all struggling for the ball; at the next, they were scattered again, and running over the ground like hounds in full cry. Each in his excitement yelled and shouted at the height of his voice. Rushing and striking, tripping their adversaries, or hurling them to the ground, they pursued the animating contest amid the laughter and applause of the spectators.

Suddenly, from the midst of the multitude, the ball soared into the air, and descending in a wide curve, fell near the picket of the fort. This was no chance stroke. It was part of a preconcerted stratagem to insure the surprise and destruction of the garrison.

As if in pursuit of the ball, the players turned and came rushing, a maddened and tumultuous throng, toward the gate. In a moment they had reached it.

The amazed English had no time to think or act. The shrill cries of the ball-players were changed to the ferocious war-whoop. The warriors snatched from squaws, seated near the gate, the hatchets which the latter had kept concealed beneath their blankets.

Some of the Indians assailed the spectators without, while others rushed into the fort; and all was carnage and confusion. At the outset, several strong hands grasped Captain Etherington and Lieutenant Leslie, and hurried them away to the woods.

Within the area of the fort the men were massacred without mercy. Taken entirely unawares, they were cut down and scalped. On all sides were Englishmen struggling in the agonies of death in the hands of the furious savages, as they tore off the scalps and waved their reeking trophies on high.

One Englishman only escaped. Henry, a trader, had been busily engaged at his correspondence, when the yells and death-cries roused him. One glance into the area told him that the place was lost. He saw the Canadians unmolested, and hoped by their aid to escape; but fear or indifference controlled them. A Pawnee slave, more charitable, concealed him behind a pile of stuff in the garret. To him we owe the details of this terrible game of La Crosse.

A TERRIBLE GAME OF LA CROSSE.—"AS IF IN PURSUIT OF THE BALL, THE PLAYERS TURNED AND CAME RUSHING TOWARD THE GATE. THE SHRILL CRY OF THE INDIANS WAS CHANGED TO THE WAR-WHOOP."—SEE PAGE 487.

The Tallegalla, or Australian Mound-building Turkey.

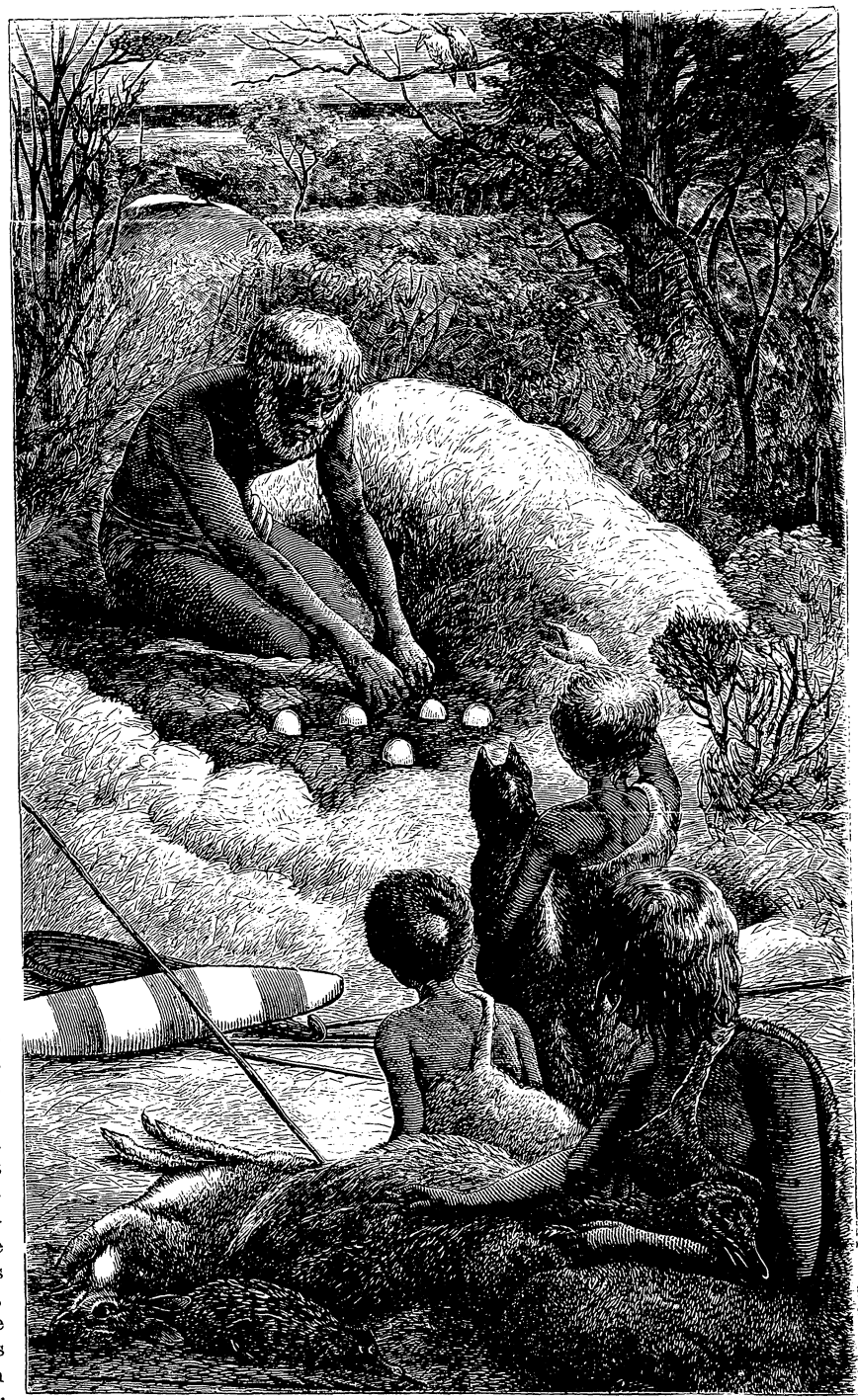
THE engraving represents a very common scene in Australia, illustrative at once of the manners and customs of the people, and of one of the strangest anomalies in that land,

where all seems to have prepared to disturb our deep-seated ideas of harmonious arrangement.

In the foreground, a group of natives are resting after a successful hunt; the fur-clad woman is squatted there, with the head of an emu in her lap; a kangaroo, an echidna and a duck bill, show still further their good fortune. The weapons which have done the natives such good service, the waddy or club, the boomerang, the spear, the wummerah or throwing stick, by which it is hurled with terrific force, the large wooden shield, show that they are on dangerous ground, ready to battle with an enemy, should he appear. The birds perched above are the Australian kingfishers, called by the colonists the laughing jackass, from its horrid cry.

But what is the old man engaged at, is he digging into an ant-hill to devour the busy thousands, as some of the debased tribes of California do? By no means, dear readers. That is not an ant-hill. It is a bird's nest, and he is in quest of eggs, that whites as well as natives appreciate.

The mound in which the eggs may be discovered, as the Australian has been some time at work, is the brush turkey, or tallegalla, one of a small series of birds, which scrape together great heaps of vegetable substances, and lay their eggs in them, so as to be hatched by the heat given out during the process of fermentation.



THE TALLEGALLA, OR AUSTRALIAN MOUND-BUILDING TURKEY.

The tallegalla has very large feet, and is generally found in very dense bushes.

The nest is very large, often containing several cartloads of material, and is enlarged from year to year. It is, as may be supposed, the work of several. When the birds wish to build a nest, they trace a large circle, and begin to travel around it, throwing inward, with their large feet, leaves, grass, dead twigs; as they go around, they narrow the circle, and at last form a rude conical mound. The hen then scrapes a hole about two feet deep, in the top, and there lays her eggs, setting them on end. She then covers them up, leaving the sun and fermentation to hatch them, the cock keeping watch, and giving them more or less covering, as the temperature requires. Even after the young birds are hatched they retreat to these holes at night.

As several hens will use the same mound, a bushel of eggs sometimes rewards the finder; and we can, therefore, see with what interest the family has watched the old man's progress.

On the mound in the background, the reader will see a tallegalla.

——:o:——

Catching an Alligator.

A CORRESPONDENT from New Orleans sends us the following: "A German, living near New Orleans, on one of the bayous where alligators are quite numerous, finding his chickens and ducks disappearing very fast, was unable to account for it, until one morning, about daybreak, he discovered an alligator of unusual size approaching the house, under which was kept the hen-roost. Creeping along through the long grass, in a few minutes the animal reached the house, and at once broke open the hen-coop and commenced his havoc, first with eggs and then with chickens—at least with those that did not escape through the broken bars. The German, thinking it rather an expensive amusement, contrived a plan to capture the monster. Accordingly, he procured a long rope, and made at one end a noose

or slip-knot, and then, running the other through a block and tackle, attached it to a high pole which stood near the house. The next morning he set the trap near the chicken-coop, and watched for the alligator to make his appearance. About daybreak along came the alligator, and as soon as he approached the place, and put one front leg through the noose, the German gave the rope a sudden jerk, and commenced pulling it with all his might. The alligator was, however, too much for him, and it was not until his son and two or three negroes came to help him that he succeeded in hauling him up to the pole. No sooner, however, did they suspend him in the air than he commenced lashing his tail to and fro, and the pole being near the house, it was not many minutes before down went the house, furniture, and all, under the heavy blows from his tail, scarcely giving the family time to escape.

NEW YORK.

All day long, without a moment's break, the trucks, omnibuses, cars, carriages, and vans roll lengthwise off Manhattan Island, and across it from river to river. You see no thinning out in the ranks of pedestrians, never for a moment miss the roar produced by wheels and feet and shouts and yells. Yankee, Briton, French, Russian, German, Italian, and Turk, pass in review, dodging and elbowing, and one wonders where all the people come from, and where they can disappear.

From dawn to dark New York is a maelstrom, never ceasing to whirl, and human beings are carried about on the circles like bits of wreck. The roar is a voice which speaks in its own strange way of ships sailing in and sailing out; of millions of bushels of cereals pouring into warehouses to be sent across the seas; of a mint of money passing from hand to hand; of muscle hammering at wood, iron, and stone; of minds planning humble homes and great edifices—of a thousand things spoken by no other voice.

When the lamplighter starts out New York feels his influence almost in a moment. The rolling vehicles are less in number, the roar is not so loud, and the police stationed along Broadway motion to pedestrians that the crossing is safe. The walks can hardly hold the multitudes which pass homeward when darkness shuts up the workshops, but by-and-by there is more room. The street cars come and go with great speed, and the Jehus on Broadway crack their whips and cry "Care, there!" in a voice showing relief. New York is going to sleep. Thousands are yet passing to and fro, and gaslight makes everything as light as day almost, but half a million are indoors for the night.

At ten o'clock Broadway looks thirty feet wider, the street cars wait a little longer to pick up passengers, and the 'bus drivers look around sharp. Iron blinds hide the gaslight, and the big stores put on a grim, forbidding look. You have room and to spare now to walk the length of Broadway, and a lone omnibus rattling over the stones carries but a single passenger. At midnight New York is asleep. A carriage passes now and then, conveying some reveler or belated traveler, and up or down the street you may hear a shout from some one who has been forced homeward by the closing of a saloon. Your footfall brings a strange echo, and the officer startles you as he steps out of a doorway after seeing that the door is secured against thieves.

No. New York is not asleep. She never sleeps. Along the wharves men work night and day, ships come and go, and trains arrive and depart. There are thousands who work when others sleep, and, under cover of darkness, a thousand bad men skulk from corner to corner, and come and go through dark alleys. But she is at rest as a city. The great balance-wheel of the mighty engine which drives her is still, and the fires under the great boilers smoulder and smoke.

When day breaks the ragpicker moves, and the slamming of his door behind him awakens the ash-sifters and fagot-gatherers. For half an hour New York is in the hands of those who gain their daily bread by the humblest occupations, and whose homes are in the garret or under the ground. They swarm out of narrow, dirty streets, and pour from half-hidden alleys, and they hurry along beside the curb-stones, eyes on the ground, heads bent, and a painful look of greed on their faces, greed mingled with the fear that some one will secure something of value ahead of them. At full daybreak saloons and restaurants begin to open, store-porters remove shutters, workmen hurry along, and New York is shaking off sleep—the balance-wheel begins to tremble. The street-cars are running, the omnibuses roll along, the sidewalks teem with life, and, like the rumble of distant thunder, you hear the birth of the great roar which is to fill your ears till darkness comes again.

NELLIE MARTIN.

BAYSIDE was one of those numberless salt-water Summer refuges with which the shore of Long Island Sound is studded. It was a quiet sort of place, and the neighborhood was good; but the most remarkable feature of Bayside that Summer was the presence of Nellie Martin. Of course, there were other girls enough that came and went, but the steady possession, week after week, of even one undeniable beauty, is a windfall for a small watering-place. Old Bowers and his managing wife frankly admitted to each other that they could have afforded to board Nellie for nothing.

"But not her mother," added the good lady; "those tall, thin people are awful eaters."

"But I rather like the old gentleman," responded her spouse. "He's a good fisherman, and he brings home his fish; but I don't believe he's rich."

"If they ain't pretty well off," said his wife, "they've no business to spoil Nellie to that degree."

And, beyond all doubt, the willful beauty had been spoiled "to that degree," so that she frankly accepted all male attention and devotion, without the least idea that it could rightfully demand repayment more serious than her own smiling approval.

To do her justice, however, she seemed as happy among the veriest babies that came to Bayside as with the most persistent of her grown-up admirers.

Even when her pale-faced mother chided Nellie she could obtain no more than a kiss of peace and, "Nonsense, mamma; I'm sure it won't hurt either of them."

And Mrs. Martin shook her head lovingly, and held her peace, for when a young lady like Nellie could say "either of them," it was clear that there were two in particular.

She knew well which two, for Nellie's other worshipers were undecided whether Jack Loutrel or Murray Nesbitt were most deserving their bitterest resentment. One of the favored pair was sure to be in the way of anybody else who dreamed of aspiring to a *tête-à-tête* with Nellie Martin.

Fine, presentable fellows were they both, and old Mr. Martin knew all about them and their fathers before them.

"Either would do," he had said to his wife more than once.

"Yes; but, husband——"

"Oh, now, Nellie must choose for herself; and I ain't at all sure she fancies either of them."

No more was Nellie; but they both amused her in just the way she liked to be amused.

Jack and Murray gallantly maintained an outward semblance of personal good-will through all their doubtful rivalry; but who shall blame Jack if he experienced a keen sensation of triumph at finding Nellie Martin actually in his boat, one splendid July morning, when he felt sure he was bearing her away from corresponding devices on land? Alas, for Jack's triumph! If he could have known that the feeling in the heart of his companion was one of merry anticipation of the disgust of Murray Nesbitt, when he should drive up with his new turn-out, and find that she and Jack had "gone to sea."

Nevertheless, for she was fond of boating, she fully appreciated the skill and vigor of Jack's rowing, as the craft darted over the glassy water, for Jack Loutrel was an athlete of no mean order.

"It's splendid for a row," she said; "but we must not stay out long. The sun will be very hot by-and-by."

"Not too long, indeed," said Jack; "but I've a notion there's a storm brewing."

Perhaps there was; but Jack had made up his mind that some things should be attended to that morning, storm or shine.

"There's that desolate-looking little island, at the mouth of the cove," said Nellie. "Did you ever go ashore there?"

"Island," replied he. "Yes, desolate enough. It's dry now, at low water, but the waves go clean over it when the tide's up. Shall we land, and take possession, and make believe there's a chance of finding something?"

"I don't care," said Nellie, and in a few minutes more they were seated cosily on the low ledge in the centre, and Jack was silent as he looked dreamily out to sea.

When he turned again at Nellie, he had a look that almost frightened her, and she wished herself in the boat again.

"What is the matter, Jack?" she asked, with an attempt at banter. "Are you——"

"Hush, Nellie; don't laugh at me just now," interrupted Jack, in a voice that was deep, even for him, but very low and sweet; "I've something I want to say to you."

And so he had, and he said it all before Nellie could muster courage to stop him. It was hardly a fair advantage for Jack to take, away out there on the half-sunken rock, a good quarter of a mile from either shore. Perhaps Nellie herself had some such idea, or was startled and bewildered.

At all events, when her eloquent companion pleaded for an immediate answer, she sprang to her feet with a laugh that expressed a world of willful meaning.

"Do you mean to mock me, Nellie Martin? Do you not know—can you not feel that I am in earnest? It is a matter of life and death with me! Answer me!—oh, Nellie!"

"Mr. Jack Loutrel, will you have the goodness to pull me ashore, or shall I take the boat and go alone?"

"I want to be your oarsman for life, Nellie, but not just now."

Nellie was already standing by the boat, as it rocked gently at the edge of the little islet.

"Shall I wait for you?" she said, and there was half a tremor in her voice.

Jack Loutrel could not have spoken at that moment to save his life, and he sank down with his back toward the boat. He justly felt that he had said something worthy of more serious dealing.

Had he spoken, the result might have then been different; but he sat without voice or emotion.

A moment more Nellie waited. She would have given something for an answer; but none came, and her proud will carried her into the boat, and seated her at the oars.

She pulled very slowly, and it was half a mile to the beach in front of the Bayside Hotel, but a curve in the land at last hid the rock from her sight, without her constant gaze discerning the slightest change of posture in the figure she had left sitting on the ledge.

It was a tremendous experience for Nellie, altogether unlike any she had ever had before; and it may have been the tumult and excitement of her feelings, even more than carelessness, that led her to accept so eagerly the offer of a drive with Murray Nesbitt, which waited for her acceptance as she stepped on shore. Little change was required in her simple seaside costume, and in a few minutes she was whirled away behind the new team.

Meanwhile, Jack Loutrel had remained, in almost sullen fixedness of musing, for a long time; he had risked much on one cast, and he had failed to win.

He was not physically uncomfortable, for the fast-rising clouds had now eclipsed the Summer sun, and with a good provision of fishing-tackle, perhaps, the rock would not have been so bad a place.

Not so very bad, with due allowance, for now the sore-hearted watcher was suddenly aroused by the plash of little waves that were breaking at his very feet, and he felt the fresh wind of the sea upon his face.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, "the tide coming in? Of course it is; and what am I to do now Nellie has carried off the boat?"

Black and heavy the clouds were gathering overhead, and a sort of mist had settled on the water away to windward.

"Looks like something rough was coming. Drown, sure, if I stay here. This is an awkward piece of business; but I've swam twice as far as that, and carried my clothes, too. They got wretchedly wet, though. Well, here goes!"

Jack Loutrel was a man of action, and his outer clothing was quickly enough rolled in a neat, compact bundle, and fastened at the back of his neck. Then, as he stood and watched the swift current of the tide sweeping into the cove, a thought seemed to strike him, and he suddenly snatched off his light chip-hat, and sent it spinning out upon the water.

"It's one of those varnished things, and I'm sure it'll float. I've got an awful pull to get ashore, and I'll see which'll be at Bayside first—I or my hat."

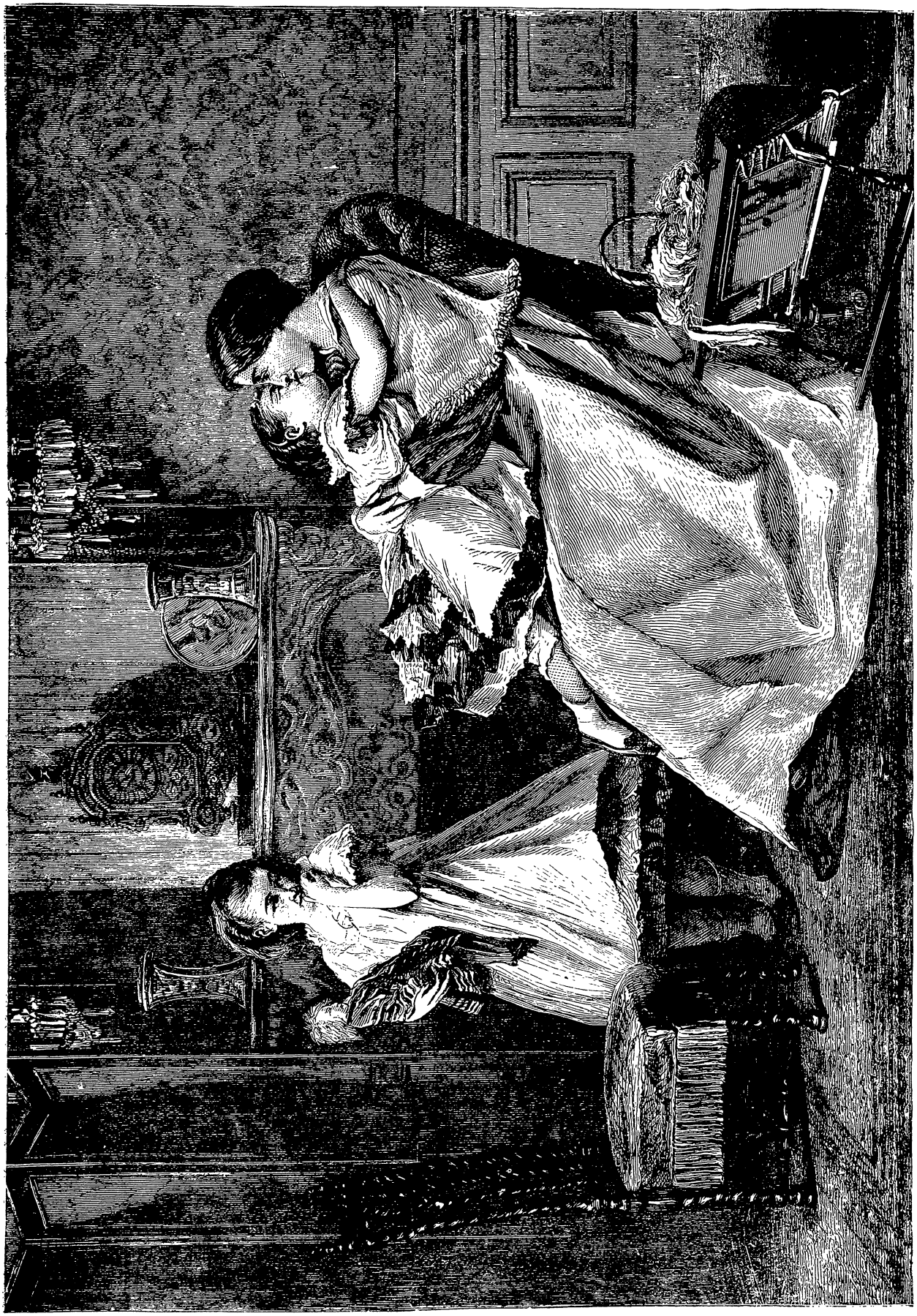
If he had any deeper thought, he did not put it in words, but dashed gallantly into the fast-roughening water.

And now the wind was beginning to be something more than a breeze, and Jack's work was all cut out for him, for he did not care to be carried too far into the cove by the tide.

Still, it was not impossible for a man like Jack; in due time, though pale, and dripping, and exhausted, he dragged himself out on dry land. And then he found it no contemptible job to coax himself once more inside of his water-soaked clothing.

Beyond him, at a little distance, rose the bald, weather-beaten knob that they called "The View," and which formed a stock attraction of the Bayside "drive." The road itself passed near where Jack had landed, and he waited a moment in the thick bushes at its edge, for his ears had caught the sound of coming wheels, and he hesitated about making an exhibition of himself. It was a rising tide he had breasted, but within his own heart things were at a low ebb.

Nearer and faster came the rattle of the wheels, and then there swept past him, at their best gait, the new team of Murray Nesbitt, and Nellie Martin herself was sitting beside the handsome driver. She seemed to be looking up at him, too, with more of earnestness and emotion in her face than Jack Loutrel had ever seen there. True, it was but a glimpse

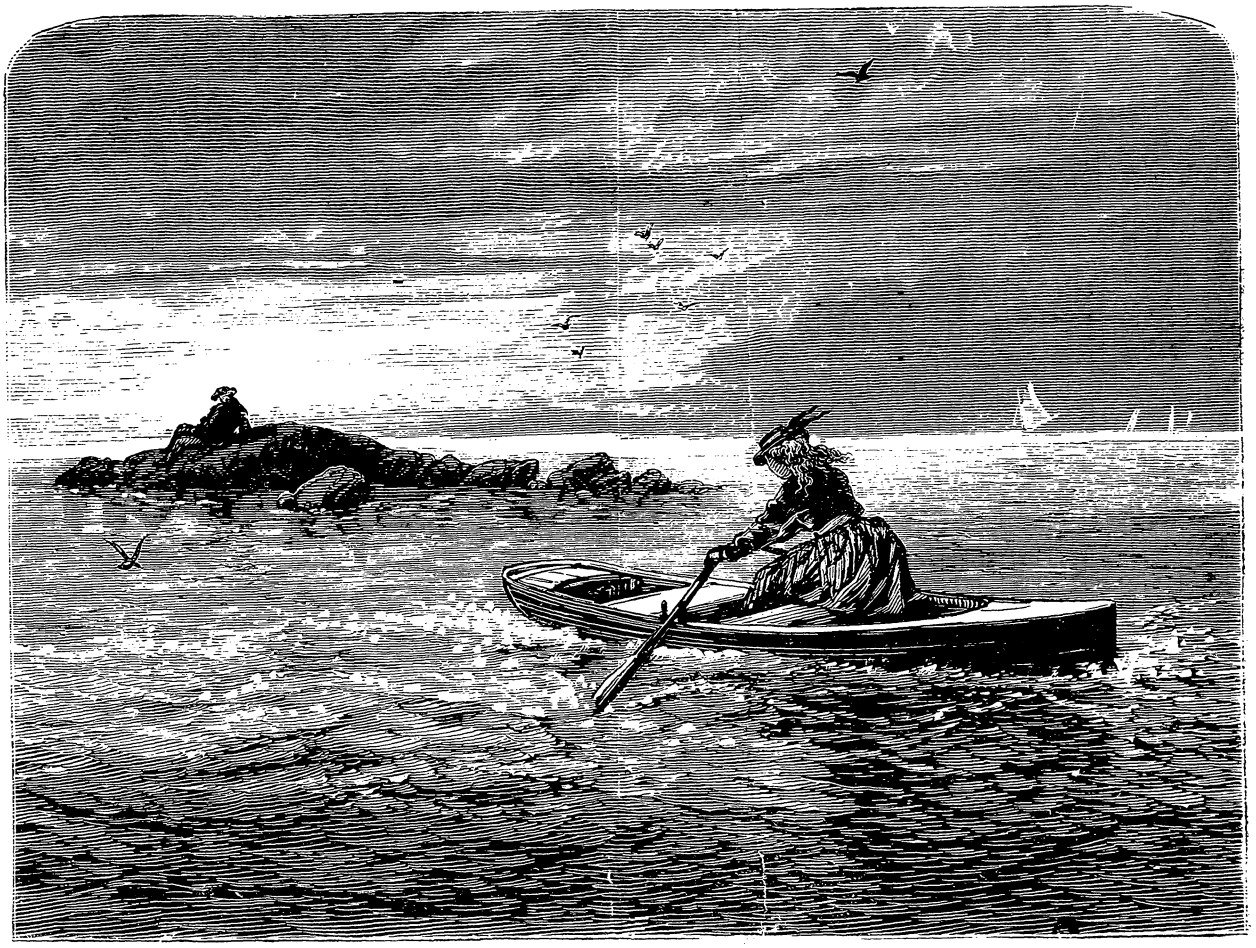


"JEALOUSY."—FROM A PAINTING BY DE JONGHE.

he caught as they flashed past him; but he cared no longer who might see him in his forlorn predicament, and sprang over into the road to make the best of his way to the hotel.

That had been an eventful morning for Nellie Martin. It was a long drive that Murray Nesbitt had planned for her, not without a purpose of his own. The swift motion aided amazingly in restoring the tone of her somewhat ruffled spirit; but, for all that, she was more silent than Murray had ever known her. How could he have given up so good and so hopeful an opportunity? At all events, he did not, and Nellie heard him to the end in such a half-humble quietude that Murray's heart throbbed quick and fast with a glow of coming triumph.

They were not driving very fast just then, but were coming out upon the seaward slope of "The View."



NELLIE MARTIN.—"SHE PULLED VERY SLOWLY, BUT A CURVE IN THE LAND AT LAST HID THE ROCK FROM HER SIGHT, WITHOUT HER CONSTANT GAZE DISCERNING THE SLIGHTEST CHANGE OF POSTURE IN THE FIGURE SHE HAD LEFT SITTING ON THE LEDGE."—SEE PAGE 490.

Nellie's face had been half-averted, and there was a dreamy look in her eyes that her companion did not see. Suddenly she exclaimed, with a sort of half-electric start:

"Where is the rock? Why, it is nothing but foam; and how the wind is blowing!"

Murray Nesbitt looked, with puzzled amazement, in the direction in which Nellie pointed.

"Oh, that rock," he said, coolly. "Why, that's nothing. The water has been over it this half-hour."

"Home! home! Drive back to the hotel instantly!" gasped Nellie. "Oh! if anything has happened to him! I left him on the rock without a boat!"

Even Murray's disappointment did not prevent his obeying, and on they sped, past Jack Loutrel's ambush, little dreaming what was striding on behind them.

It was a short drive, long as it seemed to Nellie's conscience-stricken haste; and she ran breathless from the carriage to the beach.

Careful hands had hauled the boats up high and dry, for the waves were chasing one another in a rough and tumble that was momentarily becoming more boisterous.

No one seemed at hand to help, and Nellie's own fair hands were quickly tugging vainly at one of the gayly-painted wherries.

"Wait a moment, miss!" shouted behind her the rough voice of the boat-keeper. "Why, yer into the water yerself. You don't want to row out in all that sea?"

"Oh! but we must save him. I left him on the rock!"

Just then a long wave died away at her feet, and left behind on the sand a round, water-soaked chip hat. Nellie covered her face; she knew that Jack Loutrel was not upon the rock.

Murray Nesbitt by this time comprehended the situation, and insisted on doing his uttermost to get boats into the water, to row all over the cove in search of his unfortunate rival; while poor Nellie, after a few moments, mechanically picked up the wave-tossed wreck of a hat, and turned back toward the hotel, without a word of explanation. So general, in fact, was the exodus that, when Nellie entered the veranda, she found it altogether deserted.

On she walked, like one in a dream; but at the further end, toward the road, a tall form, clad in garments that clung forlornly close to their wearer, passed stiffly by her, as if it had been one who knew her not.

"Oh Jack!" exclaimed Nellie, and she grasped him hard by the arm as she spoke. "Jack Loutrel, *is* it you? Jack,

here's your hat." Jack had turned upon her a pale, reproachful, almost a stormy face; but Nellie's blue eyes were streaming with tears, and her lips, that had been so willful, were quivering as they never had before.

"Oh, Jack! if you had not come ashore, I should have died!"

"Nellie!—Nellie Martin!"

"Yes, Jack; I found it out all at once, when I saw there was nobody on the rock. And, then—oh! when I thought nothing but your hat——Please, forgive me, dear Jack!"

Alas for Murray Nesbitt! The glory of his new team had departed, for Jack Loutrel had got his answer.

MY TRIP TO MARLEY.

By Annie Thomas, Author of "Dennis Donne," etc.

LIKE the majority of girls, when I left school, at seventeen, my thoughts were pretty equally divided between the dresses and the lovers I should probably soon possess. I had experienced but few of the changes and chances of this transitory life, and the few I had known were all from good to better. I had gone from a happy, wealth-adorned home to a luxurious school, where learning was made so easy that the only lesson I learnt thoroughly was the one of pleasing myself. So now, at seventeen, when I was considered finished, I was as ignorant, as vain, and as pretentious as only a boarding-school taught, self-willed girl can be.

The home I went back to welcomed me as a delightful addition to its circle, nevertheless. My father, a hard-working lawyer, who made the large income so lavishly spent, by incessant labors, was gratified at my appearance, full of faith as to the accomplishments I had acquired, and well satisfied with the perfect repose of manner which I had attained unto, in the firm belief that it was essentially aristocratic.

My mother, the best-hearted and most easy-going of women, was proud of my prettiness, of my taste in dress, and of that love of power which made me take the reins of household government off her shoulders at once, and save her all the trouble of directing the *ménage*.

My dear lenient ones! It was their gentle judgment of me that made me scrutinize my claims more closely, and finally find myself wanting in so much. For, I was their only child, and in time it came to me to feel that an only child owed it to her parents to be superior to little frivolous me.

But this light was not shed in upon me when I went home, at seventeen.

My home was one of the fine old houses in one of the west-central squares which Fashion had deserted for a generation, but which is still the abiding place of much substantial wealth, and of much good blood.

At first I had a sense of grandeur in being the occupant of a house, the corridors of which were so long and wide, that echoes woke in them as I strutted through in my progresses to and from my own boudoir to the saloons below.

But, after a bit, the fatal pretentiousness of my nature developed, and I began to sigh to leave the grand but gloomy locality that was convenient for my father in all respects, and to aspire to a more western square, or even a western suburb.

It was after being at a ball in one of the palaces out on the Exhibition Road, at Kensington, that this idea took root in my mind, and the next morning, at breakfast, I propounded it to my father with much enthusiasm.

A few whispered words from a guardsman, with whom I had waltzed half the night, had done the mischief.

I found that the west-central district was foreign soil to him, and in my girlish snobbishness I did long to leave it, and live in the regions where he, and those of his order, were at home.

So I put on my most winning, petting air, and tried to prevail upon papa to at least allow that it "was a pity" we lived here.

But he only laughed at me, and called me a "silly little Ella for preferring one of those studies in stucco" to this fine old mansion, "that will see them crumble into dust, after all."

"But, papa, they won't crumble into dust in my time," I urged, "and that is all we need care for. You see, they're within the pale, and we seem to be out of it here, and it *is* a pity to lose knowing nice people just for the sake of indulging a foolish prejudice in favor of firm foundations."

"Nice people can come here, my dear," he said, dryly.

"But, papa, the sort of nice people I mean have their caste prejudices, and we seem beyond them here," I said, blushing a good deal; and then my father said:

"Look here, Ella; I don't want to have any small butterflies fluttering in the direction of our home, wherever it may be. Talk to your mother about your trouble, if you have one, and be satisfied with your position, my child. Believe me, it is a very happy one."

Finding, after many other attempts to undermine his determination, that my father was resolved to maintain it, I began to crave for a riding-horse, or a carriage and pair of ponies, and permission to go to the park every day during the season.

Both the horse and the permission were granted to me, and then a new difficulty presented itself. I could not go there constantly with a groom only, and I had no male relatives with whom I could ride.

From this dilemma I was rescued by my friends in the Exhibition Road. "They rode in the Row daily, and I could always join their party." They were handsome little brunette daughters of Israel who made this proposition—the children of a firm that rolled in wealth, and, above all, they had been the means of my knowing Captain Turnour.

He was lounging over the rails the first day I rode in the Row, but the lounge was exchanged for an erect position, and the steady stare of indifference for a bright smile of recognition, as I passed him. The next day he was on horseback, and stopped for a moment to speak to the Sharam girls; and the following morning he joined our party, and rode by my side.

"He is the heir to one of the oldest baronetcies in England," one of the girls whispered to me. "One of his ancestors did some dirty work for James II., and that monarch rewarded him in the easiest way. Alfred Turnour is the nephew of the present baronet, so mind what you are about, Ella."

"Especially as he's one of—what shall I call it?—the *broadest*-moraled men in London," another Miss Sharam said, with a laugh. "He generally flirts with married women, because, whatever is said, he can't be led to the altar by one of them; so trust him not, he's fooling thee," she added, with a laugh.

I looked my sparkling little Jewish allies in the face with a cool smile on my lips and in my eyes, though my heart was burning in my bosom at these imputations.

"Don't be afraid for me," I said, lightly. "I'm fond of chess, and all games of skill——"

"So was the little boy who eventually sang the woeful ditty, 'Last night I played with Tommy, lighting straws,'" Marion Sharam said, laughingly. "Take advice, Ella—the advice of one who is more in the world than you are—*yet;* don't light straws with Alf Turnour."

"You speak of him with the familiarity of great friendship, at any rate," I said, rather piqued at hearing her pronounce my idol's name so glibly.

"Oh! all the women who have flirted with him call him Alf," she said, carelessly; "he'll be asking you soon to let him 'hear his name from your lips.' That's one of the first straws he lights, Ella, I assure you!"

I at once settled in my mind that Miss Marion Sharam had grossly deceived herself with regard to the handsome, courteous guardsman, and that now she was revenging herself for his indifference toward her by striving to poison my mind against him. But it was useless. In quite a fine fury of constancy and fidelity, I assured myself that it was useless, and that I would trust on, trust ever! Whispered words should not spoil truth in this case.

I need not depict every phase of the affair. It is enough to say that Captain Turnour soon condescended to explore the unknown region in which we dwelt, and to get himself introduced to my father. But when he had gone thus far, he stood still, as it were. That is to say, though I was convinced that he loved me, he did not tell me so.

Two years passed away, and still Captain Turnour was a frequent guest at my father's table, and an *habitué* of my mother's drawing-room for afternoon tea. He treated me with that peculiar manner—that sort of half-expressed and a good deal suppressed air of interest—which men do sometimes permit themselves to show to girls to whom they are not openly pledged.

He never missed an opportunity of seeing me—that I knew of. He never devoted himself to any one else while I was by. He never neglected to bestow a warm pressure on my hand when he could do so unobserved. He made me a slave, in short—made me a slave to the passion he so assiduously nurtured. Yet he never suffered me to wear my shackles openly in the sight of all men, as I should have been proud of doing. And, by a certain sort of moral force that he exercised over me, he caused me to guard our secret till the care with which I did so amounted to deception.

Now that these days are so very long passed, I may venture to say candidly what I was then. In very truth, if my fate had been as fair as my face, it would have been a beautiful one, indeed! At nineteen, I was as bright a specimen of womanhood as could be found in London. A radiant blonde, with forget-me-not eyes, and the health and figure of a Hebe.

How brilliantly I might have married had it not been for that ideal engagement to the tawny military Adonis, who hesitated so long! I "cast a cornet from me once," as penny-a-liners would express it. To be sure, the cornet covered the white hairs and weak brain of a man old enough to be my father.

But what of that? To the world my beauty was in the marriage-market, and I was a fool for letting such a chance slip by.

More than one of the men in my father's rank of life proposed for me. A young barrister, with a literary talent, wanted me for his wife.

"You're a jolly girl, and you see a joke," he said to me, while he was culminating toward a climax.

And that remark sealed his fate. I learnt that he was a burlesque-writer in embryo, and I declined the post of honorary audience.

But I was a girl of the period, inasmuch as two years seemed to me to be a very long time, and so at nineteen, I began to talk of the "past" more than of the "present" or the "future"—a sign with young girls that they consider they have "gone through" something. And all this time my god never moved from his pedestal, and never seemed to consider that I had a hot heart burning itself out for his sake.

At last, on my nineteenth-birthday ball, he spoke out. Shall I set the scene, and place the people for you, reader? Ah, well! many another actress in real life has had to suffer the agony that comes from playing this part, doubtless.

It was my birthnight ball, and I was very much the queen of it, in a dress of silver satin and honiton lace, with silvery pearls in my hair. What golden, glistening hair it was then! And now it is coarse and partly gray, and never admired; and I am only twenty-nine!

"Do you remember the first time we waltzed together?" he whispered to me, as he swung me round to the strains of of the Hilda Valse.

"Yes. What a long time ago it seems, Alf!" I sighed, for the climax that Miss Sharam had prophesied had come to pass; and he was "Alf" to me at his own request.

"That's because you're so young—such a mere child still," he said, encouragingly. "When you're my age, you'll think nothing of two years—they'll pass by too quickly, especially when they're such happy ones as these two last have been."

The exigencies of the exercise we were taking forebade my answering just then. And so I was glad when he counseled a pause, for I was longing to say something that should let him know that my heart had not been so entirely at rest as he seemed to think during the last two years.

But I found a great difficulty in breaking the silence that settled upon us, as we sauntered away from the ball-room into a conservatory at the back of the house.

When I saw that it was untenanted, I knew that, unless he had a purpose in bringing me there, he would at once make some movement toward returning to the ball-room.

But he made no such movement. On the contrary, he led me on to the most secluded corner, behind a blooming hedge of azaleas and camellias. And when he got me there, he placed his hand on mine, as it rested on his arm, and said:

"Ella, would you like to know my uncle and aunt, Sir Lewis and Lady Turnour?"

"Yes—at least——" I began blushing and trembling, and so speaking with the awkwardness of a schoolgirl.

"Do you think that Mr. and Mrs. Leyton will let you pay my people a visit?"

"I am sure papa and mamma will, if—I—if you——" I stammered; and he asked:

"If I, and if you——what?"

"If I am asked to go and see them properly," I said, trying to be dignified.

"My dear girl, do you want a deputation from them?" he asked, with a laugh. "My dear girl, my invitation is all-sufficient, I assure you. I am as a son to them. They have heard of you, my sweet little friend, and they'll welcome you warmly."

"Are they in London?"

"No; they're too old to care to be torn from their own roost; their place is in Norfolk. I should like you to see it, Ella; it will be mine some day."

"But I can't go without an invitation, and alone," I urged.

"Of course you'll have an invitation from Lady Turnour as soon as I tell her you will go; and as for going alone, can't your cousin, Mrs. Percy, go with you?"

"Do you know my cousin," I asked, quickly.

"Oh yes; Lady Turnour knows her very well, and she naturally occurred to me as a fit and proper chaperon for you, Ella."

"I have never been out to stay without mamma," I said, gravely, "and I don't think she would like me to go with Lina Percy."

"Are you not friendly? I never meet her at your house," he said, carelessly.

"How funny that all this time I should never have found out that you knew Lina!" I said, pursuing my own train of thoughts.

"A man can't proclaim the name of every lady he knows aloud upon the house-tops," he said, laughing. "I suppose I forgot her. Don't tell her that, though, or lovely Mrs. Percy will put me in her black-books, and punish me by refusing to chaperon you."

"Papa thinks her rather——" I hesitated, and he asked, sharply:

"What does your father think her?"

"Rather flighty, I stammered out. "She was so young, and Mr. Percy old, when they married, that she got into the way of going about alone a good deal, and papa didn't approve of it."

"I suppose, as old Percy is dead and she has no other natural protector, your father can hardly blame her for going about alone now," he said, dryly.

"Well, Ella, it would please me very much to get you down to Marley; I won't press you any more, but I will only tell you that it would please me."

CATCHING AN ALLIGATOR.—SEE PAGE 489.

He said no more about the plan then; but the longer I dwelt upon it, the more feasible did it appear. Before the ball was over, I told Alf that I would use all my powers of persuasion to induce my parents to let me do as he wished. And I was rewarded by his pressing my hand affectionately, and calling me his "dear little Ella."

The next morning, while I was sitting alone with mamma, I propounded our scheme to her. "Captain Turnour tells me his people want to know me, mamma; I am to have an invitation to visit them at Marley from Lady Turnour."

"My darling, I have never tried to force your confidence," she said, lovingly; "but I must ask you now, are you engaged to Captain Turnour?"

"No, mamma; but I feel sure he loves me, and that is why he wants his uncle and aunt to know me; and *do* let me go—*do*, my own darling mother."

"I am afraid it is rather a perilous thing to do," she said, thoughtfully; "it is, in fact, a trial trip that they want you to go upon. If he were your avowed lover it would be different; but as it is——"

"As it is! Oh! mother, dear, my going will be the means of its coming right all the sooner," I pleaded.

"But what reason can they give for inviting you?" she urged.

"They know Lina Percy very well," I said, "and I am to be asked to go with her." And then mamma shook her head, and said the subject required grave consideration.

Mrs. Percy called on us that day, and as she rarely came near us more than once in a twelvemonth, I naturally thought that she had come to speak about the topic that was uppermost in my mind. But when I asked her about it, she professed utter ignorance of it, and laughed, and said it was very cool of Captain Turnour to try and use her as a cat's-paw.

"I didn't know till last night that he knew you, Lina," I said.

"In fact, until he thought he could make me useful, he forgot my existence," she said, laughing merrily. "Well, dear, though Marley is a dull hole, and the two old people are the prosiest of the prosy, and look upon me as an imp of the evil one into the bargain, if they ask me, I'll go, for your sake."

"We should have asked you to Ella's birthday ball, Lina, if we had known where you were; but you were in Paris the last time we heard," my mother said, half in reproach, and half in apology.

"Yes," Lina replied; "and went on to Marseilles, meaning to go to Jericho, but funds ran short, as usual. Oh, Ella, whatever you do, don't marry an old man who'll reward you for your devotion to him by dying and leaving you a wretched hundred and fifty a year to starve upon."

"Poor child," my mother said, softly; and, to my sur-

MY TRIP TO MARLEY.—"'A LAST CHANCE—AND IF IT FAILS! ELLA, WILL YOU BE MY FRIEND STILL, IF, IN THE COURSE OF THIS DAY, I LOSE FRIENDS AND FORTUNE, AS I MAY VERY POSSIBLY DO?'"—SEE PAGE 494.

prise, my lovely cousin, whom I had never known other than the gayest of the gay, burst into a passion of tears, and ran and fell on her knees by mamma's side, and buried her brilliant face in mamma's lap, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"What a wretch I am—what a wretch I am!" she moaned, and then she jumped up, and wiped her eyes, and said, "and what a fool I am to make so much ado about nothing," and laughed, and was herself again.

I can't stay to narrate every turn and involution of the affair. An invitation from Lady Turnour came in due course. She "hoped I would accompany my cousin, Mrs. Percy, on a visit to Marley." That was all. But Alf represented to me that his aunt was old and stiff, and that, therefore, that was enough.

My mother managed to put a hundred pounds in a handsome purse in Lina's hand a week before we left town, for the cry of poverty had touched her warm heart.

"Your uncle and I both feel that you are going on our child's account, and we wish you to go looking your best, my dear," she said. And Lina pleased them in this respect. She did go looking her best, and her best was very beautiful.

My heart palpitated strangely when I found myself at Marley—at the place of which I should surely be the mistress some day. Sir Lewis and Lady Turnour were both very kind to me in a hearty, cordial way, for which I was not prepared. They were kind to Lina, too, but after a stiffer fashion.

"You see," she said to me, bitterly, "I faced something in coming here for your sake."

Captain Turnour followed us in a few days, and the morning after his arrival, Lady Turnour startled me by saying:

"I was very sorry, my dear, that your mamma could not come with you."

"She was not asked," I blurted out in my surprise, and Lady Turnour seemed disconcerted for a moment; but she recovered herself, and said:

"I suppose Alfred wanted to have you all to himself. Will you allow me to speak on that subject, dear, or do you indorse the embargo that Alfred has laid upon it?"

"Lady Turnour," I began, in an agony of embarrassment. "I don't quite know what I ought to say. Captain Turnour and I are only friends."

"You are not engaged?" she said, kindly. "Well, dear, honestly, I am sorry for it, and the sooner you are, the better I shall be pleased. Delays are dangerous, especially when Lina Percy is in the way. My child, if I had suspected that the affair was still undecided between you and Alfred, I should not have allowed you to come here under her auspices."

I felt that I was in a perfect quagmire of misconceptions, and, as if to illustrate the text she had spoken, at this very moment I caught sight of the figures of Alf and Lina sauntering along a glade of the park.

Concealing my agitation as well as I could, I refrained from calling Lady Turnour's attention to the pair. But I was resolved to clear away as many of the mists as I could, and so I said:

"I have known Alf—Captain Turnour—for two years, and I never heard him mention my cousin till three weeks ago, when he proposed my coming here with her. Will you tell me how long they have been intimate?"

She shook her head.

"My dear," she said, "Lina Percy is a Circe. Now she is here again, I can't think anything but kindly of her; but *how* I wish she had never come!"

At luncheon that day, Alf proposed, with a show of devotion to me, that I should ride with him in the afternoon. And when I had somewhat sulkily acceded to his proposition, I noticed a meaning glance interchanged between him and Lina. Before I had time to conjecture even what it might mean, she was speaking in that dulcet voice of hers, which was one of her most powerful attractions.

"And as I am excluded by mutual consent from the riding-party, will you let me drive you, Sir Lewis?"

Sir Lewis fidgeted, looked pleased, glanced at his wife, and finally said:

"Oh! my dear Mrs. Percy, an old fellow like me mustn't monopolize you."

"Let me drive you, please do," she said, pleadingly.

"I thought you said you were going to have the carriage and make some calls, didn't you, my dear?" the baronet said, addressing his wife.

"Yes, and I thought Mrs. Percy would go with me; but if she prefers going with you in the pony-chaise——"

"Oh! I dread calls," Lina said, with a shudder; "down about here, too, where Mr. Percy was regarded with such pity for having married me. If Sir Lewis will not have me, I will ask leave to stay at home."

But Sir Lewis was far too gallant to allow her to do it, after that speech, and so we went up-stairs to dress together.

I soon had my habit on, and then I went into her room. I went in without knocking, and I was horrified at seeing her down on her knees, her face buried in her hands.

She seemed in pain—mental pain I judged it to be, for, as I came close to her, she was muttering:

"Heaven help me! it is a last chance."

Then I put my arm over her shoulder, and called:

"Lina, Lina! what is the matter?"

She dropped her hands, and raised her white, scared face to mine.

"How you would pity me if I dared tell you the truth!" she said; "and how you would hate me, too!"

"Tell me the truth—tell it to me—try me; I shall never hate you!" I said, impetuously, though I felt my own heart swelling with some undefined evil.

But she shook her head, and got up slowly, saying:

"No, not yet, Ella; go and have your ride, and—kiss me, Ella."

I kissed her, and felt her lips were icy cold, and again I begged her to tell her trouble to me as she would to a sister. But she would not.

"It was nothing," she said, "and would soon be over, one way or another."

And then, while I stood by, baffled and silent, she began to dress.

She had on one of those amber-colored Chinese silks, made like a Watteau sacque, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade. I thought as she put on a little Tuscan Tyrolean hat that matched it, and gloves of the same tint, that I had never seen that splendid, luminous, dark beauty of hers so becomingly arrayed before, and I told her so presently.

"I'm glad of it," she said, simply. "I need it all. Now don't question me, but go for your ride."

So we parted, and went on our respectful ways. Alf and I waited to see Sir Lewis and Mrs. Percy start in the pony-carriage, and as we watched them out of sight at the end of the avenue, he turned to put me up on my horse, with such a world of anxiety in his eyes, that I asked:

"Alf, what is it?"

"A last chance—and if it fails! Ella, will you be my friend still, if, in the course of this day, I lose friends and fortune, as I may very possibly do?"

"Your friend always and ever, Alf," I said, passionately, giving him my hand, as he looked up, after adjusting my foot in the stirrup.

He grasped it warmly for a moment, then mounted his horse, and we rode away.

"Alf," I said, at last, after we had ridden a long way in ominous silence, "my Cousin Lina used the same words as you did just now—'A last chance.' Tell me their meaning, will you?"

"I have brought you out for that purpose," he said. "Bad as I am, Ella, I am not bad enough to deceive you any longer——"

"Deceive *me*, Captain Turnour!" I interrupted, trying to speak with some sort of composure and dignity, and failing, failing miserably.

"Call me Alf still, Ella—you may, dear, for I am your cousin's husband. There, I've blurted out the truth, abruptly, after all," I heard him add, as my brain reeled in my head, and my body quivered in the saddle.

I controlled myself presently, sharply as I was suffering; but I saw that he was in bitter anxiety and need, and so, loving him as I did, what could I do but control myself for his sake? And as I grew calm, he told me the story—in order to be able to ask for my aid when it was told.

"I knew Lina before her husband died," he said, "and I was awfully taken with her from the very first. Fools said that we were more than friends while the old man was alive; but they lied, Ella—on my honor, they did.

"However, my uncle and aunt got hold of the report, and so, when Lina was left a widow, they set themselves against her, and so brought about all this mischief by their obstinacy.

"I was far too fond of her to trust her away from me unbound, and so at last I got her to agree to a private marriage. This was just a few days before I met you at the Sharams' party, two years ago.

"When I found that you were Lina's cousin, and that you had money, I behaved like a blackguard, I acknowledge it now. But what could I do? If I hadn't hinted to Sir Lewis and my aunt that I was thinking seriously of you, they would have bothered me about marrying some one else; and I always fancied that in time I might turn my intimacy with you to account for Lina."

"As you have done," I said, bitterly. "How *could* she do——" Then I remembered that she was his wife, and I would not say hard things of her.

"Well," he went on, dejectedly, "she bore the secrecy and the misery and the degradation of it all gallantly, until the other day. Then she told me that, for her honor's sake, I must acknowledge her as my wife, whatever it cost me. And then we put our heads together, and came to the conclusion that if she could only get hold of Sir Lewis, she might fascinate him into forgiving her. She is so marvelously fascinating, you know, Ella, that she can make a fellow do anything almost.

"The only way to get her here was to get her invited as your cousin—to get her here as your chaperon; and trouble enough I had about it, I can tell you. Lady Turnour was so absurdly punctilious, that she wanted to invite your mother, and I had to say that your mother never left her own home. Then, when I proposed that Mrs. Percy should be asked in your mother's place, they forthwith remembered all the scandal about our old flirtation; and I had to vow, before I could get her asked, that I would be discretion itself, and devote myself to—in fact, Ella, I couldn't stick at anything, things had come to such a pass!"

"And—and—your wife is to tell this to Sir Lewis this afternoon," I said, gallantly, gulping down a very big sob. Then, I pitied them both so deeply, pitied them so heartily, both for having been guilty of this deception, and for the consequences that might ensue from it, that I mastered my own emotion, in order to be able to give him as much comfort as I might be granted the power to give him.

It was the hardest hour of my life—that hour that I rode with Alf Turnour, and heard from his own lips how false and cruel he had been to me. False and cruel, and utterly regardless of me? And yet at the same moment that I knew him to have been these things, I felt that I could have died to serve him. When we got home, I tore up to my own bed-room at once, and threw myself down in a more bitter abandonment of woe and despair than can ever be my portion again.

But my first passion was over (I had loved him and believed in him for two years, remember). I recollected that there was one whose troubles would be heavier than mine, if this final appeal, this last chance, failed. If Sir Lewis proved inflexible, and Alf lost his inheritance, the woman he had married would have more bitter cause to rue her love for him than even I had.

My heart gentled toward her in the midst of my own misery. How she had been maligned, poor, pretty, loving creature! When we—her relatives—in our harsh, imaginary superior virtue, had been censuring her for some of her apparently flighty ways and unnecessary wanderings, possibly she had only been obeying a mandate of her husband's! How ill she had looked this afternoon, too! In spite of the deception that had been practised on me by them both, I forgave them in that hour from the very bottom of my heart.

At length I heard the rumble of the wheels of the pony-carriage, and I got myself to the window in time to see them come up to the door-steps. She had surrendered the reins to Sir Lewis, and was sitting with her head bent down very low. It gave me a pang and a pleasure to see that her husband was there to meet her. There was no word spoken by any one of the three, and they went in at once, and I waited in agony for the *dénouement*. That night a child was born at Marley, and, while the suffering, beautiful, rash young mother was hovering between life and death, the "old people" relented, and forgave the nephew, who was their heir. He had been weak, but she was so strangely lovely and charming, the old baronet allowed that there was no wonder in any man being weak.

"Alf had not been dishonorable." That was their great comfort.

He had not been dishonorable! No; he had only laid my life waste, and that fact being beyond their ken, they said nothing about it. Freely as I forgave them both, it did occur to me to think that they had a little undervalued me in using me so wholly and solely as a means to their end. He need not have made me love him so well! He might have spared me the crowning shame of bringing me away from home under false pretenses.

But the sting was taken out of this fact when I went back to "my own," for "my own" received me as if I were a glory to them still.

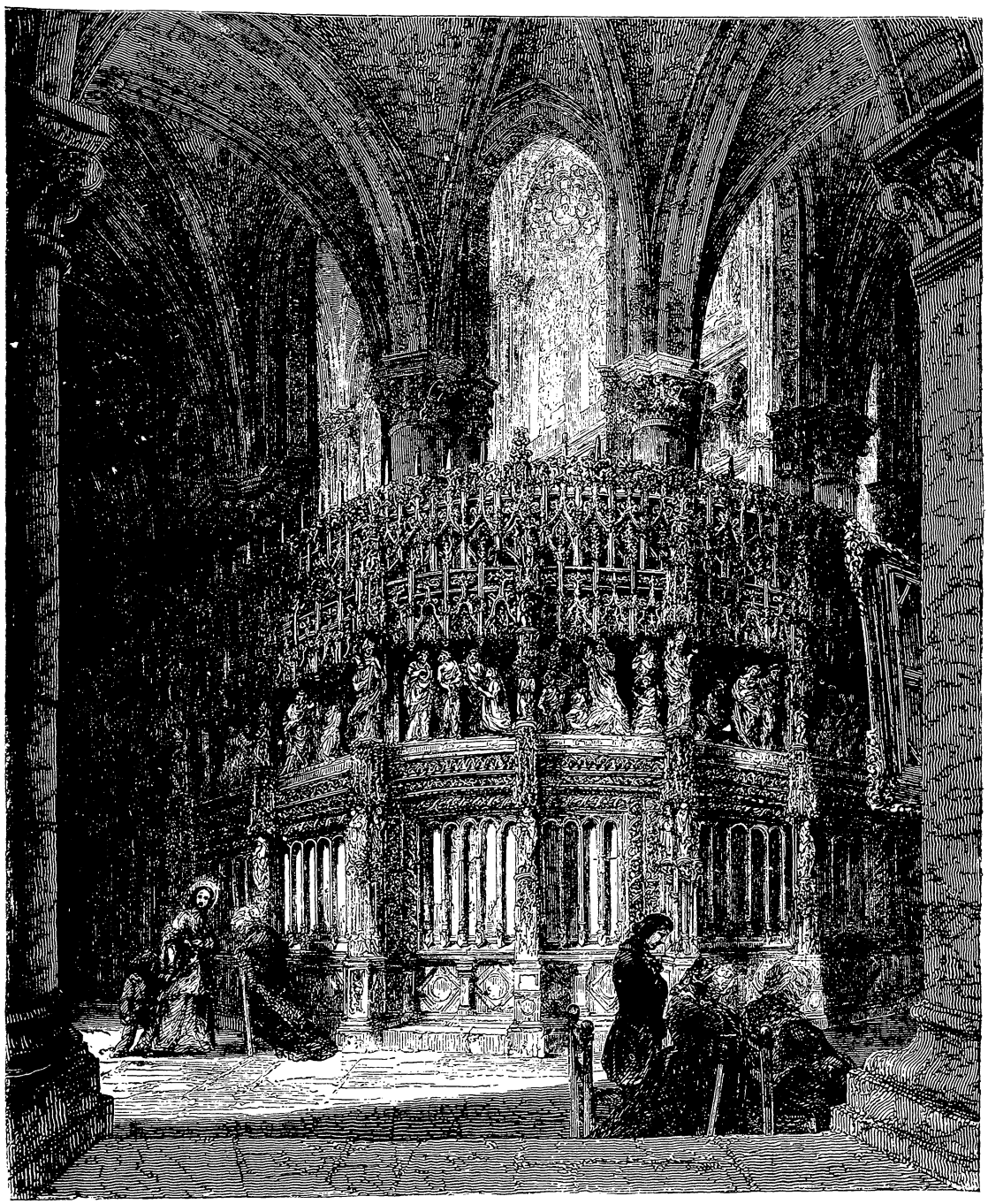
Ah! children who haven't needed it, yet, believe me, that the wound must be mortal that cannot be soothed by parental balm and oil. They never so much as adverted to the possibility of any other result having been anticipated than this one of Lina's being Alf's wife. They restored my self-respect, though they were powerless to restore my happiness.

It is ten years ago that I went down to Marley on that trial trip, which ended in my heart being wrecked, and though I am Ella Leyton still—though I have never tried the efficacy of a second love in removing all traces of a first—still I am not objectless.

The little child who was born on the night of the day when Lina tried her last chance, and won it, is my godson and my darling, and his mother is my friend, and his father is good enough to say that if he hadn't been so awfully fond of his wife, he believes he should have fallen in love with me, while he was pretending to do so.

He does not know that I am Ella Leyton still for his sake;

and so often he expressed genuine sorrow that I should be letting Time slip by so. "It will be awkward for you, dear —Lina and I often say so—when you find your last chances gone," he says, little knowing that my last chance was gone when he told me the truth about the two years, that day I rode with him at Marley.



THE CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES, FRANCE.

THE CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES.

THE city of Chartres, built on the site of the ancient capital of the Carnutes, retains trace of its Gaulish name. The great object of interest to a traveler is its cathedral, one of the finest in Europe, built over a cave where the Druids in ancient times performed their idolatrous rites, and paid, tradition says, honors to the Virgin who was to bear a Son. The present cathedral was begun in the eleventh and finished in the thirteenth century, except one spire, which took three centuries more to complete. The rich portals, the stained glass windows, and the beautiful choir shown in our illustration, elaborate in its workmanship, and adorned with valuable works of art, make this church one of the most magnificent in the world. Beneath the church is a crypt, said to be the Druids' cave, and in it is a labyrinth which has excited the interest of antiquaries, and led to long discussions.

An American traveler will be somewhat surprised to find, among the curious relics in this ancient fane, wampum belts sent two hundred years ago by the Huron and Abnaki Indians from our own land to lay before the shrine of Our Lady of Chartres.

The church as it now exists replaced a previous cathedral which was burned in 1020. The present structure was dedicated in 1260.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

THE Texan hunters are given to practical jokes, so be upon your guard. One of the best and most excusable, because the victim was much addicted to that insane species of wit, was played upon a friend of mine, who had exerted himself very much during the day, and, feeling much fatigued, threw himself upon the ground and fell asleep, while his companions were eating a slight refreshment.

"What shall we do to him?" asked one, pointing toward the unconscious hunter.

All eyes were instantly directed toward a rival wit, who was known to nourish schemes of vengeance against the sleeping joker. The man immediately drew out a cord from his pocket, and, having tied one end of it to the sleeper's foot, fastened the other end to the collars of a couple of dogs which were lying by. He then began to rouse the sleeper from his nap, by means of a succession of shakes and punches, and as soon as the visions of the slumberer were effectually dispelled, a glass of brandy-and-water was offered him, when he at once rose to his feet to take it.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—"THE HORNS WERE BLOWN, WHEN UP SPRANG THE TWO HOUNDS ATTACHED TO THE CORD, AND DOWN SAT THE VICTIM OF THE PRACTICAL JOKE IN THE BED OF A RIVULET BY THE SIDE OF WHICH HE HAD BEEN DREAMING."

At that moment, by a preconcerted arrangement, the horns were blown, when immediately up sprang the two hounds attached to the cord, and down sat the victim of the practical joke in the bed of a rivulet, by the side of which he had been dreaming. The brandy-and-water was dashed into the stream, the gentleman's powder-flask was damped, and a great deal of damage done, but the rough joke had the desired effect, and the soaked hunter never afterward played any tricks with his comrades.

PIOUS PONIARDS.

IN all times, and in all countries, great enterprises and great men have been brought to a sudden end by the dagger of a fanatic—that most terrible of enemies, who firmly believes his work to be acceptable in the sight of his God, and cheerfully gives up his life to achieve it, certain that his crime is a passport to Paradise. Perhaps the most Christian view to take of a pious assassin is to write him down a madman at once; but, be he mad or not, he must never be confounded with a common assassin—a hired bravo. The latter is not a very dangerous person at his boldest. He seeks to stab and run away—a difficult undertaking, against which protection is comparatively easy. He is but a pitiful scoundrel at the best, and when he makes his attempt and breaks down, as he generally does, is hardly worth a rope and the trouble of hanging him out of the way. The pious murderer is an entirely different person. He may be poor, ignorant, humble in station, but it is impossible to look contemptuously upon a man who is ready to die the moment his object is accomplished. There is no defence against him. Castles, armies, and body-guards are alike powerless to keep him off. He cares nothing for rank; the divinity which "doth hedge a king" proves but a poor barrier against the armed fanatic, who patiently bides his time to strike. Impelled ofttimes by a stronger will than his own, he knows neither hunger nor thirst until his fell purpose is accomplished, and then he is prepared to take the consequences, whatever they may be—instant death, or the long agony of exquisite torture.

Chief among the fanatical murderers of all ages are those who gave a new name to the worst form of homicide—the "Ashishin," followers of the "Old One," the Old Man of the Mountain, the Shaikh-ul-Jibal, who, as the story goes, administered a narcotic to the neophyte, and then translated him into a species of Mohammedan paradise, on returning from which he was prepared to kill anybody at the command of the supposed saint and prophet. The power of the Old Man of the Mountain, while he remained in his stronghold at Alamut, in Persia—whence he was at last routed by Hulaku, the Mogul—may be guessed from the enumeration of a few of the deeds which may be traced to the dynasty of Ashishin. A favorite spot for carrying out the designs of the Ashishin was the mosque itself, the character of the building acting as no kind of check upon these devout Mussulmans. Early in the twelfth century they slew the Prince of Homs in the chief mosque of that city; Maudud, Prince of Mosul, in the chief mosque of Damascus; and Kasim Aksonkor, Prince of Mosul and Aleppo, in the great mosque at Mosul; Ahmed Yel, Prince of Maragha, was killed at Baghdad, in the presence of Mohammed, Sultan of Persia; and five years later, in 1121, the Amir Afdhad, the Wazir of Egypt,

fell by the dagger of the Ashishin, at Cairo. Prime ministers were often victims to the Shaikh-ul-Jibal; even the khalifs—the Commanders of the Faithful—themselves were not secure. In 1129, Amir Billah, Khalif of Egypt, was assassinated, and was quickly followed to the grave by the Khalif Mostarshid and the Khalif Rashid.

In the crusading times, the hand of the Old Man smote Raymond, Count of Tripoli, and Conrad of Montferrat, titular King of Jerusalem. Two attempts were also made to murder the Great Saladin, and a century later the well-known dagger-thrust was dealt to Prince Edward of England, at Acre. At this latter date—1272—as Colonel Yule points out, the sect was already partially broken up. On the Mongol army invading the country held by the Ismaelites, or Ashishin, the reigning prince, Ala'uddin Mohammed was murdered, at the instigation of his son, Rhuknuddin Khurshah, who succeeded to a short-lived sovereignty—being compelled, at a year's end, to surrender to Hulaku, whose brother, Mangu Khan, forthwith had him put to death. About a hundred fortresses were surrendered, but it is said that two held out for a long time, one (Girdkuh) actually for fourteen years. The dominion of the assassins was extinguished, but the sect remained, though scattered, indeed, and obscure. Traces of them exist in Persia still. Early in this century, at least, their Shaikah resided at Yezd, and, more recently, Abbott mentions the sect as still existing in Kerman. The Bohrahs of Western India are said to be an offshoot of the Ismaelites.

Unhappily the knife of the fanatic has not always been confined to Mussulman hands. Without dwelling on wholesale massacres like that on the Eve of St. Bartholomew, 1572, it is unhappily but too easy to find in Western history instances of the readiness of religious enthusiasts to sacrifice their own lives to compass the destruction of an enemy. The knife of Felton struck down Buckingham in all his glory; as that of Jacques Clément despatched Henry III. of France, at the moment when his alliance with Henry of Navarre assured his triumph over the League. Clément was duly prepared and tutored for his enterprise in Oriental fashion; one Bourgoing, prior of the Jacobins at Paris, having played the part of a Christian Old Man of the Mountain in exciting the young fanatic to the requisite pitch. Cut down and killed an instant after striking the fatal blow, the wretched monk was elevated into a saint by the thick and thin partizans of the League. The ally and successor of Henry of Anjou underwent a similar fate to that of the last of the Valois. Curiously enough, Henry of Navarre, like Julius Cæsar and Henry of Guise, received a warning of his coming doom. On his return from hearing mass on the 14th May, 1610, the king entered his cabinet, whither came presently his natural son—the Duc de Vendôme, whom he greatly loved—with a story of how one La Brosse, a professional astrologer, had told him "that the constellation under which the king was born menaced him with a great danger on that day, and that he should tell the king to be upon his guard." The king laughed, as he replied, "La Brosse is a cunning old sharper, who is after your money, and you are a young idiot to believe him. Our days are reckoned before God." The sequel is well known.

It is a narrow street of antique houses, with their pointed gables and overhanging brows. As the great lumbering coach, containing the king and his lords in waiting, rolls into the Rue de la Ferronnerie, there is a block occasioned by a wine cart and a load of hay. While this is being cleared, the running footmen leave the royal coach, and take a short cut through the Cemetery of the Innocents, to the other end of the street. Ravaillac—devout seer of visions—leaps on the coach, stabs the king once between the second and third rib, and again in the heart. A third stroke was aimed, but only damaged the sleeve of the Duc de Montbazon. The strangest part of the story is that the king's coach—a roomy vehicle after the fashion of the time—was full of lords in waiting, and yet not one of these saw the blow struck, so that, as L'Etoile remarks, "if the hellish monster had dropped his knife, no one would have known who did it. But he remained, as if to show himself, and glory in this the greatest of assassinations." The murderer, who denied to the last the existence of any accomplices, had intended to kill the king "between the two doors of the Louvre," but not succeeding in getting within reach of him, as he was stepping into his coach, followed him as we have seen, and actually poniarded him in his coach, in the midst of those who were supposed to watch over the royal person. The fact is, that against the fanatic ordinary precautions are useless, as was shown only a few years ago in India, in the case of Lord Mayo—a catastrophe which points distinctly, like the murder of Chief-Justice Norman, to the existence of an exceptionally dangerous class among the disaffected Mussulmans of Bengal. It is difficult to believe that either of these crimes was an act of mere private revenge—especially when we remember that among the prisoners at the Andaman Islands, where Lord Mayo was killed, was a prominent chief of those Wahábi sectaries—whose conspiracy, as exposed at the trials of the principal offenders, showed not only the possibility but the actual existence of a vast organization of traitors.

And it may not be amiss to note that in the hands of the Wahábi chiefs has lately been the life of the heir-apparent of the English crown. If it seemed good to these wild enthusiasts to take his life, it would not be worth a day's purchase. At the command of the Khalif of the Wahábis the atmosphere of Bengal would be thick with daggers, one of which would certainly reach the popular prince, whose present incomings and outgoings are watched with such keen anxiety by his future subjects. Apprehensions for the safety of his royal highness have been increased by the quite recent demonstration that his person is by no means so well protected as was imagined. A native—armed, as it happened, only with a petition—pushed his way through policemen and guards, and succeeded in presenting the document to the prince. If this could be done with a petition, it could be done with a knife or a revolver. The telegram contained much nonsense about the "quick" eyes which saw the innocence of the man's intention; but whatever the eyes may have been, the hands, whose duty it was to protect the prince, were ridiculously slow; for, if everybody had done his duty, the indiscreet petitioner ought either to have been arrested or cut down before he got within reach of the Prince of Wales. The only consolation is the knowledge that the Indian Mussulmans are very well acquainted with all those departments of the English Government which affect themselves; and that they are, therefore, aware that any attempt, successful or otherwise, upon the life of the heir-apparent would certainly not improve their condition, and would, moreover, bring down hard measures upon the entire Mussulman population. Perhaps the latter consideration would not affect the Wahábi chiefs very much; and we are, therefore, driven to the conclusion that the safety of his royal highness mainly depended upon the accurate knowledge of the English Constitution possessed by a few fanatical leaders of a fighting sect, and their possible objection to commit a useless crime.

So long ago as 1871, Dr. W. W. Hunter drew public attention—so far as it is possible to draw it to anything Indian—to the power of the Indian Wahábis, and the danger likely to spring at any moment from this combustible element in British India. A few years earlier, Mr. William Gifford Palgrave visited the Wahábi in the cradle of the sect in eastern Arabia. Of the domestic government of the Wahábis, when they are at home and have it all their own

way, the latter gentleman gives many amusing particulars. Before proceeding, however, to look at the Wahábi at home, it may be well to define as exactly as possible who and what he is, more particularly as it is not uncommon to speak of him as a Mohammedan Protestant or Reformer, which, although true in some measure, conveys an entirely false idea of his actual doctrine.

A Mohammedan Puritan he certainly is, and something more. He is an extreme Dissenter, both religiously and politically; an Anabaptist, a Fifth-Monarchy man, so to speak, in matters of faith; a Communist and a Red Republican in politics. Following the example of other fanatics, he hates those near him in belief—the orthodox Mussulmans—with a much greater hate than he vouchsafes to the infidel. Revolutionist alike in politics and religion, he goes about his work less in the spirit of a reformer than of a destroyer, and is the terror of the obdurate Mussulmans who cling to the recognized form of faith, and the loaves and fishes which attend it.

The founder of this remarkable sect was one Mohammed-ebn-'Abd-ul-Wahább, born in Horeymelah, somewhat before the middle of the last century. Descended from a powerful clan, he, like many Nejdeans of the better sort, began life as a traveling merchant. In the pursuit of business he visited Basrah and Baghdad, possibly also Persia and India, and at last made a considerable stay at Damascus, where he fell in with sundry shaikhs of great learning and bigotry. Listening attentively and thinking deeply, the young Arab learned from the lessons of these shaikhs to combine and crystalize, as it were, ideas that he had long entertained in a floating and unsystematized condition. He had learned to distinguish between the essential elements of Islam and its accidental or recent admixtures, and at last imagined himself possessed of a clear idea of primitive Mohammedanism—the starting-point of the prophet and his companions eleven centuries before.

As Mr. Palgrave puts it, "The Wahábi reformer formed the design of putting back the hour-hand of Islam to its starting-point; and so far he did well, for that hand was from the first meant to be fixed. Islam is in its essence stationary, and was framed thus to remain. Sterile like its god, lifeless like its first principle and supreme original in all that constitutes true life—for life is love, participation, and progress, and of these the Koranic deity has none—it justly repudiates all change, all advance, all development. To borrow the forcible words of Lord Houghton, the 'written book' is the 'dead man's hand'—stiff and motionless; whatever savors of vitality is by that alone convicted of heresy and defection." In his main conception of the doctrine of the prophet, the Nejdean merchant was, without doubt, correct; but he forgot that cast-iron creeds must either adapt themselves to human nature or drop out of history. The doctrine of Mohammed was itself a reaction against idolatry, but was quickly overlaid by a mass of those pleasant superstitions, to which the imaginative people of Southern climes cling with extreme tenacity. We recollect how the Jews, to whom was imparted the sublime idea of monotheism, found its awful grandeur too heavy for them to bear, and were for ever slipping back into worshiping the familiar, local, and, so to say, friendly gods, to whom they could address, as they imagined, their prayers with greater hope of success than to the sublime Jehovah so far removed from human thoughts and cares. Mohammedanism has undergone a similar fate. It is true that in great part of Islam no actual worship of stocks and stones has crept in, but the place of these has been supplied by an army of Muslim saints, . sumed, from their having themselves once been human, to be peculiarly fitted to act as mediators between distant, awful, unapproachable Allah and the true believer. All stu en of Oriental literature—not being themselves Mohammedans—have been lashed into fury by the constant references on the part of Arabic writers to legions of saints, dervishes, and wearisome holy men of all kinds, and it requires no library of theological treatises to prove that all this worship of mediators is completely foreign to the spirit of the Koran.

In the country of Wahább there was all this degeneracy, and worse. Central Arabia was, in his time, divided among innumerable chiefs. Almost every trace of Islam had long since vanished from Nejd, where the worship of the Djann, under the spreading foliage of large trees, or in the cavernous recesses of Djebel Toweyk, along with the invocation of the dead and sacrifices at their tombs, was blended with "remnants of old Sabæan superstition, not without traces of the doctrines of Moseylemah and Kermoot." The Koran was unread, the five daily prayers forgotten, and no one cared where Mecca lay—east, west, north, or south; tithes, ablutions, and pilgrimages were unheard of. From this slough of degradation the Nejdeans were rudely awakened by the voice of the Wahább, who, at first driven from spot to spot, at length found refuge with Ibn Sa'ud, the chief of Deraiyeh. Into this Bedouin leader he instilled his religious views, and a sense of his great wrongs. Moreover, he married his daughter, and made his father-in-law's stronghold a focus of religious enthusiasm and political revolt against the Ottoman Lord Paramount at Constantinople. Calling in the aid of that great instructor and purifier, the sword, the Wahább leaders brought a "conscience to their work," and every year added strength to their faction. They preached against the Turks, their debased theology and brutal sensuality, and, moreover, smote the offenders with the edge of the sword, and spoiled their caravans. The Turkish caravan to Mecca had long been infamous for debauchery of the vilest kind. What exasperated the belligerent saints quite as much was the open use of wine, opium, and tobacco in the holy streets themselves, and it was at first against these practical and visible defilements that the warlike reformer raised his voice. By degrees, however, was elaborated a theological system which may be defined as a reduction of the faith of Islam to a pure theism. This faith is now held by the Indian sect, and consists of seven great doctrines. First, absolute reliance upon one God; second, absolute renunciation of any mediatory agent between man and his Maker, including the rejection of the prayers of the saints, and even of the semi-divine mediation of Mohammed himself; third, the right of private interpretation of the Mohammedan scriptures, and the rejection of all priestly glosses on the Holy Writ; fourth, absolute rejection of all the forms, ceremonies, and outward observances with which the medieval and modern Mohammedans have overlaid the pure faith; fifth, constant looking for the prophet (Imam), who will lead the true believers to victory over the infidels; sixth, constant recognition, both in theory and practice, of the obligation to wage war upon all infidels; seventh, implicit obedience to the spiritual guide. These principles, backed by the sword, spread rapidly.

In 1791 the Wahábis made a successful campaign against the Grand Shaikh of Mecca. In 1797 they beat back the Pasha of Baghdad with immense slaughter, and overran the most fertile provinces of Asiatic Turkey. In 1801 they again swept down upon Mecca with more than 100,000 men, and in 1803 the holy city fell into their hands. Next year they captured Medinah. In these two strongholds of Islam, the victors, after the manner of their kind, massacred those of the inhabitants who refused to accept their creed, plundered and defiled the tombs of the Mohammedan saints, and spared not even the sacred mosque itself. Every devout king and emperor of Islam had sent thither the richest oblations which his realm could yield, and the

accumulated offerings of eleven centuries were swept into the tents of the sectaries of the desert. The Wahábis next overran Syria, but were at last crushed by Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt. In 1812 Thomas Keith, a Scotchman, under the pasha's son, took Medinah by storm ; Mecca fell in 1813, and, five years later, adds Dr. Hunter, "this vast power, which had so miraculously sprung up, as miraculously vanished, like a shifting sand-mountain of the desert."

The Wahábis, crushed and scattered for a while, came speedily together again in their ancient stronghold, Riad, described as being a veritable City of the Saints, in which purity of doctrine and a severe moral code are enforced by devices which almost put the early days of Massachusetts to the blush. Riad is the capital of Nejd, and Arabia's very heart of hearts. Here the Puritans rule the people with a rod of iron. They not only tax them to the full tenth, and exact strict obedience and punctual attendance at the mosque, but place over them certain "men of zeal," to take account of slight moral derelictions, such as burning a candle far into the night, smoking tobacco, taking snuff, or chewing, wearing silk or gold as ornaments, and so forth. These "men of zeal" are armed with a long stick, which serves at once as a wand of office and an instrument of punishment. There is no trial nor any appeal against the "men of zeal," who seize upon the culprit and belabor him unmercifully—calling, if need be, for aid on the bystanders, who afford it with cheerful alacrity. Neither age nor rank protect the Nejdean.

PIOUS PONIARDS.—THE ASSASSINATION OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 501.

The theology of the Wahábis was imported into India a little more than half a century ago by one Sayyid Ahmad, who began life as a horse-soldier in the service of a celebrated freebooter, Amir Khan Pindari, afterwards Nawab of Tonk. On the extermination of the Pindari power, Sayyid Ahmad recognized that he had commenced life in the wrong groove, and, giving up robbery, went, about 1816, to study the sacred law under a doctor of high repute at Delhi. Going forth, at length, as a preacher, he attacked the abuses which have crept into the Mohammedan faith in India, and quickly obtained a zealous following. A prolonged halt at Patna so swelled the number of his followers as to require the formation of a regular system of government. He proceeded to levy taxes, and appointed four khalifs, or spiritual vicegerents. Having thus organized a species of theocracy, he made, in 1822, a pilgrimage to Mecca, and, while in Arabia, became impressed with the purity and sanctity of the Wahábi doctrines, especially those inculcating the Jihad or Crescentade against the infidel. Far too wise to attempt, at once, an attack upon the English power, he, after preaching throughout Upper and Lower Bengal, made his appearance among the wild mountaineers of the Peshawur frontier, and then preached a Crescentade against the Sikhs, whom he accused of tyrannizing over the Mussulmans. The Pathan tribes responded to his appeal with frantic enthusiasm, and, on the 26th December, 1826, the Jihad against the infidel Sikhs commenced. A fanatical war ensued, prosecuted with relentless cruelty on both sides.

General Avitubile, then commanding the forces of Runjeet Singh, checked the Mohammedan onslaught for a while, but, nevertheless, it seemed as if the Wahàbi of India were about to emulate the successes of their Arabian predecessors, for, toward the end of 1830, the apostolic army took Peshawur. The prophet now proclaimed himself khalif, and struck coins bearing the legend, "Ahmad the Just, Defender of the Faith ; the glitter of whose scimitar scatters destruction among the infidels." But internal dissension soon defied all control on the part of the prophet. His army, like all the rebel gatherings which have succeeded it,

on the northwestern border, was composed of two incongruous elements. His regular troops consisted of Hindustani fanatics, Mohammedans from the Indian provinces, notably Lower Bengal, who accepted his fortunes for good or for evil; but the Crescentading army was swollen by the Pathan mountaineers, who, although they had welcomed the prophet in the beginning, and were Mussulmans to the backbone, yet regarded the Crescentade as mountaineers are apt to regard all warlike enterprises. Plunder was their principal object, and when this was satisfied their interest in the Crescentade cooled down. Finally, the prophet tried to reform the marriage customs of the highlanders, who sold their daughters in wedlock to the highest bidder, whereupon they arose and fell upon his lieutenants, and the prophet himself only escaped their clutches to be killed in action against the Sikhs, under Shere Singh.

THE WOOD-CUTTER'S CABIN.—SEE PAGE 506.

The spirit of Sayyid Ahmad survived. Two of his lieutenants were the grandsons of a notorious murderer, who,

flying for life beyond the Indus, established himself as a holy hermit at Sittana. The refugee ascetic was greatly venerated by the mountaineers, who presented him with the land on which his hermitage stood—as a sanctuary or inviolate asylum, a village of refuge from the avenger of blood. On this spot the fragments of the Crescentading army were gathered together under the hermit's grandson, who had served as treasurer to the prophet; while the religious head of the principality of Swat invited the other grandson to the Swat valleys and made him king. Thanks to this rebel camp beyond the Sikh—and the propaganda of Patna, provided, as we have seen, with a regular apostolic succession of caliphs—the embers of the Crescentade have never died out, and have, at times, blazed up into those "little wars" which have cost England so much blood and treasure to quell. It would be absurd to consider the perpetual troubles with the "hill tribes" across the Indus as mere campaigns against brigands. The Pathans themselves could do little beyond buzzing around Peshawur; it is the Wahábi centres in the British provinces who provide them with the money and arms which enable them, and the reinforcements sent them from Bengal, to sting upon occasion. Until the English annexed the Panjab, they troubled their heads very little about the Army of the Crescent. English gentlemen are not apt to care more for alien religions than Gallio, sometime pro-consul of Achaia, and nobody cared if, in the period between 1830 and 1846, the Mohammedan indigo bailiffs asked for a few months' leave, to take a turn at Crescentading as a religious duty. England has paid dearly for this remissness. Since the annexation of the Panjab the Indian Government has been compelled to undertake a score of campaigns against the Sittana host, who, accustomed to war, smoke Sikh and Feringhi with equal fury. The campaign of 1863 cost 847 men, killed and wounded, or nearly one-tenth of the army, when it was eventually raised to 9,000 regular troops; yet, five years later, it was again found necessary to occupy the country with an army—compelled to operate over and among the mountains 10,000 feet in height.

That the whole of this frontier trouble arises from the Wahábi organization in the heart of British India admits of no possible doubt. Money is raised and transmitted, and recruits are made by telling young Mussulmans that their soul is endangered by dwelling in the country of the infidel; that India is the country of the infidel; and that, if they wish for the paradise of Mohammed, their only path is out of India into some country of Islam. That these preachings are successful has been demonstrated by the bodies of dead Bengalis found, many a time and oft, in the cockpit before Peshawur; while the skill and secrecy with which supplies of men, arms, and money are forwarded to the frontier were abundantly proved at the Wahábi state trial at Umballa, in 1864, when persons of every rank in Mohammedan society were convicted of high treason. Among them were priests of the highest family, an army contractor and wholesale butcher, a scrivener, a soldier, an itinerant preacher, a house-steward, and a husbandman. "They had been defended by English counsel; they had had the full advantage both of technical pleas in bar and of able pleadings on the merits of the case; six of their countrymen had sat as assessors with the judge on the bench; and the trial ended in the condemnation of eight of them to transportation for life, and of the remaining three to the last penalty of the law. The conspiracy was only discovered through the devotion of the son of a Panjabi policeman, who, entering the fanatical camp as a spy, succeeded in bringing back the names of the men who had passed the Bengalis and their rifles up to the frontier.

Since the campaigns of 1863 and 1868, and the great trial at Umballa, the Wahabis have not made much noise in the world; but they, their propaganda, and their focus of rebellion in the northwest still exist, to the irritation and apprehension of Indian statesmen. Their complicity in the murders of Chief-Justice Norman and Lord Mayo have, it is only fair to admit, never been brought clearly home to them; but confession from criminals of the fanatical stamp is not to be hoped for. At any rate, it is discomforting to know that among the discontented Mussulman populations of the British Indian possessions exists a dangerous sect, preaching, in season and out of season, the necessity of flying from the country of the infidel, and joining the Crescentade against their accursed masters; and it is productive of much anxiety in England that the heir to the crown should have been advised to visit a province where his life may hang upon the breath of the fanatical leader of a sect, having many points of resemblance with the ancient dynasty of Ashishin.

THE WOODCUTTER'S CABIN.

This charming little rustic picture is from a design by Mouileron, and is instinct with vigor and poetry. This forest life is full of benefits for its hardy progeny, when the little lungs require fresh air, when a flower, a branch of a tree, agitated by the wind or the flight of a bird, when a golden beetle or a green lizard, a little rivulet, navigable by the smallest wooden boats, can chain and enchant the young attention, and afford continued and healthful amusement.

Happy, robust, cheerful little forest-wanderers, how you are to be envied by the fragile and delicate hothouse plants of the city nurseries!

ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

It was about the seventeenth century that it was tried with more or less success to imitate real pearls, and the most successful means to which recourse was had was with the aid of the "Oriental essence," or a pearly-white solution from the scales of the bleak, called guanine. In giving to this product the name "Oriental essence," it was with the intention of keeping the substance secret. In Anjou, although this industry (that is to say, the bleak fishery to obtain the "Oriental essence") is little known, it is no less certain that the fishermen of Ecoufflans and Ponts-de-Cé largely aid the manufacture of imitation pearls, and that they still use this name, or that of bleak white. The scale of the bleak is lubricated by a mucus which was for a long time considered albuminous, but it is not so. This essence is very abundant, and is difficult to mix with water. It coagulates by heat to a thick white deposit, and becomes black in time, if a proper remedy be not applied to prevent this deterioration, especially during the time of intense heat, during which period fishing is at its height in the Loire and the Mayenne. If the scales of the bleak are examined under the microscope, the smallest are found to be nearly round; and, if the surface of one of the larger ones is lightly pressed, this "Oriental essence," under the form of a small pearly drop, issues from one of the canals and sticks to the fingers. In this mucilage an infinite number of small, rudimental, pearly scales can be seen. The largest scales are square, nearly rectangular, four times as long as they are wide; each scale has three colorless cylindrical veins. It is to M. Joaquin that this invention is due, all the more fortunate as it remedied the difficulties and bad effects of the pearls made of quicksilver placed in a glass bulb.

In Anjou, in order to obtain this "Oriental essence," they only fish for the bleak; however, the scales of the dace furnish it also. The bleak (*Leuciscus alburnis*) is the only river fish which is not used for food; it is a white fish, well

known in the running streams, and on the flat sandy coasts of France, where the water is not deep; it is also found in the Seine, Marne, Moselle, Escant, etc.; never descending into the Black Sea, being principally found at the mouth of rivers. In Anjou they spawn on the sand in the months of May and June. For its propagation, in certain parts of France, artificial spawning places are made by the aid of heaps of sand, where they multiply. In Anjou recourse is not had to any artificial means; they breed under the shelter of the flat, sandy coast, thus avoiding becoming the prey of other fishes.

The fishermen use a mesh net, and catch the bleak by thousands as they travel in shoals in the current, taking care not to let them get entangled in the meshes, or wound themselves, or lose a part of their large scales; but, above all, not to stain themselves with blood. The following is the process of extracting the "Oriental essence": Men and children, provided with blunt knives, take the fish one after the other and scrape them over a shallow tub, containing a little fresh water. Care is taken not to scale the black or the dorsal part, as these scales are yellow, while the white scales are very valuable. The whole is received on a horsehair sieve. The first water, mixed with a little blood, is thrown away. The scales are then washed and pressed; the essence settles at the bottom of the tub, and it is then that we have a very brilliant, blue-white, oily mass. Warm water must not be used for the washing, as it would promote fermentation. It takes 40,000 bleaks to furnish two pounds of essence. The fishermen put this guanine in tin boxes, which they fill up with ammonia; the box is then closed, and sent to Paris. Others prefer to put it in large-mouthed bottles. If a drop of the essence is taken up by a straw and let fall upon water, the guanine floats, giving forth the most brilliant colors. The intestines of the bleak are thrown away. They are, however, covered with this mucus. There is here great negligence, and, in spite of all the advice given on the subject, the fishermen lose a large part of the produce. This guanine is insoluble in water, in ammonia, and in acetic acid, but combines with sulphuric and other acids. We know that the pancreas also furnishes this substance. There is no doubt that they are wrong to neglect that which covers the intestines. Although the yield would be small for each fish, it is none the less true that large quantities could be so obtained.

SODA-ASH, ITS MANUFACTURE AND USES.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

HERE are few chemical compounds which have such an extensive application in the arts as the Carbonate of Soda, commonly called Soda-ash. The antiquity of its use is manifest from the names by which it has been designated by various ancient writers. In the Bible it is called nitre, from the Greek word *nizo*, meaning to cauterize or wash; and it is evident from two passages—one from Jeremiah and the other from Proverbs—that the nitre of the Bible was not our modern saltpetre. In Jeremiah it says: "Though thou wash thee with nitre"; and in Proverbs, "as vinegar upon nitre," referring to soda-soap in the first case, and to the action of acetic acid on effervescing salts in the second, neither of which reactions would accord with the properties of nitrate of potash, now called nitre. The plains of Egypt abound in soda, and it was to obtain this article that the Greeks conducted their early commerce with the East. The ships from Alexandria brought natron, and afforded a means of communication for travelers. These vessels also brought the science and civilization of the old races to the shores of Europe. It was on a ship freighted with soda that St. Paul took passage from Alexandria to Puteoli or Pompeii, and, nearly two thousand years after his voyage, the remains of a vessel were found stranded near a soap-factory at Pompeii, in the vats of which was a quantity of well-preserved soda-soap. Later, in the history of events, natron was found on the plains of Hungary, as it is now known to occur over a great area of country on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. In 1764 the presence of soda in plants became known, and it was found that sea-weeds and marine plants generally contained it in larger proportions than land plants. Along the coast of Spain an extensive commerce in the ashes of sea-weeds was carried on in little *barils*, and the trade name of the article was taken from the packages in which it was transported, and was called barilla. Pliny relates the very doubtful story that the Romans learned how to use the ashes in the manufacture of soap from the Gauls. He says: "Soap is an invention of the Gauls, and is used for imparting a reddish tint to the hair. It is prepared from tallow and ashes; there are two kinds of it, the hard and the liquid, both of them much used by the people of Germany, the men in particular more than the women." This unhandsome reflection upon the women of Germany might excite no surprise if it were to be made by a modern inhabitant of Gaul, but, coming from Pliny, it serves to throw some doubt upon the whole of his statement. The Romans must have known how to make soap long before they planned their expeditions to the North, as the early existence of a commerce in soda would conclusively show.

Soda-ash had become so important to the French manufacturers at the time of the wars of the first Napoleon, that the deprivation of it, occasioned by the English blockade, was a serious blow to many industries, and the Government was induced to offer a large reward to any one who would invent a method by which it could be made directly from common salt. No blockade could prevent the tides of the ocean from covering the low lands of the coast, and from the brine could be made plenty of salt by solar evaporation. (See fig. 1.) What was needed was a method by which the chloride of sodium could be converted into carbonate of soda. Various propositions were made by European chemists, but the process which found the most favor, and which was finally adopted, and has been carried on with trifling modifications down to the present day, was invented by Le Blanc. This consisted in converting the chloride of sodium into the sulphate by means of sulphuric acid, and the subsequent transformation of the salt-cake into the carbonate by aid of charcoal and lime. This simple invention of Le Blanc is probably the most valuable contribution ever made by chemistry to the arts. It opened up a way for the cheap production of an article that enters into nearly every branch of manufacture, and in its consequences has helped to discover new continents and suppress the slave trade, and largely contribute to the civilization of the world. Le Blanc's method consisted in mixing equal weights of common salt and sulphuric acid on a reverberatory furnace, and subjecting them to a high heat (see fig. 2); the sulphuric acid expels the chlorine in the form of hydrochloric acid, and takes possession of the soda. The hydrochloric acid, thus produced as an incidental product, was at first regarded as a nuisance. It escaped from the chimneys and caused a rain of muriatic acid to fall upon the country, to the utter destruction of trees and grass. Injunctions were served upon the soda-works, and they were driven to the islands off the coast, until at last a way was discovered (see fig. 3) for catching all of the hydrochloric acid, and saving it for

the many uses to which it is admirably adapted—these uses of the acid have become so numerous that its manufacture is now a necessity, and it would be made directly if it were not derived incidentally in the soda process. After the salt is converted into the sulphate, the result is called the salt-cake of commerce—this salt-cake is mixed with charcoal and lime-stone, and reduced in a second furnace (see fig. 4) into what is called ball-soda. The ball-soda is dissolved in water and crystalized, if sal-soda is required, or is dried and calcined into soda-ash.

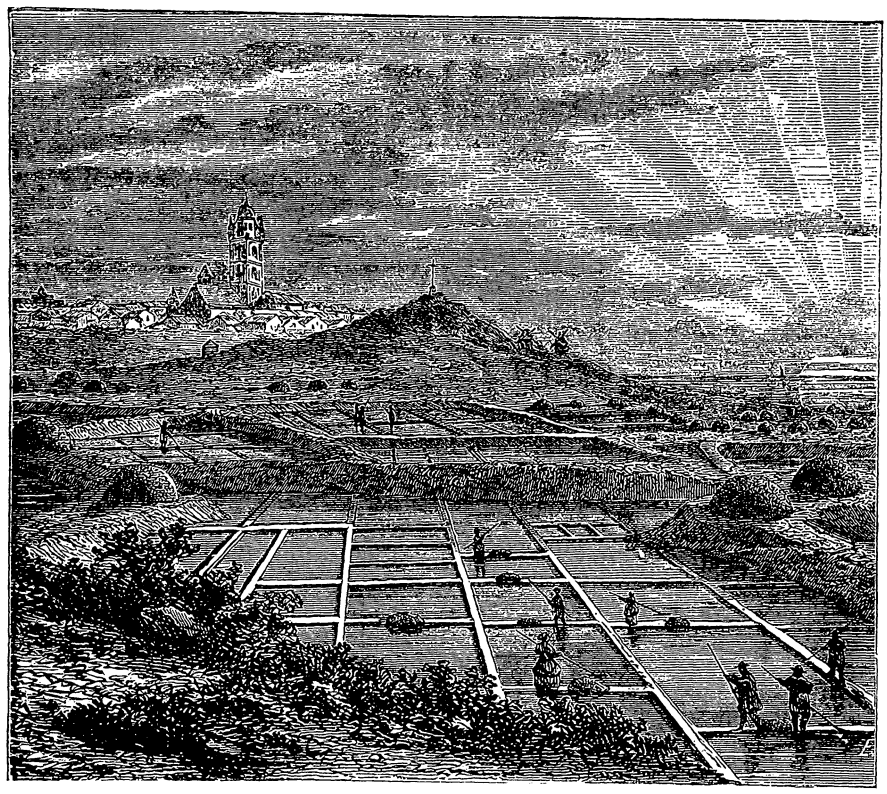


FIG. 1.—MANUFACTURE OF SALT FROM SEA-WATER ON THE COAST OF FRANCE.

Enormous quantities of soda-ash are now annually produced in England and France, the total product being estimated at 1,000,000 tons—its cheapness having occasioned a revolution in many industries. Glass, which was formerly made in limited quantities from potash, silica, and lime, is now produced on an immense scale by substituting soda for potash. (See fig. 5.) Cheap glass has given us cheap light. Many a dark place has been lighted up, which, without Le Blanc's invention, would have remained in darkness. The same glass has given us our optical instruments of all kinds, and has afforded a ready supply of chemical ware and physical instruments, and, in general, has added to the domestic comforts of families.

There is another industry in which the consumption of soda-ash is even greater than in the manufacture of glass, and in its consequences has exerted a more extended influence upon civilization than has been suspected by the world at large. This is the use of soda in the manufacture of soap. (See fig. 6.) It was a famous saying of the late Baron Liebig that "Soap is the index of the civilization of a people," and he is generally supposed to refer in his aphorism to the cleanliness of a people as indicating their higher civilization. Such was, however, not the meaning of the distinguished German philosopher. He referred to the great number of industries which were closely associated with the production of soap, and necessarily implied a high state of commercial prosperity and of the culture that often accompanies wealth. The introduction of soda-ash into soap industry entirely changed the importance of that art. Enormous quantities of soap were manufactured; and as soda was abundant, in order to keep pace with it, it became necessary to resort to various expedients for procuring the necessary supply of grease and fat. The soap-dealers fitted out expeditions to all parts of the world. Droves of wild cattle were slaughtered in South America for their hides and fat, but still the demand increased. Palm-oil was found to be equally good, and the intrepid traders visited the coast of Africa and penetrated into the interior, where they did more to suppress

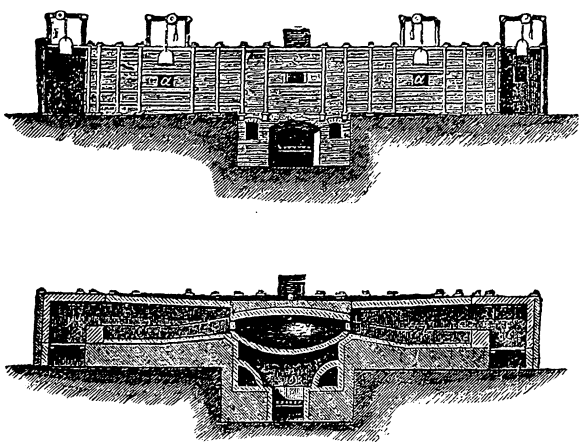


FIG. 2.—SALT-CAKE FURNACES FOR CONVERTING CHLORIDE OF SODIUM INTO SULPHATE OF SODA.

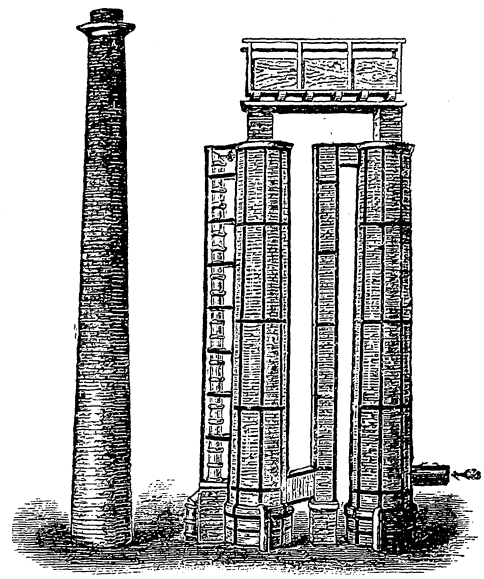


FIG. 3.—MURIATIC ACID TOWERS.

the slave trade than all the vessels of war had been able to accomplish. They made such contracts with the chiefs that, in order to fill them, they needed all the force they could obtain, and refused to sell any more slaves. There is no part of the globe that has not been put under contribution to furnish material for the ever-increasing industries founded on the cheap production of soda.

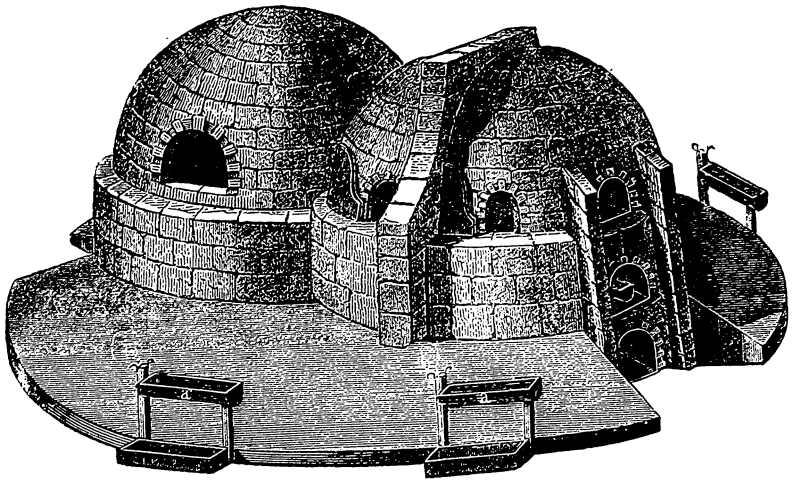


FIG. 5.—MANUFACTURE OF GLASS.—SEE PAGE 507.

Ships sail to Greenland to fetch home the cryolite from which soda is made, and, on entering our harbor, they meet the vessels returning from the coast of Africa loaded with palm-oil. The steppes of Siberia and the plains of India, the mountains of the Andes and the rivers of Egypt, are visited by the traders, who, inspired by a hope of gain, dread no fatigue and fear no danger. Soda gives us cheap paper for our books and journals; it scours the wool and cleanses the cotton for our clothing; it lets the sunlight into our dwellings through glass windows; it gives us the instruments with which to penetrate the sky, or study the smallest microscopic object; it purifies our table salt; it aids to take our picture; it gives us bluing for our laundry and saleratus for our bread; it cleanses

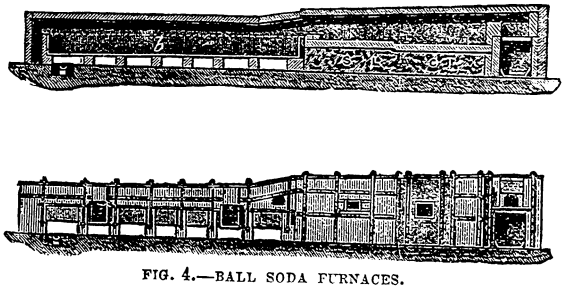


FIG. 4.—BALL SODA FURNACES.

petroleum and refines sugar; it affords us borax for soldering and soluble glass for mending; it opens a cheap way to metallic sodium, and thus to the rare metals—aluminum and magnesium; and, finally, without it soap would become a luxury, and the use of candles be exclusively the privilege of the rich.

All honor to the illustrious Le Blanc who gave us the process by which soda-ash is made, and who ought to be always known and recognized as one of the greatest benefactors of his race.

Sailing the First Boat—The Horseman's Shadow.

OUR pictures are of rural life—one at the sea-side, one in the interior. The fisherman's children take naturally to the element on which and by which their father lives. The boy's first ambition is a boat, and to rig and sail a tiny model, to brag of its success, to employ all the nautical terms he can acquire, is being a man in his eyes and those of his little sister, whom he impresses deeply with a sense of his wonderful ability and the achievements that in the future are to make him the great man of the village.

The inland scene, with its cottage in the background, its tree-lined lane, its rude gateway, which the children, with instinctive politeness, are opening deferentially to the rider, whose shadow only thrown in the foreground enables us to raise the question whether he is the village doctor, the clergyman, or the squire. The bright boy and the shyer girls all have a look of deference and respect that shows the stranger to be one of importance in their eyes.

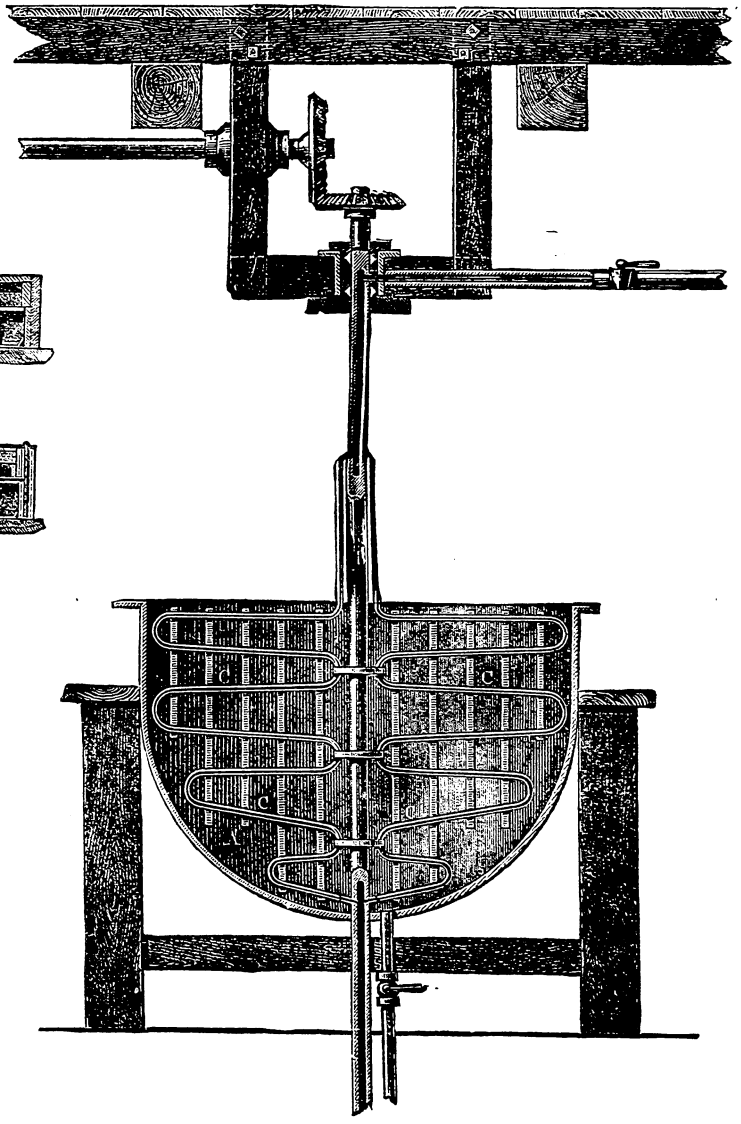


FIG. 6.—MANUFACTURE OF SOAP.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

ARTIFICIAL grindstones are coming into use in Germany. They are made of grit, soluble glass, and petroleum, and will doubtless be advertised as non-explosive.

MR. S. H. SCUDDER is reported to have discovered the fossil remains of the abdomen of the larva of a dragon-fly in a fragment of carboniferous shale from Cape Breton, "thus carrying back the existence of these insects into the paleozoic age."

PROFESSOR NORDENSKIOLD has consented to undertake next Summer a scientific exploration of the maritime route from the north of Russia to Behring's Straits, for which a donation of 25,000 roubles has been made by the Russian Society for Encouraging Commerce and Industry.

CONVERSION OF BRUCINE INTO STRYCHNINE.—Sonnenschein has shown that brucine may be converted into strychnine by the action of nitric acid, and calls attention to the fact that this discovery may be of practical interest to toxicological investigations, since brucine might be converted into strychnine in course of the examination.

THE *Proceedings* of the Belfast Natural History and Philosophical Society for the session 1874-5 is before us. The president's address on "Atoms and Automata" deserves attention; and the lecture "On Electro-Magnetic Machines," and M. Gramme's recent improvements in them, by Dr. Andrews, of Queen's College, Belfast, is full of information, and contains numerous original suggestions.

CARBOLIC acid paper, which is now used in such large quantities, in this country and abroad, for packing fresh meats, etc., for the purpose of preserving them against deterioration by atmospheric or other influences, is made by melting five parts of stearine in a gentle heat, and then stirring in thoroughly two parts of carbolic acid, after which five parts of paraffine, in a melted form, are added. The mass thus prepared is then well stirred together until it cools, after which it is applied with a brush to the paper, in quires, in the same manner as the waxed paper—so much used in Europe as a wrapping material for various articles—is treated. The industrial importance of this paper is at present very considerable, the quantity manufactured being immense.

THE PRODUCTION OF ARSENIC IN COPPER MINES.—In 1873, 5,449 tons of arsenic were produced in England. More than a third of it came from the Devon Great Consols mine. Sometimes 200 tons a month are sold from this mine, a quantity of white arsenic sufficient to destroy the lives of more than 500,000,000 of human beings. The Commissioners of Mines saw stored in warehouses of the mine, ready packed for sale, a quantity of white arsenic, probably sufficient to destroy every living animal upon the face of the earth. The commissioners consider that, in the case of mines in which arsenic is actually manufactured, it is only reasonable that the manufacture of a poison so virulent should be subject to a special State supervision; and they submit that an officer should be empowered to require that the best practicable means be taken not only to prevent the poisoning of the air by the volatilization of the arsenic, but also to hinder the access of the poison to running water.

IT IS known that there is hardly one of the Swiss lakes, largeorf small, which has not given up traces of the singular habitations o the lake-dwellers; but nothing was hitherto known as to the mode of sepulture adopted by the race that lived in them. During the latter part of January, however, some workmen excavating the foundations for a new building close to the lake came across some huge flat rocks, placed evidently by human hands in a horizontal position, and lying near each other on a level which once, in all probability, was the natural surface. Each block was a boulder brought apparently some little distance, and covered a square cavity carefully lined with slabs of stone, and filled with earth mixed with light gravel and sand. One of these square cavities or graves has been carefully cleared, and proved to contain fourteen skeletons of adults and one of a child, all in very fair preservation. The form of the skulls is said not to be of the very early type generally identified with the rude early cave-dwellers; and some brass rings found indicate the use of that metal, at any rate for ornament. A stone hatchet was also found, and a number of bear's teeth pierced for stringing. The remainder of this cemetery of an extinct people has yet to be examined.

SENSITIVENESS OF CARNIVOROUS PLANTS.—The wonderful sensitiveness of the carnivorous plants when a substance is placed on them which excites their peculiar glands may be considered as among the most remarkable of all natural phenomena. If a little bit of human hair, measuring only 8-1000th of an inch in length, be placed on one of the tentacles of the sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*), which fragment of hair only weigh 1-7810th of a grain, the tentacles of the leaf will curve inward. Now, a bit of hair 1-50th of an inch in length, and therefore immensely larger than the one exciting the plant, cannot be appreciated when placed on that most sensitive of all organs, the tongue. But if the excitable character of the sundew is manifested by this physical cause, its sensitiveness is shown to a much greater degree when a chemical substance is applied to it. If a solution of phosphate of ammonia be placed directly on the gland of the outer tentacle—a quantity represented by 1-153600th of a grain is sufficient to produce motion. But the inconceivably small quantity of 1-197600th of a grain of the same substance in solution, under peculiar circumstances, imparted action to the plant. This is a degree of sensitiveness far surpassing that of any method of analysis, with the exception of the spectroscope.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

SENDING SUCCOR TO STRANDED SHIPS.—At the Paris Exhibition of 1867 a cannon was shown, out of which a cable, two miles in length, could be fired from a wreck to the shore. We have never heard of any practical use being made of this invention; but successful experiments have been recently made in France with a view of determining whether lines could be sent ashore from a stranded vessel by the aid of pigeons. The pigeon from the wrecked vessel, when set free and naturally flying to land, is able to convey a thread four hundred feet long and two-thousandths of an inch in diameter. People on the shore, by pulling the string, obtain a cord, and at length a strong rope, by which communication is had with the ship.

THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF SCIENCES held its annual meeting on the 28th of February. The treasurer's report shows the society to be out of debt, and the librarian announced a large increase of books during the past year. The Lyceum of Natural History has become merged in the New York Academy of Sciences, and will henceforth be known under the latter name. The following officers were elected for the year 1876-77: *President*, J. S. Newberry; *first vice-president*, Th. Egleston; *second vice-president*, B. N. Martin; *corresponding secretary*, H. C. Bolton; *recording secretary*, O. P. Hubbard; *treasurer*, J. H. Hinton; *librarian* Louis Elsberg; *counsel*, H. Morton, D. S. Martin, A. R. Leeds, C. A. Joy, G. N. Lawrence, R. H. Brownne; *curators*, J. J. Stevenson, Henry Newton, W. H. Leggett, F. Collingwood, B. G. Amend; *finance committee*, Chas. A. Seeley, A. E. Beach, Howard Potter.

EDISON'S ELECTRIC FORCE.—The etheric force, concerning which considerable has been published, still remains somewhat of a mystery. The only manifestation of the force yet obtained has been the appearance of a small spark from the core of the helix while operating an interrupter by means of the induced current. The peculiarity of the phenomenon lies in the fact that the current producing this spark seems not to be bound by the limitations or laws of electricity as commonly understood. A delicate galvanometer introduced into the circuit is not deflected; the current can be produced by rubbing one end of the wire upon a stone, or connecting it with the gas-pipe; and it can be made to return upon itself, so as to produce a spark when the end of the conducting wire is bent back so as to approach continuity. Whatever the explanation of the force may prove to be, it has not yet been manifested in any degree of strength which is likely to interfere with the uses of electricity, or to subserve any useful purpose itself.

THE TUNNEL UNDER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.—It is said by historians that there was a tunnel under the Euphrates at Babylon, and that the ancient Egyptians had a Suez Canal. This may serve to check the tendency to boast over modern engineering exploits. Still, no ancient structure would compare with the tunnel which an Anglo-French Company are now about to inaugurate. The preliminary surveys have been made, and the capital to start the enterprise is subscribed. The length of the tunnel is to be thirty miles; it is to be made straight, and to be 200 feet below the sea-bottom. From the land-levels of the existing railways, the two approaches make long descents of over four miles, each with gradients of one in eighty-nine into the tunnel-ends, over two miles being under the sea, the total of the whole amount of tunneling being over thirty miles. The maximum depth of water on the line of the proposed tunnel nowhere exceeds 180 feet below high-water mark. A peculiar machine will be employed which works like an auger, and the earth from it is carried on an endless board to the wagons in the rear. By this means a drift-way, seven feet in diameter, can be advanced at the rate of about a yard and a quarter per hour, at which rate it would only require two years to pierce the channel by machines worked from both ends. It has been computed that, after the drift-way is finished, it will require four more years to complete the undertaking.

CULTURE OF THE TRUFFLE.—The truffle does not appear to occur as indigenous in the United States, although there are said to be a greater variety of oaks in America than in Europe. It is now proposed by intelligent farmers to obtain the peculiar variety of oak under which this fungus thrives, and to try the experiment of raising the truffle in planted forests. It can only be cultivated indirectly by planting groves of the peculiar species of oak amongst whose roots it is found. It thrives best in a wild, uncultivated soil, enriched only with rotting leaves of the forest, and demands both moisture and sun for its development. Analysis of twenty-four different kinds of soil taken from various parts of France have been made, and it appears that there is no distinct relation between the character of the soil and its capability to grow these dainties. The ancients set this fungus down as a mineral, and were very fond of it. The best sort are found at Perigord, in France, under oak-trees of eight or ten years growth, and they weigh from a few ounces to two pounds. The harvest time is the Winter, and the yearly crop in Europe amounts to about three million pounds, worth to the producers $6,000,000. Pigs, or trained dogs, are employed to search for truffles. The pig belongs to the long, lank, and brisk species, and trots along by the side of its master much after the manner of a dog. It is thought by those who profess to introduce this industry into the United States that the Florida pig would be the best adapted to truffle-hunting. It is to be hoped that the originators of the enterprise may succeed in accomplishing the worthy object they have in view.

ELECTRO-METALLURGY.—The cheapness and ease with which electric force can be developed by the application of mechanical power to the armatures of magneto-electric machines at once sug-

gests the application of the art of electro-metallurgy to a large number of purposes. The cost of producing currents suitable to the deposition of metals has hitherto stood in the way of any very extended application of this method to the various purposes for which it is well known to be adapted, but modern invention is fast overcoming the difficulty, and the extent to which this branch of metallurgy is now developed is much greater than the public generally suppose. To deposit electrically one pound of copper under the old system required the consumption of one pound of zinc, and one and a half pounds of sulphuric acid, and a waste of half as much more zinc and acid, which brought up the cost of depositing the copper to twenty-eight cents a pound. By the magneto-electric machine one pound of copper can now be deposited for two cents, and if all of the power could be electrically applied, the cost need not exceed half a cent a pound. Electro-metallurgy originated with Daniell, and to the researches carried on by him as well as by Spencer, Jacobi, and De la Rive, between the years 1836 and 1840, electrotyping—that is, the covering of molds with a thin sheet of metal that can be removed—was invented. The coating of metals for ornamental purposes, called electro-plating, was first introduced at Birmingham, England, in 1836, by the Elkintons, and this art has been successfully carried on ever since that date. The discovery that nickel could be used for this purpose gave a new impetus to the whole business, and by improvements in magneto-electric machines, and especially in the invention of a revolving-buff for polishing nickel-plating, has become one of the most important industries of the day. Under the skillful management of Mr N. S. Keith, of New York, this branch of electro-metallurgy has attained great perfection. The art is not alone confined to the deposition of metals for ornamental or useful purposes, but is now extended to the recovery of waste-tin from scraps, and to the preparation of chemically pure metals.

ELECTRICAL ILLUMINATION OF FACTORIES.—In spite of the recent improvements in magneto-electric machines, especially that of Gramme, electrical illumination in factories has not displaced that by oil or gas to any extent. The Gramme machine has, however, been introduced, with satisfactory results, into an establishment in Mülhausen. The room illuminated is 196 feet by 98 feet Four lamps, on Serrin's plan, properly distributed, are employed, each run by a separate magneto-electric machine requiring about two-third horse power to work it. The carbon points need changing every three hours. The cost for the four lamps per hour is about twenty cents. During two months of use no diminution of intensity has been noticed, and the illumination afforded has been steady and superior in brilliancy to that from any other source. The magneto-electric machines cost about $300 apiece, or the four arranged, complete, about $1,600. Laboulaye gives the following table of the comparative cost of this and other methods of illumination:

Source of light.	*Consumption per hour for 1 stearin candle-light.*	*Cost per hour for a 700-stearin candle-light.*
Electricity, by magneto-electric machine		0.10 to 0.20 francs
Electricity, by galvanic battery		3.00 to 5.00 "
Coal-gas	15 litres	3.0 "
Light petroleum	4.52 grammes	3.85 "
Rape-seed oil	5.18 "	6.10 "
Tallow-candles	10.55 "	12.60 "
Stearin candles	10.40 "	26.20 "
Wax candles	8.26 "	32.40 "

Efforts to distribute the current from a single machine to several lamps have not proved practically successful, by reason of the great increase in the cost of the illumination, so that Gramme has been led to construct small machines, fifty-candle power. While these operate very well, the light, however, is not perfectly steady, and the machines found best adapted to practical purposes are those that yield a one hundred candle-light.

VIVISECTION IN ENGLAND.—The report of the Royal Commission on Vivisection has just been laid before the British Parliament. The Commissioners, after having taken a great mass of evidence, came to the conclusion that it would not be reasonable, even if it were possible, to prevent experimentation on living animals. They refer to the whole history of medicine as pregnant with examples of benefits to humanity derived from such experiments. They quote, as illustrations, Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood, the discovery of the action of the lacteal and lymphatic system of vessels, and of the compound function of the spinal nerves. Harvey's discovery, almost wholly due to vivisections, is the foundation of all our knowledge of the treatment of the diseases of the heart and blood-vessels, and in surgery bridges the interval between the old practice of searing stumps with red-hot irons and the present use of the carbolized ligature. At present, investigations by experimentation are in progress, having relation to cholera, consumption, pyæmia, typhoid fever, sheep-pox, snake bite, and the use of disinfectants. Experiments such as these have resulted, and these are likely to result, in the mitigation, or possibly even the removal, of some of the severest scourges which afflict the human race. In respect to the charges of cruelty, the Secretary of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, readily acknowledges that he does not know a single case of wanton cruelty. They reject the proposition to render unlawful any experiment made for the mere advancement of science, on the ground that Harvey's great discovery and Galvini's were, at the time they made them, "mere scientific discoveries." Demonstrations in medical schools they hold to be necessary and permissible under the existing conditions, viz., that they be performed under anæsthetics. Experiments, however, are to be regulated through the licensing and registration by the Home Secretary of all persons employed in experiment, under conditions in accordance with the above principles, and through the appointment of an inspector.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A RUSH-LIGHT—A head-light on an express train.

WHAT is the right age for a piano?—Forte, of course.

THE flower born to rise unseen is the flour which rises in the baking-pan during the night.

THE proverb says, "Laugh and grow fat." What a saving of corn it would be if pigs could laugh!

MARRIAGE is the true road to happiness, therefore a man appreciates his wife most when she's a way.

THE *Jewelers' Circular*, a neat publication of this city, is not, we are told, the organ of any particular ring.

WHAT is the difference between a trumpeter and a hornet? Why, the trumpeter is a cornet of horse, and the other is a hornet of course.

PRECIOUS MINX: A little girl at a school examination in reading her piece changed Keats's verse into "A thing of beauty is a boy forever."

"I TAKE my tex dis morning," said a colored preacher, "from dat portion ob de Scriptures whar de Postol Paul pints his pistol to de Fessions."

MARY (questioning her little brother on the gender of nouns): Now, Tommy, what is the feminine of beau? *Tommy:* Why, arrow, of course.

A BLONDE girl, deserted by her lover, silently pines away and dies, but a brunette lives on to make it a furnace upon earth for the man who deceives her.

A NEWARK school-teacher has discovered something that beats the Keely motor all to pieces in securing rapidity of locomotion. She went to call on an absentee pupil the other day, and the father met her at the door with: "This morning the doctor pronounced it a case of small——" She dashed down the steps and didn't wait to hear any more.

THE other evening, one gen'leman pointed out a dandified-looking individual to his friend as a sculptor. 'What!" said his friend, "such a looking chap as that a sculptor? Surely you must be mistaken!" "He may not be the kind of a one you mean" said the informant, "but I know that he 'chiseled' a tailor out of a suit of clothes last week."

THE noblest "last words" that have recently been uttered were those of Superintendent Flin', of the Midland Railroad, who, held fast amid the ruins of the train that fell through the trestlework at Willowemoc, called out to those who were trying to rescue him, "Stop that mail train," and died. The mail train and its passengers that were rushing to almost certain destruction were saved.

HOW TO kill time: First catch your time—by the forelock, if possible. Then hold him tight. Then pinch him well. Then give him one for his nob, and let the one be a good one. Then knock him down. Then make faces at him. Then pull his nose. Then sit on his head. Then ask him if he's had enough now, or will he wait till he gets it? If he don't answer, you may conclude that you have killed him.

THE other night a merchant prince attended a church meeting, and made an eloquent speech. As is often the habit of men accustomed to lay down the law, he emphasized each sentence important word by tapping with his knuckles on the table, which moved a young man not as yet a merchant prince to remark audibly at one of the orator's most impassioned flights: "Cash!" The effect was electrical. But that merchant prince says that if they are so smart and light-hearted, then they had better lift that church debt themselves, and buy the new organ without any of his money—that's all.

THE Paris *Figaro* says that one of the most valued mementoes of Victor Hugo at his house in Guernsey, is a black patch on the study floor. The servant who admits visitors—and they are numerous, for the house is a well-known "show place"—takes them to the patch, ranges them around it in a circle, and then, with befitting impressiveness, informs them that this blot of ink was caused by the upsetting of the illustrious writer's inkstand when he had just finished one of the most celebrated chapters of "Les Miserables," *Un homme a la mer*. The blot has been carefully preserved, and will never be removed, but will perish with the floor. May I beg you not to step upon it!"

THIS morning, as I was coming to the office, I met a beautiful littte boy in charge of a French nurse. He had big eyes and golden hair and velvet clothes. The French maid had on a French nurse's cap, a French white muslin apron—cut bias, I think—a French calico dress, and a sweet smile. I wanted to know whose little boy the little boy was, but, as I don" like to speak French to the lower classes, I hesitated. I thought there were several people looking at me, so I said in English, with a fine French accent, "Ma'mselle, whose nice little boy is this?" and I looked up at the maid's mouth for the sweet French answer. She smiled louder and said, "I understood every word: Well, sur, that wee choile is it, thin, the little darlint? Shure and whose choile wud he be but his mother's beyant?" What a wonderful language the French is!

SAILING THE FIRST BOAT.—SEE PAGE 509.

DUTY.—Duty is far more than love. It is the upholding law through which the weakest becomes strong, without which all strength is unstable as water. No character, however harmoniously framed and gloriously gifted, can be complete without this abiding principle; it is the cement which binds the whole moral edifice together, without which all power, goodness, intellect, truth, happiness, love itself, can have no permanence; but all the fabric of existence crumbles away from under us, and leaves us at last sitting in the midst of a ruin, astonished at our own desolation.

THE HORSEMAN'S SHADOW.—SEE PAGE 509.

COMMODORE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT AT HOME

From Photograph taken expressly for this Magazine by our Photographer.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. I.—No. 5. MAY, 1876. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

SOCIAL CUSTOMS IN RUSSIA.

THE real life of a people is shown more in its social customs than by its national history, since the great events on which are founded the glory and political importance of its Government, and from which proceeds its power in the council of nations, are the offspring generally of some one man's ambition, rather than the instinctive will and natural growth of the people. Thus the power and permanence of Great Britain are the result more of that inherent respect of established law than from the victories of Marlborough and Wellington.

We propose in the present article to illustrate some of the manners and customs of one of the most powerful and modern nations on the globe, and whose advent to political importance has been merely the work of three centuries. That Russia is destined in the future to civilize the Chinese empire is, we think, indisputable, saying nothing of the

A RUSSIAN FAMILY AT HOME.

Turkish empire, it being the natural course of events for the hardy races of the North to flow down into the sunny regions of the South.

THE CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

According to the law, the citizen burghers are—first, natives established in business; second, land-owners; third, those registered in the local guilds; fourth, those who have fulfilled duties or personal services where they live, and are recorded as having paid the communal taxes. Of these, the merchants must all be inscribed in one of the guilds; but any respectable citizens, artisans, mechanics, and others, who belong to any handicraft corporations; all freedmen, discharged soldiers, emancipated serfs, not belonging to such corporations; also workmen owning their houses, but not registered in the guilds or corporations—all of these can, if they choose, be termed citizen burghers without losing their privileges—and they still belong to the rural communes. Members of the guilds are obliged to pay large sums for the privilege, although they obtain these back in the form of dividends to a certain extent. Free, or crown peasants, can join the corporation of burghers if they are traders, mechanics or manufacturers—but not as agriculturists. Sometimes this privilege is extended to whole rural communities, when, however, it is necessary to obtain the permission of the Government.

In their domestic mode of life, the *bourgeoisie* cherish all old national traditions, and cling to ancient customs and manners. Few changes or alterations of habit penetrate to the domestic hearth, even in the dress of both sexes—the women with their *sarafans*, a kind of long gown; and the men with their *kaftan*, a long, broad overcoat, which still obtains among the wealthier. Girls, until marriage, wear their hair in long tresses. On the eve of the wedding-day these are cut—an ancient ceremony prevailing among every class, and accompanied by a pathetic farewell, songs, address to the bride, by her former companions.

The native Russians wear the beard as a national fashion. Among the burgher class the chief luxury is the possession of rich brocades, jewelry, and precious stones, for the use of the women, and to adorn the holy images suspended in their dwellings, counting-rooms, and shops; while at home they delight in the display of rich, heavy silver-plate. Whatever his love for money-making, the Russian merchant, rich or poor, possesses generally more noble characteristics than the masses of this class in other European countries. Advanced in their theories of patriotism, in case of hostile invasion, they would not hesitate for a moment to destroy their houses and goods with their own hands rather than they should inure to the benefit of their enemies.

Finally, as to the burghers, it must be remembered that, comprising an intermediate class between nobles and peasants, they include all those who, being neither gentlemen nor peasants, follow the arts and sciences, navigation or commerce, as well as trades.

THE NOBILITY.

The people of Russia include, besides the class of which we have spoken and the serfs, two other classes—the nobility and the clergy. Previous to the reign of Peter the Great, the Russian nobility consisted of the descendants of the ancient petty princes of the country, or of lords possessed of vast estates. Peter, however, altered this, and created a new Order of Nobility, founded on merit or on services rendered to the State, and this system has been maintained ever since.

In Russia proper, the nobles are not numerous, but in certain of the provinces, and especially in Poland, there are a great number of them. Few, however, of these latter possess estates, and many of them are in a very destitute condition. All the members of noble families are noble, and have the same title as the head of the family. On the death of such a one, his estate is divided, according to a fixed scale, among his children of both sexes. Generally speaking, the nobles of Russia are not highly educated, but many are very accomplished, particularly in languages—Russians being noted the world over for their facility as linguists. The nobility of Russia are universally hospitable, and most of them affect the society of literary men and artists. They are, however, given to ostentatious display, and are ruder in their manners toward their inferiors than the same class in other European countries. They keep a great number of servants, the number of such retainers in many families exceeding sometimes five hundred. These receive only a trifling pittance as wages, but are fed and clothed liberally by their masters.

The severity of the climate, the utter suspension of agriculture and most out-door employment in Winter, have induced many of the nobles to enter into manufacturing businesses, these being conducted only during the Winter by the peasants, who are employed in agriculture during the rest of the year. Some manufactures conducted in this way have been eminently successful.

Travelers who have visited Russia speak very favorably of the Russian nobility as a body. Although these have, in many instances, adopted the delicacies of the French *cuisine*, they do not affect to despise their native dishes. The plainest as well as the choicest wines are collected from the most distant quarters. At the tables of opulent persons may be seen veal from Archangel, mutton from Astrakhan, beef from the steppes, and pheasants from Hungary and Bohemia. The common wines are claret, Burgundy, and champagne; and English beer and porter are found in abundance.

The customary belief in the habits of intemperance of the Russian nobility is now pronounced to be wholly without foundation. In this respect, their habits have undergone a total change since the days of Peter the Great; and now they are noted for their sobriety. This, however, cannot be said of the peasants, who often indulge to excess in their potations.

THE CLERGY.

Next to the nobility stand the clergy, which number nearly half a million. They are educated in ecclesiastical schools kept by monks, and in monasteries. The incomes of the Russian clergy are exceedingly small. A metropolitan receives as such 4,000 roubles—about $800. An archbishop has 3,000, and a bishop something less; and in these proportions the incomes decrease until, in the lowest ranks, they do not exceed the wages of a maid-servant with us. They do not, however, exist on such incomes as these. The three metropolitans have each a monastery of the first rank, whose incomes are annexed to their own. When these officiate at funerals, baptisms, etc., they receive sometimes very considerable presents, amounting often to five hundred or one thousand roubles. Each bishop, also, has a monastery of the second class, to whose income he is entitled, and all the superior clergy have residences found them, and are maintained and furnished with everything necessary—servants, horses, dogs, even cats, spoons, and plates—at the cost of the crown. The greater number are also provided with a country residence, with arable land, domestic animals, and furniture.

The lower classes of priests have, it is true, more of these things; but as every Russian, even the most miserly, is gratified in administering to their existence, they do not quite starve. The poor nuns seem to be in the worst condition, since they must literally live by the labor of their hands. They are sometimes seen sowing and digging in the poor fields attached to their convents, and even repair their own walls. In Nigher-Novgorod there is a church said to have been built by the hands of nuns from the ground to the

tower. They also weave and knit stockings, silk and woolen girdles, purses, and other articles of clothing, and embroider priestly robes and draperies for wealthier churches and convents.

The influence of the Russian priest is confined to church matters, so far as the domestic life of the Russian is concerned. The priest's advice is seldom asked in family matters, even the domestic chaplains in great houses are there to perform divine service only, and never penetrate into the interior of families. The Russian peasant rather turns to his saints and invokes the sacrament in preference to the priest. It is remarkable how little they respect the authority or presence of the priest. It is very seldom that one is seen trying to settle a dispute or using any moral influence to restore order. Moral influence, indeed, they have little or none, only with the saints in their hands are they feared or respected—only as directors of religious ceremonies, not as interpreters of the living word of God.

PEASANTRY.

It is a fact, no less in Russia than elsewhere, that the peasantry form the broad, useful, and solid basis of the whole social and national edifice. Cavil at it as we may, it is certain that the entire social structure of a nation rests upon the working classes as upon a sure foundation.

Curiously enough, the generic name commonly used for the peasantry in Russia is that of "Christian" (Chrestianin). The origin of this term is very ancient, and lies in the fact that it was borne by genuine or aboriginal Russians in opposition to prisoners of war, the conquered tribe, out of whom were derived principally the serfs, all of whom in those distant epochs were heathens.

We have already spoken of the musical characteristics of the inhabitants of the Baltic provinces. These belong to Russian peasants as well. He accompanies all his labor with song. Whether working alone or in company, he sings, and marks any heavy labor, requiring the association of numbers, by rhythm. And the peculiarity he carries into it is as well as associating it with rustic toil or mechanical labor. In the interior of Russia, in the villages and cities, the girls gather on Autumn evenings in the courtyards or open spaces, and forming a circle, sing old songs, principally of love. It is on such occasions, when the sexes are brought together in an amiable and sympathetic frame of mind, that tender relations are established.

The man of the people in Russia is warm-hearted and invariably polite — that is, not in his servile condition toward his superiors, but in his association with his equals. He is also hospitable to the full extent of his means. Hospitality is, in fact, the general character of the whole nation. Nobles, burghers, and peasants practice this almost as though it required the authority of a religious act—and this to an extent quite unknown in the rest of Europe. The word which signifies hospitality in the Russian language is *Chlebosol*, compounded from the words bread and salt—offering in its construction a true and simple meaning of "hospitality," or the act of sharing these articles generously.

In his business relations, the peasant is shrewd and crafty; sometimes even he becomes a sharp rogue. In his favor, however, it must be remembered that he is commonly on the defensive against an unjust and crushing social order—and that cunning and roguery are frequently the only weapons which he can quietly oppose to oppression. A prominent feature in the character of the Russian peasant is an inexhaustible fund of patience, displayed as a species of physical or moral endurance. This attribute is, of course, the outgrowth of centuries of serfdom; but, notwithstanding this faculty for endurance, the outburst of the wrath of the Russian peasantry, when roused by ill-treatment or cruelty, is inexorably bloody and revengeful.

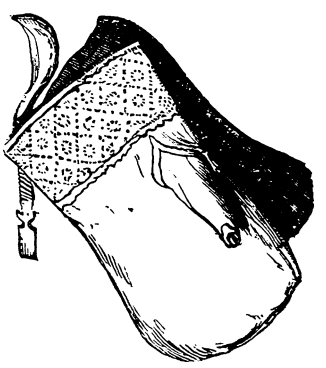
In their mode of life, the Russian peasants in the different sections of the country resemble each other, with the exception of the white Russians, who, being settled on the most unproductive soil in Russia, are the poorest and most degraded. The principal food of the peasantry is farinaceous —in the northern provinces rye and oats, in the more southern wheat being the staples. Limited to these, the Russian of the lower class fairly gorges himself at his meals, eating probably more at a sitting than can be imagined by those who have not seen his capacity illustrated in practice.

A creditable incident in Russian life generally is a leaning in the direction of cleanliness. The steam-bath, which has been introduced into western Europe and into the United States, has long been a national feature among the Russian customs. All the population of Russia take one of these usually at least once a week.

A small proportion of the peasants live in single habitations and on scattered farms, but the vast mass form rural communities, the basis of which is the land on which the population is settled. To some commune every peasant must belong—and these are large or small according to the quantity of land covered and the density of the population. There are communes counting nearly twenty thousand souls, being, in fact, townships embracing several villages—a village generally counting between six hundred and eight hundred families. The commune government is responsible for the rent, levied on each family. It also maintains the highways and roads on its own territory and the internal police, banks, the distribution of military recruits among families, and the superintendence of primary education.

Prior to the time of the present emperor, a special class were termed crown or free peasants, and these had no other master than the sovereign or the Government. In former times, the Czars had a habit of granting to individuals vast territories, these grants conveying also the crown-peasants upon them. Alexander I. abolished this system, and published a *ukase*, prohibiting any sovereign to make donations of crown-peasants or to sell them or render them liable to servitude for husbandry. The Emperor Nicholas, to his death, maintained this *ukase;* and when Alexander II., by a sweeping measure, abolished the entire practice of serfdom, the Russian peasants, both husbandmen and domestic, these including both crown-peasants and serfs, were made entirely free, as regards their persons, while they retained perpetual use and enjoyment of their cottages, gardens, and certain other portions of land.

The Russian peasants, generally, are of a sound constitution, stout, and firmly built, and mostly of a middle stature. They live in cottages formed of logs piled upon each other, and built single or together in villages, the gables to the road. These customarily exhibit only one story, although sometimes two. They are heated by stoves, and are generally comfortable and suited to the climate. Their furniture is limited, consisting chiefly of the necessary wooden articles, with a pan or two. Beds are little used, the family generally sleeping on benches on the ground, or on the stove. The dress is a long, coarse drugget coat, fastened by a belt around the waist; but in Winter they wear a sheepskin with the woolly side inward. The trousers are of coarse linen. Instead of stockings, woolen cloths are wrapped around the legs, and shoes of matted bark are substituted for



RUSSIAN GLOVES AND SPOON.

leather. The neck, even in Winter, is bare — a fact which is esteemed a decisive mark by which to distinguish the genuine Russian. The head is covered by a round hat or cap.

If the Russian peasants have rye-bread—the staple article of food throughout the empire—with some sour cabbage-soup, and a lump of fat or hog's lard boiled in it, he considers himself well fed. On holidays, to be sure, he will luxuriate on butchers' meat, and, on occasions, eggs, salt-fish, bacon, lard, and mushrooms—his favorite being a compound of salt or fresh meat, groats, and rye-flour, highly seasoned with onions and garlic. A dish found on the peasant's table all the year round is salted cucumbers, which, with salted cabbages, form an important article of commerce. These are brought in large vats from the southern provinces to Moscow, St. Petersburg, and other large towns, where they are constantly on sale. They form in every family an important part of domestic economy.

THE BATHS.

As we have already observed, the use of the vapor-bath is universal in Russia—not being reckoned a luxury but a necessity—and public baths are met with in all parts of the country. In St. Petersburg the baths for the lower orders, in the suburbs, are very numerous; and, preliminary to some account of this great city, we may quote in this connection from a noted Russian traveler:

"On Saturday evening an unusual movement may be seen among the lower classes in the capital. Companies of poor soldiers, who have got a temporary furlough, troops of mechanics and laborers, whole families of men, women, and children, are seen eagerly traversing the streets with towels under their arms and birch-twigs in their hands. They are going to the public baths, to forget, in the enjoyment of its vapors, the sufferings of the past week; to make supple the limbs stiffened with past toil, and invigorate them for that

RECEPTION OF A BRIDE AT THE HOUSE OF THE BRIDEGROOM'S PARENTS.

As—on account of the extraordinary number of fasts and fast-days in Russia—there are only from sixty to seventy days in the year on which it is permissible to use butchers' meat, the dependence on vegetable food is accounted for.

For drink, the peasants use what they call *quas*, a fermented liquor, made by pouring boiling water on rye and barley meal. They are also very fond of mead, and still more so of brandy distilled from grain, and other spirituous liquors. The consumption of the latter is immense, amounting to about one hundred million gallons a year, and furnishing annually a large revenue to the Government.

Of late years, the use of tea has become widely extended in Russia.

Against the favorable qualities of the peasants must be set the frequency of murder and arson among them, as also the fact that theft is a common crime. The lower classes are also grossly superstitious.

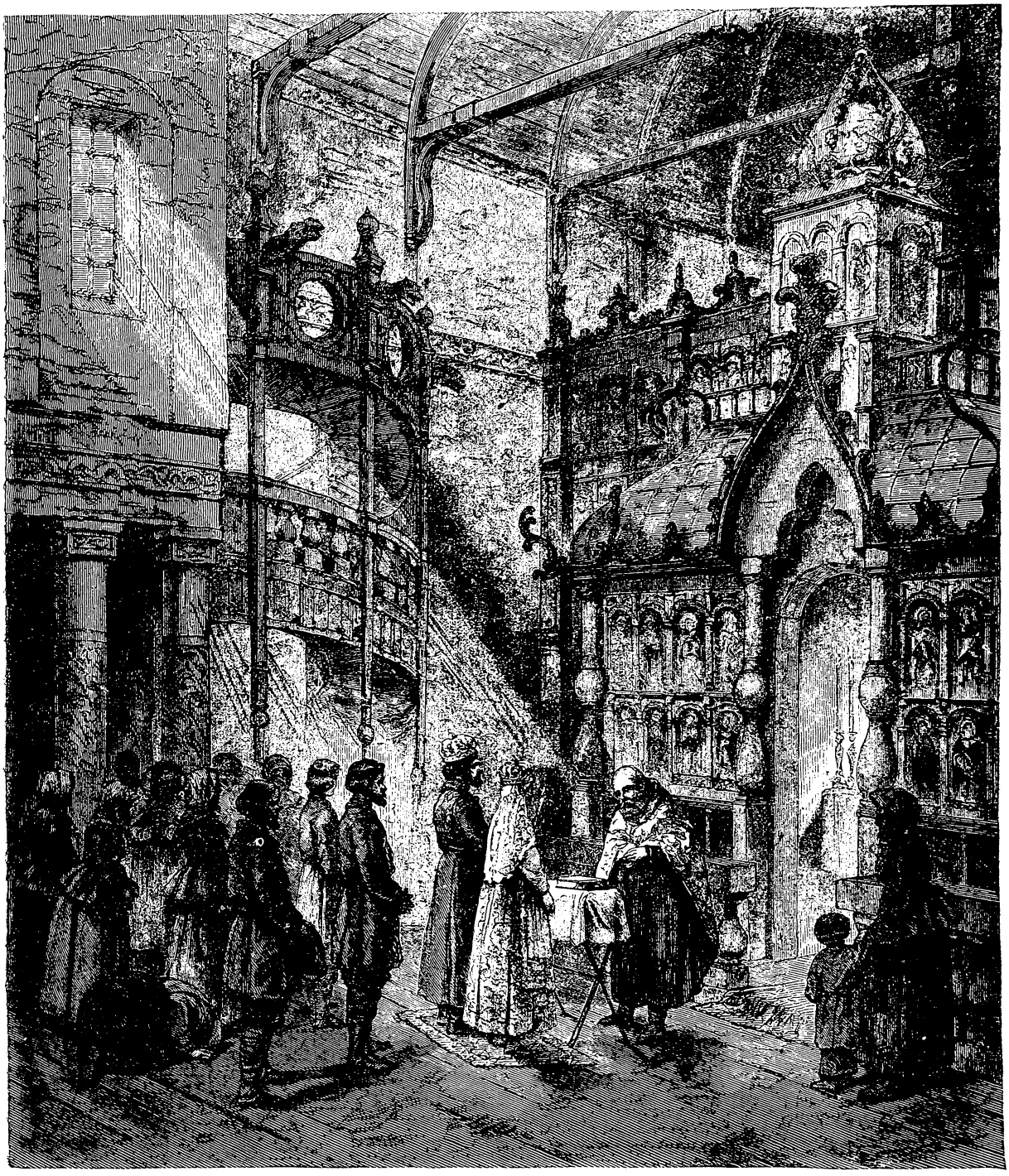
which is to come. Before the door, the words 'Entrance to the Bath,' in large letters, attract the eye, and invite the body to enter. Within the doorway—so narrow that only one at a time can work his way in—sits the money-taker, who exchanges the ticket for the bath for a few kopecks, and has generally a whole sackful of large copper coins at his side. Near him are a couple of women selling spirits, while the people are thronging in and out as at a theatre.

"We first enter an open space, in which a number of men are sitting, in a state of nudity, on benches, all dripping with water and perspiration and as red as lobsters, breathing deeply, sighing, puffing, and gossiping, and busily employed in drying and dressing themselves. These have already bathed, and now, in a glow of pleasurable excitement, are puffing and blowing like Tritons in the sea. Even in Winter, I have seen these people drying and dressing in the open air, or in a booth forming an outhouse to the baths. Round this room are the doors leading to the bathing-rooms—large

wooden apartments, in which a heat of 122 to 145 degs. Fahrenheit is maintained. A thick cloud of vapor conceals, at first, what is going on. Nothing is at first visible but the glimmer of the lamps breaking through the thick atmosphere, and the flame of the heated ovens. To remain here clothed is impossible; neither would it be advisable for a well-dressed person to risk an appearance here as a mere spectator.

"There are three platforms, one above another, in these baths, similar to those in the Roman baths, as shown in the paintings found in the baths of Titus. These steps are of different degrees of heat, and on them the bathers lie on their backs or stomachs, while the attendants are employed in scourging them with birchen rods steeped in cold water. Here and there may be seen a papa holding his little boy between his knees; others stand near the glowing stoves, as if to increase the perspiration which already runs at every pore; and others again, descending from the upper platforms, have iced-water poured over them by pailfuls."

In the provinces the baths are indifferently conducted; the temperature is very irregularly sustained by throwing cold water on large stones heated in an oven. In St. Petersburg they make use of cannon-shot. Excessive use of the bath injures the complexion of the Russian women.



THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN RUSSIA.

BALLS, AMUSEMENTS, ETC.

Balls in Russia are conducted in very much the same manner as in other civilized countries. There is, however,

one peculiar and not very agreeable custom connected with them, which is that of leaving one's lady partner in the middle of the room after the dance has concluded, instead of taking her to a seat.

Nothing, perhaps, is more striking to a foreigner traveling through Russia than the utter want of animation in the people. Merry laughs are seldom heard. The peasant's song meets the ear everywhere, to be sure, but these are scarcely to be called joyful ones. They are almost always sad and mournful, being commonly pitched in a minor key.

THEIR DWELLINGS AND FURNITURE.

While the houses of the poor peasants, as before observed, are plain and bare, the mansions of the noblemen contain as much beautiful furniture, and as many articles of taste and luxury, as can be seen anywhere in Europe. The apartments are much larger and loftier than is common elsewhere. These are all thrown open at once for the reception of guests, and the long suite of rooms thus disclosed has a very pretty effect. The floors are composed of oak inlaid. Very often each room has a floor in a different design. Splendid chandeliers are everywhere suspended from above, the ceilings are decorated in fresco, and a great deal of coloring adds to the general effect. The chairs are covered with silk of delicate colors. Marble *statuettes* and elegant vases are placed here and there, and, wherever there is space, there will be found articles of *vertu*, ornaments, etc.

The lady of the house has a boudoir to herself, which is often a perfect gem in furniture and other appointments. Light-blue and rose-colored satin or brocade abound; the inlaid floor is prettily covered with carpet, tables in *marquetterie* and ormolu stand about covered with trifles of exquisite taste. Often valuable paintings adorn the walls, which are frequently covered with flowered silk or satin instead of paper. The less wealthy nobility frequently live in suites of rooms in large hotels built on the plan of those in Paris.

A RUSSIAN PEASANT GIRL.

The poor nobility keep up their state at whatever expense of comfort. They pay visits in old carriages, worm-eaten and worn, and drawn by four half-starved horses, and accompanied by footmen in miserably soiled and tarnished liveries. Meanwhile, though these gentry may live in misery and discomfort at home, they look down with contempt on merchants and shopkeepers because of their noble birth.

COURTSHIP AND LOVE.

In Russia, especially among the lower classes, courtship and love-making are conducted very differently from other countries. Matches are generally made up by professed match-makers. In the villages an old woman is frequently employed by the young man to find him a suitable partner. He gives a correct account of his prospects, indicates how much work his wife will have to do, whether his mother be alive—which is a great consideration in Russia—how large a marriage portion he expects, and so on. The girl being found who is willing to accept the terms offered, the church ceremony takes place as soon as possible. Sometimes the priests marry a dozen couples or so at once. Often old women will go about from house to house for the ladies' cast-off dresses to make up their daughter's *trousseau*. As soon as the Russian bride and groom have concluded all conditions, they go together to call at the houses of their friends and acquaintances to receive congratulations.

One of the principal reasons why ladies in Russia are extremely desirous of being married is that they enjoy little or no freedom until they are so. Before marriage they are under such strict surveillance that they can scarcely go from one room to another without being watched.

In the northern provinces there is a curious custom connected with marriage. When the young woman is going to marry, she invites all her companions to an evening party the night preceding the ceremony. When all the company are assembled the bride speaks, expressing the utmost sorrow and regret at being obliged to bid adieu to all her pleasures and to the friends of her girlhood. She is then joined in her distresses by her acquaintances, who weep and shed tears, and mourn with her over the departed pleasures of her girlhood.

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

Lord Bacon declared that the civilization of a people could be known by its marriage ceremonies; and in some respects this may be true, but in so varied and extensive an empire as the Russian the nuptial ceremonies differ so extensively that we shall give some of the most striking instances of their variety.

In some parts, when the match has been arranged, although it very frequently happens the bride and groom have never seen each other, the bride is critically examined by a number of women, in order to discover if she has any bodily defect, and, if any, to remedy it if possible. When the priest has tied the nuptial knot, the clerk or sexton showers upon her head a handfull of hops, wishing that she may be as fruitful as that plant.

She is then muffled up and led home by a certain number of old women, the priest carrying the Cross before, while one of his subalterns, clad in a rough goatskin, prays all the way that she may have as many children as there are hairs on his garment. After this ceremony the husband takes the bride home to his parents. She is received by her father-in-law, who presents her with many handsome bridal gifts. Her mother-in-law also presents her with much good advice as to her future behavior, more especially exhorting her to be obedient to her husband. In some of the provinces the domestic discipline is very severe, and the woman is little

A RUSSIAN VILLAGE DANCE.

better than a slave, but in the higher circles the lady of the house has her own way, and is treated with the highest consideration.

An American lady thus describes a marriage at which she was present. As it is somewhat different from that already given, we make room for it:

"A small temporary altar was brought out into the body of the chapel, and the wedding-party moved from the high altar and stood before it. The priest placed himself on the right hand of Vistcheslav, and the paranymphs being immediately behind them, he held over the head of each a gilt crown. Gilded tapers were then lighted and put into the hands of both bride and bridegroom, the bridesmaids standing near them, but the four paranymphs were their real attendants.

"A cup of wine was now presented to the espoused couple, from which they drank three times. Joyous chants then filled the air, and made Vera's heart beat, especially when she and Vistcheslav, having their hands tied together with a silk handkerchief, were conducted by the priest three times around the little altar, their paranymphs following them, and bearing their crowns and tapers behind them.

"A very soft joyous chant accompanied this part of the ceremony, which constitutes the solemn binding together of man and wife in the name of the Blessed Trinity.

"A Bible was then presented to them to kiss, and the whole company returned to their homes."

COSSACK WEDDING.

The nuptial festivities of the Cossacks generally commence five or six days before the marriage-day, and continue from night to night till the final ceremony.

All the female friends of the bride assemble at her house in the morning to work at the bridal outfit. In the evening the young men join them, and seat themselves around the room, the girls standing together in the middle space. One of them offers a glass of wine or brandy to one of the young men, and asks his baptismal name, and that of his father. They then commence to dance in a circle, mingling their names with their songs, and keeping time with their feet. This dance, although it would seem ridiculous if performed by the best dancers at a fashionable ball, is, as executed by these Cossack girls, at once graceful and natural in its simplicity and earnestness.

At noon, on the wedding-day, all the guests assemble at the residence of the bride, arrayed in their holiday suits. The young girls surround the bride, arrange her apparel, dress her hair, and wipe away her tears. None speak except in whispers. All are calm and serious. In consequence of the bewildering number of lady's-maids, by which they all seem to get in each other's way, the toilet of the bride is very tedious, sometimes occupying nearly two hours. When the tire-women announce that her bridal array is complete, the bridegroom takes the hand of his betrothed, and prostrates himself three times before the chief magistrate of the place, whose duty it is to attend on such occasions. The latter holds an image of some saint, which he presents to the young couple, handing them at the same time a dish containing a large loaf of bread; then the parents of the bride take the image and the bread, while the young pair arise, and kiss those consecrated symbols of religion and abundance. And thus ends the Cossack wedding, the ceremonies of which have been handed down for many generations.

CEREMONY OF BAPTISM.

A week after the birth of a child it is taken to church to be christened.

The godfather places himself to the right of the godmother, who carries the infant in her arms. The child is then taken by the priest, who stands with it facing the East.

SHOPPING IN RUSSIA.—EXTERIOR OF BAZAAR.

He blows in its face, and makes the sign of the Cross upon its forehead, mouth, and breast, and then pronounces, in a loud voice, the name it has to bear. The priest then turns to the West, and addresses the god-parents. Then follows the blessing of the water and immersion. The child is dipped three times—in the name of the Father, the Son,

SHOPPING IN RUSSIA.—INTERIOR OF BAZAAR.

and the Holy Ghost. It is then anointed by the Holy Chrism, while being held by the godfather, and, finally, it is taken by the godmother, in whose arms it receives the Communion.

There is always something interesting in tracing the relation between the baptismal ceremonies of different nations, more especially between the Roman and Greek Churches.

There is something very imposing in the ceremonies of the Greek Church, and which are eminently calculated to impress the devotional mind. Religion is such a subtle element in our nature that it requires all the loftier feelings to be enlisted in its service to be made permanent.

Some churches divest worship of all that refines and elevates it, and by taking from religion its appeal to the senses deprives it of much of its power.

A VILLAGE ON THE VOLGA.

A Russian village is not a very attractive sight, although to an American its strange appearance lends it a picturesque appearance. They are generally inhabited by a rough, immoral population, whose chief delight is drinking the strong liquors which have been the bane of Russia since the days of Peter the Great. We must, however, remark that this does not apply to the higher and more cultivated classes of society, which have wonderfully outgrown that debasing habit. Like all dwellers in very cold climates, they, however, indulge in spirituous compounds, which they consider necessary to create that animal warmth which constitutes with them a state of comfortable existence. The interior of one of these village dwellings has been described by a recent traveler:

"On one side of the room sat the peasant's wife, nursing her babe, while another child was standing near her knee, while a third was playing with some cats in the corner. Under the window the owner of the dwelling and three boon companions are drinking themselves into that state of inebriation which is their crowning happiness. It is remarkable that in their worst state of intoxication they seldom or never indulge in any violence to their wives and families. This is in startling contrast to the practice of the Celtic and Saxon races, whose ill-behavior in domestic life almost invariably proceeds from drunkenness."

One of the most lucrative employments of the peasants who live on the banks of the large rivers is the manufacture of caviare, which they make from the roe of the sturgeon, the flesh of which serves them for food. This pursuit gives to the cabins an almost unbearable odor, which seems to be anything but distasteful to the hardened olfactories of a Russian. Long practice and necessity have made these men very expert in catching the fish which inhabit the streams of Eastern Russia. Out of these finny benefactors Russians make their candles, lamp-oil, and these in a great measure constitute the livelihood of the people.

A CITIZEN'S FAMILY OF MOSCOW.

VILLAGE DANCE.

The Greek Church is very great upon holidays. The calendar contains only seventy-six days when meat can be eaten; but as a recompense for these fasts there are many festivals that give the people a respite from despotism and toil. Let us describe one of these holidays:

After hearing mass the peasants gather about the doors of the drinking-houses; the men then lounge around, drink, and chat. In the meantime a musician, holding a kind of banjo on his knees, thruns the strings. Then a dancer rises, and commences his task. He first strikes with his heel-tops, and then with his toes. At the commencement the musician seems to be in a state of languid apathy, but as the dance proceeds he rouses himself, and the instrument

becomes alive with rapid notes, while the dancer selects one of the stoutest young women in the crowd, and seizing her around the waist, while she holds on to his belt, they dance around a straight line all the time with a vigor and animation really surprising.

All of a sudden she darts away from her partner, and runs away; he pursues and captures her. She then darts away again, when he again catches her; she then throws him a flower from her head-dress. Without losing a step in the dance, he stoops and picks it up, renews his pursuit, clasps her round the waist, and proceeds with the dance. Other couples now join them, and the fun becomes fast and furious, the figures being left entirely to the fancy of the dancers. Near at hand is an urn of tea, from which the dancers refresh themselves during the dance. When it is finished, the men seat themselves around a barrel of whisky, and drink themselves into a state of oblivion.

SHOPPING IN ST. PETERSBURG.

The ladies of Russia devote much of their time to shopping, and expend large sums at the Bazaar. The Bazaar at St. Petersburg is an enormous circular building, containing 913 stores, stocked with every description of wares. The building is fireproof, the staircase and railings are of iron, and considerable beauty has been displayed in the mechanical designs of the gratings. These, together with the doors, are of bronze and have a very picturesque effect. The shops are all shut at the close of the day, and neither fire nor light is allowed within the walls. It is, therefore, entirely a sunlight exposition, and almost defies description. The clerks are either paid a fixed salary or allowed a percentage on the profits. They are usually men of a liberal education, and by a necessity of their position are well skilled in languages. Here at noonday is gathered a carnival of fashion, flirtation, and gossip. As may be supposed, the amount of money spent here is very large, and as the gathering includes visitors from all parts of the world, the scene is very lively, and may be termed a microcosm in itself.

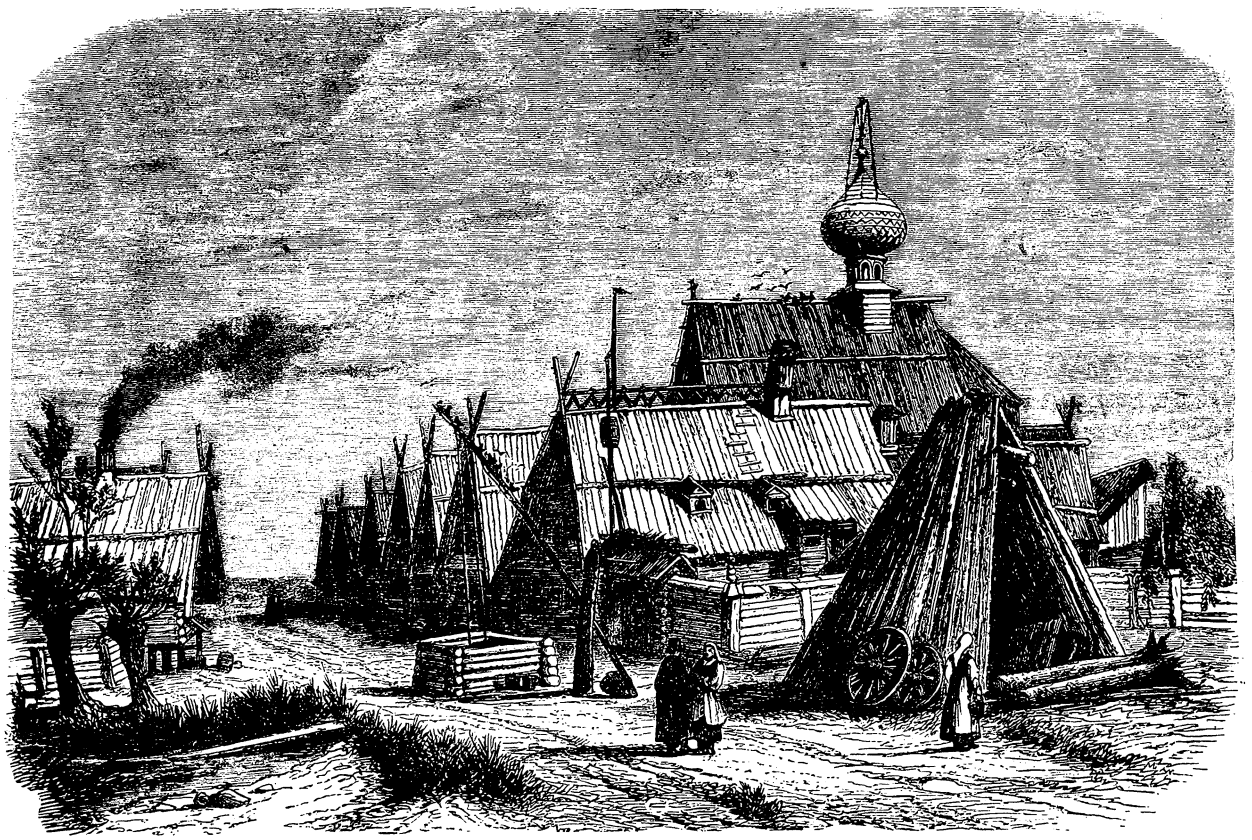
THE FAIRS.

Like all young nations, the Muscovite is very fond of fairs, some of which are conducted on a scale of splendor truly barbarous. We have not space to dwell upon the famous fair of Nijni-Novgorod, which far exceeds any similar gathering in the world. There, in endless profusion, every article under the sun is to be found. The most singular thing to an American is that you seldom see a purchaser. It seems like an immense banquet, with the tables bounteously spread, but no guests; and, were it not for the numerous carts laden with goods going from the fair, one would imagine that the merchandise was merely put forth as a show; but while there seems no open bargaining apparently going on, yet behind the store, in a little modest room called the zinofka, sipping their tea, sit two shrewd men: these are the seller and the buyer, each trying to outwit the other. At one sitting large sales are made, although little is said, but every word is to the point. There they sit for hours, like two men engaged at chess.

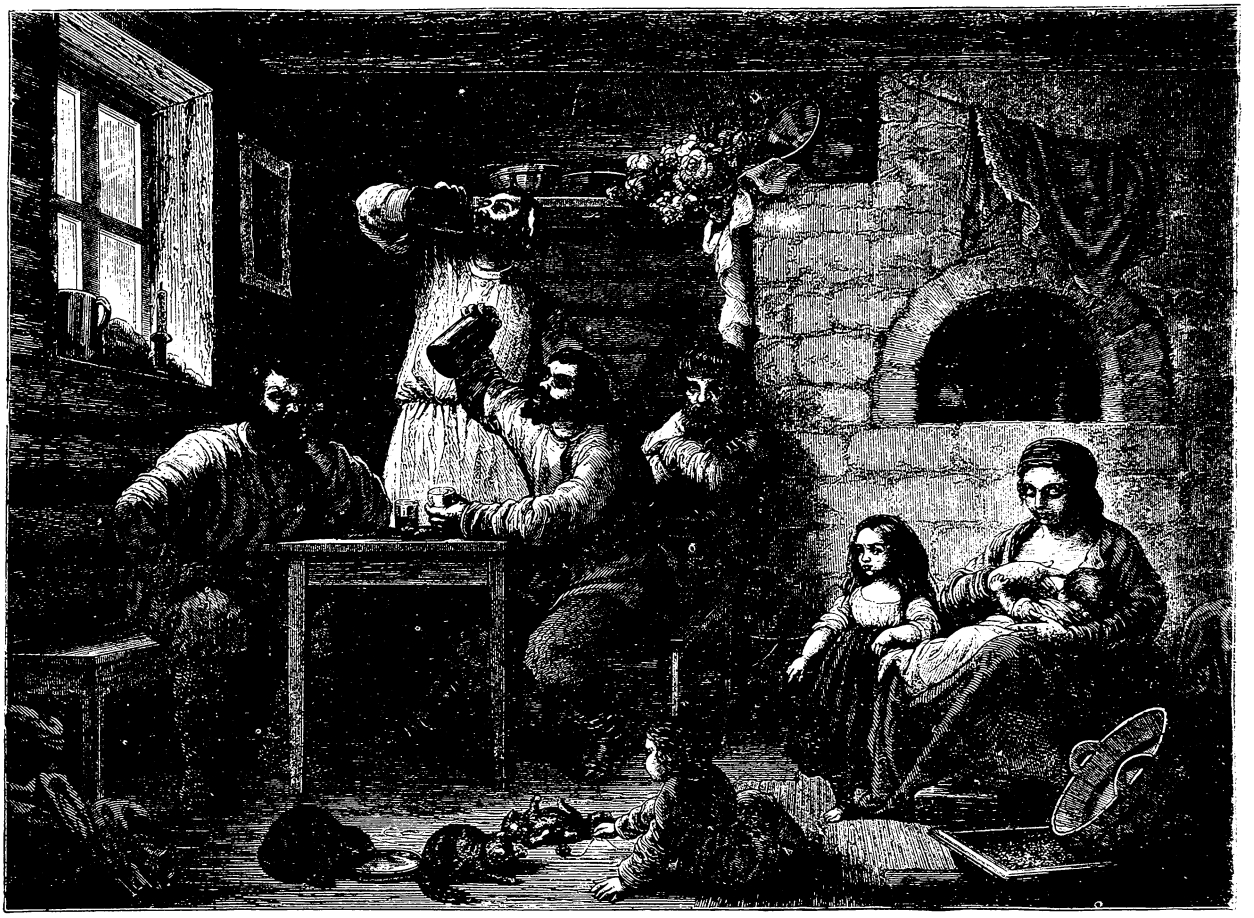
Bargaining in Russia is an institution; there is something quite Oriental in the patience with which each party will try and tire out his adversary. In the bazaars of Constantinople this warfare is carried on over the pipe and coffee, and there are instances where a week is pleasantly consumed in discussing the price of a carpet. In lieu of the pipe and the coffee of Constantinople, there are the papiros and tea at Novgorod, but the tactics are the same, and the victor in this game of patience is as proud of his success as Napoleon was at Austerlitz.

It is difficult to estimate the exact amount of business done at this world-famous fair, but a good authority estimates it at the enormous sum of 200,000,000 roubles, or $150,000,000.

But fond as the Russian is of money-making, he has another method for his annual visit to this great fair. He



EXTERIOR OF A PEASANT'S HOME.



INTERIOR OF A PEASANT'S HOME.

is, above all, a social animal. He loves eating and drinking, and, being of a very robust frame, he is able to enjoy himself to the utmost. He also likes card-playing, tea-drinking, with frequently something stronger—he loves smoking and chatting—in a word, he loves the *dolce far niente*.

We ought to add that the fair lasts two months. In the government of Kharkof alone there were once 288 fairs. There is, in the first place, the little village fair, held once or twice a week—these supply the daily necessaries of life—the perishable articles; then another fair held every month, where less perishable articles are sold, and where clothing is sold; here also is always found every kind of hardware and household goods; and twice a year a more important fair is held, where the produce of the village is sold or exchanged.

A POPULAR DANCE, ETC.

Mr. Johnston, a British tourist, gives the following account of an evening he spent at a large casino:

"Attracted by an electric light burning brilliantly over a building I entered a large casino; here the entertainment was various; in the first room, an orchestra on a raised platform was playing quadrilles, whilst ugly-looking girls (these, too, importations from Moscow), in Swedish and Russian costumes, danced what I suppose they intended for the 'can-can.' It is a pity people attempt that for which they have no natural genius; the 'can-can' has a genius if not a merit of its own; I very much doubt whether any nation but the French can dance it. National dances are like national songs, indigenous to a people. Let any one but a Pole attempt to dance the mazurka; let any one but a Scot attempt to dance the Highland fling; but these last dances are pretty in themselves, and even bad imitations of them, although ludicrous, are not revolting. But a 'can-can' badly danced! Let us turn away from it, and see what they are doing in the next room, where people are sitting at little tables, of course drinking tea; here, as soon as the orchestra has done its quadrille, a performance commences, for which I do not think we have any name in English, unless it be tomfoolery.

"A company of singers form themselves into two lines, with their leader—supposed to represent the famous pirate Stenka Razin—in the middle; he addresses his crew—in prose—in what is supposed to be a soul-stirring harangue, telling them that there is a sail in the offing, and they must be prepared to conquer or to die. This speech is a great deal too long; the real historical speeches on such occasions (Cambronne's to wit) have been very short — in fact, monosyllabic.

A PEASANT IN THE STREETS OF RIGA.

"After the speech is over, the crew squat down and begin to row hard, to catch up the merchant sail, sing-

ing, whilst they row, a boatman's song. When all this nonsense is finished, the youngest of the crew gets up and dances what is called a Cossack's dance; this is really pretty and national; it is of the same character of dance as a sailor's hornpipe, with the same heel-and-toe and double-shuffle steps, but the contortions of the body are even more gymnastical. I have seen soldiers in Russia when marching home from their drilling-ground, and when the command has been given 'Singers to the front,' dance this dance, to the tune of a Dutch chorus, sitting on their heels and jumping up again without interrupting the rhythm of their march.

"After Stenka Razin and the Cossacks have done, it is the turn of the gipsies. These gipsies, too (like, in fact, most of the amusements of the fair), come from Petrofski at Moscow. But they are not real gipsies, but mere bogus. Fancy a gipsy in a long queue! reminding one of nothing so much as a negro with a cocked hat and spurs. The tented gipsies, on their heath and steppe, are real kings and queens to these hybrid monsters; and I think they know it; the tame gipsy, on the contrary, has a kind of anxious, unsteady look about the eye, as if aware of the ludicrousness of the figure it makes.

"I remember not long ago coming across a gipsy encampment on the steppes in Russia; the men were sitting down playing at cards (a pastime they alternate with that of horse-stealing; mind, I do not warrant the honesty of the ideal gipsy!) some of the men looked so like Persians that, out of ethnological curiosity, I asked them what they were.

"'We are the lords of the fields,' they answered—'we fly our hawks where we find our game, and ask no man whose ground we ride over.'"

THE LOST BRIDE.—SEE PAGE 526.

——:o:——

LOSSES.

A MAN seems never to know what anything means till he has lost it; and this, I suppose is the reason why losses—vanishings away of things—are among the teachings of this world of shadows. The substance, indeed, teacheth, but the vacuity, whence it has disappeared, yet more. The full significancy of those words, property, ease, health—the wealth of meaning that lies in the fond epithets, parent, child, friend—we never know till they are taken away; till, in place of the bright, visible being, comes the awful and desolate shadow, where nothing is—where we stretch our hands in vain, and strain our eyes upon dark and dismal vacuity. Still, in that vacuity, we do not lose the object that we loved; it only becomes more real to us. Thus do blessings not only brighten when they depart, but are fixed in enduring reality; and friendship itself receives its everlasting seal beneath the cold impress of death.

TERRIBLY DECIDED.—"I THINK THAT I HEARD MY NAME MENTIONED."—SEE PAGE 526.

THE LOST BRIDE.

My lady steps in her carriage,
But a weight is on her heart,
Since she sold herself in a marriage
Where love had never a part.

She hates herself when she rises,
And decks herself so gay,
And to herself surmises
What the world around will say.

When it reads in the papers to-morrow
That the lover she jilted and slew
With her icy glance, in his sorrow
His own life has taken, *too*.

For the lady so fair, and pearl-laden,
She killed all her treasure in life
When she swore on the faith of a maiden
She would be a proud millionaire's wife.

TERRIBLY DECIDED.

H, Sarah, you are too absurd!" And pretty Grace Ashleigh laughs her pleasantest laugh. "The idea of loving two men at once, and not knowing which to choose! I don't believe you at all."

"Believe or not, Grace; just as you please," is the soft, serious-voiced answer.

Those wonderful deep, hazel eyes of Sara Prescott's turn all their subdued richness of color toward her friend whilst she speaks, and every feature of her beautiful oval face wears an impress of earnest meaning.

"It is true, Grace," she whispers; "true, true, true! There are moments when I feel confident that Ralph Curtis, with his dark, southern-looking beauty, and his impulsive, reckless ways, is by far the dearer to me. But a visit from blond-haired, blue-eyed Walter Crosbie changes everything. I am just tossed about in spirit from one to the other. Each seems to touch, with me, a separate chord of congeniality. I don't know how it will end. Here they have both been lingering along at the hotel, Grace, paying me daily visits since the first of July."

"Perhaps," suggests Grace, after a little silence, whilst they walk along through the twilit paths of the great lawn, which compasses the luxurious summer-house where Sara Prescott lives—"perhaps you will end by hating them both, Sara?"

"I cannot tell. And yet that seems impossible."

"Very well," answers Grace; "I must ask you to have my carriage ordered round now, Sara, notwithstanding that I should like to remain and help to counsel you in your troubles; but please remember that I have seven miles to drive, and that mamma makes a perfect Rachel of herself if I stay out after dark."

So Grace presently takes her departure, and Sara is left to hold converse with her own thoughts, whilst she begins a second, and this time a wholly solitary, stroll among the stately shrubberied lawns.

Very gloomy and miserable those thoughts are. She recalls, with a sense of shrinking fear, how intense a passion for her has recently grown to possess both Ralph Curtis and Walter Crosbie—how each has become almost aggressive, of late, in his fierce request for some final answer to his eager hopes, and how the more that either pleads the more absolute and complete has been her indecision, her doubt, her perplexity.

No; she cannot make up her mind. Allow that she is mentally a monstrosity of womanhood; allow that nobody has even been precisely in her unsettled condition; the fact exists, all the same, that she loves two men at once, and has no power to choose between them.

Suppose they should have some deadly quarrel on her account! Nothing is more probable. They have grown cordially to hate each other; of that fact Sara feels right sure. They are living at the same hotel, and are constantly thrown together. Sara shudders when she remembers what evidences she has had of how fierce a temper each possesses. Oh, why cannot she be like other women? Why must she suffer so keenly from what seems nothing except her own gross stupidity and silly irresolution?

Just at this stage of Sara's thoughts the sound of a footstep directly behind her meets the young girl's ear. She turns, and in the vague dark sees Walter Crosbie's tall, commanding figure, and fair, Saxon face. He begins speaking with brusque suddenness: "Sara—Miss Prescott—I have come to bid you good-by."

She clasps both hands together in an abrupt burst of surprise.

"You cannot possibly mean it?"

"I do. I am tired of being played fast and loose with, from day to day."

"You are not going," she answers, calmly, after a little silence, and whilst they were walking on. "I know by your tones and your manner that it is only a *ruse*. You are not going until I—I give you a final answer."

"And for God's sake," Walter bursts forth, "when is that final answer coming? There are times, Sara Prescott, when I feel like believing that no more heartless coquette than yourself ever drew breath, and that you care no more for me than you care for Ralph Curtis."

"Pardon me. I think that I heard my name mentioned."

None other than Ralph Curtis himself spake these words.

The vague half-light has now yielded to the brightening glimmer of a full, superb moon, whose silver globe hangs midway between horizon and zenith, beautifully pendent in the still, blue, breezeless dusk.

Ralph Curtis, having just emerged from behind a dark barrier of tall, heavy shrubbery round which the road winds, stands facing Walter Crosbie and Sara, his black-eye, olive-brown countenance fully visible to them both. Under his dark moustache there plays a bitter, cynical smile.

Sara utters a little scream of dismay.

"How unexpected!" she falters; and then there is a silence among the trio, which lasts until Walter Crosbie harshly breaks it.

"Very unexpected," he exclaims; "and yet, after all, scarcely inopportune. I, for one, am glad that it has occurred. It gives me, at least, the opportunity of asking you, in Mr. Curtis's presence, Miss Sara, how much longer you desire that this absurd masquerade shall continue. With whom—to make a sort of epigram out of the situation" (whilst he laughs a low, discordant laugh)—"do you wish to walk home with, Mr. Curtis or myself?"

And then Ralph Curtis speaks promptly:

"I echo Mr. Crosbie's question."

Whereupon poor, weak Sara bursts into tears.

"Please both go away," she murmurs, brokenly.

"I can walk home just as well alone by myself."

Silence.

This time it is a silence that Ralph Curtis ends.

"That is no answer, Miss Sara."

"Right," states Walter Crosbie, with stern emphasis. "It is no answer."

"I—I can't help it," laments Sara. "Please go—both of you."

Suddenly a fierce flash shoots from the night-like eyes of Ralph.

"Let there be some decision," he cries, addressing Walter. "If Miss Prescott will not make it herself, it is for us to do so."

"I do not understand," replies Walter.

Ralph draws nearer to him.

"I beg your pardon," he commences, speaking to Sara; and then there follows between the two men an inaudible whispered conference which she, who witnesses it, watches and wonders at. The conference continues nearly five minutes; and at last Ralph Curtis turns toward Sara.

"Miss Prescott, Mr. Crosbie and I have formed a compact together. Do you see where yonder road emerges from those clumps of shrubbery?"

"Yes," answers the puzzled girl, in right puzzled tones.

"Very well. We desire you to wait here. We will disappear. When you next see either of us it will be as he advances toward you, doubtless at fullest running speed along that same road. One will in all probability win the race which we propose to run, but if it proves a neck-and-neck race, then—then——"

"Then?" questions Sara, with trembling voice.

"Then," Walter Crosbie here breaks in, "*you will walk home alone.* Do you quite understand, Miss Sara? Think, for a moment, and I feel sure that further explanation will be useless."

"I—I—have thought," quivers Sara, "and—and—I think—I am sure, indeed—that I understand."

"Very well," exclaimed Walter. "Do you consent to such an arrangement, strange and wild as it seems? Reflect for a moment before replying."

Sara covers her face, impulsively, with both hands, and remains in this attitude for a brief while. Then she uncovers her face again, with an equal impulsiveness, and cries out, in tones almost fierce from intense excitement:

"I have reflected; and I consent."

Sara is standing quite alone now, in the clear, perfect moonlight. Around her gleam the shadowy lawns, broken with their great, dusk masses of foliage. Her eyes are fixed intently upon that fragment of opposite road which its skirting shrubberies allow her to see. She is listening—listening with strained, anxious ear, and with every nerve on the *qui vive* of expectancy.

Presently there is the distinct sound, at what seems a considerable distance, of rapid, advancing feet. Sara's eyes fairly dilate, and her head stretches itself forward in the wild eagerness of her feelings.

The steps come nearer, nearer—heavy, decisive thuds of vigorous feet against hard, unyielding gravel.

And now, without a moment's warning, the steps cease. Then there is a man's wild, fierce cry; after that, what seems a second of silence; and then the dreadful, cracking, unmistakable sound of a pistol.

Just for a brief space Sara stands as though frozen into stone. Then she rushes down the road, turns the corner made—so to speak—by the great shrubbery clusters, and darts on, on, with fleetest speed. A long, quivering, terrified moan leaves her lips, as she pauses at last by a dark, outstretched form.

"Walter—Walter Crosbie! for God's sake, what has happened?"

No answer.

And then she sees the ghastly upturned face, and the long, gory stream that oozes from its temples!

Not two yards distant there is another prone form. Sara staggers toward it.

Ralph Curtis's swarthy face gleams, livid and ghastly, in the pale moonlight!

"His fault," he gasps—"all his fault! He stabbed me as I was passing him. Then I fired—not till then. God help you—poor Sara—poor Sara!"

These are the last words he ever speaks. And so the race has been run; and so Death has won it.

Curious Plane-Tree between Smyrna and Bournabat.

Bournabat is a village of citizens' Summer residences near Smyrna, each house with its own charming garden. It has a pretty mosque and a beautifully clean bath, watered by the river Meles, on the banks of which Homer sat and sang for all the generations of the world after him. The road from Smyrna—a city that recalls not only Homer and paganism, but Polycarp and Christianity—is skirted by lovely meadows between fine mountains, clothed in the richest and highest green, beds of wild flowers on all sides, and hedges filled with hawthorns, degroses, and acacia blossoms, filling the air with their sweet perfume, and the Judas-tree with its tall spikes of bright and lovely lilac flowers on the leafless branches.

On this charming road meet and go through, if it so pleases you, the curious plane-tree shown in our illustration. A double trunk, coalescing above into a single trunk, forms an arch supporting its mass of leaves and branches, and leaving a passage, through which not only the pedestrian, but even a mounted man may easily proceed, and, in fact, the sidewalk for this class of travelers leads directly through this natural arch. The Oriental plane, which grows to the height of sixty or eighty feet, is one of the noblest trees of the East, on account of its massive trunk and wide-spreading branches.

The large leaves are glossy green, but before them, in the Spring, appear the curious balls of blossoms.

CHASED BY A LION.

I had been for some months leading the wild, excited life of an African hunter among the plains and forests that extend far back of Port Natal.

It was the second expedition I had made, and though on my return from my first voyage I promised myself that nothing should ever tempt me to undertake similar hardships and perils, here I was back again, in less than five years, after sailing toward home and the pleasure of civilized life.

We had met with such ill-luck for several days that we had absolutely no meat left in the camp; each of us had gone out in different ways in pursuit of something eatable, and we had reached that stage of necessity where our ideas took a range that would have made us accept anything from an elephant to a rabbit as legitimate prey.

I had been riding for several hours, and was disconsolately turning my horse's head toward the camp, vexed to think I should be the one to go back empty-handed, for the report of several rifles at intervals had warned me that my companions had met with better success.

Just then I saw, some distance in advance, an immense buffalo feeding tranquilly upon the short grass, and evidently as unconscious and heedless of any danger as his ancestors might have been in the days when the foot of no European adventurer had trodden those desert wilds.

I took aim and fired, wounding the beast slightly in the left shoulder. The sting of the wound seemed to cause him

more rage than pain. He began running about in a circle, tossing his head, pawing the ground, and bellowing in the most outrageous manner.

I was seized with a desire to drive the creature into camp, and I spurred my horse toward him, brandishing my rifle, supposing that he would take flight without delay, and that I should be able to make him pursue the direction which I desired him to take.

Not a bit of it! The instant he caught sight of me he gave another bound that flung a cloud of dirt into the air, uttered a bellow fiercer than before and darted toward me.

My faithful horse started on a mad gallop, and for a hundred yards the infuriated buffalo followed in a chase that had assumed a very different aspect from the one I had anticipated. We dashed through a thicket of bushes covered with sharp thorns, that cut my horse's sides and literally tore my clothes from my back, but there was nothing else for it.

When the animal was not more than eight feet behind, I turned suddenly upon the saddle and fired, sending another ball through his right ear and grazing his hip without wounding him more seriously than the first had done.

But this time fear overcame his rage; he stopped short and showed symptoms of flight. I sprang from my horse, the admirably trained creature stopping motionless as a statue at my command, and I reloaded my rifle with all speed.

I took a more deliberate aim and fired again; this time my sight was surer—the ball passed through his lungs, and with a last bellow of pain the enormous creature fell in an unwieldy mass never to rise.

This happened, as I have said, during my second expedition, and not far from the place of the first encounter, so that I began really to be a little superstitious, and to think that if a third arrived it was to be the end of those wild adventures which caused so much anxiety to the few who loved me.

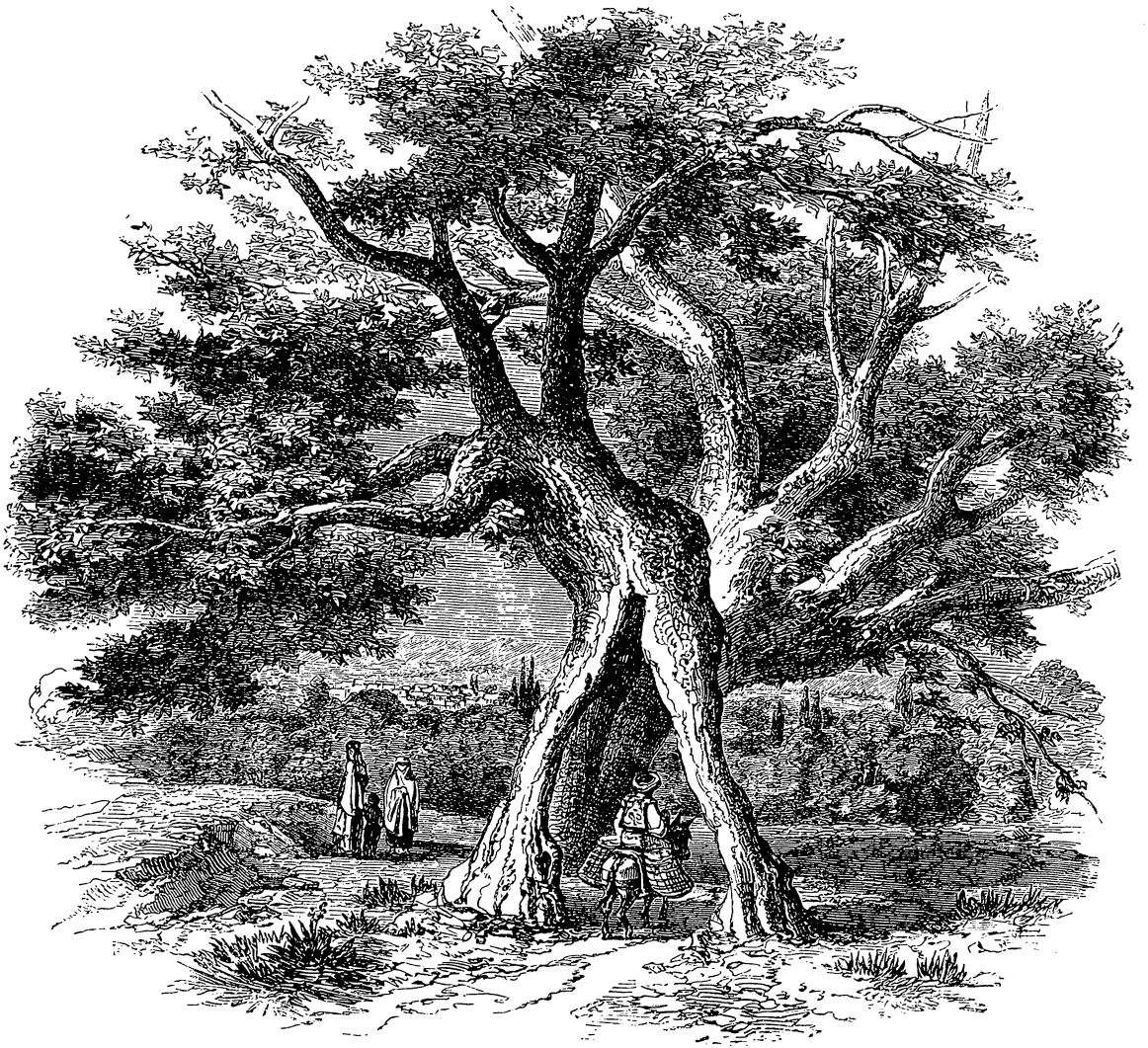
The guides had told me when I rose in the morning that they had found the tracks of a lion, who had evidently been amusing himself during the night by promenading as near our fires as he considered prudent.

We had all been out in seach of him. I lost my way, and when I found myself once more in a known latitude I overtook my servant, whose horse was lamed by a fall, and he told me that the lion had been discovered several miles down the river.

I left him to make the best of his way back to the camp, and dashed along the bank with all speed, anxious to arrive upon the scene of conflict before the forest king should have fallen.

When I reached the group I found that they had missed the lion, and they stood debating; I rode on in advance for perhaps a quarter of a mile.

I began to fear that the beast had escaped us altogether, and was on the point of turning back to rejoin my companions, when, at a sudden turn in the path, I caught sight of the object of our search.



CURIOUS PLANE-TREE BETWEEN SMYRNA AND BOURNABAT.—SEE PAGE 527.

CHASED BY A LION.—"MY RIGHT HAND HELD THE RIFLE ABOVE MY HEAD IN A LAST WILD INSTINCT OF SELF-PRESERVATION."—SEE PAGE 527.

The lion—the largest I had ever seen—bounded across the path, and plunged into a thicket not more than a hundred yards in advance of me.

I rode up and dismounted from my horse. Peering into the thicket, I could dimly see his immense form crouched among the dried grass and weeds.

I fired, and he fell so instantaneously, without a single groan, that I supposed I had struck him to the very heart.

I reloaded my rifle, got on my horse, described a half-circle, raised myself in my stirrups, and took a closer view of my victim. A single glance sent the blood in a torrent to my heart—I had missed him!

There he lay, crouched upon the ground; no sign of life except in the upturned ears that quivered slowly, and the terrible fire of his eyes fastened menacingly upon me.

I was quite near him; in front of me was an immense ant hill; I counted the chances of being able to reach that elevation, and spurred my horse closer to him to take a surer aim.

Suddenly, with a frightful roar, the lion sprang up, made a bound forward; my horse leaped back, and darted off with the speed of the wind.

But just as he flew the infuriated beast followed still faster. But, forward in the saddle, with my spurs buried in my horse's flanks, I looked back. On dashed the lion, making two bounds to one of my faithful steed—a frightful chase, a repetition of which no man could desire.

Could I turn in the saddle and fire while my horse was galloping at such a fearful pace? Doubtful as was the chance—I must say it—a few more of those terrible leaps, and the creature would be upon me!

To take aim was impossible. I was crouching forward on the horse's neck upon my left side; my right hand held the rifle above my head in a last wild instinct of self-preservation.

Another sullen roar—a still wilder leap—and the lion passed, one paw striking my shoulder with such force that I nearly fell to the ground. But, as he sprang, my horse bounded to the left with a force which sent our pursuer rolling over upon the ground. Before he could rise I had reached the hill, managed to dismount, and fired with an aim which it seemed to me must have been directed by some good angel.

I broke the left paw of the brute just at the joint.

He darted aside and made for the thicket, roaring till the very air shook, and even my trained and courageous horse trembled in every limb, though through all his fright he obeyed my slightest word or signal.

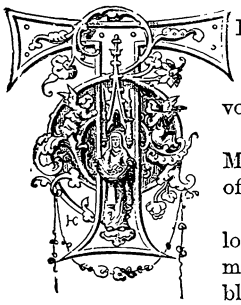
At that moment the rest of the party rode up; they had followed me, and the sound of my rifle had warned them of my adventure.

I could not think of danger now; the hunter instinct was at its height. I could only remember that my prey might escape. The men surrounded the thicket. I rode wildly over the trampled bushes across which he had taken flight. I saw him again cowering for another spring, while he yelled with rage and pain. I had snatched a gun from somebody's hand. I fired once more, and a deeper groan told with what success. Again the trusty bullet hissed out; the gigantic animal rolled over upon his back; there was a last roar, a fierce struggle, then he lay quite still.

When we came to examine the carcass we found that it was an old lion, very fat, and enormous in size, his great yellow claws worn, broken, and reduced to four upon the forward paw.

As we rode back to camp, and I received the congratulations and praise of my companions, I felt no thrill of exultation—nothing but a deep sense of thankfulness at having escaped that horrible peril. Even to this day, when I look at the glossy skin which lies in my library, and which my children regard with such pride, I only wonder at the daring spirit which could have made me brave such hardships and dangers in that far-off land.

THE FAMILY SECRET.



"THAT'S all, sir. But I—I'll never forget the way in which you've heard my story, father," his rough voice a little unsteady.

"No, Dick. Come, now, let's drink Miss Nelly's health. You want to be off, I know."

I thought the young dog never looked so handsome as he did that moment, pulling his brown beard, blushing and stammering like a girl.

"You will come over and spend Christmas week with them, father?" as I uncorked the wine.

"Yes, Dick. Here's to Nelly's blue eyes, and luck to yourself, boy. I'll write a note to Solmes to-morrow, and come over on Tuesday."

Dick left me with my wine and cigars a few moments later. I got up and sauntered to the window to watch him mount and gallop out of the yard.

It was snowing heavily, a thick gray sky promising a very long continuance of falling weather; a cold, crisp air blowing; just the right weather for the time; for a sloppy warm Christmas wrongs me personally.

I was glad Dick had made up his mind to marry, though it moved me more than he knew; he had been my sole companion so long. But he needed a woman's influence in his life now. I had done what I could since he was three years old; I had tried to be watchful, gentle, with the boy; to catch glimpses of the woman's side of his nature, as she would have done who was gone.

The effort had kept me young, whatever other effect it might have had—given a different position to both than that usually held by father and son—made me more of his friend than his mentor. It may have lessened his respect for me, perhaps; I do not know.

Well, I was glad Dick was going to marry. I had amassed a tolerably heavy surplus at my banker's during the later years of my practice—enough for us all to have a solid foothold. Then the farm needed attention. I was no practical agriculturist; Dick was. If he married, he would settle down in earnest, and give Jim Tiernes and the club-house the go-by. Then I glanced about the room, with its handsome, ill-kept furniture, and pictured the change which neat little Nelly Solmes would make in a day or two, with her bright, keen eyes, and arbitrary ways. I liked my son's choice. If Nelly's pretty head was set with a dogmatic turn on her shoulders, she had a kind, honest heart, and sound common sense beneath all.

Her father, Cyrus Solmes, had been a college chum of mine—but while I had turned in to hard work as a country doctor, Solmes had gone into business, made a snug little fortune, married late in life, and came back to the old homestead, about a year before my story commences, with his wife and their only child, Nelly.

I had no fears about Dick's success. The girl liked him; Solmes and I had a real cordial friendship and trust in each other; and, as for outside matters, the properties would dove-tail well together, and the families ranked alike.

On the following Tuesday with my carpet-bag, I started out for Solmes's. The snow had fallen steadily and lay nearly two feet deep, with a glittering crust upon it, on the

broad stretch of hills which the road skirted, and piled in feathery wreaths on the black branches of the forests of oak and beach. A pale, Winter sun made a feeble, bluish light, foreboding heavier storms—just the sort of day for a blazing fire, cheerful faces, and dinner such as I knew awaited me. I looked forward to a week of thorough, hearty enjoyment.

"If Mrs. Solmes only kept clear of her fits!" I thought, whipping up Jenny impatiently. For the lady was subject to odd attacks, singular in a person of her healthy physique and sanguine temperament.

They were superinduced by some violent mental excitement; of that, as a physician, I had no doubt. Yet what trouble ever came into her life?

At this juncture of my musings, the little lady's flushed, jolly face appeared at the upper window of the house, which I had now reached.

She nodded, laughed, waved her handkerchief, and disappeared, to turn back and nod again.

She had three realities in her life—her husband, Nelly, and the pantry—out of which there came comfort and warmth enough to lighten the whole world to her. But she had these curious attacks notwithstanding, and they puzzled me more than I liked to say.

The old Solmes' homestead was a roughly built large dwelling of stone, covering an irregular space of ground, in the middle of apple and plum orchards, one wing after another having been added as necessity might require, without much consideration for order or effect. The oldest part of the building, used as a store-house, had fallen, under Mrs. Solmes's orderly rule, into a receptacle for Winter provisions, into which no one but herself ever penetrated. It was from one of the dormer-windows of this wing she looked now. The whole establishment looked like its mistress, I fancied—low, large, squat, and glowing with hospitality. The very open door, the great fires blazing inside, the solid barns in the background, and the fat-sided cows in their paddocks knew it was Christmas time, and were glad of it.

Solmes was out on the steps, rubbing his hands, waiting to help me to alight, his face, between the wind and excitement, in a red heat to the very tip of his hook-nose.

Solmes had worked all the flesh off his bones in the first part of his life; but I think he meant to collect and enjoy to the uttermost, in the few years left to him, all the fun and comfort he had lost, and I never knew a man with a broader or heartier capacity for enjoyment; there was not a twinkle of his gray eye which did not betray it. Dick and Nelly were in the background, watching the arrival. So, matters were going on smoothly in that direction, I concluded. However, I had no chance to ascertain from Dick what progress he had made, until I had gone to my own room for the night, when he tapped at my door and came in. Solmes himself had just left me; had brought in a jug of excellent punch, "in case I felt thirsty during the night." The old fellow seemed to rejoice like a boy at having his old chum under his roof, so that his hospitality knew not how to express itself.

"We'll have no other guests this Christmas," he said, "so that we can take our time in going over the old stories."

So we sat long over our wine, and longer over coffee, telling old jokes, and tracing up the fate of the "boys," gray-headed as ourselves now, or dead.

Solmes heard Dick coming along the hall.

"There's your boy, Caldwell," he said. "He's a thorough chip of the old block. My heart warms to that fellow as if he were a son of my own."

"A pity you never had a boy, Cyrus," I said, drawing off my boots. "Nelly is the best of daughters, I know; but a son——"

I looked up when I had gone so far, and then stopped short. Solmes's face was flushed, nay, almost menacing.

"What have I said, Solmes?" I asked, involuntarily.

"Nothing. We will not talk of—of Nelly. Good-night."

He held out his hand, and then bustled about the room, the cordial look coming back before he left me for the night.

"Well, Dick?" I asked, stretching myself out in the luxury of a dressing-gown and slippers. "What success have you found?"

Dick's face, as he stood leaning against the mantel-shelf, was graver than I had ever known it. I began, from that moment, to understand how the boy had taken this matter to heart, and no one can know how deeply it touched me that, in this crisis of his life, he came to me with his confidence.

"What is it, boy?" I demanded, impatiently. "She did not refuse you?"

"Nellie loves me, father, but she says she never can marry. Some obstacle, with which her father and you have something to do. The poor little thing sobbed so that I could make nothing out of it. She hinted something about family honor—our family——"

"Eh? What? That is a matter for Solmes and me, boy. The Caldwells never were rich, but they've something else to be proud of."

"You are angry without cause, father."

"It may be that you mistook maidenly shyness for something deeper, that——"

"No," decisively. "I've flirted with too many women not to understand them. Nelly is free from any such tricks or turns. She is downright and earnest in her least word. There is some actual impediment in the way. She would only wring her hands and say she dared not speak, that she never could marry."

"I'll talk to Solmes in the morning, Dick; 'family honor' is his business and mine, if it has come to that."

"It might be as well, sir."

The young fellow was pacing the floor, with his head down. I waited awhile.

"What is it, Dick? Is there anything more to trouble you?"

"No. That is—pah! I'm a fool, I think!"

"Perhaps. In what way, for example?"

"It is nonsense, I know, father," stopping before me, his face very red. "I've enough of real vexation to bear without going to the next world to find it; but—well, upon my word, sir, I'm afraid to go to bed."

I laughed. "What is it? Out with the whole story, Dick."

"There's no story to tell," almost gruffly, buttoning his coat. "I'm sorry I spoke of it. I've been annoyed every night since I came, by a dream—we'll call it a dream, for want of a better name, but it is as horrible a reality as I ever wish to meet."

"The same every night, Dick?" taking his wrists, and laying my fingers on his pulse. "Cool enough. Stomach all right. It is the result of the day's excitement, then."

"Perhaps," dubiously. "Well, I'll go take a walk in the snow before I go to my room. Don't laugh at me. You know I'm not usually addicted to fancies like that."

"No, Richard. It is easily accounted for. What shape does your visitor assume, by the way?"

"That of a face—the long, lantern-jawed face of a young man, with blue eyes, and thin, gray hair."

"Gray!"

"Gray—but the face is young, as I said, with a cold, malignant leer on it. The dream, if it be one, comes just as I waken—the face appearing sometimes in a dark corner, sometimes gibbering between the curtains, once close over

my head. I could swear that I felt its clammy breath on my mouth."

I said nothing. Some curious old remembrances were coming to my mind.

"Had you ever heard, Dick," I said, just as he was going, "that this house was haunted? There is such a story."

He laughed. "I never heard of it. However, there is scarcely a farm-house in the country, sir, which is not haunted, according to popular report."

"Indeed? Well, good-night!"

Dick's story left an odd impression on me.

It was curious that he should have seen that face. It was, indeed, an exact description of the countenance of a man dead fifty years ago; a Solmes, too, and one who died by his own hand in this house.

"A strange coincidence!" I thought, tumbling into bed.

I had seen the portrait of this Rivers Solmes. It hung in an upper room, and, though usually covered, Dick might have seen it too, and hence his dream. I had heard the story.

How that, through grief, at the loss of a young wife, whom he dearly loved, his hair turned gray, and his reason slowly forsook him, until the end came. There was something else in the story—hushed up; covered over; I knew not what.

THE LOST PENNY.—BY W. HUNT.

I was not a superstitious man; yet, on the contrary, was too much accustomed to the discoveries of unsolved mysteries in physiology to condemn any vulgar beliefs because they were vulgar.

If Rivers Solmes chose to appear as a ghost, why should he not? What law of nature was there to say him nay?

So, feebly wandering from Dick's dream to his affair with Nelly, I fell asleep—thinking, however, what an unlikely thing this house, with its present inmates, was for ghosts to operate in.

THE FAMILY SECRET.—"THE SNOW HAD FALLEN STEADILY, AND LAY NEARLY TWO FEET DEEP."—SEE PAGE 530.

No darker shadows were about it than those cast on the snow by the bare-limbed fruit trees and currant bushes, and no weightier mysteries were hidden inside, I believed, than Solmes's speculations on the rise of stock, or his wife's plans for dinner next day.

The room in which I slept was assuredly unfitted for any spiritual presence; it contained neither the ancient hangings, nor portrait with unfathomable eyes *en règle* in ghost appearances. It was a square, newly furnished chamber, with French bedstead, wardrobe, etc., shining with fresh varnish; a glowing fire burned in the grate, lit up the brass fender, the crimson carpet, the grayish walls, to a point outside of all mystery. There wasn't a shadow large enough for a ghost to hang his hat on. So, drawing my nose quite underneath the blankets, I slept soundly.

I do not know how long—long enough for the fire to burn into red embers, giving a sickly flush, now and then, but failing to warm the cold air in the room, leaving it to be lighted, too, by the chilly pallor of the Winter moonlight, which came in through unshuttered windows.

I awoke with a start, feeling as if a cold hand had been laid on my face; it may have been the air, though, for the night was freezing.

I sat up, feeling an oppression upon my chest, and looked about the room with that vague swerving of the brain of which one is conscious on being roughly awakened.

The window was square, and the patch of bluish white lay in the centre of the room; outside of that was darkness, in which I could dimly trace the outlined furniture. Beyond the window I could see the opaque-blue Winter's sky, with Orion's belt full in view.

I gathered up the quilt over my shoulders preparatory to another nap, when something—to this day I don't know what—made me pause with a sudden intangible dread; shook me, as I might say, thoroughly awake. It might have been a singular flicker in the moonlight, or a stir in the air as of some one breathing, but it gave me a vague consciousness that I was not alone.

I sat up, bracing myself straighter, as men do when they are frightened, and then, ashamed, beat up the pillow. Bah! I was nervous; Dick's story had infected me; but I peered about the room sharply, from the ceiling to the shadows of the bedpost on the carpet.

There were no triangular, greenish figures on the carpet, I remember, and I counted them to prove that I was entirely awake.

Nothing was in the room, however, that should not be there, and I was about composing myself again to sleep, when there was a sort of shudder, if I may so express myself, in the darkness of one corner, where a protruding closet and a wardrobe made a heavy shadow—an uncertain, undefined motion at first. I leaned forward with a cold shiver, I confess it, in my blood.

That story of Dick's, and the watching now, half-asleep, had completely unnerved me.

For a moment there was a breathless silence; then, out of this darkness in the corner, there came slowly a head, the face of a young man, with long, sunken jaws and peaked features, with watery-blue eyes, and gray hair falling thin and straight down to the shoulders. It was the very face of the portrait, but older and more pinched and wan.

THE FAMILY SECRET.—"HANDS LIKE CLAWS, AND BLOODLESS AS THE FACE, PROJECTED FROM THE SLEEVES."

However, the picture was taken in life, and this——

I drew my breath sharply and tried to rise; the eyes of the thing had been laid on mine from the first, a cold weight; they rested there immovable, while the whole figure slowly emerged into the pallid moonlight—a tall, bony man's

frame, dressed apparently in a loosely hanging garb of black. Hands like claws, and bloodless as the face, projected from the sleeves, and were thrust out toward me, as if in supplication or warning.

The night air blowing suddenly through the window lifted the gray hair; this was life-like, real.

I sprang forward with a cry, stumbled over the bedclothes, and fell headlong on the floor, catching, as I fell, at the place where the figure had stood.

I caught only air.

It was gone! nothing between me and the window but the moonlight on the floor.

If I had been asleep before, I was completely awake by this time; my courage came oozing back somehow also.

I got up with a whistle, rubbing my leg that had been skinned by the fall, and went about discovering the truth of the appearance, with every sense keenly alive.

I found nothing; the chamber was empty; the window, behind the spot where the figure had stood, opened at a height of forty feet from the ground; my door was locked as I had left it.

I went shivering to bed, concluding that it had been only a vivid dream caused by Dick's story, and primarily by Solmes's heavy supper. But I slept no more that night.

I recollect rising, once or twice, to examine the room and the hall without, my search always proving useless.

Out of doors, the thin blue air grayed and thickened toward morning, and the snow began to fall. The house and grounds lay wrapped in sleep, without a sign of life, except a lamp burning in a window of the old part of the house of which I have spoken, and which attracted my notice, as I knew that wing was only used for storing purposes. The light disappeared about an hour before dawn, and, shortly after, I fell into an uneasy slumber.

The day was cloudy and stormy, shutting us close indoors. I said nothing of my dream; in fact, I forgot it in the genial glow of the cheerful breakfast-room. The fire blazed and crackled, the table was filled with Mrs. Solmes's pet dishes, and her face and her husband's were honest, and hearty, and happy enough to dispel a regiment of ghosts. Dick had his usual, comfortable, merry smile back in his eyes; the ghost had not troubled him last night, I supposed, and his heart was brave enough to make him confident of winning the fair lady dissecting a mutton-chop beside him. But though Nelly was busy, apparently, with her mutton-chop, she was ill at ease. Her face was pale, and her eyelids swollen and red. I noticed, too, the anxious, perturbed look of both father and mother when they glanced toward her.

Whatever pain or mystery there might be in the house, it touched the girl, evidently, the closest.

One odd little incident occurred during the breakfast. We were talking of the Wrays, a neighboring family, and of the hereditary tendency to dissipation that corrupted every branch of the race.

"A single drop of the blood," I remarked, "is enough, it would seem, to convey the taint. How strongly visible it is, Solmes, that inflexible law of nature, which visits the crime of one generation upon all that succeed it."

Solmes was silent, and, to my surprise, the young girl was the only one who replied, a hot flush of pain and indignation in her face:

"That is not unjust; for, if the blood is tainted, it is right vice should find its punishment. But, for the guilty to escape and leave the burden for the innocent to carry—is that right?—is that easy to bear?"

"Nelly!"

Her mother's fat hands began to work nervously together. Her father looked at her sternly.

She put her cup to her mouth and swallowed hastily, choking down a burst of tears, I fancied.

The next moment she looked up with a repentant smile, tried to speak, but could not.

As we left the table, however, I saw her steal her arm about her mother's shoulder and ask her to forgive her.

"Poor Nell! poor little Nell!" she said, stroking her hair softly.

Left alone with Solmes in the library, I found the solution of the mystery—or as much as they chose to offer me.

I approached the subject of Dick's marriage with Nelly cautiously; but I might have spared my strategy; the old man was ready, waiting with his answer.

"I know all you are going to say, Caldwell," rising and standing before the fire, fingering the mantel ornaments uneasily; "I know all there is of it. But it can't be. Never. We had better not enter upon the subject at all. It will be of no use," he added, in an undertone.

For a moment I was rebuffed; for the gruff manner and even voice were totally unlike my old friend.

But soon I rallied. I said that if the matter concerned my own interest, I would let it drop, having gone so far. But I could not willingly see my boy's happiness so unreasonably shattered—that I did believe his happiness was involved in this thing. The attachment on his part was deep and sincere.

"I know that. He is a good boy—Dick," Solmes muttered huskily. "There is no one whom I would rather call my son, Caldwell, than your boy."

"What, in God's name, is the trouble then? If you've no fault to find with Dick——"

"None. None at all. He's a little too high-spirited, but he'll mend of that."

"Nelly does not care for him enough, then?"

"Too much. It's that that pains me. The girl's heart is his, to its last thought. It has made her forget natural affection. You saw her at breakfast?"

"I did not understand——"

"Well, no matter. She loves the boy. I know that. But it can never be."

There was a long silence.

I, perplexed and baffled; Solmes, leaning his head on his hand, grinding his boots into the hearth-rug—his thin, old face heating and growing pale with some heavy, unspoken trouble.

"My son," I said, at length, "alluded to some question of family honor as being the cause of your refusal. You know the Caldwell family, Mr. Solmes—you know whether any objection could justly be founded on such ground."

I felt my tone betraying anger, and stopped short, for Dick's sake. I had no mind to quarrel with the old man.

He trembled visibly, showing an agitation that I could not account for from any words that had been spoken.

"It is Nelly who has spoken of this," he said, almost fiercely; "women are leaky vessels always. But she shall not wring my secret out for the world to gaze at! She——"

He stopped, shut his lips close, and after a while looked at me more calmly, saying:

"You are right, Caldwell. I'll not be unreasonable. I will tell you all I can."

I waited patiently.

He paced the room once or twice, then stopped before me, putting one hand on my arm.

"I ask your forbearance, my old friend. I will tell you what I can; but you will ask no questions? It will not be a pleasant thing to see me humbled——"

"No. Say no more, Solmes, if it pains you in this manner. I was testy, unreasonable, perhaps. But any slur upon our name——"

"There was none. The question was one of a taint on family honor; but it was on our side, not yours."

What it cost the old man to say this I saw now by his face,

the foam coming to his clenched teeth. I laid my hand on his shoulder; but he went on hurriedly:

"My daughter can never marry an honorable man. Part of our history is known to no one, and never can be. It's an old crime, done long ago; but its shadow rests on us."

"Rivers Solmes——" broke from me almost unconsciously; remembering the vision of the night before, and connecting the story of the suicide, dead so long ago, with this mystery of to-day.

He started, looking at me keenly.

"You saw him, then?" in a low whisper.

"Last night. Yes."

He beat time on the shelf with his fingers, still watching me, with some curious speculation in his eye, not speaking for a long time.

"Let us drop this subject, Caldwell," he said, at last. "I am not a hard father; Nelly knows that. She agrees in the necessity of this course of conduct when she allows her cooler judgment to act. Nor have I any mind to make a mystery out of a horrible but every-day tragedy. I have been as plain with you as I dared to be. There is a certain shame resting on us, with which the dream you had last night has much to do; and while it does rest upon us my child shall never enter an honorable family. This is all. Except this, Caldwell," holding out his hand, "I have dealt honestly with you. I want you, in return, to keep my secret. Not to mention, even to your son, the sight that troubled you last night."

"I will not," I promised, heartily.

I pitied Solmes from my soul. His composure was forced, I saw. It had cost him no little pain to cross his child's fate in this way; cost him more, perhaps, in that he was not a morbid or sensitive man, but essentially practical, domestic in his instincts, fond of a jolly, comfortable, easy-going life.

This mystery or crime was totally outside and foreign to his nature. I could understand how he loathed it with every atom of his healthy body and power of mind.

He was precisely the man to delight and fuss about Nelly's betrothal, to begin buying immediately dresses for her *trousseau*, and ducks and turkeys for the wedding supper, to poke rough jokes at the young people, and to take an earnest, hearty pleasure in their life afterward. So I knew what this ghost business cost him.

I confess I did not give up hope. I therefore evaded Dick's questions that day, determined to talk over the matter again with the old man before owning myself defeated.

Nothing worthy of note occurred during that day. It was late before I retired for the night. I acknowledge to an irritating sense of uneasiness as I locked and bolted the door and examined closet, wardrobe—every corner, in fact, where a shadow could hide itself. I was anxious and nervous, and ashamed of my anxiety.

Stirring up the fire, and opening the windows to admit a free draught of air, I sat down, and began slowly to prepare for bed, drawing off my boots and opening my watch to wind it up, when a surprise, not supernatural, made my lower jaw fall more aghast, I fancy, than Solmes's ghost had done. I had been robbed.

Attached to my watch-chain I wore a small Maltese cross, set with pearls at the edge, and the centre formed of five diamonds, the only piece of jewelry I possessed, and even that, so great is my dislike for such display, I usually concealed under the flap of my waistcoat.

It was gone now; the thick gold hasp which had secured it to the chain had been wrenched sharply in two, so as to leave the jagged edges yet sticking to the links.

Now, the watch I had put on when I rose this morning, and of course the robbery had not been committed during the day when I was broad awake. I knew that the cross had been there the night before, for I recollected, when I had laid the watch on the red cloth cushion of the toilet-table, that I had noticed the glitter of the jewels in the firelight. Last night, then—the ghost. Bah! That was a dream—besides, dead men had not itching fingers. Never was a man's brain bothered with such contradictory notions as mine, just at that point of time, between the question of dream, ghost, thieving servant, Dick's disappointment, Solmes's secret. One fact was clear, the cross was gone; and putting association out of the question, it was a loss of more value than I chose quietly to put up with. To-night, however, nothing was to be done. I would see Solmes early in the morning and put the matter in his hands, for I gave most credence to the surmise that some servant had chosen to enact the ghost for the sake of plunder. But, on the other hand, Solmes was evidently prepared to hear of the apparition; it was no hoax in his view. Thoroughly annoyed, baffled, angry, look what way I would—I thrust the watch under my pillow, and hurried to bed, and to sleep, throwing all troubles, love, theft, and spirits, over to the next day to take care of. I had slept about three hours, when I was awakened as on the night before; this time, however, without any preparatory dread or uncertainty.

The theft of the cross, somehow, had dispelled the supernatural terror of my nocturnal visitor; the moment I opened my eyes, I was completely awake and alert, ready to seize the ghost by the throat, if need be, and force him to disgorge his ill-gotten goods.

I lay perfectly motionless, drawing slow, heavy breaths, as if still wrapped in sleep, and watched the corner where the moonlight could not penetrate with my half-shut eyes.

By George! there it was again.

The lank, white face; the staring, silly eyes; the gray hair hanging, ragged and thin, down to the shoulders. Shall I confess it? For a moment my energy was paralyzed; the thing before me was so inhuman, unlike anything my eyes had rested on before, except the picture; and even here the resemblance was imperfect.

As the figure projected its head into the clear light, I could see it more distinctly than on the preceding night, and I noted that the face was older than that of the portrait. It wanted, too, the cynical leer of Rivers Solmes; instead, this face was marked by a vacuity bordering on idiocy; the eyes glared and watery, and the lower jaw hanging in a slobbering, senseless fashion.

For the space of five minutes I remained motionless; then the figure moved, thrusting out its bony hand, like a blind man groping. In an instant I had leaped from the bed and clutched at the outstretched arm.

It was gone—the whole man vanished, as before, into dim air!

But I had touched him—grasped the sleeve of the coat, which was coarse and woollen. There was no dream or ghost in this. But where had he gone?

I stood looking at my empty hands, and then at the blank wall.

The village clock, I remember, at the moment struck three; and as the resonant hum was dying away, another sound broke the silence—a grating, sliding noise very near, and then a sharp, terrified cry—a cry more of horror than of pain.

It came from without, I fancied.

I threw up the window, and thrust out my head and body as far as I could reach, but saw nothing. The moonlight was so clear that I could even see that the snow beneath my window was untrodden, laying in great rounded drifts, from the house-foundation, through orchards, garden, out into the low hills that hemmed in the farm. The shadow of the house and trees lay sharply defined on the surface.

The cry had startled the whole farm.

I could hear the horses stamping in the stable, and a flut-

tering in the poultry roosts; old Tongo, the watch-dog, gave a long, melancholy howl, that renewed itself again in a miserable echo; but after that, all was silence.

I hesitated; but the air was bitingly cold, my teeth chattering, and my knees knocking together, half-frozen. So, I shame to say, after a moment's pause, I jumped into bed, and cuddled snugly under the blankets.

Ten minutes after there came a low tap at my door. I had not slept. I rose, therefore, and hastily dressing myself, opened it, and found Solmes without, holding a flaring candle in one hand, which he sheltered with the other.

"What is this, Solmes?"

"Come, I want you. Thank God, you're here, Caldwell."

The words were wrenched out of him somehow. I never saw a man so paralyzed by abject fear or pain, I could not determine which. I followed him silently along the narrow entry. At the end of it he turned, and asked me if I had my instruments.

"I never travel without them."

"Go back for them, then."

When I returned with them, Solmes was muttering to himself words which I was surprised to find were a succession of oaths of the most curious sort. He uttered them without emphasis or meaning, just as unconsciously as he would have spilt water on the ground.

I could judge from this how utterly the shock had benumbed his mind; for, assuredly, he was in no mood to swear. The oaths were those he had heard amongst the laborers.

They dribbled away, if I may use the expression, into silence, as he walked faster through the larger halls and stairs of the house, coming at last to the door leading into the part of the building occupied as store-rooms, and to which Mrs. Solmes alone had access. The floors were bare, and cracked under our footsteps. Stopping at a door slightly ajar, he turned to me to motion me before him; his face was ghastly, and wet with sweat.

THE CHILDREN'S BEAR ADVENTURE.—SEE PAGE 538.

"It is the end—come," he said, nodding his head to the inside.

The end?

But I stopped to ask no question.

It was a comfortably furnished chamber I saw at a glance, dimly lighted by a stable lantern set on a table.

In the centre of the room a settee, with a figure stretched out on it—dead, I thought—Mrs. Solmes, on her knees, tying some bandage about its body, her hands and dress drabbled with blood; but she neither trembled nor wept. I would not have believed there was such strength of endurance in her pursy, fat little body.

All this, as I said, I comprehended with a look; but it was no time for speculation. I saw my own business here, and hurried to the prostrate figure, opening my instrument-case as I went.

It was my ghostly visitor, or the dead Rivers Solmes—I knew not which.

The body was much mangled, the black serge clothes torn and wet with blotches of snow and blood. One leg hung, broken just above the knee-joint; but there was a curious pallor in the face that hinted at an injury more remote and fatal than this.

Solmes had set down his candle, and lifted the man's head in his arms.

As I stooped to tear off the clothes, his wife drew away and sank back on the floor, her hands clasped about her knees, looking up at me with a vacant face, singularly like that of this wreck of a man, in its almost idiotic expression.

Mrs. Solmes's mind was never strong, and the shock to-night had completely stunned her. She muttered something about Nellie, half-rising.

Her husband shook his head.

"Let her alone," he said; "she has suffered enough without this sight."

I had completed my examination by this time.

The man's breath came without effort, but only at long intervals. Color was coming back to his cheeks and lips.

"He is better?" whispered the old man, looking at me.

"Put his head back on the pillow; it will be easier. Would it not be better to remove Mrs. Solmes?" in a lower voice. "She is in danger of one of her attacks. I will not answer for its results, after an excitement like this."

The old man looked at her doubtfully.

"I dare not send her away; he may die, and—he is our son, Caldwell."

God only knows the years of shame and misery compressed into those words.

Let me pass briefly over that night.

As I had expected, the man died about daybreak. I made no offer to reset the broken leg, only endeavored to lessen the pains of the final struggle. They were not severe—death ensuing from an internal injury whose very nature dulled sensation. Busied with the sufferer, I was blind, or tried to be blind, to all else that passed around me.

I knew how far beyond sympathy was the grief this man and woman had to bear—grief not only for death, but for the end of a life of mystery and crime.

Only one other person was admitted—John Combs, the old, gray-headed ostler.

Whatever the secret was, I perceived that he alone of the household shared it. I fancied, though, that, while he was tender enough in his touch of the wounded man, there was very little sorrow at the accident in his face.

"It's an ill life, sir, well ended," he whispered to me.

Well, at daybreak he died, as I said; and, after assisting Mrs. Solmes to her chamber, and leaving her in the care of

"CONRADE" HILDRETH.—"THE FIGURE WAS DRAPED IN SPOTLESS WHITE, FINE LACE AND SOFTEST MUSLIN DECKING THIS DEAD-IN-LIFE WOMAN. SILENTLY MAUDE ROLLED THE CHAIR ACROSS THE ROOM TO THE WINDOW, AND LEFT US ALONE, CONRADE AND I."—SEE PAGE 538.

her husband, I returned to the room to render what aid I could to John Combs.

"It's lucky that Mr. Dick has gone over to the village for the day," he said; "for this thing must be kept quiet, doctor. I'll have the coffin here to-night, and we'll bury him in the morning. Dead's dead; we'll take care of the good name of the living."

We did bury him that night.

It was not hard to elude the drowsy eyes of one or two farm-servants. The grave was ready, dug by Combs, in a piece of ground among the hills. It was a stormy night.

The old man, Combs, and Dick (for Solmes asked that he also should go), with myself, were all that were needed to carry the light coffin through the hill-path. The grave yawned black in the white waste of snow; the body we lowered into it was that of a man whose life might have been fair and beautiful, but had gone out in irretrievable shame. I know no more than this; yet, looking back, that solitary grave in the cold snow seems to me one of the saddest sights my life had ever known.

I never entirely understood the secret of this man's life. When Solmes would have told it to me, a few days after, I checked him. I would not have the old, long-suffering man tear open the wound; it would have tormented his old age just as it had a chance of healing. This much I learned: that the boy, since his earliest childhood, had been one of those singular beings whose natural proclivity to theft might be—and often is—classed as insanity; that, in consequence of some crime he had committed, he was in peril of the severest punishment of the law; and that, from a perhaps mistaken tenderness on the part of his parents, they had removed him secretly to their own home, and there contrived to conceal him for several months.

"I doubt," said John Combs to me, "that he was but little more than an idiot in these last years. Rum did it, and other things—fearing the law, night and day, most of all. He never had much grit like a man in him, and latterly his bones seemed nothing but soft chalk; his hair turned white (though that belongs to the Solmes'), he got limp like a rag, and could wind himself in and out of any crack. It was so he has got out at night unbeknownst to us, through a skylight in his room, and so along the roof, into your room, easy enough, through the window of a closet—after plunder, I reckon—but had sense enough to play the ghost when there. The last night, something scared him, or he missed his footing on the eaves, and came crashing down, t'other side of the angle of the wing from you, on the hard brick. And that was the end. God forgive me if I'm not sorry. By the way, did you find a bit of a package on your dressing-table this morning?"

I nodded. It was the stolen cross.

You can easily guess the remainder of my story, which, after all, has been but a scratched outline.

A fortnight afterward, Dick formally renewed his proposal for Nelly's hand to her father. The old man was much broken by the suffering he had borne in the last month; he trembled like a feeble woman as Dick talked to him.

"You know the obstacle now that lies between you," he said.

"It is gone; and it never, at any time," Dick added, hotly, "should have separated us, if I had known what it was. Nelly and I are sure of each other, sir," putting his hand affectionately on his arm, "and family honor is a very shadowy trifle to us."

"As you will, Richard—as you will," in a more cheery tone than he had used for many days, and looking proudly into the young lover's face.

Dick always had a way of winning people over to him; and I believe the poor old man felt as if God had sent him as a sort of recompense for the disappointment his own boy had given him.

My story is ended.

I would like to tell you what a cosy, bright, comfortable home ours is under Nelly's supervision (for she and Dick have been married nearly two years), but she warns me I have but little time to dress for dinner. It is a state dinner. Solmes and his wife are coming to spend a week or two with us. I can hear the rumble of their old carriage coming up the lane, and see Mrs. Solmes's red, motherly face, quite aglow with the cold, as she leans forward to talk to her husband. They are both laughing, and there is a quiet content in their faces, as if a sure trust in some loving power in their lives had at last laid the memory of the ghost.

THE CHILDREN'S BEAR ADVENTURE.

Two Russian children, one four and the other six years old, rambled away from their friends, who were haymaking. They had gone from one thicket to another gathering fruit, laughing and enjoying the fun. At last they came near a bear lying on the grass, and without the slightest apprehension went up to him. He looked at them steadily, without moving; at length they began playing with him and mounted upon his back, which he submitted to with perfect good humor. In short, both parties seemed inclined to be pleased with each other; indeed the children were delighted with their new playfellow. The parents, missing the truants, became alarmed and followed on their track. They were not long in searching out the spot, when, to their dismay, they beheld one child sitting on the bear's back, and the other feeding him with fruit! They called aloud, and the little ones ran to them laughing, while Bruin, apparently not liking the interruption, went away into the forest.

"CONRADE" HILDRETH.

MY story being about myself, let me state at the outset who I am. My name is Sadrona—Maximilian Sadrona—and my parents were Italian, though I am a New Yorker born and bred. Having a gift of expressing myself easily upon paper, of writing sketches and romances, and also possessing a nice judgment in deciding the merits of the efforts of others in the same line, I have floated into various positions in the literary world, until five years ago I was offered the chair of sub-editor of the *Weekly Visitor*, and have remained there ever since. The *Weekly Visitor* is a flourishing New York journal, containing the usual amount of fiction, poetry, gossip, and information, profusely illustrated, and having a circulation that warrants the proprietor thereof in considering himself at the head of a very wealthy concern.

We—the editor and I—advertise rather pompously our ability to pay for talent and first-class contributions, and, as a consequence, we are deluged by offers of brainwork that the wildest imagination could never attribute to talent, and contributions that certainly could never "go up head," in any class. I think others in my position are, like myself, rather shy of first productions and of strangers at our desks, though the real talent comes too, and must "begin" somewhere.

It was during a hot spell late in July, when my pigeonholes and desk were fairly crammed with manuscripts, that

I received my first call from the lady whose name heads this sketch.

I did not hear her enter the long room that leads up to my room at one end, and was deep in the perusal of a most blood-chilling ghost-story, when a low, sweet voice said:

"Mr. Sadrona, I believe?"

I put aside my manuscript, and turned to offer a seat to the lady. The tone of her voice told me she was a lady before I saw her face, and the first glance settled the question.

She was very young, not more than nineteen, with a fair, sweet face, not startling in beauty, but the face that, as time made it familiar, would gain new loveliness each day. It was very fair, with large blue eyes, and short brown curls clustered about the low, broad brow. The mouth was child-like, and the other features delicate and refined. The dress was of some soft gray material, inexpensive, but made in fashionable form, and fitting the slender figure perfectly.

I offered a chair, and my visitor came to business at once.

"My name," she said, "is Hildreth, and I have come to inquire if you have any place on your list of contributors for a new name? I may be slightly known to you by my *nom de plume*, 'Conrade.'"

"Conrade," I answered, "is a name that is well-known here."

"Can you give some articles consideration?" she asked.

"Most certainly."

She took two neatly folded manuscripts from her satchel and laid them upon my desk, asking when she should call for an answer. I named a day, and she left me.

What little hold the ghost-story had had upon my interest was gone, and I fell to speculating on Conrade.

The name, as I said, was not unfamiliar to me, having six months before made its appearance in one or two of the weekly journals. But, recalling the tone of the writings I had seen over that signature, I was puzzled by the appearance of this child-like girl, who so gravely claimed the authorship. She looked like one who had never knew care or sorrow, so young and fair, like a lovely Spring blossom; and she wrote like a woman matured by keenest suffering, by mental tortures, and deep experience. I opened the sketches she had left—two stories—and read them with a careful attention.

They were love stories, both of them—the one terminating happily after an intricate web of misunderstanding and doubt; the other passing through happiness, flowers, and music, to a thrilling, tragic sequel. But they were no mere girlish fancies woven into shape. Whoever wrote them had passed through happiness as deep, and misery as intense, as was portrayed. I do not often fall into the false idea that a writer must necessarily draw her inspirations from experience; I have drawn too much upon my own imagination for that, but there are chords that will not vibrate unless the hand that sweeps them has answering tones of heartfelt suffering or ecstacy. Conrade had loved, had suffered, or she could never have written the sketches I held. And Conrade's face and voice were as free from all trace of past pain as an infant's. There was a shadow of sadness in her large blue eyes, such as we see in those of a child who looks upon another's pain, but that was all.

She came upon the day I had appointed, and received a check for the two stories, with an intimation that more would be acceptable; and there was a glad flush on her cheek, a glad light in her eyes, as she promised to call again.

"If you will leave your address, I will send you the *Visitor*," I said.

She hesitated a moment, and then said:

"I will accept it with pleasure if you will let me take it when I call."

There was no course but to accept her refusal to leave her address, and she left the office. She came in after that, occasionally leaving an article each time, and giving me more and more food for bewildering speculation.

I could not reconcile her great mind with her quiet, modest face and youthful appearance. She signed the receipts for the money paid to her "Maude Hildreth," in the same clear hand I admired in her manuscripts, and once or twice, when I suggested a trifling alteration in an article, she turned without hesitation to the passages, and corrected them to meet my views.

But how, in the nineteen or twenty years of her life, she had stored her mind with such varied information was a mystery. She wrote easily and gracefully upon subjects that taxed masculine intellect, and her quotations and references proved her a deep reader. A year had glided by, and I was no nearer the solution of the problem, when I was authorized by my superior in the office to propose to Miss Hildreth to write exclusively for the *Visitor*, and contribute a weekly article, receiving a handsome salary.

I waited impatiently for her next call. Something about the great simplicity of her dress, the regularity of her contributions, had made me think she wrote for daily bread, but I was not sure. Of herself she never spoke, and our interviews were of the briefest, confined strictly to our business. I will not deny that this was one of her attractions to a man who had been forced to give hours of precious time to the long, detailed family histories from talented contributors, who seemed to imagine the value of a story greatly increased by the recital of all their domestic woes and bitter afflictions. But this child-like girl, whose pen was dipped in such bitter experience of suffering, or whose imagination was so painfully vivid, never spoke of the experiences of her short life, never opened her heart by the tiniest reference to her own life.

I remember well the deep flush, the glorious irradiation of her face, when I told her of the proprietor's proposal. She gave a long, gasping breath.

"Only one story a week for that price!" she cried. "Oh, it is too much!"

"Nay," I said—"not too much, when you consider that we deprive you of other avenues. We want *all* you write."

"And I am sure," she said, earnestly, "you will profit by the arrangement, if it is accepted. Where only one story is written, in place of three or four, that one must be better—do you not think so? The days of rest must be valuable, too."

"Then you accept the offer?"

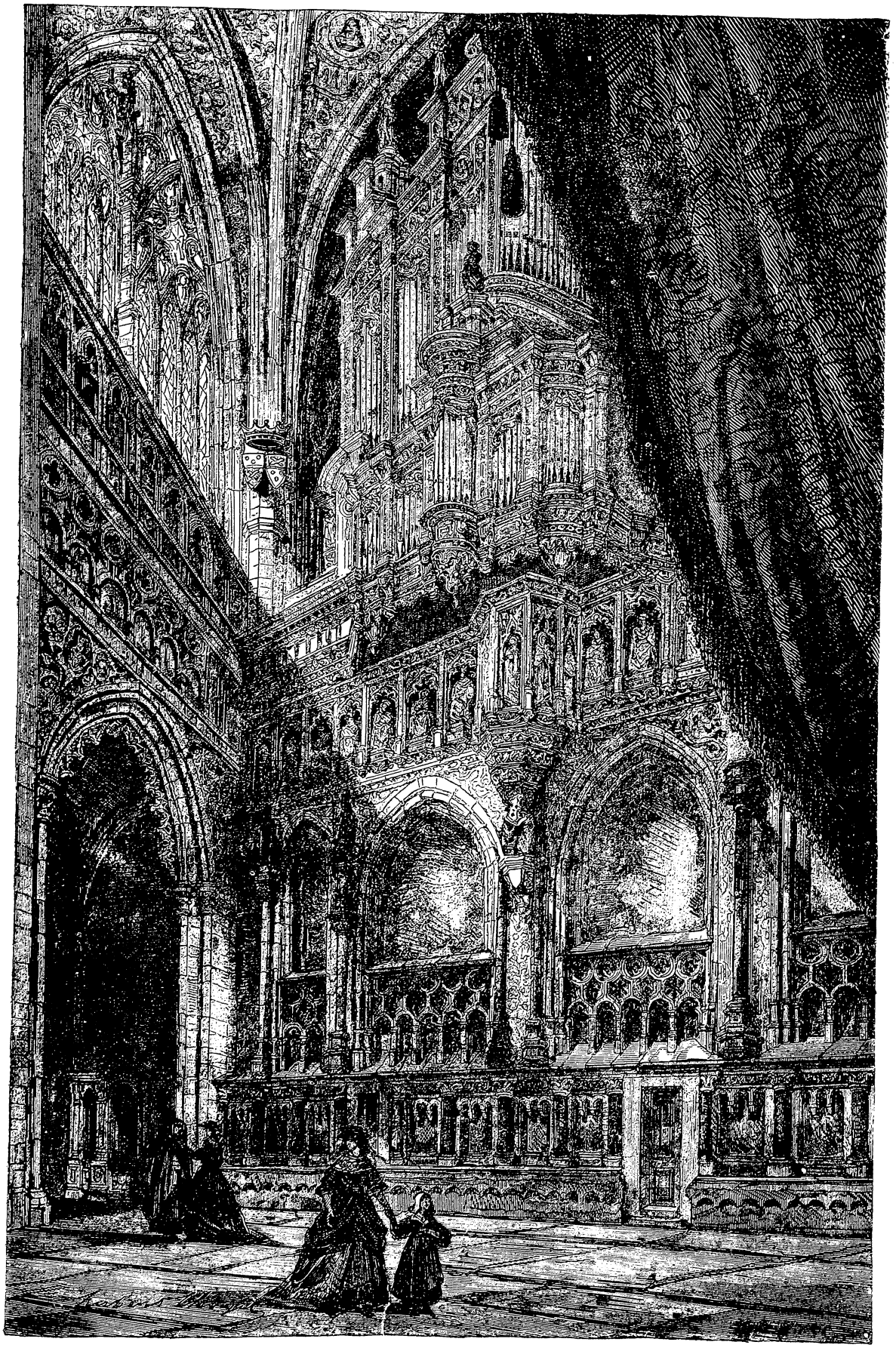
"I cannot give you an answer to-day. Will not to-morrow do?"

"Certainly."

After she was gone, I fell to wondering why she could not at once conclude an arrangement that had evidently given her so much pleasure. I wondered how she would spend her spare time. I wondered if she was a neat little housekeeper and seamstress, or if she devoted all her time to the cultivation of that wonderful intellect hidden under that fair, sweet face. I wondered—— And here I pulled my wits together and wondered if I, Max Sadrona, sub-editor of the *Weekly Visitor* was not in love—and deeply, too—with Maude Hildreth, with "Conrade."

What did I love best about her—the grand intellect her writing displayed, or the graceful, womanly sweetness of her manner—the tender, sweet face, the low, musical voice?

Before she came next day, I had a new sensation. I had been for a few months contributing some articles to another weekly journal, under the signature of "Max." The last of these was a column devoted to the consideration of the subject of Spiritual Communions, and I had allowed myself to



MAGISTRATE'S HALL, IN THE CITY HALL, AUDENARDE, BELGIUM.—SEE PAGE 544.

go into a variety of speculations founded entirely upon theories.

After Maude Hildreth had left the office on the day in question, the errand-boy from the office of the journal in question came in to hand me an envelope from its editor, and, opening it, there dropped out a note directed to "Max," care of the afore-mentioned editor; and the handwriting was the same dainty chirography already familiar to me over the signature of "Conrade."

The note inside proved to be a challenge of my last article, and the same subject was presented to me in the light of actual experience.

The opportunity to open a correspondence with "Conrade" was too tempting to be lost. She gave me the number of a post-office box as her address, and I answered her letter.

The next day she accepted the editor's offer, and became a weekly visitor herself at my sanctum. But, while our business intercourse was still confined to the dryest routine of words, while I never was able to step over the line of modest reticence she had drawn from the first, my correspondence under the *nom de plume* was drawing me nearer and nearer into a soul-communion at once fascinating and bewildering.

We dropped, little by little, the generalities that had occupied our pens at first, till I found myself writing thoughts and feelings I had never before confided to any human being, and receiving in return a deeper, fuller knowledge of my fair correspondent than any other published articles had ever given me.

Week after week the quiet little figure came to my desk; the lovely face brightened my office for some ten minutes, and was gone; but week after week the precious letters came to draw my heart into closer bonds of love and admiration. I smiled to myself at her unconsciousness that the man who gave her coolly courteous greeting at his desk was never suspected of being the "Max" to whom she unfolded the inner thoughts of her pure soul, elevated by some unknown suffering whose blight had yet left her so winsome and sweet.

At last the mask became a torture to me, and I wrote to "Conrade" and told her I loved her. I made no reference to any personal interview, but I implored her to give me an opportunity to plead my cause; and in answer she wrote:

"My friend, forgive me! I never imagined the correspondence that has been a pleasure to me in many weary hours could become a self-reproach because of its results. You ask me to love you, when years ago my heart renounced love almost with life. I pray that in your heart there is only friendship, only a transient interest in one who has afforded you some hours of pleasant pen-chat, and not the devastating love that makes or mars a life, that blighted my heart, and made me old before I had passed my teens. Forget it all! Forget me! Your friend, CONRADE."

THE ALAMEDA AT SANTIAGO DE CHILI.—SEE PAGE 544.

But I could not forget. I could not look into the fair, tranquil face and believe all hope had gone from the young life. I wrote again, pleading so eloquently for an interview that my answer came granting it:

"Because you love an ideal," Conrade wrote, "you shall see a reality that will dissipate your rosy visions of happiness with me. Come at noon to-morrow to the address upon the enclosed card, and you shall see CONRADE."

I could not sleep, I could not eat. Now that I seemed so near the hope I had allowed to gain such firm foothold in my heart, I found the vague fears torturing me almost beyond endurance. What was the secret of that life, scarcely beyond childhood, the knowledge of which was to drive a lover away forever? Not an hour after I read her note, she came upon her weekly errand, and her face was as serene and cloudless as a babe's. It was hard to hold my peace, as she lingered a moment to look at an illustration of one of her

own stories in the week's edition of the *Visitor*, but I waited for the promised interview.

"Your artist has not selected the best scene for a picture," she said, folding the paper. "I thought he would choose the parting in the prison."

"That is so gloomy!" I said.

"But more dramatic than this. Stories and pictures should be dramatic. Something horrible pleases the sovereign people? Is it not so?"

"But you write much that is domestic, quiet, and homelike," I said.

"Oh, variety is the spice of life," she said, carelessly. "Good-morning."

The address upon Conrade's card took me to a quiet but respectable street in Yorkville—a long, dusty ride from the office. The little house stood back from the street, and the front garden was filled with choice flowers. Some things that had long puzzled me rushed upon my mind as I noted the dwelling-place of Conrade. I had often wondered why the great simplicity of dress never varied with the increase of income. Always modest and appropriate, it was always of inexpensive material and quiet fashion. No jewelry had ever decked the little hands or wrists, and the brooch, earrings, and cuff-buttons of dead gold were the same she wore the first day she came to the office.

Now, in the little house and garden an odd contrast struck me. I saw flowers of almost priceless value upon a balcony on the second floor; I saw birds, costly and rare, swinging there in gilded cages, while through the open window I saw that the drawing-room was of the plainest possible description.

I rang the bell, sent up my card by a tidy maid-servant, and was shown into the parlor. Upon the card I wrote simply "Max."

I was still noting the cheap ingrain carpet, the plain furniture around me, when a light step crossed the hall, and Maude Hildreth entered the room.

For a moment after I rose to my feet I thought she was going to faint. Her face became as white as snow, and she staggered as if falling. In an instant she rallied.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I—I—you are not Max?"

Her voice implored me to say No, but I had gone too far to retreat.

"I am Max," I said—"Max Sadrona. You are not displeased, I hope, to find two friends in one."

But her distress only increased.

"Wait," she said—"wait! I will return soon."

She was gone some time—time that seemed an eternity to my suspense; but when she returned she was perfectly calm again, though very pale.

"Stay," she said, seeing I was about to speak to her, "let me speak first. I must ask you to forgive me for a deceit I never imagined could harm any human being. I am not 'Conrade'!"

"Not Conrade! Not Maude Hildreth!"

"Yes, I am Maude Hildreth, to whom you have shown much kindness. Every line of the manuscript that I have given you I wrote, but the brain, the mind that dictated the words, was not mine. Follow me, and you shall see Conrade."

Silently I followed her to the second floor, to the room opening upon the balcony where the birds sang amongst the rare flowers. She left me there, and passed into an adjoining room, closing the door.

I was startled again by the contrast between this room and the one I had just left. Here the carpet was of thick velvet, with gorgeous baskets of flowers upon a deep crimson ground; the curtains were of finest lace, the furniture of the costly and tasteful kind. A grand piano stood in one corner, a book-case filled with choice volumes in another, a sewing-machine and writing-desk were there. Upon the walls hung a few fine engravings, and on the centre-table stood a bouquet of flowers.

The door opened, and from the adjoining room Maude rolled in a large cushioned chair on wheels, and my heart told me at last I saw Conrade. A face ghastly as a death's-head, emaciated, hollow-eyed, and white as snow, except where a horrible blood-red scar crossed one eye and cheek—a figure rigid and immovable, the stiff, helpless hands crossed upon the lap.

Above the bony brow clustered curls of hair perfectly white, and the figure was draped in a spotless white, fine lace, and softest muslin, decking this dead-in-life woman.

Silently Maude rolled the chair across the room to the window, and left us alone, Conrade and I.

The keenest suffering of my life was compressed into the moments that followed. I could not move or speak, till, overcome by painful emotion, I dropped my head upon my hands, and groaned aloud:

"My friend!"

I started at the voice, round, full, and melodious—the last beauty left of the wreck before me.

"My friend," she said, "come near to me, and let me explain to you why you have been deceived, why my little sister takes my place in the great world. Bring a chair beside me. I have moved nothing but my mouth and eyes for six years. I cannot even offer you my hand."

I bent and kissed with reverence the little useless hands, and, I am not ashamed to own, I felt a tear upon them.

"I owe it to you," she continued, "to tell you something of myself and Maude. Heaven grant that in my morbid selfishness I have not wrecked the happiness of two young lives. I never imagined Max, my pleasant correspondent, had seen Maude, and so connected that pure, sweet young life with my name and brain-work. Six years ago I was as fair as my young sister, though I am ten years older. I am but thirty-two, though my heart seems old, and I look sixty. When I was Maude's age I was engaged to marry Sidney Delorme, a young naval officer, whom I loved. Oh, my friend, I pray such love may never come to you as the wild, worshipping devotion I gave Sidney Delorme! We had been betrothed for nearly a year when he was ordered upon a three years' cruise, and we parted with all love's vows of constancy and truth.

"I will not weary you with details of those three years. We had been wealthy. Our parents died, and our father had left us a mere pittance, his large salary having been spent from year to year, saving nothing for his children. I took my mother's place to Maude, and, as we had only money enough for food and clothing, I became her teacher. I loved her fondly. Orphaned, my betrothed lover away, I lavished all my heart's tenderness upon my little sister.

"The weary three years passed. Sidney came home—not to New York, but to Baltimore. He wrote once or twice—cold, formal letters—and then news came to me that he was going to marry an heiress in Baltimore—a girl whose parents were wealthy, as he had supposed mine to be.

"I was maddened by the tidings. We had a servant who had been Maude's nurse from infancy. To her care I confided my sister, and started for Baltimore, determined to learn the truth or falsity of the reports. Five hours later I was lying beside the ruins of the train, crushed, helpless, and insensible. From a long, dangerous illness I was wakened, the helpless, disfigured object you see me. One eye is nearly blind from a blow upon my head, and the injuries to the spine are incurable, chaining me motionless. When I was brought to Maude the helpless burden you see

me, I learned the devoted love of my sister's young heart. Only sixteen, she reversed the place in which we had stood to one another, and became my protector, nurse, consoler.

"The little income that was our all would not stretch to accommodate an invalid's wants, and my sister took in sewing on a machine for nearly two years. It was agony to me to see her giving all her young life to this toilsome work, and I prayed earnestly for some relief to come to us. You know how it came. I found there was a mine in my brain I had never suspected, and, after some practice, I could dictate in exact time to my sister's pen.

"By my earnest entreaty she promised to personate me at the offices where we decided to offer our joint efforts. I signed my own name 'Conrade'—I was named for my Uncle Conrad—and Maude took out my stories to try if they had any money value. Some were accepted, some declined, some paid for, some published without my receiving any compensation. The income was precarious, but yet larger than that gained by the sewing-machine, until the *Visitor* called for my exclusive services.

"But, while we are now comparatively rich, Maude will persist in lavishing all the luxury upon me. Look at my sitting-room, at my chair, into which my sister and Jane lift me each day; at my dainty laces and muslins. Because I love flowers, Maude buys me the rarest. Even in Winter my room is a garden. Because I love birds, they sing me awake every morning from my own balcony. I love books, and see my library; I love music, and Maude plays well; while, of all I once possessed of attraction, only my voice is left, so Maude has a piano for me. She reads to me, writes for me, reconciles me to life—my little Maude!"

I can never describe the tenderness of her tones in those last words. After a pause, I asked her why she had so carefully concealed her very existence.

"I dreaded strangers," she told me. "I looked upon my literary efforts as a mere matter of dollars and cents, and my sister could conduct all the business. The manuscript was all written by her, and owes all its lighter touches to her fancy. Alone, I am afraid I never could have written acceptably. Maude softened my misanthropy, took the bitterness from my satire, added the little home-like domestic touches to my sketches. We were two in one, Maude and I. But when I answered "Max," Maude made no suggestions. I wrote as I would, and as he led me away from myself by his quaint fancies and theories, so I would forget some of my misery in answering him. It was a rift of sunshine in a dark place, and I opened my heart and let it in. When I lay awake at night in maddening pain, trying to suppress my groans for Maude's sake, I would think of my last letter, of how I would ridicule this theory, or demolish this fancy. Sometimes softer emotions would be wakened, and I would write as I might have done, had I known my own power, before Sidney Delorme's faithlessness wrecked my life. But I never dreamed that my unknown correspondent had seen my fair young sister, and loved us both."

We talked long and earnestly after this, and I left with permission to repeat my visit, and a promise to guard the secret of the little cottage. I did not see Maude again that day, but she came as usual to the office, and it pained me to find her pale and cold, evidently resenting the deceit on my part.

I determined to overcome this, and avail myself of her sister's permission to call again at the cottage. On this second visit Maude remained in her sister's room, and invited me to sup with her while the servant waited upon her sister. The delicate viands, the pretty table, proved her a neat little housekeeper, and my allegiance to intellectual superiority began to waver. During the evening Conrade sang, and stirred my very heart by the magic of her splendid voice.

Time wore away, and I was often at the cottage, ever meeting cordial welcome, and giving my love more and more to the woman who so charmed me. Which did I love? I turned from Maude's exquisite face to listen with keen delight to her sister's voice; I looked from Conrade's helpless form and disfigured face to rest my eyes upon Maude's graceful movements and sweetness.

Winter snows were falling when one day Maude failed to bring her weekly contribution to the *Weekly Visitor*. Fearing some evil, I went straight from the office to the cottage. Conrade had been failing in strength as the cold weather drew near, and often I had called and been denied admittance, Maude flitting down a minute to tell me her sister was suffering too much to talk. Once I had called upon the physician, who told me he had never expected the invalid would live even as long as she had.

So, though shocked, I was not surprised when Jane told me "Miss Conrade was very bad, and Miss Maude never left her."

"Jane!" Maude said, above us. "If that is Mr. Sadrona, let him come up. I knew you would come," she said, as I obeyed the summons. "Conrade wishes to see you alone. You will be very careful not to agitate her, will you not? She is very weak."

I entered the familiar room softly. Conrade was in her accustomed chair, and smiled a faint greeting.

I spoke some words of sympathy, for I saw by her face the end was very near.

"Do not pity me," she said, and her voice was very faint, while the words came after long pauses, "you have helped to brighten these last days, Max! Max, did you guess, did you know, that if I had been the Conrade I was once, not the log I have been of late years, that I should have given you Sidney's place in my heart? It is but a poor love, Max, but it is yours."

I bent over her too much moved to speak. I loved her then, in spite of the cruelly injured face and helpless form, and she was dying, going out of my life, forever. I wept for the noble mind, the powerful intellect soon to be still, for the life whose youth had been wasted away by such agonizing discipline. While I hid my face and tried to calm myself, she spoke again.

"Max, you will care for Maude, you will comfort my little sister. For my sake she has lived here alone for six long years and more. When her grief is over a little, will you not take a brother's place to her until—— Max, come near—stoop down. Remember I am dying as I speak. Max, Maud loves you!"

She closed her eyes as she spoke, and over her face crept a gray shadow, while the rigidity of her hand seemed seizing every feature. I stepped into the hall, and called Maude, whispering her to send Jane for the doctor. She ran downstairs, but soon joined me again.

"Shall I lift her to the lounge?" I whispered, seeing how fast the change was coming.

"No, she is more distressed for breath lying down."

"Speak to her! Bid her farewell!"

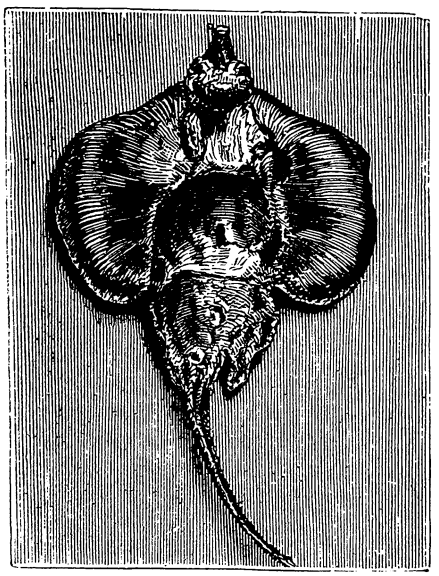
"Conrade!" she said; "sister!" and then her sobs choked her.

The dying eyes opened once more to look with yearning tenderness into her face; the dying lips unclosed once more to whisper:

"My little Maud!" and all was over.

I lifted Maude's half-fainting form to the next room, just as Jane entered with the doctor, and, leaving her with the sobbing servant, I joined the doctor.

He told me the address of an uncle and aunt in New York, and I undertook to carry the tidings. In my heart was registered a vow to respect Conrade's dying wish to win Maude, if I could, from her sorrow, hoping the last sacred



THE IDOL FISH.

confidence was but truth.

It was many long weeks before I dared to break the sister's sorrow, but I pined for the sweet face that came no more to my office.

Conrade was dead, and in obituary we bade farewell to the talented contributor to the *Weekly Visitor*.

But Maude lived, and I learned that all the love that I had given two centred upon the one sweet, womanly girl, who had been such a devoted sister, who was so winsome and lovable.

When the Spring flowers were blossoming over Conrade's grave, I drove Maude to Greenwood, and we planted some of the choice plants her sister loved beside the marble shaft under which she rested. And then, in the sacred quiet, with the leaves softly stirring around us, I told Maude I loved her, told her Conrade's dying wish, and asked her to be my wife.

We were married in the Summer, and Maude is my beloved wife. She has written no more stories since Conrade died, her pen lies idle, but none the less do I love the gentle heart, the refined intellect, though the genius, the fire, and grand stirring soul of my first love have passed from earth in Conrade's death.

MAGISTRATE'S HALL, IN THE CITY HALL, AUDENARDE, BELGIUM.

THE City Hall in this place is famous among connoisseurs for the chimney-piece and the door in the Magistrate's Hall. They are beautiful works of art, carved by a Flemish artist named Paul Vander Schelden.

The chimney, of Avesnes freestone, is a fine specimen of the Ogival style of the early part of the sixteenth century. The statues are a Madonna, with Justice on one side, and Hope on the other. They are full of grace, being far superior to the works of the period in conception and execution, due to the Italian training of the sculptor.

The ornamental part is inferior, and was perhaps the work of his pupils.

The door-case is, in all its details, extremely beautiful, not only in the charming little figures of the top, but in all the graceful and multiplied details. It was executed about 1534.

THE ALAMEDA, SANTIAGO, CHILI.

THIS splendid promenade is divided into three parts—a broad and well-kept road for vehicles, and two side-walks for double rows of poplars; under these trees shelters a little wall of stone, upon the parapet of which recline the ladies who generally come to this favorite promenade in grand toilet. From all parts of this charming spot a delightful view of the Andes may be obtained, which, although distant fifty or sixty miles, seem to tower above the city itself.

THE IDOL FISH FROM THE CHINESE SEAS.

WE present to our readers an illustration of a unique fish, the first of the kind that has ever been brought to this country. It seems to be of the same species as the skate, or ray-fish, but is a distinct variety. It is not described in any book of natural history that we have seen; but its head is so peculiar that it alone would prevent a classification among the flat fish that we are acquainted with. It was brought to this country in the ship *Meteor*, and was presented by the mate of the ship to Mr. Burroughs, who gave it to Mr. H. Foster, of Troy, New York, in whose possession it died. The illustration is taken from a photograph.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S PRAYER-BOOK.

AMONG the curiosities produced at an archæological meeting in England was the Book of Prayers presented to Queen Elizabeth by Mrs. Tyrwhit. This curious relic is bound in a massive gold cover, having a small ring for a chain by which it depended from the girdle, in the same way that the Dutch ladies of New Amsterdam carried their Bibles in the last century. On one side of the cover of this book is represented in enamel the subject of the lifting up of the serpent by Moses in the wilderness, having the following text inlaid around the edges:

MAKE. THE. A. FYRYEE. SERPENT. AN. SET.T. IT. VP. FOR. A. SYGNE. THAT. AS. MANY. AS. ARE. BYTTE. MAYE. LOKE. VPON. IT. AN. LYVE.

And on the other side is the "Judgment of Solomon," with this legend:

THEN. THE. KING. ANSWERED. AN. SAYD. GYVE. ER. THE LYVYNGE. CHILD. AN. SLAYE T. NOT. FOR. SHE. IS. THE. MOTHER THEREOF.

As it is actually on record that this or a similar volume was presented to the Lady Elizabeth by her preceptress, Mrs. Tyrwhit, precisely such a book having been described by Anthony A. Wood, as having belonged to the queen; and, as we know that Mrs. Tyrwhit narrowly escaped martyrdom for her adoption of the tenets of the Reformation, it is not unreasonable to ascribe a historical value to this "Book of Private Prayers" far beyond its intrinsic worth. It formerly belonged to Sir John Cullum, but is now the property of Mr. Farrer.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S PRAYER-BOOK.

——:o:——

THE difference between rising at five and seven o'clock in the morning, for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a man's life.

TAKING COWS TO WATER.—FROM A PAINTING BY M. C. DE COCK.

A WOMAN'S WAR.

By the Author of "Repented at Leisure," "Lady Gwendoline's Dream," "Redeemed by Love," Etc., Etc.

Chapter I.

"CANDIDLY, I may as well tell you," said Lord Rylestone, "that I consider it most unjust—nay, a most cruel will."

"It is perfectly natural that you should think so," admitted the lawyer, Mr. Beale. "I believe that affairs of this kind are best left alone."

"Who ought to dictate to me in a matter so sacred? A man's wife is the soul of his soul—the best part of his life. Surely, if one is free to choose a country to live in, a house to inhabit, one is still more free to choose a wife—the woman with whom the greater part of a lifetime is to be spent."

"The will is unjust," said the lawyer. "I told my late respected client so, but he would not listen to me. 'It will all come right in time,' he persisted. Of course it is not a matter in which I can interfere; but, as you have confided to me the desperate state of your affairs, the only thing I can see is for you to agree to the terms of the will."

"That I never will," exclaimed the young man, proudly, "never while the world stands, let the alternative be what it may!"

"It will be a very unpleasant one for you, I fear," said Mr. Beale, slowly; and Lord Rylestone's face grew pale and anxious.

It was a trying scene that was being enacted just then at Walton Court, the home of the Rylestones. A gifted artist would have made a noble picture of it. Outside, on the woods, the gardens, the winding walks, the terraces, lay the golden beams of the June sunshine; but the interior of the fine old library was darkened, the blinds being all lowered. The sunshine tried hard to get through them; it succeeded so far as to create a warm glow that brightened the antique oaken furniture, the fine old pictures in massive frames, the hundreds of volumes that rose shelf after shelf from the floor to the roof. It was a peculiar half-mellow, half-crimson light, and most of it seemed to centre on the principal figure in the room, a beautiful young girl, dressed in deep mourning—a girl with the face and head, the shapely neck and figure of Clytie. She shone in the midst of that soft crimson glow like a fair gem in an antique setting; the sun shone on her golden hair and on her fair, proud, pale face. She stood quite apart, her face bent on her hands. The group of gentlemen had withdrawn to some little distance, leaving Adelaide Cameron to think over what she had just heard.

At the other end of the room, leaning against a pedestal on which stood a rare bronze, was Allan, Lord Rylestone, a fair-haired, handsome man, of noble face and figure; and near him was Mr. Beale, the family lawyer, shrewd, keen, quick, and small in stature, thus presenting a great contrast to his companion. A group of gentlemen had gathered round the table, on which some papers had been placed for their inspection. The scene had not been without its element of tragedy, for the reading of the will of the late Bernard, Lord Rylestone, had proved a terrible and bitter disappointment to Allan, his heir.

It was not a just will. Allan Brand Estcourt was the late lord's nearest of kin, and heir by right of entail to the title of Baron Rylestone of Walton, also to the very small income of one thousand per annum, which was all that remained of the once large revenue of the Rylestones. As next of kin he succeeded to that—nothing could have deprived him of it; and that fact he had always known. The late Lord Rylestone had never married; people could not tell why. The

general surmise was that in early youth he had loved unhappily, and had never loved again. It must have been true, for, after his death, in one of his secret drawers were found a breast-knot of blue ribbon and a lock of hair—sole relics of a love that had endured for a life-time.

He had never married; and his secret, if he had one, died with him. But he had brought up Allan Brand Estcourt as his heir. Allan was the only son of a man who was once one of the handsomest and most popular men in England—Arthur Estcourt, colonel of a famous Hussar regiment, a man without fortune, but one of the most gallant soldiers in the army. He had married for love, not money, and his young wife, dying, left him this only son. Handsome Colonel Estcourt did not prosper after his wife's death. He mourned her deeply, and, to drown his sorrow, acquired the fatal habit of drinking. He died while still in his prime, leaving his son Allan a small income that did not amount to one hundred pounds per annum. That mattered little, for soon after the colonel's death, Lord Rylestone wrote to his young kinsman, telling him that, as he—Lord Rylestone—was quite resolved not to marry, he—his nearest male relative—should have an education befitting his future.

"You will be Lord Rylestone at some future day," wrote the baron, "and you must be educated for the position."

As money was required for such an education, and Allan Brand Escourt had so little of his own, Lord Rylestone was compelled to make him an allowance. He did so, and Allan went through the usual curriculum. He went to Eton and to Oxford, where he proved himself to be possessed of singular abilities. After that he went for a continental tour, and then he remained in London for some time. The highest society was open to him, for he was known to be Lord Rylestone's heir—and Lord Rylestone was a wealthy man. Allan had the usual tastes of a young man of his age. He was in a great hurry to see every phase of life. He liked the theatre, the Opera, the ball-room; he enjoyed with keenest zest all the pleasures that fell to his lot. He had no great vices; his faults were chiefly those of youth. He enjoyed himself—and almost as a matter of course he fell into debt.

With a liberal allowance, that ought not to have been the case; but Allan did not reflect. He was generous even to a fault, open-handed, liberal in all his ways, and he did not care to be eclipsed by his acquaintances; so, without exactly knowing how, he gradually sank more deeply into debt. After all, it did not trouble him much. The Barony of Rylestone was entailed—it must be his some day; and what would a few thousands matter to Lord Rylestone's heir? Besides, on any day that he went down to Walton he knew that Lord Rylestone would cheerfully pay what he owed. So the three thousand pounds that he was in debt did not greatly trouble him.

Lord Rylestone wished him to go about in the world—to remain in London during the season—to make himself a position in society; and all this Allan was perfectly willing to do. But, while he was so engaged, and enjoying himself to the very utmost, he received the startling intelligence of Lord Rylestone's sudden death!

He went at once to Walton, and there a second surprise awaited him. On his last visit to the Court, two years prior, Lord Rylestone had said something to him of his niece, Adelaide Cameron, an orphan girl whom he had adopted, educated, and was now expecting home. Allan had not thought much about her, although Lord Rylestone had mentioned her with the greatest affection. He had forgotten even her existence; and when he reached Walton it was a surprise to him to find a tall, beautiful, aristocratic-looking girl at home there.

Miss Cameron seemed to feel her uncle's death greatly, and Allan, now Lord Rylestone, saw nothing of her until the funeral was over. When the will was about to be read, the gentlemen being all assembled in the library, it was found Miss Cameron was not present.

"I have just been speaking to Miss Cameron," said Lord Rylestone; "I will tell her she is wanted."

He found her sitting where he had left her, and he almost wondered at the delicate flush that spread over her charming face as he addressed her.

"I am wanted in the library," she repeated. "Why need I go there, Lord Rylestone? The reading of the will cannot affect me."

"I hope it will," said Lord Rylestone, quickly. "Your uncle loved you, and I trust he has not forgotten you."

With a faint, sweet smile, she looked up into his face.

"That which would make me richer would make you poorer," she remarked, gently; and Lord Rylestone faintly laughed.

"I do not mind that," he returned. Her youth, her beauty, her unselfishness touched him, and he felt so kindly toward her that he hoped the late lord had made ample provision for her, even though it impoverished himself.

"Must I really go, Lord Rylestone?" she asked; and he saw that she shrunk from it.

"So Mr. Beale says," he replied.

"I cannot imagine why," she said; "my uncle's will cannot possibly concern me."

Nevertheless she rose and accompanied him. Her fair proud face flushed slightly when she saw the number of gentlemen present. They looked up in quiet admiration of the beautiful queenly girl in her sweeping black dress; and then Mr. Beale, with an air of great deference, placed a large easy-chair for her, and she sat down. She was too proud, too well-bred, to show any signs of embarrassment; but, as she sat alone there, the only lady present, she did wish to herself that Mr. Beale had not sent for her.

"What can the will matter to me?" she repeated over and over again to herself. She saw the lawyer unfold a great sheet of paper, she saw an expression of earnest attention come over the faces of the gentlemen present, and then the reading of the will began.

It did not interest her; she was thinking of Lord Rylestone, the handsome young heir, who had spoken so kindly to her, with a look like sunshine on his face. She was picturing him in his new home, and the dull verbiage of the will did not disturb her. Would she see the young lord again, or was this their first and last meeting?

"He has a noble face," she thought, "and his eyes are full of truth."

Then she was startled suddenly by the sound of her own name—"My beloved niece, Adelaide May Cameron."

She looked up hastily, and was still more startled to find that the gentlemen were all looking at her with strangely moved faces, and that Lord Rylestone, standing a little apart, had grown white as death.

"What is it?" she gasped. "I was thinking of something else—I did not hear."

Mr. Beale looked at her.

"I will read it again, Miss Cameron;" and again he read. The portion of the will that was re-read was to this effect: The late lord's kinsman Allan Brand Estcourt would succeed him as Baron of Rylestone. But the original estate had grown smaller, and the income less. Nothing in fact was entailed with the Barony except the mansion of Walton Court and an income of one thousand per annum, which was not half enough for the maintenance of the estate. The late lord, however, had been a wealthy man; he had been endowed with a private income of fifteen thousand per annum, partly by his mother and partly by a wealthy godfather; and it was this handsome fortune that Allan Brand

Estcourt had always believed he would inherit. He knew that it was not entailed—that Lord Rylestone could dispose of it as he wished; and never had the faintest doubt that it would be his crossed his mind. Now the whole of that vast fortune was bequeathed to him—but only on one condition. It was to be his if he married within two years the testator's beloved niece, Adelaide Cameron; and, if he did not do so at the end of two years, it was to become hers.

There were numerous details, but that was the principal clause. Until the termination of the two years Miss Cameron was to receive an income of ten thousand pounds per annum, and Allan was to receive two. When the two years had expired, if Allan consented to the marriage and all was arranged, the money would become his, and he would find himself master of Walton Court with an income of fifteen thousand pounds per annum. If at the end of two years Allan should refuse to contract the marriage, then the fortune would pass at once into the hands of Miss Cameron, and he would receive a legacy of five thousand pounds. The regular income in that case would be settled on Miss Cameron, so that she would be unable to will it away. The testator went on to say that his niece Adelaide Cameron had always been so docile and so obedient that he was quite sure she would not refuse to carry out his last wishes. He was actuated by the purest wish for her happiness, and that, as wife of Allan Brand Estcourt, he felt sure of. The will concluded with some few legacies to old servants; and when the last sound of the lawyer's voice died away a profound silence reigned in the room.

Miss Cameron was the first to break the painful pause. She rose from her seat and crossed the room. She raised her pale proud face to Lord Rylestone, and seemed to forget that any one beside herself was present. She spoke to him as though they were alone.

"I am very sorry," she said, simply. "I had no idea that such a thought was in my uncle's mind. It was cruel to you and cruel to me. I hope you will forgive me."

Her lips quivered as she spoke. The shock of the disappointment had been great for him, but he had recovered sufficiently to say that he had nothing to forgive her—that she had done him no wrong.

"Yet you feel annoyed with me," she said. "You were kind to me before; you seemed disposed to like me; and now you look both stern and cold."

Her purity and simplicity took all lighter meaning from her words. They expressed exactly the thought that was in her mind.

"I am very sorry," she repeated. "I did not want the money. I have some of my own; and I have never thought of my uncle's. Do not be angry with me. I will do all I can to help you to set the will aside."

Then Mr. Beale stepped forward.

"That can never be done, Miss Cameron. The late Lord Rylestone was in perfect health of body and mind when he made that will; it can never be set aside."

She clasped her hands with a little passionate cry.

"I did not want the money," she said. "It ought not to be mine. I will not take it."

"I suggested all I could to influence my client," continued Mr. Beale, "but he told me positively and distinctly that he intended you to be his heiress. At the same time he knew how the present Lord Rylestone would need the money. He devised this plan, and I am sure that he imagined it would prove a very happy one."

"It was a great mistake," cried the girl, impetuously.

"I am bound to say," pursued the lawyer, "that my late client honestly believed he was doing his best for the interests and happiness of both. He told me that, if either his heir or his niece had had any idea of another kind, he should have made other arrangements; but he knew that Miss Cameron was free, and he felt sure that Lord Rylestone was the same. It is a most painful thing to say; but, in defence of the late lord, I am compelled to say it."

"He could not know anything about the matter," said Miss Cameron, with stately calmness.

"In another man I should have called such a thing impertinence," declared Lord Rylestone, angrily.

The lawyer raised his hands with a slight gesture of dissent.

"I can well understand all the irritation and annoyance you must feel," he said; "but I am bound in honor to protest to you again and again that, in making this singular will, the late lord thought he had done the best for both."

"He was mistaken," asserted the girl, proudly. "Lord Rylestone, say that you forgive me the unwitting wrong that I have done. I am inexpressibly sorry to have brought so great a disappointment to you."

She spoke with her fair, colorless face raised half proudly, half shyly to his. All the chivalry in him awoke at her words.

"I greatly regret," he said, with a low bow, "that this annoyance has happened. I cannot say that I forgive. What have I to pardon?"

The tone was kind, the words were kind; but the girl turned away with a sigh. She missed the sunny gleam on his face, and the light in his eyes. She would have quitted the room, but Mr. Beale asked her to remain for a few minutes longer. She sat down and hid her face in her hands.

The gentlemen, who had been anxious witnesses of the scene, went to look at the papers on the table, and Lord Rylestone walked to the other end of the room with the lawyer, where they remained for some minutes in earnest conversation. Mr. Beale knew all the young lord's difficulties, his debts, and how small was the hope of settling them.

"I must give up all thought of living at Walton," he said, "even in the quietest manner possible. I could not live here on a thousand a year."

"It would not be possible," agreed Mr. Beale; and the young lord sighed deeply.

"Farewell, then," he said, "to all my dreams of goodness and greatness. It is a great blow to me. I had better far have been a laboring man than a baron with a thousand a year. I must either close the place or let it. It will be a great sacrifice, but it must be done—I cannot live here."

"Let us hope that the end of two years will find you in a different frame of mind," suggested Mr. Beale. "I hope it will, between ourselves. I think you know you would have a chance of success. Miss Cameron is a charming girl, and she seems to—to like you."

"We will not discuss the matter," said Lord Rylestone. "I have told you that to carry out the old lord's wish is impossible. I know perfectly well what I shall do—I shall pay off my debts, even though it leaves me without a shilling, and then I shall try for some appointment abroad."

"It will not be a very gracious office to tell Miss Cameron that," observed Mr. Beale.

"I will not discuss the question," said Lord Rylestone, curtly; and then he went over to the table where the papers lay, and the lawyer resumed his place.

"I have one thing more to say," announced Mr. Beale. "My late client, together with his will, left a letter of instructions, which he wished to be read at the same time. With your permission, Miss Cameron, and yours, my lord, I will read it now."

Miss Cameron raised her face for a few seconds, and then bent it on her hands again. Lord Rylestone gave a half-impatient assent. The lawyer, opening a folded letter, read:

"I shall be in my grave when the will which has cost me so many anxious hours is read. I wish this to be read after it, and the words come from the depths of my heart. Children, in binding you as closely as I can together, I have done that which, after many hours of anxious thought, I consider to be the best. Allan, you succeed to an ancient title; if you carry out my desires, you will also have sufficient wealth—if you do not, you must earn money to keep up the *prestige* of your name. Adelaide, you have been like a dear daughter to me, and I have done my best for you. I know that you are heart-free, and that, if you marry Allan, you will be one of the happiest women in the world. You are my heiress. Knowing that, if the one condition of the will is not carried out, you will be unwilling to accept the wealth that must then be yours, I have left you no alternative—it is settled on you, so that you cannot, by either deed or gift, put it from you. Children, join hands above my grave, and grant an old man's wish."

There was another silence after the last word had been read, and then Lord Rylestone stepped forward.

"There is little need for prolonging what is to all of us a painful scene. I understand my position. I am Lord Rylestone of Walton, with a thousand a year to support the title, unless a condition is complied with which ought never to have been made. Two years are given to consider a matter which is already decided. At the termination of the two years we shall meet here again, gentlemen, that Miss Cameron may take possession of her inheritance. In the meantime Miss Cameron will receive an income of ten thousand pounds per annum, and I of two. The trustees, our good friends Sir William Morton and Squire Segood, will in the interim superintend affairs. I think we all understand the present temporary arrangement."

Squire Segood muttered something that sounded like condolence. Lord Rylestone laughed a genial laugh.

"No," he returned, "I shall not murmur over fate. I was stunned at first by the severity of the disappointment. But it takes more than the loss of a fortune to daunt an Englishman. Thank you, dear friends all, but I do not need sympathy. I mean to make the best of it."

He raised his handsome head, and looked so proud, so buoyant, so hopeful and brave, that each man present felt his heart warm to him; and then he went over to Miss Cameron.

"I am sure you have had annoyance enough here," he said. "Shall I escort you back to the drawing-room?"

He spoke with a smile and a low bow; but he started when the girl raised her face to his. It was white, and looked worn with painful thought. She rose without a word, and they quitted the room together; and then the gentlemen formed a little group to discuss the will.

"It is not fair," said Sir William; "this place could never be kept up under five thousand pounds a year."

Squire Segood looked very wise and good-humored.

"I think it will all come right," he declared. "I cannot say what makes me think so; but I have an idea that Miss Cameron likes the young baron."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Beale, hopefully, "I think she does."

But Sir William shook his head gravely.

"I think the difficulty will be on the other side," he said. "I do not think Lord Rylestone has the faintest notion of marrying Miss Cameron. He spoke of it as something so entirely out of the question that it could never come to pass."

"He will be ruined then, or he will have to let Walton Court," announced Mr. Beale. "What an unfortunate affair it is! There is one thing I should like to say, gentlemen, and that is, that I think we are all bound in honor to keep this affair a profound secret—at least until the two years have expired. It is so very uncertain how matters will turn but. In any case, I think we should resolve upon that;" and each gentleman present agreed that the will and the terms of the will should not be mentioned.

"There may be a marriage at the end of two years, or there may not be one," added Mr. Beale; so that silence will be best."

"Well," said Squire Segood, with a good-tempered smile, "I am quite of the opinion that our poor friend was right in his idea, although it seems despotic, and that all will come right in the end."

But Sir William, who professed to be a student of human nature, averred:

"There will be no wedding. Lord Rylestone and Miss Cameron will never marry."

Chapter II.

LORD RYLESTONE and Miss Cameron reached the drawing-room in perfect silence. She would then have dismissed him, but he motioned her to a seat, and then procured a chair for himself.

"I feel the greatest sorrow that you should have been so tried, Miss Cameron," he said. "If I had had but the faintest idea of what was in the will, I would not have asked you to hear it read."

"I must have been made acquainted with the contents at some time," she rejoined, wearily.

"But, if I could, I would have had the news broken to you quietly and gently. It must have been a shock."

He saw how pale and sad she looked, and his heart softened to her.

"I am sorry, too, that I did not meet you before," he continued. "You will be very lonely now, and I cannot expect you to look upon me as a friend. Have you many friends or acquaintances?"

She told him that she had not—that she was seventeen when she left school to return home to her uncle's house, and that now she was but in her nineteenth year.

"I have not made many friends," she said, simply. "My uncle did not enjoy very good health latterly, and we neither received nor paid many visits. I know that next year he intended to take me to London. He often spoke of it."

"You will see London now," he remarked, with a slow, grave smile, "and you will find yourself famous there."

"Why?" she asked, briefly.

"Because you will be Lord Rylestone's heiress—and great heiresses are respected and looked up to in London."

She raised her eyes to his face, and spoke evidently without thinking of the import of her words.

"Shall I be Lord Rylestone's heiress?"

"Yes," he replied, "certainly you will."

Then suddenly remembering what her words might seem to imply, a blush, so intense as almost to make her face burn, rose even to her brow. He could not help seeing her confusion, and it angered him against the dead man who had placed them both in so unpleasant a position.

"I should like, as far as I can, to undo the mischief done," he said, earnestly. "Of course, we are strangers to each other, but there is some little tie between us because you are the niece of the late Lord Rylestone."

She looked up at him with something like eagerness in her eyes.

"How were you related to him," she asked.

ON THE BOUGH.

Lord Rylestone smiled.

"I was his third cousin," he said.

"And he had no nearer relatives than you and myself?" she interrogated.

"No; and that accounts for the wish he expressed," replied Lord Rylestone. "I was about to say that I hoped you would permit me to set your mind quite at ease on one point. May I speak frankly to you?"

"Speak as you will," she answered, but the vivid crimson died from her lips.

"It is about the most stupid and the most awkward position a man was ever placed in," he said, impatiently; "and the difficulty can be met only by perfect straightforwardness and candor with each other. Do you not agree with me?"

"Yes," she replied; and she looked away from him to the windows where the sun was vainly trying to shine through.

"I want you," he said, "to trust me, and, while you are so lonely, to look upon me as a friend. When you have made others, you will not need me. I want you to trust me implicitly and not to be afraid of me—not to think that I shall ever presume upon the conditions of the will. We can each take our position at once—I as the impoverished master of Walton Court, you as Lord Rylestone's heiress. The sooner we accustom ourselves to it the better. Being Lord Rylestone's heiress will make life a different matter for you."

"Why will it do so?" she asked, dreamily.

"Because in all probability your great wealth will enable you to make a very good marriage—that kind of thing happens every day,"

"If I married," she asked, gravely, "what would become of my money—that is, Lord Rylestone's money?"

"It would go to your husband and children, I suppose," he replied.

"Then," she said, more gravely still, "I shall never marry. I shall live unmarried always, so that when I come to die I may make a will, and leave the money to you, its rightful owner; and I shall never be happy until that time comes."

She spoke with strange determination for one so young. He was deeply touched by her words.

"You must not do anything of the kind," he said. "I will not have you sacrifice yourself to any such absurd notion. Lord Rylestone was your own uncle, and, if he chose to leave you his money, he had a perfect right to do so. The only pity is that he has burdened you with an unpleasantness. I blush to think you should have any fear for me. I am young, strong, and blessed with health, strength, and brains, together with a thousand a year. I should be less than a man if I repined at such a fate. I shall value the fortune I win more than any fortune that could have been left to me."

Her heart warmed to him. The handsome face had recovered all its sunshine. He looked like a man who would defy and conquer fate.

"You say that it will be impossible for you to live here, Lord Rylestone, at Walton Court?"

"Quite impossible," he replied, "on a thousand pounds per annum. I should be bankrupt in four months."

"Shall you sell the place?" she asked, half-wistfully.

"You do not understand the eccentricities of the law of entail, Miss Cameron," he answered, smiling. "I cannot sell Walton, because it is entailed; it must descend from father to son, or to the legal heir, as in my case. If I should marry and have a son to succeed, it would go to him."

"And if you do not marry, Lord Rylestone?"

"Even in that case the heir-at-law would spring up. But I do not see any reason why I should not marry—and that brings me back to my starting-point. In making your plans, in arranging your future, Miss Cameron, pray look upon yourself as Lord Rylestone's heiress, and have no fear of ever being harassed by doubts and fears. Our paths in life lie far apart; but let me help you when I can."

"Thank you," she returned; and he thought the tone of her voice was sad.

"I should ask you to remain at Walton," he said, "but that Mrs. Grundy must be consulted. What did you think of doing?"

"I should like to go away at once," she replied. "It happens fortunately that Madame de Valmy, my old governess, is now in England. She has given up teaching. I thought of asking her to live with me as a kind of companion and chaperon."

"That would be an excellent arrangement," he said. "Where did you think of going?"

"To the sea-side first. I love the sea. I shall write to Madame de Valmy to-night, and ask her to come to me here at once; and then we can make our arrangements, and leave by the end of next week."

"I am delighted that you have arranged your affairs so sensibly. I shall not be in the way, for I return to London to-morrow, and it will be some time before I shall be able to come to Walton again."

She looked wistfully at him.

"I cannot tell you," she said, "how grieved I am. You love Walton, I know, better than any other place."

"Yes," he acknowledged—"I could not care more for it than I do. You need not look so sadly at me, Miss Cameron. I must try to make it my own in another sense of the word. I must work for it—that is, I must work so that I may win wealth enough to enable me to make it my home."

"It is a cruel fate for you," she said.

"No, I will not assent to that. I see no cause for repining;" and then he held out his hand to her. "Ours has been a strange acquaintance," he added. "I can only hope that it may end more happily than it has begun."

Her hand lingered for one half-minute in his; a torrent of words rose from her heart to her lips—a passionate prayer that he would take back this money which she hated—and then she crushed it all back—the longing, the prayer, the wild words—and she said, simply:

"Good-night."

Long after he was gone she stood just where he had left her. The feeling of wounded pride was so strong within her that she could hardly endure it.

"Why should I have all this to suffer?" she cried. "I, who never remember to have wronged or hurt any one—I, to have this torture of shame—to be offered in marriage—to have my hands weighted with a fortune, and then to be coolly put aside—not even to hear the most remote possibility of such a marriage mentioned—to know that the man whom I have always believed to be a hero prefers poverty to me! I think the making of that will was the most cruel thing that Lord Rylestone ever did."

Night had passed and morning had dawned before Adelaide Cameron had regained her composure.

Chapter III.

MADAME DE VALMY was a brisk, energetic, lively lady, who for many years had successfully conducted one of the leading boarding-schools in Paris. She had saved a handsome fortune, and retired from business; and then her good fortune had deserted her. She had invested her money in some leading Parisian banking company, which, after paying a marvelous percentage for a few years, suddenly stopped and paid no more. Then Madame de Valmy looked round her in wonder that almost resembled despair. What was she to do now? Resume her long battle with ignorance she could not; she was tired of teaching, and heart-sick in her great sorrow. She thought of coming to England; and amongst other friends she remembered the beautiful English girl, Lord Rylestone's niece. She wrote

to her, and the letter asking Miss Cameron to assist her was received at Walton Court on the same day that Lord Rylestone's will was read.

It happened most fortunately for Miss Cameron; she had always felt the warmest attachment to the lively, graceful, well-bred Frenchwoman, and now the prospect of living with her was not unpleasant.

For Adelaide Cameron's lot had not always lain in smooth or pleasant places. Her mother's unfortunate marriage had never been pardoned by the Rylestone family. The unhappy young mother had been a belle, the pride and hope of her family. She flung away her brilliant prospects, her brilliant future, and ran away with young Captain Cameron, who had nothing save his high birth and handsome face to recommend him. It was the first love-match on record in the Rylestone family, and was likely, as it seemed, to be the last.

Mrs. Cameron had some little money — two hundred pounds per annum—and that, with her husband's professional income, was all they had to live upon. The stern old lord, her father, refused to forgive her. He would not receive her letters or have her name mentioned. He said that she had disgraced the Rylestones, and disgrace was a thing he could not pardon. He did not even relent when he heard that she had a little daughter, and that they were in great poverty. He made his will, and in it there was no mention of her. Just before this an accident during a review ended the career of Captain Cameron, and his widow was left alone with her little girl. She had always been the dearly-loved pet and playmate of her brother Bertram, and the first thing he did, after succeeding to his inheritance, was to go in search of her. He found her dying, but he made her death-bed happy by promising to adopt her child. The little income that had been the hapless lady's was left to her daughter, but Lord Rylestone told her there would be little need of it—Adelaide's future should be his care.

So, when she was just of an age to appreciate her mother, she was left motherless. It was useless for Lord Rylestone to think of taking her home to Walton Court; he decided upon sending her to school. When she first went to Madame de Valmy's, Adelaide was only four years old, and she remained under that lady's charge until she was seventeen. She did not go to England for her holidays, but Lord Rylestone went to see her. Then, when she had reached her seventeenth year, her uncle determined to bring her home. He found her beautiful, graceful, and high-bred. He was charmed with her. She remained at Walton Court for nearly two years, during which time he became warmly attached to her. He learned to look upon her as a daughter. He had made what he imagined the brightest plans for her future. During that time he wished her to be as happy as possible with him, and then he intended to introduce her to the great world of fashion.

Meanwhile he formed the one great desire of his life—that the young heir that was to succeed him should marry the girl whom he loved as though she were his own child. More than once he had formed a plan to introduce Adelaide and Allan to each other, but each time some unforeseen circumstance had happened to upset it. Then from certain strange sensations he felt sure that his health was failing. He consulted a physician, who told him he could not live much longer, when the idea came to him to say nothing about his great desire while he lived, but to bring about its accomplishment after his decease by a certain condition in his will. He had never mentioned the matter to Miss Cameron—he had not even spoken much to her of Allan Brand Estcourt, but the little he had said had been so entirely in the young heir's praise, that Adelaide had the highest idea of him.

The more Bernard, Lord Rylestone, thought of his plan, the more feasible it seemed. Most probably, if he mentioned it while living, one or the other of the two concerned might object to it; but, left as his last wish—as his legacy to them—they would not fail to carry it out.

It was some little comfort to him during the last few months of his life to think that the two he loved best would live after him in the home he prized so highly. He was a kindly man, of honorable and generous ideas; he would not for the whole world have done anything to make either of his young relatives unhappy. He honestly believed that he was doing his best for both of them. It never entered his mind that there would be any failures in his plan; he was perfectly at ease about it, and died in the happy belief that it would be carried out.

Mr. Beale had remonstrated with him—had told him that the arrangement was an unjust one, and that Allan Estcourt or Miss Cameron might perhaps have already made their choice. He laughed at the notion. His niece had not even seen any one she would be likely to look on favorably, and, as for Allan, he was equally sure that, if he had any intention of marrying, he would have confided it to him. So the lawyer's wise and sensible suggestions were all overruled, and the fatal, foolish will was made.

In one respect Lord Rylestone was quite right—his niece was fancy-free. She had had no lover. It was true that many had aspired to that position, but she was as proud as she was innocent—she had received all compliments, all flattery, all homage, with a cool serene indifference which never left her. She had not as yet seen any one whom she considered it possible even in the least degree to love. But she had certainly thought a great deal about Allan Estcourt. She liked Lord Rylestone's description of him. She liked to hear of his manly beauty, of his clustering hair, his comely face, his strong upright figure, his generous, careless, debonnair manners. She thought a great deal of him, and in the depths of her heart wished that he would find time to visit Walton. She did not make an ideal lover of him, but she wished to see him, and she hoped most fervently that, when he did see her, he would like her, and that they might be friends. Even in her thoughts she went no further than that. Then came the shock of her uncle's death. Many girls in her place would not have been taken by surprise upon such an occurrence; they would have speculated in their own minds as to whether their relative would in dying have made any provision for them. But Adelaide Cameron was a singularly disinterested girl; there was not the least tendency to anything mercenary in her whole disposition. At any time it was easier for her to give than to receive. She had her own little income of two hundred pounds per annum, and she never speculated as to whether she would be richer through her uncle's death; so that when he died it was a great sorrow to her. She wept for him as almost her only friend—certainly the only relative she had with whom she had been on affectionate terms. The first gleam of brightness that came to her afterward was on hearing that the heir was so soon to be at Walton. They had talked about him, and she had thought of him, and now her longing desire was to be realized—she was to see him.

At their meeting Adelaide Cameron owned to herself that, instead of overpraising his heir, the late lord had not said enough in his favor. She saw the expression of surprise on Allan's face when on entering the drawing-room he saw her installed there as mistress of the house; it was not until afterward that she remembered it was quite probable that he did not even know that she had been residing there.

They did not remain strangers long. Allan, the new lord of Walton, saw before him a beautiful, sorrowful girl, mourning the death of her friend and benefactor. He was touched by her beauty, he sympathized with her grief, he

tried his best to soothe and amuse her. That same evening she told him the simple story of her life, and, looking at her exquisite face, so perfect in its high-bred patrician loveliness, he wondered what her future would be.

The three days that followed were busy ones for him; he had to manage and superintend everything. Still, despite the gravity of his engagements, he made time to see Miss Cameron. He felt himself in some measure her guardian. He made no inquiries as to what she intended doing, because he felt sure that some provision would have been made for her in the will. He hoped that the late lord had left her a fortune; and, so far from feeling any regret that his own portion would be lessened thereby, he honestly hoped that Lord Bernard had been generous to his niece.

So the three days passed, and the impression she made upon him was a very pleasant one—that of a beautiful gifted girl who would in all probability occupy some high station in the world. Adelaide had been impressed too; and perhaps it was not entirely her fault if the noble head and face occupied her dreaming hours, if the cheery musical voice haunted even her sleep. She had been so disposed to like him, and he exceeded even the favorable anticipation she had formed. There was some deeper feeling for him in her heart; she did not quite know what—something that flushed her face with burning crimson when she heard the sound of his voice, something that made her heart beat and her hands tremble when he spoke to her, something that made her like to be alone to think of him and dream over every word that he had uttered, something that made her heart warm and her nerves thrill at the bare mention of his name. He was to be Lord Rylestone, he was to take her dead uncle's place, and she hoped he would always be her friend. She did not know in those days the value of her own beauty—she remembered only that she was very lonely.

"I will ask him to be my friend," she thought, "so that I may feel that some human being has an interest in me."

But, when she saw him again, after making her determination, she could not summon courage to say the words. Perhaps she would have understood him better if she had done so—she did try, but her courage failed her. She raised her eyes to his face, but they dropped quickly.

"Perhaps he will be my friend without asking," she said to herself; and before the reading of the will—before that half-tragic scene in the library—she had owned to herself that earth held no higher gift, that she asked from Heaven no greater blessing, than his friendship. It would be hers in time, she felt sure; he was kind, gentle, and considerate; he was thoughtful for her; and she was beginning to feel more hopeful, when Lord Rylestone summoned her to hear the reading of the will.

Chapter IV.

To Adelaide Cameron it seemed that she could not live through the long dreary day that followed the reading of her uncle's will; she who had longed for Allan Estcourt's friendship, who had thought herself so happy in his simple, kindly liking, had been the one to impoverish him—to bring this painful embarrassment upon him. Moreover, her maidenly dignity had been outraged. She who in the darkness and solitude of night was afraid to whisper to her own heart how much she liked him—she, even she, had been compelled to suffer the indignity of being offered to him, and offered in vain.

For long hours afterward, to her terrible sorrow, she lay with her burning face buried in her hands, and it seemed to her that she could never look upon the world or the light of day again—that she could not live through the humiliation and shame. Sensitive and refined, her whole nature shrunk from the thought of the ordeal through which she had passed; it had been literally torture to her. That she, who had turned with girlish modesty and shyness even from her own fancies, should find herself compelled either to become his wife or to see him bankrupt—the idea was so painful that she recoiled from it in an agony of distress.

If, after the reading was over, he had offered at once to make her his wife, it would still have been a source of untold misery and shame to her; but he did not do that. He never seemed even to entertain the idea for one moment. He had passed it over as a thing quite beyond all bounds of possibility.

Perhaps it was that which affected her so deeply. If he had simply waived it, had said that it was a matter for future consideration, it would have been easier to bear; but he had not done so. He had hastened to assure her that she was to all intents and purposes Lord Rylestone's heiress—that she might arrange all her plans without fear of being disturbed, for he would never annoy her about the will.

As she recalled the words, her face burned, her lips quivered. She trembled with anger and indignation. She was quick in thought and word, impetuous in action and speech.

"I shall hate my life," she cried aloud; "nothing can ever make it bearable to me again!"

What could she do? If she had a mother living, to whom she could have gone for wise counsel—if she had had only a sister from whom she could have sought comfort! But she was alone, and her sorrow was all her own. Why had he put her aside, as it were, out of his life? Why had he declined wealth and luxury if they were to be shared by her?

She went to the large mirror, and looked with steadfast eyes at the reflection there. For the first time she tried to judge of her own beauty. The face she saw was wondrously fair in its high-bred calmness, the wealth of golden hair was magnificent, the neck and shoulders were like those of the far-famed Clytie, the troubled eyes into which she gazed were bright and beautiful.

"Why could he not love me?" she thought. "Why has he so quietly thrust me out of his life? I am fair as other women are, and I could love him—why is he so cruel to me?"

As she stood there a thought came into her mind, and she cowered before it, she shrunk from it, she stretched out her hands with a gesture as though it were some living thing and she would fain put it from her.

"He hates me," she decided. "Perhaps he even believes that I have been manœuvring for this! I will go away from Walton, and he shall never see me again."

Whither should she go? To whom should she turn in her anguish of sorrow and shame? Then she remembered Madame de Valmy's letter, and without further deliberation she sat down and answered it at once, begging her to come without delay to Walton Court.

On the morrow Madame de Valmy arrived. She was shown at once into Miss Cameron's room, but she started back in surprise when the pale, proud face was raised to hers.

"What have they done to you, Lida, my poor child?" she said. "Has the cold air of England withered your roses? You are pale, you are sad, you are unlike yourself. What has happened?"

And then, before madame had time to seat herself, Adelaide told her all. The elder lady listened in kindly wondering pity.

"Only an Englishman would have thought of such a thing," she observed; "but, after all, Lida, it is but a *mariage de convenance*. In France, as you know, we have many thousand such."

Miss Cameron looked up hastily.

SAMSON THREATENING HIS FATHER-IN-LAW.—FROM THE PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

"You do not quite understand, madame," she said; "there will be no marriage."

Madame evidently did not quite understand. She looked at the young girl's white face. "It will be a well-arranged marriage after all, Lida. He—the young *milor*—has the title and the grand old mansion, you will have the money; it is the most natural thing in all the world that they should go together. It is a most suitable marriage after all."

"But, madame, there will be no marriage. It is because of that that I want to go away at once. There can be no marriage, for Lord Rylestone does not wish it—he treats it as an impossibility that need not be discussed; so that it is painful for me to remain here, and I must go. Do you not understand? I must go."

There was enough of pain in the imperative words to soften the lady's heart.

"That is quite another thing," she said; "my lord does not wish to marry. But the money, Lida—what will he do without the money?"

"He prefers to live in exile," she replied, bitterly. "He prefers leaving this grand old house to strangers, and struggling as best he can, to being wealthy, if the wealth comes from me."

Madame looked thoughtfully at her.

"He did not wish such a marriage," she said, slowly; "yet you are so fair—so fair and so rich. It must be that he loves some one else."

The beautiful face, looking so wistfully into her own, grew pale as death; and then madame had little need to say more. She was quick enough to read the young girl's secret, although it was never told in words.

"No," rejoined Miss Cameron, promptly, "it is not that."

"How do you know it is not that?" asked madame.

"I cannot tell you—it is my impression. Some one said so—I cannot remember who. He does not love any one else."

"Then all may come right in time," said Madame de Valmy.

"No; we have talked about it—about this cruel will—and Lord Rylestone has asked me to make myself quite easy about it. I am to consider myself as the late Lord Rylestone's heiress, and make my plans at once, for I shall never be disturbed. The present lord cannot tell me more plainly than that," she continued, with a crimson flush, "that he had no idea of ever asking me to marry him."

"Beautiful and rich," murmured madame—"it must be that he loves some one else."

"For the reasons I have given you," said Adelaide, "I wish to go away. I am quite sure, madame, that he dislikes me. He thinks, perhaps, that I influenced the late lord—that I wanted the miserable money. I must go, madame—I must go."

"Poor child! Yes, we will go; but not just now—not to-day. I have only just arrived; and I am not young—I am easily tired. We will set out to-morrow—that will be quite soon enough. Take comfort, Lida. It is very annoying; but it is not your fault—you are quite innocent."

"Yet I suffer terribly," she said. "I feel, madame, as though I should never regain my self-respect. It was so cruel. I would not have been the cause of bringing this terrible disappointment to Lord Rylestone even to save my life."

"You cannot help it—it is not your fault."

"No—that is my only consolation," she returned; "but I am none the less miserable."

"Poor child!" said the elder lady again.

"If I could only have given the money back to him——"

"But surely," interrupted madame, "you would not do that?"

"Indeed I would. Oh, madame, I assure you that, for the power of giving that money back to Lord Rylestone, I would this moment most cheerfully sacrifice everything!"

"I cannot understand that," said madame. "Money is money, and it is not to be thrown away for a little sentiment. It is the grand lever of the world, Lida."

"I do not care for it," cried the girl, passionately. "I did not want my uncle's, at any rate—it will not make me happy. It ought to be Lord Rylestone's, not mine."

"He does not seem to need it," said the French lady, philosophically, "or surely he would take it."

"I shall not forget the expression of his face," observed Miss Cameron. "He is an English gentleman, and has a wealth of nobility of soul. He would disdain to marry any woman for the sake of the gold she could give him. He is high-minded, so chivalrous, that I believe, even if he loved me, he would leave me rather than appear as though he cared for my money; but he despises me, and I shall not rest until I am far away from here."

Madame de Valmy looked anxiously at the bright flush burning on the beautiful face. She knew that it betokened fever of the heart. And then Miss Cameron seemed to recollect herself.

"How selfish I am!" she said. "I am talking to you about my troubles, forgetting your long journey. Forgive me, madame!"

And then she busied herself in attending to madame's comfort; and after that, with the same restless manner, she began to discuss various plans as to where they should go.

"Let it be near the sea," she said. "I have an idea that that would comfort me. I should like to hear its voice again—let it be near the sea."

"We will go to Brighton," decided Madame de Valmy. "You will have not only the sea there, but also pleasant society."

"I do not want society—I care for nothing but the sea. We can go to-morrow."

And then madame sat still, and watched her as she moved restlessly about the room, intent only on one thing, packing everything that belonged to her, so that she might get away as soon as possible.

"After all, Adelaide," said her friend, "I am not sure that you are just to yourself. You were the late lord's own niece, his nearest relative, and, if he chose to leave his money to you, I do not see that you need have the least scruple in taking it."

"The money ought to go with the title, or how is the honor of the house to be maintained? Granting that my uncle had the right to leave the money as he chose, he had no right to couple unjust conditions with it. If he had left it to me, as my own absolutely, I could have done what I liked with it. As it is, the money is comparatively useless. It is the way in which it is left that humiliates me."

And then madame saw that it was useless to say more. The girl was very unhappy, and, if there was a bright side to her sorrow, she was determined just then not to see it.

"Is Lord Rylestone still here?" she asked Miss Cameron.

"Yes; he does not leave until to-morrow," was the reply.

"I should like to see him," said Madame de Valmy. "I may not have another opportunity."

It was an odd coincidence that at that very moment one of the servants brought a message from Lord Rylestone, asking if he might be allowed to join the ladies at tea.

Miss Cameron looked up hastily.

"Yes," she replied; "and we will have tea in the small drawing-room." Then with a melancholy smile she turned to madame. "You will have your wish—you will see Lord Rylestone," she said; and again madame wondered why Lord Rylestone could object to marry one so graceful and so fair.

CHAPTER V.

AN hour afterward Madame de Valmy and Miss Cameron went down to the small drawing-room, as one of the prettiest rooms at Walton was called. Madame felt a great desire to see Lord Rylestone. She was very quick in reading character, and it struck her that she could tell at once whether he cared for the beautiful young heiress; and, if he did not, she believed that she should discover the reason why. She had been almost amused by Adelaide's complete indifference as to appearances.

"Shall you make no change in your toilet?" she asked, as the time drew near for tea.

Adelaide looked up with a timid expression.

"I do not think it is needful," she replied.

"But I do," said madame, laughing; and, obedient as she had been in her childhood, Miss Cameron rose and went to her room.

When she returned Madame de Valmy smiled. The light golden hair was so carelessly yet so artistically arranged; the white arms and neck gleamed so fairly under the thin black *crêpe* dress.

"You have a clever maid, Lida," she said; and the heiress of many thousand pounds replied:

"I have no maid at all."

"Then we must see about finding one; and by all means have a *Parisienne*. It makes so much difference."

"I do not think I shall ever take the least interest in life again," said the girl, proudly. "I am not a coward, but the only thing I care to do is to die."

Madame only smiled. She was versed in the ways of the world, and she knew how soon the young recover from grief that seems more bitter than death. And then they went down, and, although Adelaide had had no maid to help her, and she took no interest in her life, madame thought she had never seen the young girl look so beautiful. There was a proud warm flush on her face—a proud light in her eyes. She did not look like one who would be likely to love in vain.

Lord Rylestone came in punctually to the time appointed, and Madame de Valmy was obliged to own that in no way had Miss Cameron exaggerated in speaking of him. He had a grand face, a noble head, a stately bearing, with a careless debonnair grace all his own.

"Poor child," thought madame, "how could she help loving him?"

He looked pale and tired when he first entered; but no sooner did he see the two ladies than he advanced eagerly to greet them. Adelaide introduced him to madame; and then with a kindly smile Lord Rylestone turned to the young girl.

"It is the last evening, Miss Cameron, that any of us will spend in the old house," he said. "I ventured to hope it would be more cheerful if we spent it together."

"He is her friend," thought madame, who was watching him keenly—"but not her lover. He likes her, but he does not love her."

The servants brought in tea, and madame took the place of mistress. Adelaide declined it in so marked a manner that there was no help for it. She had made tea for the late Lord Rylestone every day in that same room; she was not to make it for his successor.

The evening was beautiful; Adelaide thought, as she looked sadly on the bright flowers and the waving trees, that Walton had never looked more lovely than on this the last evening that she was to spend in it. Lord Rylestone inquired about her plans, and it was madame who answered all his questions. She had felt slightly prejudiced against him because he had not fallen in love with her beautiful pupil; but all prejudice, all dislike, melted beneath the charm of his manner. It was impossible not to like him. Madame found herself talking to him as though he had been an old friend. She could not help it. It was not only the charm of his handsome face and bright genial smile which won her regard, but there was a kind of sympathetic attraction about him that few people could resist.

"Brighton," he repeated, when madame told him whither they intended going. "You have chosen a very pleasant and fashionable retreat."

"Shall you remain in England?" asked Madame de Valmy.

"My plans are uncertain," he replied. "I have not decided upon anything yet. Miss Cameron, have I permission to speak to you about your own affairs and business arrangements?"

She gave him one quick, startled glance, and then answered, quietly:

"Yes, I shall be pleased to hear anything that you have to say."

Madame found herself listening with great interest.

"I was about to ask a favor, Miss Cameron," he began. "I know that the late Lord Rylestone was your guardian, besides being your nearest and dearest friend. The latter is a post I could not fill, but I want to offer you my services. You may think it absurd for a man so young as myself to offer to be your guardian, especially when you have clever trustees; but let me ask you to look upon me as such. After all, we are not strangers, and because you are Lord Rylestone's niece I should feel a deeper interest in serving you than any one else could."

"You are very kind," she said, quietly; but there was no enthusiasm in her voice.

"I know we have passed through an ordeal about as disagreeable as anything could well be," Lord Rylestone continued; "but I earnestly hope it will not prevent our being friends, seeing that in some degree we are of the same family. If you will accept my friendship and my services, Miss Cameron, I shall be only too happy to lay them at your feet."

"I accept them gratefully," she responded, but her eyes were not raised to his as she spoke.

"I have thought of many plans more or less identified with yourself," he said. "How pleasant it is to speak to friends of whose truth and interest one feels sure! There is one thing I should like to say to you. I shall be compelled to let Walton; I could not possibly keep up such an establishment on a thousand pounds a year. However deeply it may grieve me, it must be done; and I would rather—far rather—have you for a tenant, Miss Cameron, than any one else."

She turned away with a shudder, as though a cold wind had swept over her.

"No, no," she returned, promptly—"I could never live here."

"It shall be just as you please," he declared. "It has been your home for some time; and, as in all human probability I shall never be able to live here, I do not see why you should not remain. The place would certainly be better in the hands of one of the family than in the hands of strangers."

"You may live here yourself, some day," she said, gently.

"I may—it is within the limits of possibility—but it will not be for many years. I thought I would mention the matter to you, as you will require a residence suitable to your position."

"I dislike my position," she said, in a low voice.

"There are very few ladies who, were they similarly placed, would say the same," he commented, laughing. "Of course I have merely suggested the idea, thinking that after a time it may even become pleasing to you. If you adopt it, there will be no need to make any great change. You might go to Brighton for a month or two, and then return and take up your abode here."

"The matter is worth considering," said Madame de Valmy.

"The only request that I should make of you, if you did decide upon living here, would be that you would remember me in my exile and write to me occasionally, just to tell me how everything goes on. I am deeply interested in the place and the people, the tenants and the servants—I should like to hear of them sometimes."

He saw a sudden change come over her face—a strange brightening that died away into even deeper sadness. He did not understand it in the least.

"I will think of your proposal," she returned. "I cannot

decide at once. On some grounds I confess I like it—on others I do not. I must take time to decide."

"You shall have as much time as you like, Miss Cameron," he said, kindly, "and I hope you will consult nothing but your own wishes in the matter."

She looked up at him; the brilliant color had died from her face, and her lips trembled while she smiled.

"I am afraid," she said, "that, if I come to live here, it will look as though I had taken everything from you."

"That is merely a morbid idea," he replied, laughingly. "What can it matter to the world whether it is you or another who takes it? For my part I most honestly and earnestly wish it may be you."

"Do you really wish it?" she asked, earnestly.

"With all my heart," he replied; and then Madame de Valmy interposed again.

"It would be as well to leave the matter now, and decide it at your leisure, Adelaide," she said; but the young girl turned away, saying to herself:

"It is decided; I would do anything that he wished me to do, no matter what it cost."

And then Lord Rylestone, seeing that she still looked sad and thoughtful, asked her if she would like to get out amongst the flowers. She walked by his side through the long lines of roses, and by the beds gay with many hues. She looked from the blooming flowers below to the sky above, and in the depths of her heart she registered a vow that fair June evening which nothing ever tempted her to break.

Chapter VI.

PLEASANT evening was that last one spent in the old house. Lord Rylestone made himself so amiable that it was with regret madame saw the hour for parting draw near. Long before it came she had quite made up her mind upon two matters. The first was that Lord Rylestone was not the least inclined to fall in love with Miss Cameron; the second, that he was most decidedly in love with some one else. She felt sure of it from the occasional fits of musing which brought a tender smile to his lips.

"It will be good-night and good-by," he said, as he held out his hand to her. "Miss Cameron has promised to let me have her decision soon. If she comes to Walton, we shall have more to arrange."

Madame bade him farewell with a sorrowful heart. She would have been delighted had there been the least prospect of a marriage. As it was, she saw that Adelaide Cameron cared for him as she would never care for any one else.

The farewell between the master of Walton Court and the late Lord Rylestone's heiress was brief. He held her hand for one half-minute in his warm, friendly grasp, and then he said:

"Good-by, Miss Cameron; my best wishes remain with you."

"And you are quite sure that you forgive me—that you do not hate me?" she interrogated.

"I am quite certain of it," he replied. "So far from that, I prophesy that we shall be the greatest friends."

After he was gone madame thought her charge would prefer to be alone.

"Lord Rylestone leaves the court early in the morning, does he not?" she asked; and she pretended not to notice the mist of tears in the girl's eyes as she answered "Yes."

That night, when the mantle of slumber had fallen upon the world, Adelaide Cameron sat up, and with many anxious thoughts tried to decide what was best for her to do. One great reason tempted her to return to Walton. Her living there would form a tie between herself and Lord Rylestone such as nothing else could. She would be compelled to write to him; she would be obliged to keep up a correspondence with him. He would surely in that case come to visit her; and who would say what time might not bring forth? He put her quietly aside now out of his life; but what if they had interests in common? He might grow interested in her in time; and then—— Ah, well! it was the one passionate desire of her heart; and she fell asleep with a smile on her lips, brought there by a dream—only a dream.

The next morning, when she came down-stairs, Lord Rylestone was gone. She soon found that some garbled statement as to the will had been spread amongst the servants. The truth was known to none save those who had heard the will read. But she noticed the extra amount of deference paid to her, the great attention given to her least command. She smiled bitterly to herself. It was only a foretaste of what would attend her in the great world—the world that loved money so well. How little people would guess that she detested the wealth which had come to her, and would freely have given her life itself for the power of parting with it!

Madame de Valmy looked at her in wonder.

"Are you not going to take anything but your wardrobe?" she asked. "No books, music, pictures? Have you no jewels or ornaments?"

"I want none," she replied; "and I would far rather give to Lord Rylestone than take from him."

So she left the wealthy and luxurious home where she had been so happy, without taking with her any of the numerous and beautiful presents which the late Lord Rylestone had lavished upon her.

"I always thought you, even as a child, singularly generous and free from any mercenary thought," said madame; "but in this instance you have not taken what is legally your own."

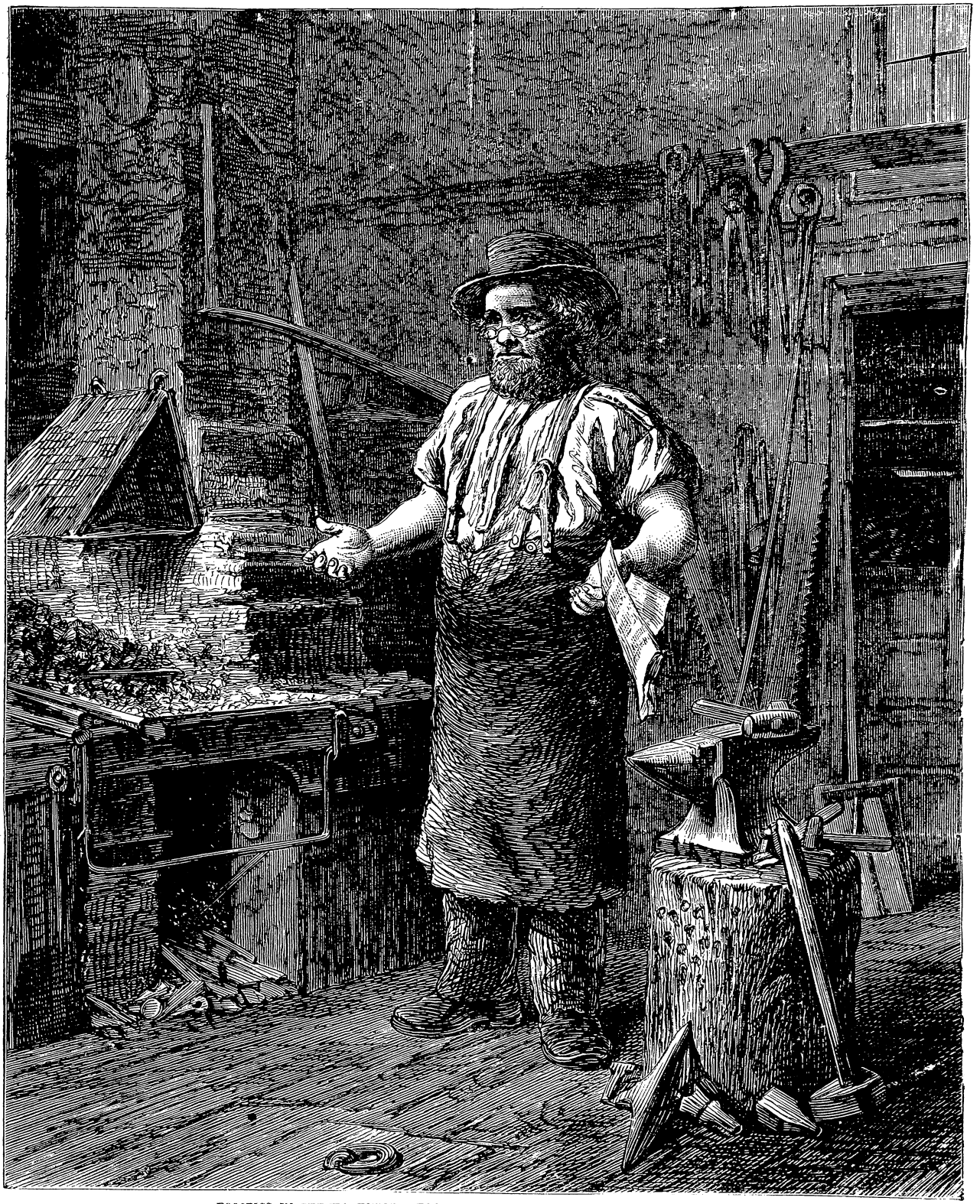
"I have taken quite enough from Lord Rylestone," she declared. "I have no wish to take more."

She soon found what it was to be a great heiress. Gossip had not discovered the truth, but the popular belief was that the late lord had bequeathed to his niece a large fortune. By Madame de Valmy's advice she did not take a house in Brighton, but merely a suite of rooms in one of the handsomest houses; her fame soon spread, however, and then, from the receipt of numberless begging letters, circulars, invitations to take shares in all kinds of companies, and solicitations for aid, Miss Cameron began to experience the delights of heiress-ship.

Miss Adelaide Cameron, the niece and heiress of the late Lord Rylestone, one of the most lovely girls in England—what fate could seem more happy, more enviable than hers? Yet she, looking with calm sad eyes on the outer world, felt that she would have changed places with the meanest mortal in it if she could only have rid herself of the fortune that ought not to have been hers.

In vain Madame de Valmy tried to please her. Adelaide was indifferent. The world did not seem to possess the least charm for her. One idea alone engrossed and occupied her mind. It was how she could restore her fortune to Lord Rylestone—what she could do to make him take it.

She thought of a hundred different plans; but when she would fain have put them into execution, she saw how futile they were. She did not look happy. The beautiful face was pale and proud; there were no tender gleams of light playing over it, no dimples deepening into smiles. She was ill at



POLITICS IN THE WORKSHOP.—FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY THOMAS W. WOOD.

ease. Nothing amused her, nothing pleased her. Madame spoke to her one day about this.

"When shall you emerge from this dark cloud?" she said to her one day. "I am waiting impatiently to see you smile as you used, to hear you sing, to see you laugh and enjoy yourself as others do. When will it be?"

Adelaide looked up at her.

"I remember," she said, "when I was quite a child, reading of a terrible torture. When a man committed a murder, instead of hanging him as they do now, the dead body of his victim was fastened to his shoulders, and he was sent forth to wander until he died. I have seen somewhere or other a picture of it—a terrible picture. After I had seen it, it haunted me until I could not sleep. It was a picture of the man so driven forth. He had wandered into the sunlit glade of a wood, and his shadow fell across the greensward. How long he had wandered with his ghastly burden, what terrible things he had seen, you could guess

from the livid horror of his face. Oh, madame, what the body of his victim was to that man, my newly acquired wealth is to me! Its weight is killing me—dragging me down to the earth—haunting me with the wretched thoughts it brings!"

Madame looked in terror at the fair pale face; when she spoke her voice was unusually soft and gentle.

"You are too sensitive, Adelaide, you make yourself wretched without cause. It must be the will of Heaven that you should have the fortune—now do your best with it; there is plenty of good to be done. If you do not care about enjoying yourself as other people do, find out sorrow and alleviate it; seek distress and lessen it—do anything rather than repine that one of the greatest gifts under heaven is yours."

They were energetic, straightforward, sensible words, and Adelaide Cameron recognized them as such. They filled her with a sudden sense of shame at her own repining.

"I will do better," she said, simply; but madame knew those few words meant much.

"You feel that quite unconsciously you have wronged Lord Rylestone," she continued, "and you would like to help him. You cannot do so by giving him money—he will not take it; but there are many other ways in which you can help him. You can take your place in the great world, and use in his favor the influence of a beautiful and wealthy woman."

Something like a glow of pleasure brightened the young face.

"How can I do that, madame?" she asked. "You, who know the world so well, tell me."

"You can make friends, and in his favor use your influence with them. Take your place next season as one of he leaders of society—you are well qualified to do so. Make friends of the leading men of the day; and then, when some Government appointment becomes vacant, ask for it for Lord Rylestone. No one will refuse you anything you ask."

"But, madame, can I really do this?"

"You can try, my dear—nothing is done without trying—and, in my opinion, you will succeed."

From that day a change came over Adelaide; she gave way no more to despondency. She was not happy after the careless fashion of girls—she seemed rather to set herself deliberately to work to try how much good she could do with the money entrusted to her, and to see what she could do to help her kinsman. Madame smiled to herself as she noted the effect of her own strong words.

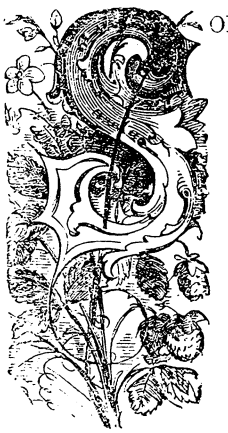
In the after-days people thought Miss Cameron worldly. They said she was never happy unless she was in the highest society—that nothing mediocre or second-rate seemed to please her. They called her ambitious; and few thought that what they deemed ambition was but the earnest, eager desire to do something for Lord Rylestone. She was always working with that one aim; it was the one idea, the one thought of her life, to make friends that might be useful to him. She was perfectly single-minded in her efforts; she strove, and strove hard, to gain the good-will of those who were high in office, throned in power—those who had lucrative appointments to bestow. Madame de Valmy often smiled to think how successful her few words had been.

It was this desire, and this alone, that made Miss Cameron seek society; she would have been far more content dreaming by the restless sea than paying or receiving visits; but before long she formed one of the chief attractions of Brighton.

High-born ladies had sons unprovided for; thriftless lords who, having spent one fortune, were on the look-out for another; fortune-hunters of every kind—all crowded round the beautiful young heiress, Miss Cameron. She moved amongst them in her grand, severe calm, indifferent alike to praise or blame, proud and self-possessed, one idea leading her on—the idea of being able to do something for Lord Rylestone. If she heard that one was famous in senate or in council, she was possessed by a restless desire to know him. Many a leading statesman wondered at the grave attention given to him by this beautiful young girl; many who had both power and patronage silently wondered on whom she wished to see it bestowed.

Adelaide Cameron had but one idea, and to this she clung with a tenacity of purpose which had something marvelous in it. Lookers-on merely thought she was desirous of either making a grand marriage or taking a prominent position in society. They were mistaken—love and marriage were not for her. She was merely working out the purpose she had vowed to accomplish while walking by Lord Rylestone's side in the dreamy twilight of a Summer night.

Chapter VII.



SOME urgent business awaited Lord Rylestone in London, where he had gone. It was hard to be obliged to listen to congratulations, when in his heart he knew that he was ruined. Every one had a kind word for him; he was universally popular—no man in London was more loved or admired. It was almost a relief to him to find that the particulars of the late lord's will were unknown—even false congratulations were pleasanter than condolence; so he listened with a smile while invitations were lavished upon him, and he wondered if the general voice would be different were it known that he was a ruined man.

When he had transacted his business, seen some of his friends, and answered some letters, he drove to his club. His first inquiry was, "Any letters for me?"

Yes, there was one; and the porter who gave it into Lord Rylestone's hands might have wondered at the flush that overspread the handsome face when he saw the address. He could not read the note in peace; people who had not seen him crowded round him, and each had something kind to say. It was some time before Lord Rylestone found an opportunity to read his letter.

It was characteristic; the envelope was small and plain, the writing legible and clear. The note ran:

"My dearest Allan—I have done the deed! Lady Davenant looked and felt surprised; in her dignified style she hoped that I was not too precipitate, and begged to know what I thought of doing. I told her that I was going home. Oh, Allan, how little she dreams where that home is! I am not frightened at what I have done; but I hope it may be for the best. So two months from to-day will set me free. I could not get away before—Lady Davenant said so much about the trouble of finding some one to take my place. I do not ask you to write, for I know that you will write when you have time. Am I foolish, I wonder, for loving you so truly, and trusting you so entirely?

Ever your own
"Margarita."

He read the little note with shining eyes and quivering lips.

"My Margarita," he said, "ever my own! I must tell her my news; and it will not be pleasant for her. In two months' time she expects to marry Lord Rylestone, and to live at Walton Court in a style suitable to the title; now the prospect is all changed. But she is my own true-hearted darling. She will love me none the less."

Yet it was hard; and he stood for some time after the reading of that letter lost in what did not seem to be the pleasantest of reveries.

"My beautiful Margarita," he said to himself more than once; "it will be hard for her."

And then a sudden perplexity came over him; he had thought all idea of marriage quite out of the question, but at the end of two months she—the girl he loved—expected to be his wife. He threw back his handsome head with an air of defiance.

"I defy fate and fortune," he said; "the time was when I thought myself the most fortunate and most enviable man in England, but now it would seem that nothing is to prosper with me. I defy fate. I thought when I loved Margarita that I could offer her a brilliant future—and now, when my debts are paid, I shall be almost penniless for a time."

Yet his love was so deep and true, his love-story had been such a pleasant one, that, as he stood musing, a tender smile stole over his lips; all the disappointment, all the vexation, all the countless troubles that had followed the disappointment, could not dull the warm, delightful feeling of perfect happiness and perfect love which he experienced.

"My darling!" he murmured again. "It is not for title or money that she loves me, but for myself; if I were beggared to-morrow, she would care for me just the same. After all, Providence has been kinder to me than to any other man living, for have I not won Margarita?"

It was a pretty love-story, the very remembrance of which chased the cloud from his brow and brought a radiant light to his eyes. He thought there had never been one like it before; its sweet melody seemed to fill all his life with music.

It had come about in this way. He had always been chivalrous and gallant, but he had never indulged in any flirtations. In that respect he had been unlike most other young men. He had never trifled, never flirted. His ideas of love and marriage resembled those of the knights of old rather than the ideas of men of the period.

When Sir Charles Davenant invited him to spend the Christmas season at Laston Priory, he went, but the last thing of which he thought was falling in love. He was prepared to enjoy the Christmas holidays to any extent—to dance, to skate, to ride; but the idea of falling in love did not occur to him.

He found Laston Priory full of visitors—a pleasant party, presided over by the genial, hospitable Sir Charles. Lady Davenant herself was the very essence of all that was prim and precise. She was one of those severely virtuous people who, never committing an indiscretion themselves, never pardon one in other people. Allan Estcourt enjoyed himself much. He was popular with all. The gentlemen liked him for his genial manner, his hearty kindness and good-will, his sunny laughter, his powers of mimicry, his wit and fund of anecdote; the ladies, young and old, liked him for his chivalrous bearing, his gentle manner, his pleasant speech. The girls admired him, the matrons approved of him, and every one wondered who would be the happy girl chosen by Lord Rylestone's heir.

He was walking alone one morning through the grounds; the rest of the party had gone out skating. Allan had been obliged to remain at home to answer some important letters. When they were finished, he sauntered through the grounds. He was singing to himself simply for want of thought, when he saw before him a face that was to haunt him until he died. Under one of the great leafless trees stood a little group—a lady with two children. One of the girls had evidently hurt herself, for the lady was bending over her, sheltering her in her arms.

(To be continued.)

THE CHRISTENING.

THE moonlight silvered all the balmy air,
The wind sang in the woodbine by the door,
And the young mother, swaying in her chair,
Her tender lullaby crooned o'er and o'er:

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
Evening shadows are deep;
Close in my arms I fold you,
Softly praying, with tears,
That the Father of souls may hold you
Through all life's dangerous years,
Lovingly fold and keep—
Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
None but a mother would weep
O'er a babe as yet unchristened,
O'er a bud as yet unblown;
Ere baptism rains have glistened,
Like pearl-showers over it thrown;
For the worm in the heart I weep—
Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!"

The moonlight darkened in the draperied night,
And through the woodbine wailed the wind's low cry;
While by a marble face, serene and white,
The mother sang her tremulous lullaby:

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
The shadows of Death are deep.
Out of my arms they take you,
Gird you in linens clean,
And never disturb or awake you;
What can this slumber mean?
Terrors over me creep—
Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
Angels your christening keep,
And the worm can never harm you,
That lies in the budding heart.
But what to my arms can charm you,
When Death has drawn us apart?
They have opened the grave so steep—
Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!"

THE FLYING STATIONER.

THE term "stationer" appears to have originated from pens, ink, and paper having been formerly kept at certain stalls or stations—fixed places whereat the public who lacked writing materials might get their wants supplied; and if—as was not unfrequently the case—they were unable to read or write, might, for a small honorarium, have their correspondence conducted for them, after the fashion of the Italian and Turkish letter-writers of the present day. But, as if in mockery of the *stationary* nature of the business, we find that, a hundred years ago and more, hawking stationers traveled about with bundles of quills, kegs of ink, and quires of paper.

We have the representative of one of these venders in our engraving—a quaint figure such as we should expect to find joining the *enfans terribles* outside the residence of Hogarth's "Enraged Musician," aiding to swell the tumult by his shrill, monotonous cry, "Goosequills and ink, sir? Goosequills and ink?"

Instances are not rare in which a single pen served its owner for years. When Leo Allaticus lost his pen, after using it forty years, he mourned as for a friend. Holland, the translator of Pliny, has recorded his own economy in goosequills:

"With one sole pen I wrote this book,
Made of a gray goosequill;
A pen it was when I it took,
A pen I have it still."

Pen-cutting was a delicate process, taught as a necessary part of education, but an art in which few people excelled—not one pen in ten was ever mended. Professional pen-cutters would turn out about twelve hundred in a day. One house alone, in London, sold on an average 6,000,000 quills annually.

In our age of metal, we have almost entirely discarded the quill. Steel pens are now commonly employed. At the Great Exhibition of 1851 there was a pen exhibited one yard in length, and weighing five pounds—the sort of pen that only a very great man could sign his name with. One firm alone now issues annually about two millions of pens, and consumes about one hundred and twenty tons of steel.

THE CHRISTENING.—SEE PAGE 559.

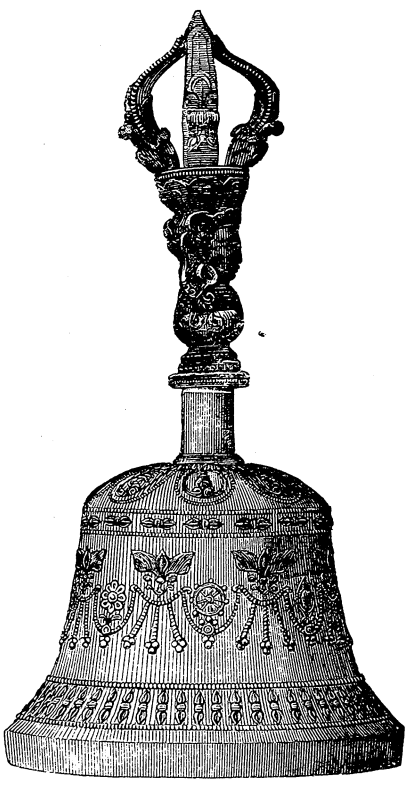
A THIBETAN BELL.

We present herewith a picture of a bell recently brought from Chinese Tartary by a gentleman who has traveled extensively in Northern Asia. It is probably the only one of its kind that has ever reached America. The bell is composed of three-fourths silver and one-fourth baser metal, and has a peculiarly rich and pleasing tone. It is the kind used by the Buddhist priests at their services, and came, originally, from the lamisary of the Grand Lama at Lassa, the capital of Thibet. Its shape is not unlike that of the bells cast in this country, but the metal is much thicker, and, on the outside, there are several Buddhist prayers, in raised characters, which are supposed to be repeated every time the bell is struck. The principle of repeating prayers by ringing a bell is the same as that of uttering them by means of mills, which are found in many pagan countries. In Tartary the prayers are written on papers, which are attached to the spokes of a wheel, and every revolution of the wheel counts for a recital of each petition. The wheel can be turned by a crank, or, better still, by a windmill; in the latter case, a good breeze will do the work of several priests; and every man, after supplying himself with a quantity of prayers, can be his own religious advocate.

THE FLYING STATIONER.—SEE PAGE 559.

The handle of the bell represents the head of Bhudda, and has the same significance in Bhuddism that the crucifix has with the Catholic Church. According to the Bhuddist faith, the bell must be rung only by a *lama*, or priest, and when he uses it, he dresses after a prescribed form, and holds it between his thumb and forefinger in such a way that the head of the idol is not covered. The strokes to be given are regulated according to the day and the season, and the priest always turns himself at such times toward the temple of the Grand Lama, just as all good Mohammedans utter their prayers—with their faces toward Mecca. The tongue of the bell is of steel, and should be hung upon threads of yellow silk, which has been duly consecrated. The whole workmanship of the bell and handle is elegant and tasteful, and reflects creditably upon the skill of the makers. The art of making bells is of Eastern origin, and was brought from China westward through Russia. With all their skill, the European bell-founders are to-day very little in advance of the Chinese and other Asiatic nations. Sometimes the lamas, in travelling, hang these bells at night where they can be rung by the wind Thus a double purpose is served—the prayers are repeated, and any person who wishes to ascertain the whereabouts of the holy man is directed to his tent.

Idleness is that which sets all the capacities of the soul wide open to let in the evil spirit; and to give both him, and all the villanies he can bring along with him, a free reception and a full possession; whereas, on the contrary, laboriousness shuts the doors and stops the avenues of the mind, whereby a temptation would enter, and (which is yet more) leaves no void room for it to dwell there, if by any accident it should chance to creep in; so that let but the course a man takes be just and lawful, and then the more active, still the more innocent; for action both perfects nature and ministers to grace; whereas idleness, like the rust of the soul, by its long lying still, first soils the beauty, and then eats out the strength of it.



A THIBETAN BELL.

THE FLOWER-QUEEN.—"WITH A CRY OF JOY, JESSIE SPRANG TOWARD THEM."

FATE OF THE "FLOWER-QUEEN."

THE *Cleopatra* man-of-war dropped anchor in the harbor, after a four years' weary sojourn on the slave coast of Africa, and first among the young officers who seized the earliest opportunity to rush on shore were Surgeon Campbell and Lieutenant Harry May, sworn friends and close companions, united not only by their open affection for each other, but by a deeper secret bond of interest, which, freely discussed by the one and never mentioned by his comrade, attached them warmly together, as should have been the brother and the lover of Jessica May.

She was but a child of thirteen or fourteen years at most when they were ordered away—a child with innocent black eyes and fairy-like proportions, with a voice like a bird's, with little feet that fell like music, with hands that were a miracle of beauty.

Blushing and shy as the rosebuds in her white bonnet, fragile and fair as the wonderful African lilies he had seen floating on the borders of those lovely inland lakes, yet John Campbell loved her truly already. Secretly, tenderly, hopefully cherishing the memory of what she was—dreaming of what she might become—feeding his fancy during those dreary years of exile on the tidings and intelligence constantly communicated by her half-unconscious brother—following her progress from childhood to womanhood, from bud to blossom, and counting the days and hours till he should see home again.

She was a grown young lady by this time, on the eve of quitting school and entering society. Lovers would not be long in coming to one so lovely. In what light would she now look upon her brother's comrade and friend, to whom she had been so winning as a child?

The carriage stopped while he was musing thus, and two eager faces were instantly thrust out of the open windows to reconnoitre the home of the Mays—a handsome stone building, with a fine arched entrance and broad flight of steps, up which the young men sprang lightly, without waiting to see their luggage removed, till they were recalled by an exclamation of astonishment from the coachman.

He was lifting gently out of the interior a parcel belonging to the surgeon, which the latter had completely forgotten, and now turned back again, conscience-stricken, to take—a sort of hamper of shining steel wire, enclosing what seemed to be an unusually large flower-pot which contained a flourishing plant, crowded with leaves and buds of rich, dark, brilliant green, so compressed within the closely-woven network that no part of them could be injured by contact with any outer object.

"Take care there, my good fellow!" called the young man hastily, as he returned to receive the cage from the fingers that so clumsily handled it. "Not quite so close to the wires, if you please; you had better leave it to me at once; the plant within is best kept at a distance. The leaves are comparatively innocuous, but should any of those flower-buds have expanded into bloom, without proper precautions and antidotes, their touch or odor would be DEATH!"

"Howly Vargin!" cried the driver, as his dismay and horror found expression in genuflexions appropriate to the occasion; "and why does yer honor carry such a thing about ye?"

"Why? Because I am a chemist, a botanist, a discoverer and explorer, and hope to make a name, if not a fortune, from that little weed. If a poison, it is not less a medicine for some, at least, of the worst ills flesh is heir to, and you may hear of it as such. But you are not afraid, Harry," he gaily continued to his friend, who had now also advanced, "to trust so dangerous a guest in your mother's conservatory?"

"Not at all. I shall myself give it to Hutchinson, with the necessary charges and instructions, and he will unpack and place it in some corner remote, and so fenced in with prickly cacti that no hand but your own will ever venture to reclaim or examine it. And now come, for I can talk of nothing else on the threshold of home."

He flung open the door impatiently as he spoke, and strode forward into the hall. A blaze of light streamed from an opposite portal as he entered; a crowd of eager figures rushed forward in breathless delight to welcome him. Foremost of these came the noble-looking, white-haired father, the placid, amiable mother, still young and still handsome; then a band of shouting cousins. Last of all, a slender, smiling girl, who looked at him half-wistfully, half-shyly, from beneath the long black lashes of her eyes, and seemed afraid to yield her cheek to the touch of his bearded lips.

Before the young surgeon had time to analyze the heart-ache this little scene gave him—a lonely man, without home or friends—the greetings had passed on to him, and he found himself welcomed with only less of enthusiasm than belonged to the rightful heir of the house. So he received into his the beautiful white hand of Jessica May, and her lotus lips uttered music that thrilled his ear, her dark eyes met his with the same sweet open look that had won him in the eyes of the child four years and more before.

"You have come just in time!" announced the mother, as the party again became seated in the room most of them had lately left. "This is Jessie's last week at Madame Saintine's, and on Thursday she sings in the 'Flower-Queen' at madame's exhibition."

"Rather a small affair for *her* voice," observed Harry, looking fondly at his sister.

"Pray don't put it into her head to be contemptuous!" returned Mrs. May, laughing, "for I assure you she has taken to it very kindly, and so have we all, in fact, been much interested in having it go off well. Jessie has the principal part, you know, and so much devolves on her. Signor Benefanti, her music-teacher, has introduced several new airs, and made great alterations and improvements, and Jessie is herself drilling a chorus of the smaller girls that he has given up in despair. No doubt you'll hear them to-morrow morning through your dreams."

By the bright pink flush that colored Jessica's clear cheek, the young stranger divined her embarrassment at this conversation, and hastened to change it. With all the fire, the energy, the wonderful patience of genius, she possessed also its almost morbid shyness and sensitiveness; and loving her art with sincere enthusiasm, to her even its smallest details were dear. She would as faithfully execute, as willingly undertake, her part in Madame Saintine's little concert of school-girl music, as highest *rôle* of a *prima donna* at an imperial theatre, had such a display been within her wish or power. Her voice in itself was remarkably beautiful; full, even, sweet, and clear, of flexibility and scope extraordinary in one so young, although seldom heard beyond the immediate circle of her own family and fireside, it had begun to be discussed among musical amateurs, and much curiosity was felt by these to hear one, the fortunate circumstances of whose position, together with her youth and shyness, made it improbable that she would ever sing in public again.

The next three days passed like a delightful dream to the returned wanderers, especially to the young surgeon, whose long idolatry had begun to be suspected at last, even by

those who could not read the secret in his quiet manner, or in the expression of his fair, frank face. Harry May would not permit his friend to leave him for the hospitality of distant connections, which were the only ones he possessed, and whose welcome would have been given chiefly to his fortune and reputation, while the young lover was but too glad to linger and to dream, absorbed in the delicious enjoyment of the present, forgetting the toils and perils of the past four years of dreary exile in a vision of the possible happiness that sometimes opened to him in the light of Jessie's soft black eyes.

To Jessica May herself it almost appeared that a lot most prosperous, most fair, most fortunate, was being crowned with a glory too bright for earth, or for mortal eyes to bear. Always lovely, beloved and loving, always petted, praised, indulged; gently dealt with, tenderly cherished, kindly led; an idol, a darling, a blessing, and a treasure; received and treated as such, ignorant and innocent of all the darker side of the world in which she lived, it yet seemed now that she had been ignorant, also, of the chief joy and beauty of life before. Too childish and inexperienced to analyze or comprehend her own feelings, she was still aware of a mighty and wonderful change going on within that altered all her previous relations to existence. She felt a different heart in her breast; she saw a different face in the glass; old sensations, old memories, affected her in a new and vivid way—all emotions of pleasure or pain were intensified; a soft vail seemed dropping from her eyes; by the light thus shed upon them, she read the great riddle of life. In her, unconscious, the old miracle was being wrought, that once at least, in the history of us all, gilds with its strange, sweet splendor, earth, and sea and sky.

By what merciful mystery is it that to days already numbered is sometimes lent this parting light and glory—that lives whose short and brilliant course is almost run, should glitter in the last arc of their descent, with more than a meridian, with an unearthly sunset brightness? by what supernatural agency of Fate or Providence do the eyes that, unknown to us, are soon to close, see at the last so clearly—the lips, so soon to be dumb, smile with such heavenly sweetness, and speak words of unworldly wisdom that we cannot comprehend till it is too late? Seen by the revelation of this after-knowledge, the doom that was then darkening over our dearest sent not shadows, but aureoles, before, and the Hand whose impress, unseen, already claimed them, had set its seal only in characters of light. So the precious days pass unnoticed, and the golden hours speed swiftly by, the invaluable moments perish and are lost, while we, ignorant, unconscious, blind, and dumb, were never so little ready for the stroke that suddenly falls, and only remember long afterward, with wonder at our darkened vision, the prophetic splendor of that latter time, and the miracle by which the whole glory of existence was concentrated into its closing scene, by which the bud, destined prematurely to wither, burst, at its dying instant, into magnificent bloom.

The eventful Thursday of Madame Saintine's exhibition arrived, and Jessie was obliged to lay aside her new dreams for its severe realities. The day was devoted to the examination of the scholars in various branches of study, and to the distribution of the prizes and honors earned by them in these; the evening to music alone. Only the parents and immediate friends attended the first mentioned; the other would probably convoke a large crowd of musical critics, both professional and amateur, to pass judgment on the performance of Signor Benefanti's pupils, and test the high character for vocal and instrumental instruction in the art, which the very select and costly school had hitherto obtained.

Weary with the day's exertions, including a fatiguing last rehearsal after the audience had departed, but supported by the new strength and spirit that happiness seemed to have imparted to her usually languid and delicate frame, Jessie only reached home to a late dinner long after the rest, and with but little time to recruit and prepare for the early exercise of the evening.

Though feverish and flushed, she had never looked so beautiful as when, half-lying back in a great arm-chair, caressed and tended by the whole family, with solicitous worship beaming on her from John Campbell's blue eyes, she drank the cup of fragrant coffee which was the only stimulant she could be prevailed upon to take, and gayly replied to the jesting flatteries and half-earnest, half-laughing congratulations on "the distinguished honors" with which she had graduated. Startled from these by the striking of the mantel clock, and astonished to find it so late, the others were obliged to hurry away in order to secure seats in madame's crowded rooms, reluctantly leaving her to dress and follow them alone, in time for her own appearance.

A little while she lingered in her comfortable seat, half-musing, half-dreaming, wrapt in such vague visions as I have detailed a few sentences back; glad of the sweet interval of rest, yet not unwilling to return to the scenes lighted by the eyes of her lover; for she was beginning now to comprehend the meaning of his looks, and words, and ways, and, though unable to analyze her own feelings in return, yet could be calmly happy in their enjoyment.

She rose at last and went up into her room. Her costume was unusually rich and elaborate for one so simple in her tastes, being "in character"—a pink satin, covered with overskirts of tulle of the same shade, looped and trimmed with garlands of artificial roses in their green moss and leaves. The wreath, bouquet, breast and shoulder knots, were to be natural flowers, so hard to procure at this season of the year, that half the greenhouses in the city had been robbed by the young surgeon of their choicest floral treasures, to furnish these that morning.

Her maid, sent for them when she was otherwise completely dressed, came back disconcerted and crying. Being very young and heedless, she had forgotten to put water in the vases that held them, and a day in the close rooms had withered and faded the fairest; they were no longer fit to furnish her fresh toilet. Not long, however, did Jessica mourn over her drooping flowers; it was of no use, had it been in her nature, to scold the unhappy girl, and, comforting her by a few kind words, she ran down to the conservatory. Alas! it had already been stripped to supply the wants of her little schoolmates, and nothing could be found that any effort of the imagination might be made to imitate the necessary ornaments of which she had been deprived.

She was turning away, disappointed, and utterly at a loss, when her eye suddenly caught a flash of color through the glass doors of a sort of alcove, the warmest place in the greenhouse, where old Hutchinson, the gardener, was accustomed to bestow his backward plants, or those he wished to force, and which was always held sacred to his uses, not even the mistress of the mansion daring to intrude upon its seclusion, or interfere with its contents. This, however, was an emergency, and the petted Miss May, to whom nothing had ever been denied, had no scruples in invading his private domain, and appropriating whatever it contained that might answer her purpose.

The doors were locked, but a bunch of keys lay where the old man had left them hours before, on an inverted flower-pot close at hand; and Jessica was not longer in fitting them by turns into the lock than Bluebeard's wife in exploring the mysteries of the secret chamber. The right one was soon found, and she entered, half-stifled as she did so by the delicious but heavy perfume that came from the object of her search.

It was a superb plant, standing tall and firm in its suit of glossy green leaves, and crowned with blossoms shaped and colored like a rose, but far more beautiful. They were rich as velvet, smooth as satin, and glowed with a strange metallic lustre, such as she had never seen before, seeming to intensify by reflection from side to side of their shining cups the deep, exquisite pink of the hue at their heart. With a cry of joy Jessie sprang toward them, delighted at the prospect of obtaining what would more than replace her loss. The beauty was half-concealed, and wholly surrounded by a hedge of prickly cactus, and tall, thorny shrubs; but the time was too short and the exigency too great to allow her to call any one to her assistance, so she gallantly dashed through and over these, protecting her gloved hands as best she might, and, half by "strategy," half by force, soon found herself possessor of a handful of the coveted treasures. With a few sprays of moss-rose leaves and buds, easily obtained, they formed a very good imitation—more brilliant and beautiful even than the original—of the floral ornaments she had lost; and, hastily relocking the doors of Mr. Hutchinson's violated sanctuary, she ran down-stairs, fully dressed, to the great delight of her maid.

The carriage still waited; she was driven quickly over the few squares that intervened, and in five minutes more was ensconced in the "bower of roses," ingeniously constructed of exotics and artificial garlands, that formed the retreat of the "Flower-Queen." All the earlier disconnected pieces, both vocal and instrumental, were long since over; the cantata had already begun, and she had hardly time to recover strength and breath before her part would come. A sort of vertigo, which seized her as she entered, she attributed to the oppressive odor of the flowers she wore, or the heavy atmosphere of the room. It was succeeded by a shivering, chilly sensation, and this again by a flush of fever, in which her heart beat fast and fiercely, the veins in her temples seemed bursting with blood, and her powers of hearing, sight, and touch were all intensified. The music rang in her ears with sounds unnaturally sweet and sharp; the lights burned with dazzling brilliancy; the whole familiar scene was strange and grotesque, as if viewed from an atmosphere of enchantment. From her hiding-place, unseen by the spectators, she could reconnoitre them; and though her first glance through the screen of leaves and blossoms showed many a well-known countenance, whose lineaments she would have been glad to recognize at any other time, yet there was but one group among them that she sought to single out, and thenceforth strove to fix her wavering faculties to the task of watching for their faces only.

INCONSOLABLE.

Madame Saintine's arrangements were really very perfect, and deserve a more particular notice than the hasty survey Jessie was able to give them. The long and handsome suite of rooms, which she called her "*salons*," was thrown open to the audience, the more distant containing specimens of her pupils' proficiency in drawing, painting, and ornamental needle-work; the nearer filled with a pleased and patient crowd of admirably chosen friends and critics—*personæ distingués*, as she herself said—admitted only by cards of invitation, and fully sensible of the honor done them. The profits of her "select school" had made her very wealthy; she did not hesitate to use her gains still further to enhance its reputation, and, sparing neither expense nor trouble in preparation for these yearly exhibitions, displayed all a Frenchwoman's taste, skill, and judgment in the manner of the expenditure.

The large and elegantly decorated "boudoir" at the end of the *salons* was used as a stage, and fitted up by the best scenic artists to simulate a garden, whose green arcades, whose grassy banks, whose fountains, flowers and arbors, seemed to stretch away in interminable vistas. Among these flitted the "flowers," duly marshaled in their exits and entrances by the invisible authority of a regular stage-manager, and under the dreaded surveillance of madame's keen eyes. Each was beautifully dressed "in character," in the colors of the blossom whose name she bore, with due regard to texture and appearance, and ornamented with knots and garlands, exquisitely imitated with bouquets of the natural flowers wherever possible, and perfumed with the same.

The effect was charming. Fountains were really heard to plash, birds sang in unseen cages amid the artificial arbors, real plants bloomed beneath them, the mingled odors gratefully scented the atmosphere. The mossy green velvet of the carpets, curtains, and hangings in the boudoir assisted—an invisible screen of black lace, such as is used in tableaux, completed—the illusion; the light was softly subdued, a band of music suited to the size of the rooms played sweetly at intervals in the distance, the audience was duly delighted,

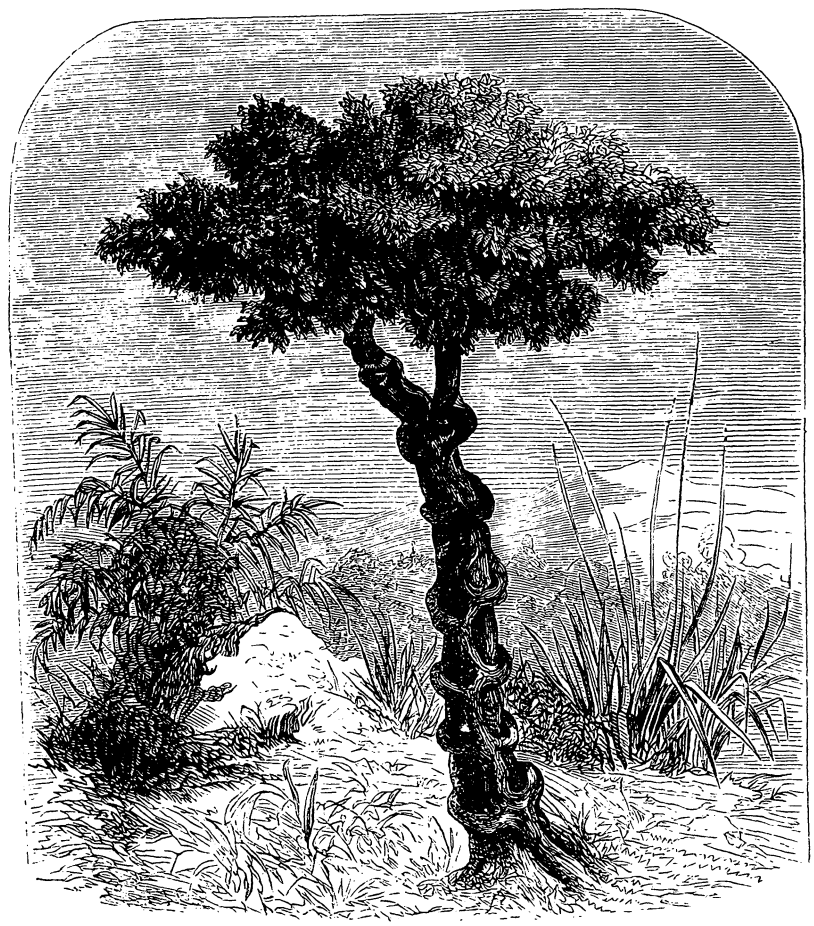
and receiving the choruses and minor solos with serene satisfaction, waited with well-repressed impatience for the Rose.

She came at last. The spectators had long watched the flutter of her pink dress, and the lovely outline occasionally visible through the partial screen of leaves and flowers that formed her retreat; nor were they disappointed in the expectations thus raised, when she glided into nearer view. She looked almost supernaturally beautiful: her cheeks were brightly tinted with a rich, clear pink color, roseate and soft; her lips were brilliant burning red; her eyes seemed larger, darker, more lustrous than usual; her complexion, save where it was tinged with deep rose, more marble-pale and fair.

A murmur of admiration, which, in an audience less well-bred and select, would have risen to applause, greeted her entrance; but she seemed not to notice it, and, moving gently forward with perfect grace and unconsciousness, began her song. As the first sweet notes soared into the air, her hearers started with surprise, and held their breath to listen. None present had ever heard such singing before. It was as if the flowers that glowed on brow and breast had found voice, and learned how to utter the sweetness they had been used only to breathe, or as if the old fairy legends had come true, and the Spirit of the Rose, in proper person, appeared to claim in tones of wonderful music the homage that was her due. Whispered comments passed about among the more frivolous portion of the spectators, on her beauty, on her dress, on the strange expression of her countenance, which was that of one in an ecstatic dream or trance; and though she looked, and moved, and smiled, and sang, as occasion required, gracefully and well, she still seemed to do so without any apparent volition or intelligence of her own, like a sleep-walker or somnambulist. So strangers chattered, while friends gazed anxiously and uneasily, while the critics looked at each other, startled, hushed, and dumb.

She was crowned, and the curtain fell; but politely yet determinedly they recalled her before it. The green drapery of the boudoir was drawn aside, and she appeared, led by her instructor, Signor Benefanti, receiving the bouquets and plaudits that followed in the same dreamy, half-unconscious manner. The flowers presented to her were mechanically accepted, she bowed the necessary acknowledgments, and was again hidden from sight.

In an incredibly short time practised hands had removed the theatrical decorations of the boudoir, and restored it, as by magic, to its former state. Before the occupants of the crowded saloons had fairly risen to their feet, the curtains were again unclosed and swept away, and the "flowers" appeared and mingled with their friends. Jessie alone remained where the applause of the audience had left her, standing, statue-like and still, as she had stood during all the hurry and bustle that had raged around her for the last few minutes, in the full blaze of the great chandelier. Not a fold of her dress rustled, not a leaf of her chaplet stirred, and a silence like that of death hung about her. Her brilliant bloom had faded; she was deadly, mortally, fatally pale; large beads of moisture stood on her white forehead, but the flowers above and on her marble breast, and in the little pink-gloved hand, that had dropped nerveless and cold at her side, still glistened in the light with metallic lustre, still glowed with strange, unholy beauty, still bloomed, fair, fresh, and roseate, as if they had drawn life and warmth and color from the pallid form they graced. People crowding up with congratulations, and receiving no answer and no recognition, began to wonder, to whisper, to fear that she was going to faint and call for air. Her friends, summoned while earnestly endeavoring to reach her, strove to force a passage through the throng. Among these was one, the terrible eagerness of whose face caused those who saw it to fall back at once and make way for him, the anguish of whose cry, as he came near, thrilled every heart.



SELF-STRANGLING PARASITES.—THE SACRED PIPPUL AND THE PALMYRA.

"My God!" it said, "what are those flowers she wears?"

With a single frantic gesture he tore them away, and flung them into the glass globes of a blazing chandelier, where they dropped down blackened and withered, while he drew her drooping head upon his breast, and with passionate adjurations strove to call her back to active, breathing life again. Her mother's tender face was by this time looking in her own; her brother's voice was sounding in her ear, but she could no longer hear or heed. She tried to look; she tried to listen; she tried to speak and smile, but the lids refused to rise, the lids were fixed and motionless, the dull ears heard no more, her head hung heavily against the sur-

geon's shoulder—the Flower-Queen was dead! She was dead, and her brother and her lover, the innocent instruments of her fate, are left to bear a burden of remorse and misery that will only end with life.

INCONSOLABLE.

THE attachment of the dog and his fidelity have grown into a proverb. He gives a preference to human society, following his master everywhere, and, like man, he is spread over every zone and climate. It is by means of the keenness of this attachment that he accustoms himself to every change and circumstance, and allows himself to be trained to every purpose, as watch-dog, as guardian, for the chase, for draft, and on the St. Bernard he is the zealous assistant of the monks in rescuing the benighted and snow-covered traveler. His fidelity and affection are unshaken even under the cruelest treatment of blows and starvation, and the death of his master scarcely severs the bond of attachment, of which many affecting anecdotes are on record.

In the parish of St. Olave, in Tooley Street, London, the churchyard is detached from the church, and surrounded with high buildings, so as to be wholly inaccessible but by one large iron gate. A poor tailor of this parish, dying, left a small cur-dog inconsolable for his loss. The little animal would not leave his dead master even for food, and whatever he ate was obliged to be put in the same room with the coffin. When the body was removed for burial, this faithful attendant followed his master's remains. After the funeral he was hunted out of the churchyard by the sexton. The next day he again found the animal, which had made its way by some unaccountable means into the enclosure, and had dug himself a bed on the grave of his master. Once more he was hunted out; and again he was found in the same situation on the following day.

The minister of the parish, hearing of the circumstance, had him caught, taken home and fed, and used every endeavor to win the animal's affections; but they were inseparably wedded to his late master, and he took the first opportunity to escape, and regain his lonely situation. With true benevolence, the worthy clergyman permitted him to follow the bent of his inclinations; but, to soften the rigor of his fate, he caused a small kennel to be built on the grave, which was replenished once a day with food and water. Two years did this pattern of fidelity pass in this manner, till death put at an end to his griefs.

PARASITIC TREES.

ON the borders of the Rio Guama, the celebrated botanist, Von Martius, saw whole groups of Macauba palms incased by fig-trees that formed thick tubes round the shafts of the palms, whose noble crowns rose high above them; and a similar spectacle occurs in India and Ceylon, when the Tamils look with increased veneration on their sacred pippul thus united in marriage with the palmyra. After the incarcerated trunk has been stifled and destroyed, the grotesque form of the parasite, tubular, corkscrew-like, or otherwise fantastically contorted, and frequently admitting the light through interstices like loopholes in a turret, continues to maintain an independent existence among the straight-stemmed trees of the forest—the image of an eccentric genius in the midst of a group of steady citizens. Sometimes they grow so as to become self-strangling parasites, like that shown in the illustration.

Like the mosses and lichens of our woods, epiphytes of endless variety and almost inconceivable size and luxuriance (ferns, bromelias, tillandsias, orchids, and pothos) cover in the tropical zone the trunks and branches of the forest trees, forming hanging gardens, far more splendid than those of ancient Babylon. While the orchids are distinguished by the eccentric forms and splendid coloring of their flowers, sometimes resembling winged insects or birds, the pothos family (caladium, calla, arum, dracontium, pothos) attract attention by the beauty of their large, thick-veined, generally arrow-shaped, digitated, or elongated leaves, and form a beautiful contrast to the stiff bromelias or the hairy tillandsias that conjointly adorn the knotty stems and branches of the ancient trees.

A PERSIAN PASSION PLAY.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

IN the Autumn of 1871 everybody had been either seeing the Ammergau Passion Play or hearing about it; and to find any one who has seen it, and not been deeply interested and moved by it, is very rare. The Passion Play at Ammergau, with its immense audiences, the seriousness of its actors, the passionate emotion of its spectators, brought to my mind something of which I had read an account lately; something produced, not in Bavaria nor in Christendom at all, but far away in that wonderful East, from which, whatever airs of superiority Europe may justly give itself, all our religion has come, and where religion, of some sort or other, has still an empire over men's feelings such as it has nowhere else.

Count Gobineau, formerly Minister of France at Teheran and at Athens, published, several years ago, an interesting book on the then state of religion and philosophy in Central Asia. His accomplishments and intelligence deserve all respect, and he had the great advantage of writing about things which he had followed with his own observation and inquiry in the countries where they happened. The chief purpose of this book was to give a history of the career of Mirza Ali Mohammed, a Persian religious reformer, the original *Bâb*, and the founder of *Bâbism*, of which most people in America have at least heard the name. Bâb means *gate*, the door or gate of life; and in the ferment which now works in the Mohammedan East, Mirza Ali Mohammed—who seems to have been made acquainted by Protestant missionaries with our Scriptures, and by the Jews of Shiraz with Jewish traditions, to have studied, besides, the religion of the Ghebers, the old national religion of Persia, and to have made a sort of amalgam of the whole with Mohammedanism—presented himself, about the year 1830, as *the door, the gate* of life; found disciples, sent forth writings, and finally became the cause of disturbances which led to his being executed on the 19th of July, 1849, in the citadel of Tabriz. Like all religious Mohammedans, Bab made the pilgrimage to Mecca. But soon after his return to Bagdad he made another pilgrimage to visit the ruined mosque where Ali was assassinated, and where the place of his murder is still shown. He passed several days there in meditation. The place appears to have made a great impression on him; he was entering on a course which might and must lead to some such catastrophe as had happened on the very spot where he stood, and where his mind's eye showed him the Imam Ali lying at his feet, with his body pierced and bleeding. When he arrived at Shiraz, on his return, he was a changed man. No doubts troubled him any more: he was penetrated and persuaded; his part was taken."

This Ali, also, at whose tomb the Bâb went through the spiritual crisis here recorded, is a familiar name to most of us. In general, our knowledge of the East goes but a very little way; yet almost every one has at least heard the name of Ali, the Lion of God, Mohammed's young cousin, the first person, after his wife, who believed in him, and who was declared by Mohammed, in his gratitude, his brother, delegate, and vicar.

Ali was one of Mohammed's best and most successful captains. He married Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet; his sons, Hassan and Hussein were, as children, favorites with Mohammed, who had no son of his own to succeed him, and was expected to name Ali as his successor. He named no successor. At his death (the year 632 of our era) Ali was passed over, and the first caliph or vicar and lieutenant of Mohammed in the government of the state was Abu-Bekr; only the spiritual inheritance of Mohammed, the dignity of Imam, or primate, devolved by right on Ali and his children. Ali, Lion of God, as in war he was, held aloof from politics and political intrigue, loved retirement and prayer, was the most pious and disinterested of men. At Abu-Bekr's death he was again passed over in favor of Omar.

Omar was succeeded by Othman, and still Ali remained tranquil. Othman was assassinated, and then Ali, chiefly to prevent disturbance and bloodshed, accepted, A. D. 655, the caliphate. Meanwhile, the Mohammedan armies had conquered Persia, Syria, and Egypt; the Governor of Syria, Moawiyah, an able and ambitious man, set himself up as caliph, his title was recognized by Amrou, the Governor of Egypt, and a bloody and indecisive battle was fought in Mesopotamia between Ali's army and Moawiyah's. Gibbon shall tell the rest: "In the temple of Mecca three Charegites or enthusiasts discoursed of the disorders of the church and state; they soon agreed that the deaths of Ali, of Moawiyah, and of his friend Amrou, the Viceroy of Egypt, would restore the peace and unity of religion. Each of the assassins chose his victim, poisoned his dagger, devoted his life, and secretly repaired to the scene of action. Their resolution was equally desperate; but the first mistook the person of Amrou, and stabbed the deputy who occupied his seat; the Prince of Damascus was dangerously hurt by the second; Ali, the lawful caliph, in the mosque of Kufa, received a mortal wound from the hand of the third."

The events through which we have thus rapidly run ought to be kept in mind, for they are the elements of Mohammedan history; any right understanding of the state of the Mohammedan world is impossible without them. For that world is divided into the two great sects of Shiahs and Sunis. The Shiahs are those who reject the first three caliphs as usurpers, and begin with Ali as the first lawful successor of Mohammed; the Sunis recognize Abu-Bekr, Omar, and Othman, as well as Ali, and regard the Shiahs as impious heretics. The Persians are Shiahs, and the Arabs and Turks are Sunis. Hussein, one of Ali's two sons, married a Persian princess, the daughter of Yezdejerd, the last of the Sassanian kings, the king whom the Mohammedan conquest of Persia expelled; and Persia, through this marriage, became specially connected with the house of Ali. "In the fourth age of the Hegira," says Gibbon, "a tomb, a temple, a city, arose near the ruins of Kufa. Many thousands of the Shiahs repose in holy ground at the feet of the vicar of God; and the desert is vivified by the numerous and annual visits of the Persians, who esteem their devotion not less meritorious than the pilgrimage of Mecca.

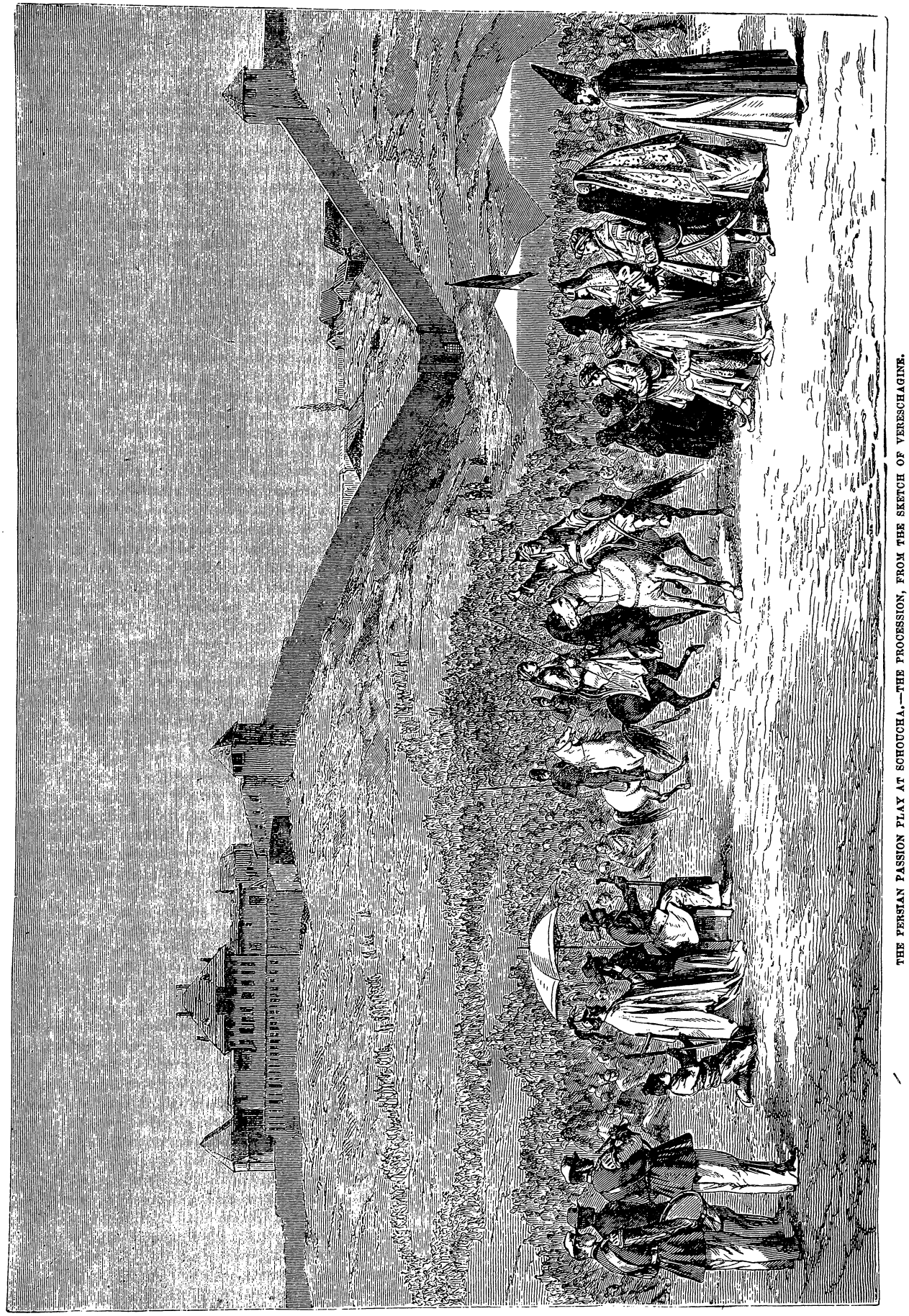
Ali Moawiyah died in the year 680 of our era, nearly fifty years after the death of Mohammed. His son Yezid succeeded him on the throne of the caliphs at Damascus. During the reign of Moawiyah Ali's two sons, the Imams Hassan and Hussein, lived with their families in religious retirement at Medina, where their grandfather Mohammed was buried. In them the character of abstention and renouncement, which we have noticed in Ali himself, was marked yet more strongly; but, when Moawiyah died, the people of Kufa, the city on the lower Euphrates where Ali had been assassinated, sent offers to make Hussein caliph if he would come among them, and to support him against the Syrian troops of Yezid. Hussein seems to have thought himself bound to accept the proposal. He left Medina, and with his family and relations, to the number of about eighty persons, set out on his way to Kufa. Then ensued the tragedy so familiar to every Mohammedan, and to us so little known, the tragedy of Kerbela. "O death," cries the bandit-minstrel of Persia, Kurroglou, in his last song before his execution, "O death, whom didst thou spare? Were even Hassan and Hussein, those footstools of the throne of God on the seventh heaven, spared by thee? *No! thou madest them martyrs at Kerbela.*"

Hussein, in the plain of Kerbela, was encompassed by a body of 5,000 horse, who intercepted his communication with the city and the river. In a conference with the chief of the enemy he proposed the option of three conditions—that he should be allowed to return to Medina, or be stationed in a frontier garrison against the Turks, or safely conducted to the presence of Yezid. But the commands of the caliph or his lieutenant were stern and absolute, and Hussein was informed that he must either submit as a captive and a criminal to the Commander of the Faithful, or expect the consequence of his rebellion. "Do you think," replied he, "to terrify me with death?" And during the short respite of a night he prepared, with calm and solemn resignation, to encounter his fate. He checked the lamentations of his sister Fatima, who deplored the impending ruin of his house. "Our trust," said Hussein," is in God alone. All things, both in heaven and earth, must perish and return to their Creator. My brother, my father, my mother, were better than I, and every Mussulman has an example in the Prophet." He pressed his friends to consult their safety by a timely flight; they unanimously refused to desert or survive their beloved master, and their courage was fortified by a fervent prayer and the assurance of paradise. On the morning of the fatal day he mounted on horseback, with his sword in one hand and the Koran in the other; the flanks and rear of his party were secured by the tent-ropes and by a deep trench, which they had filled with lighted fagots, according to the practice of the Arabs. The enemy advanced with reluctance; and one of their chiefs deserted, with thirty followers, to claim the partnership of inevitable death. In every close onset or single combat the despair of the Fatimites was invincible; but the surrounding multitudes galled them from a distance with a cloud of arrows, and the horses and men were successively slain. A truce was allowed on both sides for the hour of prayer; and the battle at length expired by the death of the last of the companions of Hussein."

The women and children of his family were taken in chains to the Caliph Yezid at Damascus. Gibbon concludes the story thus: "In a distant age and climate, the tragic scene of the death of Hussein will awaken the sympathy of the coldest reader. On the annual festival of his martyrdom, in the devout pilgrimage to his sepulchre, his Persian votaries abandon their souls to the religious frenzy of sorrow and indignation."

Thus the tombs of Ali and of his son, the Meshed Ali and the Meshed Hussein, standing some thirty miles apart from one another in the plain of the Euphrates, had, when Gibbon wrote, their yearly pilgrims and their tribute of enthusiastic mourning.

Within the present century there has arisen, on the basis of this story of the martyrs of Kerbela, a drama, a Persian national drama, which Count Gobineau, who has seen and



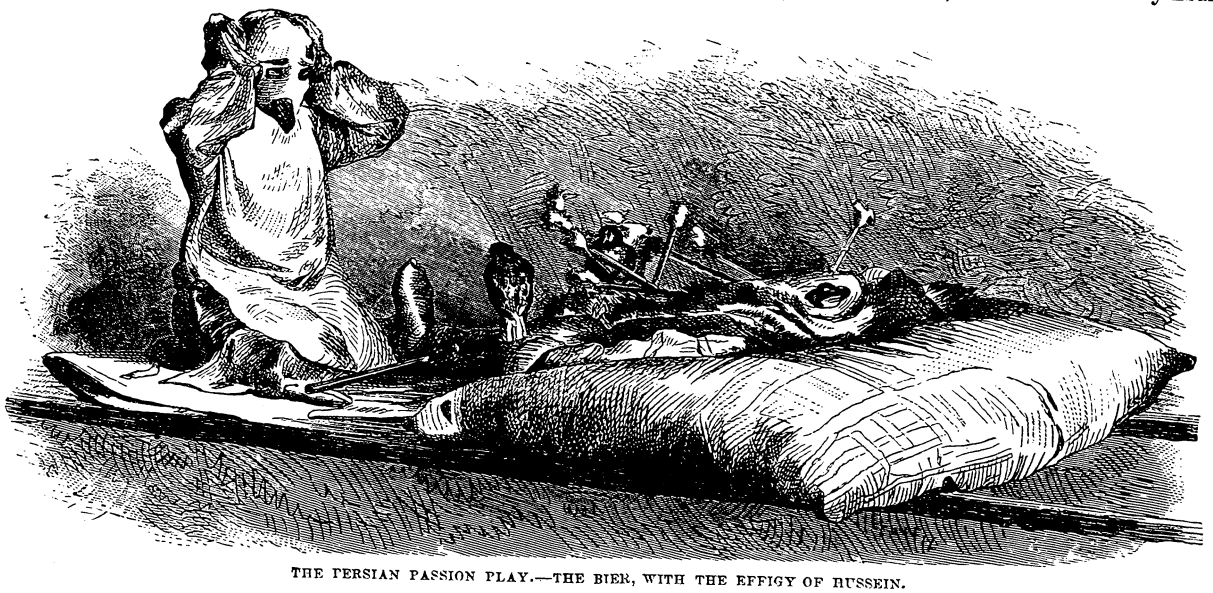
THE PERSIAN PASSION PLAY AT SCHOUCHA.—THE PROCESSION, FROM THE SKETCH OF VERESCHAGINE.

heard it, is bold enough to rank with the Greek drama as a great and serious affair, engaging the heart and life of the people who have given birth to it; while the Latin, English, French, and German drama is, he says, in comparison a mere pastime or amusement, more or less intellectual and elegant. To me it seems that the Persian *tazyas*—for so these pieces are called—find a better parallel in the Ammergau Passion Play than in the Greek drama. They turn entirely on one subject—the sufferings of the *Family of the Tent*, as the Imam Hussein and the company of persons gathered around him at Kerbela are called. The subject is sometimes introduced by a prologue, which may, perhaps, one day, as the need of variety is more felt, become a piece by itself; but at present the prologue leads invariably to the martyrs. For instance: The Emperor Tamerlane, in his conquering progress through the world, arrives at Damascus. The keys of the city are brought to him by the governor; but the governor is a descendant of one of the murderers of the Imam Hussein; Tamerlane is informed of it, loads him with reproaches, and drives him from his presence. The emperor presently sees the governor's daughter splendidly dressed, thinks of the sufferings of the holy women of the Family of the Tent, and upbraids and drives her away as he did her father. But after this he is haunted by the great tragedy which has been thus brought to his mind, and he cannot sleep and cannot be comforted. He calls his vizier, and his vizier tells him that the only way to soothe his troubled spirit is to see a *tazya*. And so the *tazya* commences. Or, again: Joseph and his brethren appear on the stage, and the old Bible story is transacted. Joseph is thrown into the pit and sold to the merchants, and his blood-stained coat is carried by his brothers to Jacob; Jacob is then left alone, weeping and bewailing himself; the angel Gabriel enters, and reproves him for his want of faith and constancy, telling him that what he suffers is not a hundredth part of what Ali, Hussein, and the children of Hussein will one day suffer. Jacob seems to doubt it; Gabriel, to convince him, orders the angels to perform a *tazya* of what will one day happen at Kerbela. And so the *tazya* commences.

These pieces are given in the first ten days of the month of Moharrem, the anniversary of the martyrdom at Kerbela. They are so popular that they now invade other seasons of the year also; but this is the season when the world is given up to them. King and people, every one, is in mourning; and at night, and while the *tazyas* are not going on, processions keep passing, the air resounds with the beating of breasts and with litanies of "O Hassan! Hussein!" while the Seyids—a kind of popular friars claiming to be descendants of Mohammed, and in whose incessant popularizing and amplifying of the legend of Kerbela in their homilies during pilgrimages and at the tombs of the martyrs, the *tazyas*, no doubt, had their origin—keep up by their sermons and hymns the enthusiasm which the drama of the day has excited. It seems as if no one went to bed; and certainly no one who went to bed could sleep. Confraternities go in procession with a black flag and torches, every man with his shirt torn open, and beating himself with the right hand on the left shoulder in a kind of measured cadence to accompany a canticle in honor of the martyrs. These processions come and take post in the theatres where the Seyid are preaching. Still more noisy are the companies of dancers, striking a kind of wooden castanets together, at one time in front of their breasts, at another time behind their heads, and marking time with music and dance to a dirge set up by the bystanders, in which the names of the Imams perpetually recur as a burden.

Noisiest of all are the Berbers, men of a darker skin and another race, their feet and the upper part of their body naked, who carry, some of them, tambourines and cymbals, others iron chains and long needles. One of their race is said to have formerly derided the Imams in their affliction, and the Berbers now appear in expiation of that crime. At first their music and their march proceed slowly together, but presently the music quickens, the chain and needle-bearing Berbers move violently round, and begin to beat themselves with their chains and to prick their arms and cheeks with the needles—first gently, then with more vehemence; till suddenly the music ceases, and all stops. So we are carried back, on this old Asiatic soil, where beliefs and usages are heaped layer upon layer and ruin upon ruin, far past the martyred Imams, past Mohammedism, past Christianity, to the priests of Baal gashing themselves with knives and to the worship of Adonis.

The *tekyas*, or theatres for the drama, which calls forth these celebrations, are constantly multiplying. The king, the great functionaries, the towns, the wealthy citizens, like the king's goldsmith, or any private person who has the means and the desire, provide them. Every one sends contributions; it is a religious act to furnish a box or two or to give decorations for a *tekya;* and as religious offerings, all gifts down to the very smallest are accepted. There are tekyas for not more than three or four hundred spectators, and there are tekyas for three or four thousand.



THE PERSIAN PASSION PLAY.—THE BIER, WITH THE EFFIGY OF HUSSEIN.

At Ispahan there are representations which bring together more than 20,000 people. At Teheran, the Persian capital, each quarter of the town has its tekyas, every square and open place is turned to account for establishing them, and spaces have been expressly cleared, besides, for fresh tekyas. The arrangements of a large theatre at Teheran are very simple. The tekya is a walled parallelogram, with a brick platform, *sakou*, in the centre of it; this *sakou* is surrounded with black poles at some distance from each other, the poles are joined at the top by horizontal rods of the same color, and from these rods hang colored lamps, which are lighted for the praying and preaching at night when the representation is over. The *sakou*, or central platform, makes the stage; in connection with it, at one of the opposite extremities of the parallelogram lengthwise, is a reserved box, *tâgnumâ*, higher than the *sakou*. This box is splendidly decorated, and is used for peculiarly interesting and magnificent tableaux—the court of the caliph, for example—which occur in the course of the piece. A passage of a few feet wide is left free between the stage and this box; all the rest of the space is for the spectators, of whom the foremost rows are sitting on their heels close up to this passage, so that they help the actors to mount and descend the high steps of the *tâgnumâ* when they have to pass between that and the *sakou*.

On each side of the *tâgnumâ* are boxes, and along one wall of the enclosure are other boxes with fronts of elaborate woodwork, which are left to stand as a permanent part of the construction; facing these, with the floor and stage between, rise tiers of seats as in an amphitheatre. All places are free; the great people have generally provided and furnished the boxes, and take care to fill them; but if a box is not occupied when the performance begins, any ragged street-urchin or beggar may walk in and seat himself there. A row of gigantic masts runs across the middle of the space, one or two of them being fixed in the *sakou* itself; and from these masts is stretched an immense awning which protects the whole audience. Up to a certain height these masts are hung with tiger and panther skins, to indicate the violent character of the scenes to be represented. Shields of steel and of hippopotamus skin, flags, and naked swords, are also attached to these masts. A sea of color and splendor meets the eye all round. Woodwork and brickwork disappear under cushions, rich carpets, silk hangings, India muslin embroidered with silver and gold, shawls from Kerman and from Cashmere. There are lamps, lustres of colored crystal, mirrors, Bohemian and Venetian glass, porcelain vases, of all degrees of magnitude, from China and from Europe, paintings and engravings, displayed in profusion everywhere. The taste may not always be soberly correct, but the whole spectacle has just the effect of prodigality, color, and sumptuousness which we are accustomed to associate with the splendor of the "Arabian Nights."

In marked contrast with this display is the poverty of scenic contrivance and stage illusion. The subject is far too interesting and too solemn to need them. The actors are visible on all sides, and the exits, entrances, and stage-play of our theatres are impossible; the imagination of the spectator fills up all gaps and meets all requirements. A copper basin of water represents the Euphrates; a heap of chopped straw in a corner is the sand of the desert of Kerbela, and the actor goes and takes up a handful of it, when his part requires him to throw, in Oriental fashion, dust upon his head.

There is no attempt at proper costume; all that is sought is to do honor to the personages of chief interest by dresses and jewels which would pass for rich and handsome things to wear in modern Persian life. The power of the actors is in their genuine sense of the seriousness of the business they are engaged in. They are, like the public around them, penetrated with this, and so the actor throws his whole soul into what he is about, the public meets the actor half-way, and effects of extraordinary impressiveness are the result. "The actor is under a charm," says Count Gobineau; "he is under it so strongly and completely that almost always one sees Yezid himself (the usurping caliph), the wretched Ibn-Said (Yezid's general), the infamous Shemer (Ibn-Said's lieutenant), at the moment they vent the cruelest insults against the Imams whom they are going to massacre, or against the women of the Imam's family whom they are ill-using, burst into tears, and repeat their part with sobs. The public is neither surprised nor displeased at this; on the contrary, it beats its breast at the sight, throws up its arms toward heaven with invocations of God, and redoubles its groans.

"So it often happens that the actor identifies himself with the personage he represents to such a degree that, when the situation carries him away, he cannot be said to act, he *is* with such truth, such complete enthusiasm, such utter self-forgetfulness, what he represents, that he reaches a reality at one time sublime, at another terrible, and produces impressions on his audience which it would be simply absurd to look for from our more artificial performances. There is nothing stilted, nothing false, nothing conventional; nature, and the facts represented, themselves speak."

The actors are men and boys, the parts of angels and women being filled by boys. The children who appear in the piece are often the children of the principal families of Teheran; their appearance in this religious solemnity (for such it is thought) being supposed to bring a blessing upon them and their parents. "Nothing is more touching," says Count Gobineau, "than to see these little things of three or four years old dressed in black gauze frocks with large sleeves, and having on their heads small round black caps embroidered with silver and gold, kneeling beside the body of the actor who represents the martyr of the day, embracing him, and with their little hands covering themselves with chopped straw for sand in sign of grief. These children evidently," he continues, "do not consider themselves to be acting; they are full of the feeling that what they are about is something of deep seriousness and importance; and though they are too young to comprehend fully the story, they know, in general, that it is a matter sad and solemn. They are not distracted by the audience, and they are not shy, but go through their prescribed part with the utmost attention and seriousness, always crossing their arms respectfully to receive the blessing of the Imam Hussein; the public beholds them with emotions of the liveliest satisfaction and sympathy."

The dramatic pieces themselves are without any author's name. They are in popular language, such as the commonest and most ignorant of the Persian people can understand, free from learned Arabic words—free, comparatively speaking, from Oriental fantasticality and hyperbole. The Seyids, or popular friars, already spoken of, have probably had a hand in the composition of many of them. The Moollahs, or regular ecclesiastical authorities, condemn the whole thing. It is an innovation which they disapprove and think dangerous; it is addressed to the eye, and their religion forbids to represent religious things to the eye; it departs from the limits of what is revealed and appointed to be taught as the truth, and brings in novelties and heresies; for these dramas keep growing under the pressure of the actor's imagination and emotion, and of the imagination and emotion of the public, and receive new developments every day. The learned, again, say that these pieces are a heap of lies, the production of ignorant people, and have no words strong enough to express their contempt for them.

Still, so irresistible is the vogue of these sacred dramas that, from the king on the throne to the beggar in the street, every one, except perhaps the Moollahs, attends them, and is carried away by them. The Imams and their family speak always in a kind of lyrical chant, said to have rhythmical effects, often of great pathos and beauty; their persecutors, the villains of the piece, speak always in prose.

The stage is under the direction of a choragus, called *oostad*, or "master," who is a sacred personage by reason of the functions which he performs. Sometimes he addresses to the audience a commentary on what is passing before them, and asks their compassion and tears for the martyrs; sometimes, in default of a Seyid, he prays and preaches. He is always listened to with veneration, for it is he who arranges the whole sacred spectacle which so deeply moves everybody. With no attempt at concealment, with the book of the piece in his hand, he remains constantly on the stage, gives the actors their cue, puts the children and any inexperienced actor in their right places, dresses the martyr in his winding-sheet when he is going to his death, holds the stirrup for him to mount his horse, and inserts a supply of chopped straw into the hands of those who are about to want it. Let us now see him at work.

The theatre is filled, and the heat is great; young men of rank, the king's pages, officers of the army, smart functionaries of state, move through the crowd with water-skins slung on their backs, dealing out water all round, in memory of the thirst which on these solemn days the Imams suffered in the sands of Kerbela. Wild chants and litanies, such as we have already described, are from time to time set up by a dervish, a soldier, a workman in the crowd. These chants are taken up, more or less, by the audience; sometimes they flag and die away for want of support, sometimes they are continued till they reach a paroxysm, and then abruptly stop. Presently a strange, insignificant figure in a green cotton garment, looking like a petty tradesman of one of the Teheran bazaars, mounts upon the *sakou*. He beckons with his hand to the audience, who are silent directly, and addresses them in a tone of lecture and expostulation, thus:

"Well, you seem happy enough, Mussulmans, sitting there at your ease under the awning; and you imagine paradise already wide open to you. Do you know what paradise is? It is a garden, doubtless, but such a garden as you have no idea of. You will say to me: 'Friend, tell us what it is like.' I have never been there, certainly; but plenty of prophets have described it, and angels have brought news of it. However, all I will tell you is, that there is room for all good people there, for it is 330,000 cubits long. If you do not believe, inquire. As for getting to be one of the good people, let me tell you it is not enough to read the Koran of the Prophet (the salvation and blessing of God be upon him!); it is not enough to do everything which this divine book enjoins; it is not enough to come and weep at the *tazyas*, as you do every day, you sons of dogs you, who know nothing which is of any use; it behoves, besides, that your good works (if you ever do any, which I greatly doubt) should be done in the name and for the love of Hussein. It is Hussein, Mussulmans, who is the door to paradise; it is Hussein, Mussulmans, who upholds the world; it is Hussein, Mussulmans, by whom comes salvation! Cry, Hassan, Hussein!"

And all the multitude cry: "O Hassan! O Hussein!"

"That is well; and now cry again." And again all cry: "O Hassan! O Hussein!" "And now," the strange speaker goes on, "pray to God to keep you continually in the love of Hussein. Come, make your cry to God." Then the multitude, as one man, throw up their arms into the air, and with a deep and long-drawn cry exclaim: "*Ya Allah!* (O God)!"

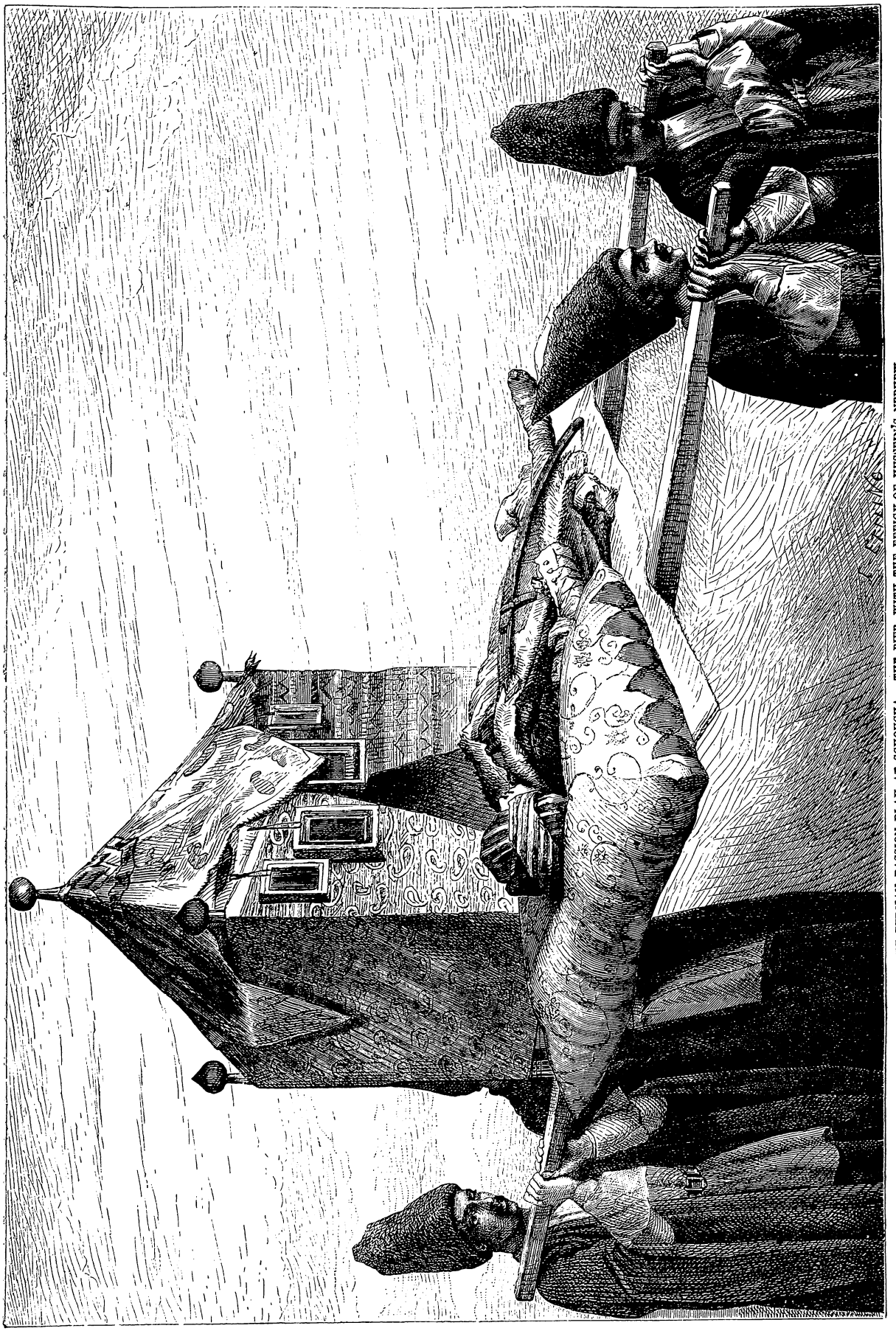
Fifes, drums, and trumpets break out; the *kernas*—great copper trumpets five or six feet long—give notice that the actors are ready and that the *tazya* is to commence. The preacher descends from the *sakou*, and the actors occupy it.

To give a clear notion of the cycle which these dramas fill, we should begin, as on the first day of the Moharrem the actors begin, with some piece relating to the childhood of the Imams, such as, for instance, the piece called "The Children Digging." Ali and Fatima are living at Medina with their little sons Hassan and Hussein. The simple home and occupations of the pious family are exhibited; it is morning, Fatima is seated with the little Hussein on her lap, dressing him. She combs his hair, talking carelessly to him all the while. A hair comes out with the comb; the child starts. Fatima is in distress at having given the child even this momentary uneasiness, and stops to gaze upon him tenderly. She falls into an anxious reverie, thinking of her fondness for the child, and of the unknown future in store for him. While she muses, the angel Gabriel stands before her. He reproves her weakness:

"A hair falls from the child's head," he says, "and you weep; what would you do if you knew the destiny that awaits him, the countless wounds with which that body shall one day be pierced, the agony that shall rend your own soul?"

Fatima, in despair, is comforted by her husband Ali, and they go together into the town to hear Mohammed preach. The boys and some of their little friends begin to play; every one makes a great deal of Hussein; he is at once the most spirited and the most amiable child of them all. The party amuse themselves with digging, with making holes in the ground and building mounds. Ali returns from the sermon and asks what they are about; and Hussein is made to reply in ambiguous and prophetic answers, which convey that by these holes and mounds in the earth are prefigured interments and tombs. Ali departs again; there rush in a number of big and fierce boys, and begin to pelt the little Imams with stones. A companion shields Hussein with his own body, but he is struck down with a stone, and with another stone Hussein, too, is stretched on the ground senseless. Who are those boy-tyrants and persecutors? They are Ibn-Said, and Shemer, and others, the future murderers at Kerbela. The audience perceive it with a shudder; the hateful assailants go off in triumph; Ali re-enters, picks up the stunned and wounded children, brings them round, and takes Hussein back to his mother Fatima.

But let us now come at once to the days of martyrdom and to Kerbela. One of the most famous pieces of the cycle is a piece called the "Marriage of Kassem," which brings us into the very middle of these crowning days. Kassem is the son of Hussein's elder brother, the Imam Hassan, who had been poisoned by Yezid's instigation at Medina. Kassem and his mother are with the Imam Hussein at Kerbela; there, too, are the women and children of the holy family, Omm-Leyla, Hussein's wife, the Persian princess, the last child of Yezdejerd, the last of the Sassanides; Zeyneb, Hussein's sister, the offspring, like himself, of Ali and Fatima, and the granddaughter of Mohammed; his nephew Abdallah, still a little child; finally, his beautiful daughter Zobeyda. When the piece begins, the Imam's camp in the desert has already been cut off from the Euphrates and besieged several days by the Syrian troops under Ibn-Said and Shemer, and by the treacherous men of Kufa. The Family of the Tent were suffering torments of thirst. One of the children had brought an empty water-bottle, and thrown it, a silent token of distress, before the feet of Abbas, the uncle of Hussein; Abbas had sallied out to cut his way to the river, and had been slain. Afterward Ali-Akber, Hussein's eldest son, had made the same attempt and met with the same fate. Two younger brothers of Ali-Akber followed his example



THE PERSIAN PASSION PLAY AT SCHOUCHA.—THE BIER, WITH THE EFFIGY OF HUSSEIN'S NEPHEW.

and were likewise slain. The Imam Hussein had rushed amidst the enemy, beaten them from the body of Ali-Akber, and brought the body back to his tent; but the river was still inaccessible. At this point the action of the "Marriage of Kassem" begins. Kassem, a youth of sixteen, is burning to go and avenge his cousin.

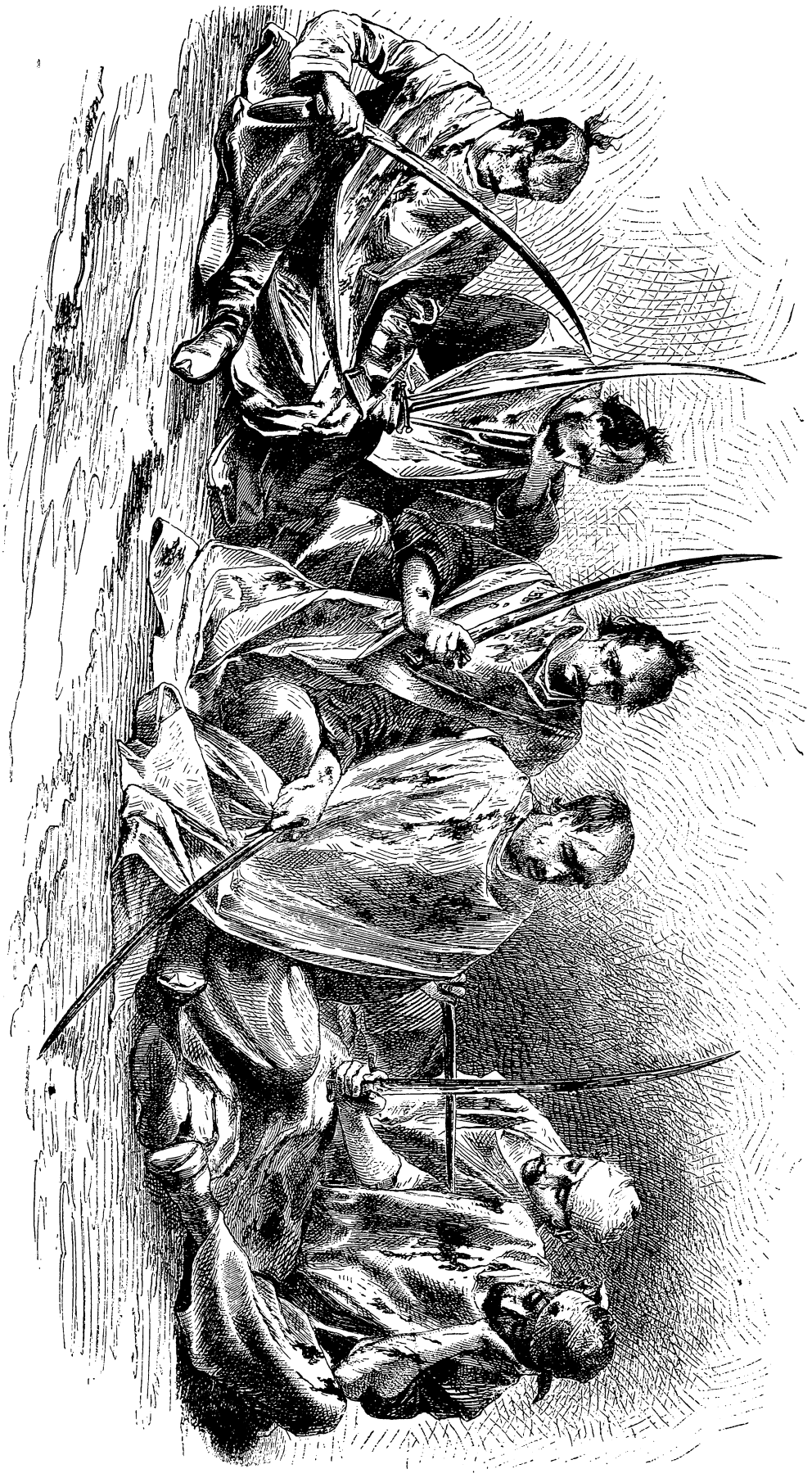
Hussein refuses; Kassem breaks forth in complaints and lamentations; his mother comes to him and learns the reason. She then says:

"Complain not against the Imam, light of my eyes; only by his order can the commission of martyrdom be given. In that commission are sealed two-and-seventy witnesses, all righteous, and among the two-and-seventy is thy name. Know that thy destiny of death is commanded in the writing which thou wearest on thine arm."

This writing is the testament of his father Hassan. He bears it in triumph to the Imam Hussein, who finds written there that he should, on the death-plain of Kerbela, suffer Kassem to have his will, but that he should marry him first to his daughter Zobeyda. Kassem consents, though in astonishment.

The women and children surround Kassem, sprinkle him with rose-water, hang bracelets and necklaces on him, and scatter sweetmeats around; and then the marriage procession is formed.

Kassem takes leave of his bride.



THE PERSIAN PASSION PLAY AT SCHOUCHA.—SELF-MUTILATING MOURNERS.

"God keep thee, my bride," he says, embracing her, "for I must forsake thee!"

"One moment," she says, "remain in thy place one moment! thy countenance is as the lamp which giveth us light; suffer me to turn around thee as the butterfly turneth, gently, gently!"

And making a turn around him, she performs the ancient Eastern rite of respect from a newly-married wife to her husband.

The Syrian troops appear. Kassem rushes upon them, and they all go off fighting. The Family of the Tent, at Hussein's command, put the Koran on their heads, and pray, covering themselves with sand. Kassem reappears for a time victorious. His thirst is intolerable.

Hussein again rushes forth, and returns bleeding and stuck with darts, to die at the Imam's feet in the tent. So ends the marriage of Kassem.

But the great day is the tenth day of the Moharrem, when comes the death of the Imam himself: "The battle at length expired by the death of the last of the companions of Hussein. Alone, weary, and wounded, he seated himself at the door of his tent. He was pierced in the mouth with a dart. He lifted his hands to heaven—they were full of blood—and he uttered a funeral prayer for the living and the dead. In a transport of despair, his sister issued from the tent, and adjured the general of the Kufians that he would not suffer Hussein to be murdered before his eyes. A tear trickled down the soldier's venerable beard; and the boldest of his men fell back on every side as the dying Imam threw himself among them. The remorseless Shemer—a name detested by the faithful—reproached their cowardice; and the grandson of Mohammed was slain with three-and-thirty strokes of lances and swords. After they had trampled on his body, they carried his head to the castle of Kufa, and the inhuman Obeidallah (the governor) struck him on the mouth with a cane.

"'Alas!' exclaimed an aged Mussulman, 'on those lips have I seen the lips of the apostle of God!'"

For this catastrophe no one *tazya* suffices; all the companies of actors unite in a vast open space; booths and tents are pitched round the outside circle for the spectators; in the centre is the Imam's camp, and the day ends with its conflagration.

Nor are there wanting pieces which carry on the story beyond the death of Hussein. One which produces an extraordinary effect is "The Christian Damsel," in which a Christian damsel sees in a vision the holiness of Hussein; wakes, and embraces Islam, the Islam of the sect of the Shiahs.

Another piece closes the whole story, by bringing the captive women and children of the Imams's family to Damascus, to the presence of the Caliph Yezid. It is in this piece that there comes the magnificent tableau, already mentioned, of the court of the caliph. The crown-jewels are lent for it, and the dresses of the ladies of Yezid's court, represented by boys chosen for their good looks, are said to be worth thousands and thousands of dollars; but the audience see them without favor, for this brilliant court of Yezid is cruel to the captives of Kerbela. Yezid orders Hussein's wife to be put to death, and sends the head of Hussein to the children. Sekyna, the Imam's youngest daughter, a child of four years old, takes the beloved head in her arms, kisses it, and lies down beside it. Then Hussein appear to her as in life: "Oh! my father," she cries, "where wast thou? I was hungry, I was cold, I was beaten—where wast thou?" But now she sees him again, and is happy. In the vision of her happiness she passes away out of this troublesome life, she enters into rest, and the piece ends with her mother and her aunt burying her.

The celebrated traveler, Vereschaigne—to whom we are indebted for our illustrations—saw and sketched this play at Schoucha, in the Caucasus. He describes the play as a vivid picture of savage fanaticism, to which the present age is in general a stranger. The whole population of the town awaited it in a vast prairie, and hailed its coming with shouts of "*Gousseim!*" The procession opens with men arrayed in white, each of whom holds a sabre, with which he keeps cutting his forehead till his whole face streams with blood. Amid them are five or six others with darts and javelins piercing the skin of their faces and chests, and swords that seem to pierce their bodies; they are loaded with chains and fetters, and represent the sufferings of the martyrs whom they honor. Then comes, borne on a bier, a figure representing the young nephew and intended son-in-law of Hussein. He earnestly begged to attend the hero martyr, and was slain with him. He lies on a bed, with his sword at his side, a kind of ark or tent behind, richly adorned, and symbols of a young bridegroom.

Then come warriors, and Hussein's horse, with the bloody marks of the fatal struggle still staining his body and hide.

Then comes the Imam or saint himself, borne along with signs of the deepest respect. It is a manikin, richly attired, but headless. At the neck, part of a cow's neck, still bleeding, is inserted. The breast is pierced with arrows, and among them are placed two live doves, emblems of his innocence. By the corps kneels a boy enveloped in a white sheet stained with blood, with openings for the eyes, and a long red tongue, to denote the thirst of the Imam and his whole family. This child clasps his head between his hands, and leans over the corpse. A crowd of mourners follow this, many in ancient attire. Then the people close the procession.

These are the martyrs of Kerbela; and these are the sufferings which awaken in an Asiatic audience sympathy so deep and serious, transports so genuine of pity, love, and gratitude, that to match them at all one must take feelings raised at Ammergau. And now, where are we to look, in the subject-matter of the Persian passion play, for the source of all this emotion?

Count Gobineau suggests that it is to be found in the feeling of patriotism; and that our Indo-European kinsmen, the Persians, conquered by the Semitic Arabians, find in the sufferings of Hussein a portrait of their own martyrdom. "Hussein," says Count Gobineau, "is not only the son of Ali, he is the husband of a princess of the blood of the Persian kings; he, his father Ali, the whole body of Imams taken together, represent the nation, represent Persia, invaded, ill-treated, despoiled, stripped of its inhabitants, by the Arabians. It is *patriotism*, therefore, which has taken the form, here, of the drama to express itself."

I believe that the Persian Passion Play points to something much more interesting.

To popular opinion everywhere religion is proved by miracles. All religions but a man's own are utterly false and vain; the authors of them are mere impostors; and the miracles, which are said to attest them, fictitious. We forget that this is a game which two can play at; although the believer of each religion always imagines the prodigies which attest his own religion to be fenced by a guard granted to them alone. Yet how much more safe is it, as well as more fruitful, to look for the main confirmation of a religion in its intrinsic correspondence with urgent wants of human nature, in its profound necessity! Differing religions will then be found to have much in common, but this will be an additional proof of the value of that religion which does most for that which is thus commonly recognized as salutary and necessary. In Christendom one need not go about to establish that the religion of the Hebrews is a better religion than the religion of the Arabs, or that the Bible is a greater book than the Koran. The Bible *grew*, the Koran *was made;* there lies the immense difference in depth and truth between

them! This very inferiority may make the Koran, for certain purposes and for people at a low stage of mental growth, a more powerful instrument than the Bible. From the circumstances of its origin, the Koran has the intensely dogmatic character . has the perpetual insistence on the motive of future rewards and punishments, the palpable exhibition of paradise and hell, which the Bible has not.

Among the little known and little advanced races of the great African continent, the Mohammedan missionaries, by reason of the sort of power which this character of the Koran gives, are said to be more successful than ours. Nevertheless, even in Africa, it will assuredly one day be manifest, that whereas the Bible-people trace themselves to Abraham through Isaac, and the Koran-people trace themselves to Abraham through Ishmael, the difference between the religion of the Bible and the religion of the Koran is almost as the difference between Isaac and Ishmael. I mean that the seriousness about righteousness, which is what the hatred of idolatry really means, and the profound and inexhaustible doctrines that the righteous Eternal loveth righteousness, that there is no peace for the wicked, that the righteous is an everlasting foundation, are exhibited and inculcated in the Old Testament with an authority, majesty, and truth which leave the Koran immeasurably behind, and which, the more mankind grows and gains light, the more will be felt to have no fellows. Mohammed was no doubt acquainted with the Jews and their documents, and gained something from this source for his religion. But his religion is not a mere plagiarism from Judea, any more than it is a mere mass of falsehood. No; in the seriousness, elevation, and moral energy of himself and of that Semitic race from which he sprang and to which he spoke, Mohammed mainly found that scorn and hatred of idolatry, that sense of the worth and truth of righteousness, judgment, and justice, which make the real greatness of him and his Koran, and which are thus rather an independent testimony to the essential doctrines of the Old Testament than a plagiarism from them. The world needs righteousness, and the Bible is the grand teacher of it; but for certain times and certain men Mohammed, too, in his way, was a teacher of righteousness.

But we know how the Old Testament conception of righteousness ceased with time to have the freshness and force of an intuition, became something petrified, narrow, and formal, needed renewing. We know how Christianity renewed it, carrying into these hard waters of Judaism a sort of warm gulf-stream of tender emotion, due chiefly to qualities which may be summed up as those of inwardness, mildness, and self-renouncement. Mohammedism had no such renewing. It began with a conception of righteousness, lofty, indeed, but narrow, and which we may call old Jewish; and there it remained. It is not a *feeling* religion. No one would say that the virtues of gentleness, mildness, and self-sacrifice were its virtues; and the more it went on, the more the faults of its original narrow basis became visible, more and more it became fierce and militant, less and less was it amiable. Now, what are Ali, and Hassan, and Hussein and the Imams, but an insurrection of noble and pious natures against the hardness and aridity of the religion round them? an insurrection making its authors seem weak, helpless, and unsuccessful to the world and amidst the struggles of the world, but enabling them to know the joy and peace for which the world thirsts in vain and inspiring in the heart of mankind an irresistible sympathy.

"The twelve Imams," says Gibbon, "Ali, Hassan, Hussein, and the lineal descendants of Hussein, to the ninth generation, without arms, or treasures, or subjects, successively enjoyed the veneration of the people. Their names were often the pretence of sedition and civil war; but these royal saints despised the pomp of the world, submitted to the will of God and the injustice of man, and devoted their innocent lives to the study and practice of religion."

"Oh, brother," said Hassan, as he was dying of poison, to Hussein, who sought to find out and punish his murderer—"Oh, brother, let him alone till he and I meet together before God!"

So his father Ali had stood back from his rights instead of snatching at them. So of Hussein himself it was said by his successful rival, the usurping Caliph Yezid:

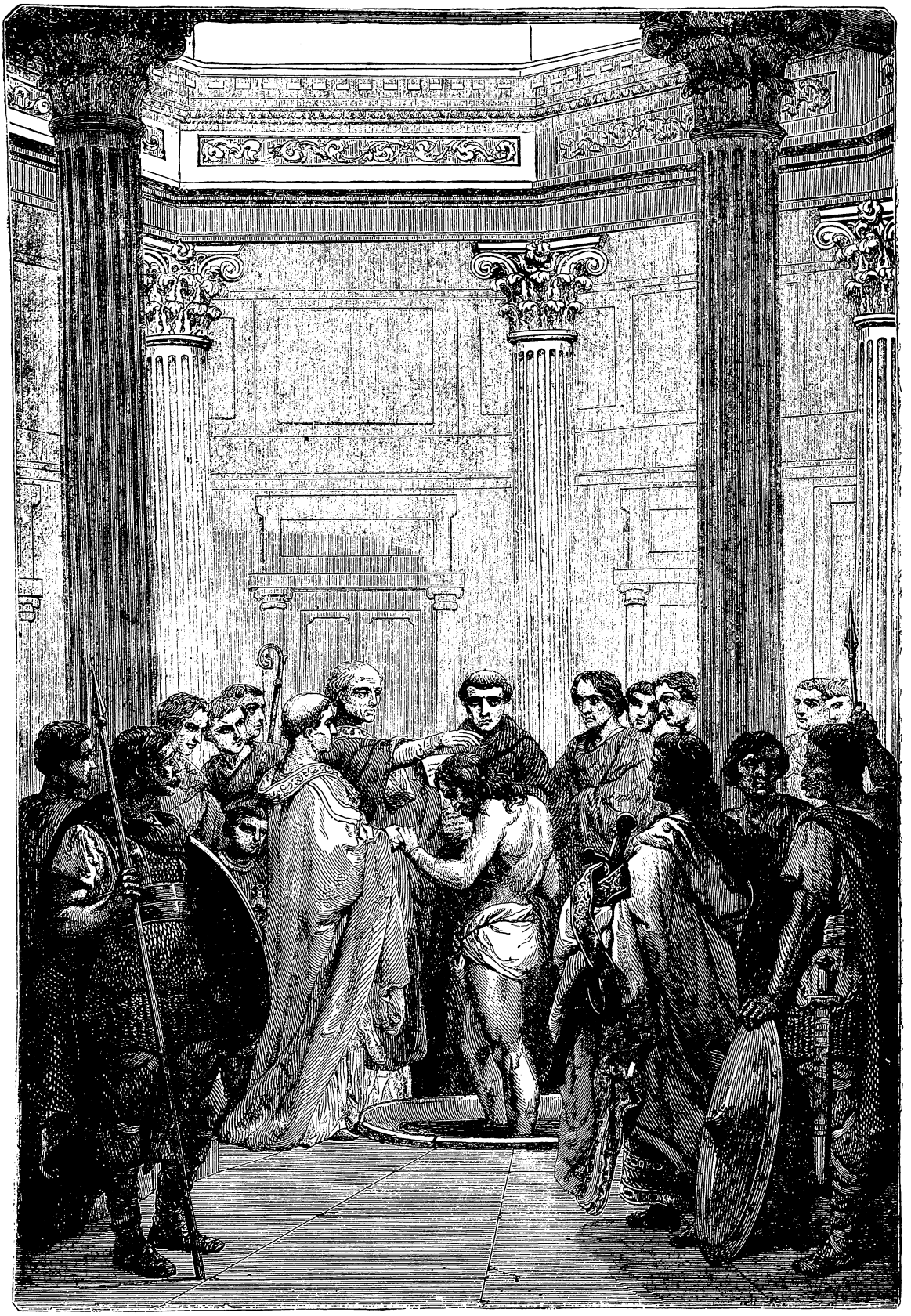
"God loved Hussein, but he would not suffer him to attain to anything."

They might attain to nothing, they were too pure, these great ones of the world, as by birth they were; but the people, which itself also can attain to so little, loved them all the better on that account, loved them for their abnegation and mildness, felt that they were dear to God, that God loved them, and that they and their lives filled a void in the severe religion of Mohammed. These saintly self-deniers, these resigned sufferers, who would not strive nor cry, supplied a tender and pathetic side in Islam.

The conquered Persians—a more mobile, more impressionable, and gentler race than their concentrated, narrow, and austere Semitic conquerors—felt the need of it most, and gave most prominence to the ideals which satisfied the need; but in Arabs and Turks also, and in all the Mohammedan world, Ali and his sons excite enthusiasm and affection. Round the central sufferer, Hussein, has come to group itself everything which is most tender and touching. His person brings to the Mussulman's mind the most human side of Mohammed himself, his fondness for children—for Mohammed had loved to nurse the little Hussein on his knee, and to show him from the pulpit to his people.

The Family of the Tent is full of women and children, and their devotion and sufferings—blameless and saintly women, lovely and innocent children. There, too, are lovers with their story, the beauty and the love of youth; and all follow the attraction of the pure and resigned Imam, all die for him. The tender pathos from all these flows into the pathos from him and enhances it, until finally there arises for the popular imagination an immense ideal of mildness and self-sacrifice, melting and overpowering the soul.

Even for us, to whom almost all the names are strange, whose interest in the places and persons is faint, who have them before us for a moment to-day, to see them again, probably, no more forever—even for us, unless I err greatly, the power and pathos of this ideal are recognizable. What must they be for those to whom every name is familiar, and calls up the most solemn and cherished associations; who have had their adoring gaze fixed all their lives upon this exemplar of self-denial and gentleness, and who have no other? If it was superfluous to say that the religion of the Koran has not the value of the religion of the Old Testament, still more it is superfluous so say that the religion of the Imams has not the value of Christianity. The character and discourse of Jesus Christ possess, I have elsewhere often said, two signal powers—mildness and sweet reasonableness. The latter, the power which so puts before our view duty of every kind as to give it the force of an intuition, as to make it seem—to make the total sacrifice of our ordinary self-esteem—the most simple, natural, winning, necessary thing in the world, has been hitherto applied with but a very limited range, it is destined to an infinitely wider application, and has a fruitfulness which will yet transform the world. Of this the Imams have nothing, except so far as all mildness and self-sacrifice have in them something of sweet reasonableness and are its indispensable preliminary. This they have, *mildness and self-sacrifice;* and we have seen what an attraction it exercises. Could we ask for a stronger testimony to Christianity? Could we wish for any sign more convincing, that Jesus Christ was indeed, what



THE BAPTISM OF CLOVIS, KING OF THE FRANKS. (BY ST. REMIGIUS.)

Christians call him, *the desire of all nations?* So salutary, so necessary is what Christianity contains that a religion—a great, powerful, successful religion—arises without it, and the missing virtue forces its way in! Christianity may say to these Persian Mohammedans, with their gaze fondly turned toward the martyred Imams, what in our Bible God says by Isaiah of Cyrus, their great ancestor: "*I girded thee, though thou hast not known me.*" It is a long way from Kerbela to Calvary; but the sufferers of Kerbela hold aloft to the eyes of millions of our race the lesson so loved by the Sufferer of Calvary. For He said: "Learn of me, that I am *mild*, and *lowly of heart;* and ye shall find *rest unto your souls.*"

STREET SCENE BEFORE THE FARNESE PALACE, ROME.

THE PINK COUNTESS.

By Joaquin Miller.

CARLTON and Murietta were passing under an arch by some sarcophagi and an obelisk, where the drive is very narrow, and the carriages were jammed and blocked for a moment in the road.

The artist lifted his eyes, and then let them fall in an instant, as if they had received the full light of the sun.

He lifted his eyes again and bowed. The lady, the One Fair Woman, Annette, had recognized him, and inclined her head from her carriage, where she sat by the side of her father, the general, who still rode on his battle-cloud and saw no one. The carriage passed on instantly, but the lady half-turned her head, half-looked back over her shoulder as she whirled out of sight; looked back at the artist in the old way as he had ever painted her. But this time she smiled, and the man was instantly made more happy than he had been that morning with all the smiles of Nature.

The gay and careless Carlton stopped suddenly, with his feet on the edge of the green grass under a white locust-tree with the sound of the bees above them, and turning sharp, looked his friend in the face, and said slowly but severely:

"You are a fool."

"Since you are so in earnest," answered Murietta, also stopping and looking up as if at the bees in the locust-blossoms, "you perhaps will be kind enough to tell me on what particular act of mine you base this voluntary but no doubt very honest opinion."

"Well," said Carlton, half-leaning against the locust-tree, and also looking up at the bees as if he felt rather in doubt about the ground on which he was now about to tread once more—"well, you see that I happen to know you have been following this beautiful lady, the belle of Italy, for years."

"And?" queried Murietta half-smiling, and looking away to the left under the locust-boughs at a party of red monks.

"And you have found her, and she favors you as she would not favor a prince! Why, just fancy"— and here the man brought his eyes down from the bees up in the white blossoms—"just fancy a lady in her position picking you out of this vast army of vagabonds here on foot, and turning in her carriage and speaking to you with her eyes, and looking after you down the avenue!"

"And therefore I am a fool; a fortunate fool, eh?"

"No, not therefore. Not for that," answered the other seriously. "No, my friend Murietta, you are so blind and so careless of the great world that crushes or crowns us. Pardon me for alluding to the countess once more after what passed in the Caffè Greco."

"Go on," answered Murietta, still looking away under the white boughs at the red monks moving along the sward of long green grass, with the great brown wall of Rome for a background. "Go on, you are pardoned for all your sins in that direction, according to the Church, for forty days to come."

"Well, then, do you not know that when that fair lady Annette leaned from her carriage and looked at you, she looked at you through a cloud, a perfect thunder-cloud, that you have brought about your own head with your own hands."

"Heavens! what do you speak of?"

"I speak of the countess again, your pink countess and the poor half-distracted count. If there is no one in Rome among all your admirers friend enough to tell you of your folly, I will take the responsibility myself."

"But what have I done?" asked Murietta eagerly, looking his friend in the face.

"Naught, so far as I know. In fact I know, I, who know that you love but this one fair woman who has just passed, know perfectly well that you have done nothing, or, at least, if you have done anything, you have done it with the best

of intentions. But the world, Murietta, does not know it—the world does not know you."

"Then pray tell me what this great big world, as you call it, says of my sin?"

"Well," began Carlton, as he laid one forefinger meditatively across the other, and speaking very slowly and earnestly, "the old admiral says, and the great-little world of Rome believes him, that you are winning the affections of the countess away from her lord.

Murietta's fingers twisted nervously, and his lips were pale as ashes. He reached out to the hedge, and, plucking a bunch of budding roses and twigs and leaves, he crushed them all together between his fingers, but did not answer.

"It sounds dreadful, does it not?"

"It is a crime," said Murietta at last, with a sigh, "by the side of which murder is but a child's amusement!"

"Of course I know better. And to come back to the fair lady who has just passed, and who looked on you so favorably, she, too, must know better else she could not have borne with you. Yet, seeing her so friendly, and remembering that you had just left the side of the countess, I could not help saying as I did—You are a fool."

"Well, I may be a fool. But, Carlton, that admiral is a knave of the deepest quality, and that count is a weak, miserable coward. And, what is more—now mark me—that countess is no more insane than yourself."

Carlton shrugged his shoulders, and looked away up the avenue at the approaching night.

"She is in trouble, and so far from being insane, it takes all the talent of these two scoundrels to watch her. Two men, you see, against one poor invalid woman."

"Ah! but you know," cried Carlton, "these lunatics are oftentimes the most cunning, and often elude the whole set of keepers at an asylum."

"No matter. She is not insane. I have served her in a small way. I stand ready to do so, even to the risk of life, again."

"You risk more than life, you risk your good name."

"So much the more credit and honor! A dog can die. A worthless life is but a little thing to give. If I give mind, fame, love, life, all, why do not despise me. But, mark me! Since this thing is being said of me, I shall walk through Rome, reach my hand to this lady, and defy them all'"

"Well, you will find yourself alone. Here, shake hands! The ways divide. The lady has not one friend in the city. She is so sarcastic and bitter in what little she has to say. I tell you the whole town is in sympathy with the count, and that she stands alone."

"Then ten times the reason I should stand by her side. O brave city! most valiant little world! to take the side so unanimously of the strong!"

"Come, we will not shake hands now," said Carlton, as he passed his hand through the arm of his friend and the two went on slowly down the avenue, "but I will tell you what to do."

"Well, I will hear you with patience."

"If," began Carlton, throwing up his head—"if, as you imagine, an American lady is being imposed upon and is the victim of some plot in this strange land, then lay the matter before the consul. But be advised and do not commit yourself to this lady's follies or freaks, whatever they may be."

"The American consul?"

"Yes, the American consul."

"Carlton, do you know what an American consul is? Well, he is a poor, lean, hungry dyspeptic, whose greatest achievement in life has been in procuring the place he occupies, and whose sole capacity is addressed to the work of holding it."

"But they are here in these foreign lands for the purpose of protecting strangers."

"Possibly away back in the early history of the Government there existed a tradition to that effect, but it is now obsolete. The business of the politic, cautious, and noncommittant consul of to-day is to protect himself. But besides, in justice to these poor pensioners, who have served some political master at home and are now having their reward, or rather punishment, you must know that they have but little power and less money. They are simply commercial agents; and then they can affix a seal to a document and send home a sailor who has been unjustly discharged in a foreign land, and there their power and authority ends."

Carlton looked incredulous.

"All this is strictly true," continued Murietta; "they have a name, and that is all. They have hardly bread enough to live upon. They are literally like the Italian nobility of the Ghetto. I happen to know the consul at Naples. He is a gentleman, a perfect gentleman, and a very learned man, yet he has neither power nor money. He is literally starved. I think he is the leanest American I ever saw abroad."

"No," said Murietta, emphatically, as they passed through the gate, and Carlton was still silent; "if you want any one helped in Italy, don't fancy you can find a consul either capable or willing to assist. You must do it yourself."

"Well, well," said Carlton at last, as if he had been thinking; "suppose you help this lady in any imaginary trouble, what will come of that, and where will it end?"

"Time enough to think of the consequence, Carlton, after the task. I am not a merchant. I am a soldier by nature, and a knight by birth and culture. I am not a cautious man or a coward. Caution belongs to politicians."

"However, we leave Rome soon," said Carlton, with another light toss of the head, "and then there will be at least the end of one chapter of the story, if not of the whole volume."

"Yes, that I know was our agreement. We leave Rome together, and the time agreed upon comes on, but," he turned, lifted his finger as both stopped, and again looked the man in the face before him, "I have just promised the countess not to leave Rome till her father arrives, and I will not."

The two men looked at each other again—one with a sort of remonstrance in his face, and the other with quiet determination, and then they moved on with the crowd.

"And when will her father arrive?" asked Carlton, in a half-doubting, half-moody manner.

"I do not know. But he will certainly be here before long. It is safe to say he will be here before our day of departure, so do not yet borrow any trouble in that quarter. Possibly he will arrive to-morrow."

"And if he arrives to-morrow?"

"If he arrives to-morrow, or whenever he arrives, my relations with the countess cease. He will be able to protect her from the wretches that surround her."

"To protect her from her husband," half-laughed Carlton.

"Certainly! to protect her from her husband," cried the artist, emphatically. "Do you not know that there are such things as tyrants and jailers, and all but murderers, in some palaces? Do you not know that the handsome man—the good fellow, as he is called by his friends—man who gives his time to his friends, his money to the wine-dealer, and God knows what to his wife, is nearly half the time a murderer?"

Again Carlton was silenced, and, as they passed by a fountain, turned and looked amazed at his friend, as he continued:

"These pretty tyrants are wife-murderers; they kill their

wives by inches. They sometimes drive them to madness, but oftener drive them into eternity. And what is most terrible, they know it. These handsome, gay, gallant, carpet-knights, who are all the time posing before the world and winning its worthless applause as princes of good fellows, know perfectly well the crime they commit. They see their poor, persecuted wives die day by day, inch by inch, and take a delight in it."

"Well," answered Carlton at last, as if recovering himself, "that is an open question, and a question that will keep; but now suppose the lady's father comes to-morrow?"

"Then I am ready to go with you to-morrow night."

"Good! Then we will reform to-morrow."

"Reform?"

"Ah, yes, reform! You know I am always reforming to-morrow," answered Carlton, as he reached his hand to say good-night at the end of the Corso. To-morrow, my boy, is the best of all days to reform in. The great mysterious to-morrow that ever runs before!" He waved his hand as he turned toward the Forum of Trajan, and said, as he looked back, "To-morrow! we will reform to-morrow!"

Chapter XXI.

A new current of life.

It was with a heart beating warm and wild that Murietta mounted the great wide stairway, with its rows of plants and flowers set on either side behind the shining brass banisters, leading to the door that should open to him, for the first time, upon the One Fair Woman.

He found the door closed when he had mounted the stairway, and was glad of it, for it gave him time to rest and collect his thoughts. As he stood there he could hear the beating of his heart.

To the right, as if guarding the door, stood a great Californian lion, with his head lifted and his mouth wide open.

"Ah! my old friend, my whilom old companion of the Cordilleras, we have met before," said Murietta, as he advanced and stroked his broad-lifted head. "It seems to me it is a good omen to meet you here. It is like shaking hands with an old friend on a field of battle. Well, guard her well, my Californian lion, guard her well!" said the dreamer, and he stepped back to the door and drew the bell.

A man stood before him—a man, as the door opened, who looked as if he had been chiseled by some of those wonderful sculptors out of a solid piece of the blackest midnight.

Then the great African, with a manner made up out of combined ease and indolence, took his hat and coat, led through the great saloon to the door of a still greater one, and announced his name. Then there was a little flutter among the dozen birds of beautiful plumage gathered there, a lady came forward—the One Fair Woman—and the man stood face to face with what I may call his Destiny.

Even this great saloon was a forest of flowers, right and left, as he entered. His feet sank in the soft and seamless carpet, as he advanced to be presented to the Fair Woman's mother, and to take the hand of the good old general, who seemed to come down from out his battle-cloud for no other purpose than to give his hand, for in a moment he was off again, drifting and dreaming and riding higher and higher, on his cloud of battle-smoke.

Sofas and settees and ottomans, and every Oriental luxury that a fervid imagination could conceive of as places of repose, were scattered here and there like little flower-beds in a garden, and in these flower-beds were blossoming many beautiful flowers.

There were tiger-skins scattered about the floor in a wild and careless way, and back in a corner of the saloon on the wall, half-hidden by flowers, were hanging some implements of war. Great beams of oak crossed overhead, and the ceiling was so frescoed that it looked as though it was some old ruin overrun with ivy.

People were lounging here and there, or passing up and down, or taking tea, or talking by twos and threes in a dreamy and silent sort of a way that pleased the nervous and sensitive artist from the first, and, contrary to his fears, he soon found himself perfectly at home. He seemed to fit in there from the first. In less than an hour he felt that he had known that place and these people all his life.

He looked around him, and he saw that here was another and a superior class of people to anything he had seen in Rome. Here was a Roman prince, who really looked and behaved the gentleman—a quiet and an unpretending man.

There was a cardinal over in the centre of a group of beautiful ladies in bright colors, and away back yonder in a corner out of the light, as usual, sat the good Secretary of Legation, telling over the points of his last novel to an ancient princess from Germany.

There were generals talking of war in the Spanish tongue, and politicians talking of finance in French, and gentlemen talking art in their own tongue; and yet all this was as quiet as a snow-fall.

"This is a new current of life," said the artist to himself; "I should have been here before." Then he fell to thinking of the tall dark beauty who had moved before him for ever, who was moving now noiselessly across the saloon, looking at him just the least bit from under her dark sweeping lashes as she passed, and he asked himself how long he, with his impulsive and imperious nature, would find a welcome there.

To Murietta this was a paradise. It was a paradise of noiseless birds and of dreams. He had seen society—enough of it—but it had never pleased him in any form before encountered. Sometimes it had been formal, sometimes stiff and cold and corpse-like, sometimes noisy and turbulent and loud. This was peace and rest. Verily it was paradise.

A little woman in curls was there also. She was a sort of busy, bustling Mother Bunch, not much unlike the one which presided at the top of the intolerable and tortuous corkscrew stairs, in the noisy little menagerie of animals from all parts of the earth, which the good threadbare Secretary of Legation had called, or rather miscalled, heaven.

"And do you like Roman society?" said she, as she stirred her cup of tea by the side of Murietta, and at the same time kept her long curls swinging and twisting round and round as she stirred the spoon.

The artist did not have time to answer, for the spoon kept going, and the curls kept turning, and the tongue kept on, and altogether and all at once, as if tongue and spoon and curls were all a sort of machine that had been patented as parts of a wheel, and must all run together or stop together.

"Roman society is mixed, very mixed. I came here and sat down on the Seven Hills, to use a classical quotation, thirty years ago." Then she stopped and sighed, and the spoon and the curls and the tongue and all, to the artist's infinite satisfaction, all stopped together, but the patent machine suddenly started again. "I was but a child then. Oh, I was ever so small you know! and I know all about Roman society, and if you go with one set you must not go with another; and if you belong to one club you must

not enter another; and if you subscribe to one church you must expect to have all the others for enemies; for there is the new Baptist Church; well, they sank forty feet to get a foundation for it, and even then they came upon a beautiful mosaic that the Government took to put in the museum; forty feet, just imagine it! they used to come every week to get subscription for sinking their foundation, and I called it the sinking fund. Well, I gave money to this church, and then I had all the others for enemies, which includes every other church in the world to war with, and I was nearly ruined. Oh, Rome is mightily mixed, the people are so split up!"

And thus the tongue ran on in a rapid but quiet way, and the curls went round, and the spoon eddied and spun as if it was in the hands of a school-marm in a country town in the West, till Annette at last came by, and sat carelessly down by the other side, carelessly as if she belonged there.

Of all intolerable people on earth there are none, perhaps, half so terrible as persons who will persist in talking when they ought to be silent; when in fact nobody wants to hear them talk under any circumstances or at any time.

The safest thing to do is to be silent, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. You can remember, perhaps, fifty occasions in your life when you have said too much. You cannot remember one when you said too little. You may spend a whole evening a silent listener in society, and leave every one your friend. It would be very hard to secure that much if you talked, even though you talked like an angel.

At last the spoon stopped and the tongue stopped and the curls stopped, and the artist sat looking at the little machine in amazement, while the One Fair Woman, who had all the time been silent, sat looking the other way, and tapping the soft carpet with her foot, as if nervous and annoyed.

Then the spoon and the curls and the tongue began again, and went round and round and round, as if winding themselves up to some great pitch, and then leaning a little forward, and going still a little faster, the tongue said:

"You have been very reckless. You understand?"

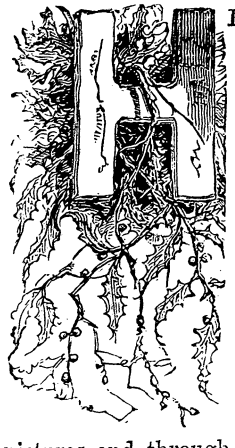
Murietta knitted his brows. "I do not understand."

"Well, then, the Countess Edna——"

The artist arose, angry, and excited. He stood there almost trembling. Then the One Fair Woman took his arm, and they moved away together and in silence.

Chapter XXII.

IN AN EARTHLY PARADISE.



HE wanted to fall at the feet of this dark, silent woman, and worship her, as he had worshipped her in an ideal way for all his life.

They sat down away by themselves by the side of a table with photographs, pictures, and miniatures in oil. It was the most supreme moment of his life.

"I fear you do not sympathize greatly with my art," stammered the man at last, looking at a miniature instead of the lady.

"Oh yes, I do," answered Annette. "I think too much of it. I am all the time wandering about among pictures and through the old homes of the masters."

"How delightful!" said Murietta, recovering himself at once. "And do you know I have had a fancy I should like to see the land of Titian? But then I hear it is so hard to reach."

"Well, it is hard," said Annette, "a long, hard road; but you are doubly paid for your trouble, and to me it is one of the sweetest spots in Italy."

"But you have not been to Cadore?"

"Oh yes, indeed, oftentime."

"Will you tell me of it? will you tell me of the home of the great good man and master?"

The soul of the beautiful lady came to the surface like a spirit called from the deep by a magician, and the great eyes opened and dawned upon the artist like a new sunrise. He began to understand her now. This silent woman, she, too, could talk, when there was a subject that touched her heart. Her soul was of another atmosphere. She sailed undiscovered seas. The gossip of the town had not even the dignity of her contempt.

She began as if she was about to tell a fairy tale to a child. Perhaps this proud, great woman thought him but a child. Perhaps, after all, he was but a child.

"There is no prettier or sweeter dimple in all the fair face of mother earth than this slope or half-valley, where the great master was born, and where he spent his early youth.

"You can get two hours out from Venice toward the base of the Venetian Alps by rail, and then you take the post or a private carriage, and, pushing up the Piare river, which has its source in Titian's Land, for nearly two days, you come upon Cadore, the little mountain town where the great master was born. Here are great splintered peaks of granite all around you," and the lady's hand went up in the air.

"These singular formations are known as the Dolomite Peaks. They look very much as if a mountain of stone had been set up on another mountain, and then the Titans had come by, and hacked and hewed, and split it to its base."

He leant forward and listened in silence.

"Your soul and mine stand nearer together than I had even dared to dream of," he was saying to himself, as she went on:

"The first thing here in Titian's country that strikes one who is at all familiar with his great pictures, is the exact likeness and copy of these mountains, noticeable in all his backgrounds. Coming directly from Venice, on my first visit, where I had been haunting 'Bella Arti' for a month, and feasting on his great pieces every day, I found that I had seen every great mountain that lay around me. Even in the picture of Jerusalem, where the Virgin is presented to the high priest—a picture counted, you know, as one of the three greatest in the world—you see there the exact copy of the first mountain that ever met the master's eyes, even to the curling clouds that are for ever moving about its summit, even to the camp-fire of the half-wild woodman on the mountain's side.

"And to me there is a singular touch of tenderness in this. Born in obscurity, bred in the wildest part of the Alps, still when he became the companion of kings and the most fortunate and favored of men, he remembered his mountains all the time, and all the time set them before the world to be admired. And to-day, if you would see the mountains and the clouds—the very atmosphere of Titian's land, you have only to look upon one of his great pictures!"

"Yes," answered Murietta, "I have always been told that while it is true he painted only figures, still the backgrounds to these figures may be called the best landscapes, the faithfullest, the truest to nature, that can be found in all the world to-day!"

"There are ten little towns in sight, all grouped close together, like herds on the hillsides. Indeed, they could not be anywhere else, except on the hill-tops!"

The artist leaned and listened without interrupting

her by a word. She went on as if telling a story to a child.

"There was a pine slope just before our hotel. And the trees were planted and trimmed just as orderly as if they bore the choicest fruit. All the pines of these mountains are planted and nurtured by hand, for the lumber trade is the life of the place. And this muddy, foamy Piare river, plunging down in the cañon away toward Venice, is the great artery of Cadore! All this pine slope is a meadow and a hay-field. The women do the work of the fields and the men do the work of the woods. They plant, cut down, drag to the river, and drive to Venice, on great rafts, the black pine-trees; and they are rarely seen out of the woods except on fête days or when some great occasion calls them down. You see them moving under the tall, well-trimmed pines, a long line of mowers, from early morning till nearly noon—all women, bare-limbed and bare-headed, and often beautiful as Titian's own pictures; and about noon they lie down and sleep in the hay for a time, and then arise and go on singing and swinging their short thick scythes until sundown."

"I could paint it," whispered Murietta.

"And she too, this princess, this great-souled woman, loves the poor!" thought the artist.

"We often climbed this pine-hill at sunset, and studied the marvelous twilight colors—the soft blending of light and shade thrown from the higher Alps. One can easily believe that from these rare and lovely blended hues grew the fancies of Titian."

"I shall go to Titian's land and live," murmured Murietta.

There was a rustle in the room. The pretty birds, whose brilliant plumage ornamented this paradise, were fluttering up and down and hovering about the flowers as if about to take flight. The old general had come down from out his battle-cloud of smoke for a moment, and was marching across the saloon to join his daughter and the artist.

Then a beautiful bird sang with a beautiful voice, while a dozen hung about her like bees around a flower. And these words were in her song:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all."

The little woman with the curls and cup of tea and spoon stood looking straight at Murietta as the song proceeded; but he was looking in quite another direction.

As soon as the song was finished, the artist, quietly and unobserved, reached his hand to the hostess and her daughter, and withdrew.

The accomplished and polished bit of chiseled midnight opened the outer door, and as he went back he showed at least twenty of his teeth in his grin of delight.

The artist was very happy; and he gave the negro enough to make him happy for a week.

"Take care of her, old California lion! Take care of her, my old friend of the Cordilleras!" said he, as he again stepped close and patted and stroked the stuffed beast on the head. "Take care of this beautiful lady like a true Californian! Fly at the throat of any man who dares to enter here with an evil thought! Take care of her, my savage and tawny old friend!"

He descended the broad tuffa steps between the walls of flowers, and then walked down the Corso at peace with all the world.

"Come what comes," he cried, as he went to rest that night, "I have been blessed! I can end the scene now satisfied, and dying say that God has been good to me; and I have been for once, in my hard and eventful life, perfectly happy!"

And then he slept.

Poor soul! he had not stopped to consider that this lady had been only civil; that he had not said a word beyond the most commonplace expressions, and that, notwithstanding the kind invitation to call often and at any time, he, among the multitude of her friends, might be forgotten in a month.

He slept, and he dreamed; and his dream was of a green serpent swinging from a cork-tree as he and Annette rode by in silence under it, along the Sabine Hills.

Chapter XXIII.

PEACE IN THE FLOWER-LAND.

TIME went by with Murietta like a dream, or a great strong stream through a mighty forest, that is silent and shadowy and sweet with the smell of pine and of spices and costly gums.

Night was a delight, and the morning brought no sense of loneliness or of weariness. A laborer is weary of an evening. A man who toils with his mind and makes battle with invisible things in the fields of anywhere that have not name or place to common men, is weary in the morning, and he goes forth among men to try to labor with them in order that he may rest.

This man was resting now, perhaps, for the first time in his life. He took something more than a morbid interest in men and men's affairs.

He called often at the palace on the Corso, and was always well received and most courteously treated by all. Once the fair woman, Annette, arose from the side of a most illustrious gentleman who was paying her court, and came and sat down by the side of the artist in her easy, careless way, and began again to talk of Titian as on the occasion of his first meeting with her at her palace.

This filled the goblet full. Murietta asked no more at the hand of man, woman, God.

Yet he had never yet whispered a word of love. It is just possible he had not thought of it; nay, it is very probable. He was satisfied; he was happy. This was his first great happiness. He had nothing more to ask. And then, again, there might have been a dormant fear deep down in his heart, in that fathomless somewhere where action is born of instinct—a fear to break this charmed life that now enveloped him.

One thing is certain—he had not thought of marriage. This is remarkable, but it is very true. He was the least selfish of men, and did not often think of himself. Yet he could not have endured that another should wed her. He was willing to live and worship her as she was. He was perfectly satisfied—satisfied from instinct, not from reason. The truth is, he had not yet come to reason at all on this matter—he did not want to do that. The man was a dreamer. He had come upon the airy gates of a fairy land that he had long dreamed of and hoped for. The gates had swung open and he had entered, and found it even more delightful and full of peace than his imagination had pictured, and he was not ready or willing to take a foot-rule in his hand and proceed to measure it off and make calculations, and to count the chances of making it his own.

Once, on an evening when he had dropped in and found her all alone, save with her own family, which was a rare thing indeed, he saw her, while he sat talking with the old

general, who looked serenely down at him from out his battle-cloud, sitting apart and alone with her hands pushed out and drawn together in a passionate sort of a manner, her black and abundant hair as if it was ready to drop its great folds like midnight curtains about her shoulders, and her face half-turned and looking back over her shoulder.

"Good heavens!" he said to himself, "that is just as I have painted her a hundred times!"

She was not looking at him; not looking at anything. There was nothing remarkable in it all, save her remarkable beauty, outside of the very singular fact that this was exactly the attitude, and there was just the expression, that he had so often painted, despite his repeated efforts to paint her otherwise.

The old general drew back his face when he found he was no longer the object of the artist's interest that evening, and drifted away on his battle-cloud into his land of dreams.

Without designing it, without even knowing it, the artist arose and passed over to the other side, and stood before the beautiful lady as she sat there alone, dreaming and looking anywhere.

She lifted her dark sweeping lashes, smiled, made a place beside her with a movement of her hand, and, without a word, the artist sat beside her on the lounge.

"I have spoiled a picture," he said, at length.

She looked at him in a grand, still way, as if but half-awake, as if it was hardly worth while to come back to earth, or speak at all, or do anything any more this side of Paradise.

"I spoiled a picture for the world, but I have it in my heart. Hung on the walls of memory, your face as I saw you now, as I sat there, shall remain as long as I shall love the beautiful," said he, with earnest and honest enthusiasm.

She heard this awkward compliment as one who knew the man meant just what he said, and as one, the rare one, perhaps, who had the good sense to not profess to be disturbed by it, or to consider it out of place or out of nature in any respect.

"If you would only paint it!" she said, with a touch of earnestness.

"But I have painted it. I have painted it—the same face, position, expression, dress, all, exactly——"

The artist found he had risen suddenly, and was all flushed and excited, as the silent and dreamy old general laid his hand upon his shoulder, and stood there as if to listen, or in a careless and casual way take part in the conversation.

"I was just saying," continued Murietta, with some embarrassment—"I was just saying that I had spoiled a beautiful picture, when I came up and disturbed the lady—your daughter—just now.

"Ah! and I—I fear I may have spoiled something more than a picture by disturbing you," said the old general, as he quietly noted the artist's embarrassment, and then went back into his battle-cloud and again drifted away—in body at least, and perhaps in spirit.

Murietta, conscious that he had said too much and been at least imprudent, sat down again beside the lady and was silent. But she was now too much interested to let the subject drop, and again began about the picture.

"And you really have painted a fancy sketch or something, with which you have associated my name?"

"Not your name, lady—your face," said he, earnestly.

"And then you will let me see it?"

"Would you care to see it?"

"Would I care to see it? Do you not know that I am human? Nay, I am not only human, but I am also woman, and would take a woman's delight in looking at any picture that even resembles me, whether it was meant for me or not."

"This was meant for you, and for you only," said he, thoughtfully.

"Then I shall see it to-morrow. You will send it to me to-morrow. Or shall I drive——"

"No, no, no," he answered. "Do not drive to my studio. I have no studio fit to receive you in. I am an idle looker-on in Rome. I am not at work."

"But you have done this one picture in Rome?"

"In Rome, in Naples, in——"

The great eyes opened wide and wondering, and looked at the man inquiringly and earnestly.

"Ah, I understand you now, I think," she said, "you have been at work at this picture some time, and did a part of it at Naples, and a part of it here?"

The artist had never been schooled in the fashionable and accomplished art of lying. Here he had, without intending it, aroused the beautiful woman's curiosity, and he saw that it was not to be satisfied by an evasion. Should he tell her the truth, the whole blunt history? He was very much embarrassed. Had he had the least bit of cunning in him or design, he might have told with good effect just so much of it as served his purpose, and no more, and then at once produced the picture, soiled and pierced as it was, with splendid and possibly telling effect.

But no, the man thought only of his secret—the secret of his love. He did not stop to reason. He could not have told why, but somehow he feared that she would be offended or annoyed by his confession of his love for her, or an hundredth part of it. So much for the poor man's knowledge of woman. As if any woman could be offended at such a thing!

The situation was very embarrassing for him. He reached, pulled a blossom from a rhododendron, as if he had been walking in a forest, and began to pull it to pieces, while his eyes were fixed on the floor.

The lady laughed in a quiet, idle way, and reached her hand and took the blossom which he was tearing to pieces from out his fingers and arranged the crumpled leaves, and held it carefully, as if it had to her a value.

"Then I am to see this picture to-morrow? You will send it to me here?"

"But it is not finished. That is, it is not fit to be seen. It is soiled, it is cut and warped and——" He stopped suddenly. He saw that he was once more exciting a woman's curiosity.

"Why, mercy on us!" she exclaimed, holding up the little flowers and still arranging the torn leaves and petals, "what a fate and what a misfortune my picture has met with, to be sure! You certainly have had no care for it, else it would not now be soiled and warped and wounded, and goodness knows what not! Come, you are to tell me of this picture."

"I entreat you, lady, not to-night. I am going now. I shall speak to your parents, and—and, I am gone."

He gave her his hand hastily, found her parents drinking tea together in a little flowery part of the paradise, and, not at all satisfied with himself, was about to pass through the door and into the hands of the black and ebon block of chiseled midnight, when Annette, standing where he passed by, said:

"But you really have a picture painted here in Rome which you say resembles me as I sat yonder this evening?"

"It is an exact and perfect picture of you, if ever I drew a perfect picture or a straight line. It is equally true that the picture has a history, and true also that it is now not fit to be seen."

"And am I never to see this picture, which, no doubt, any one—a stranger, a peasant—any one passing can drop in and see?"

"You are to see it. You shall see it if you will so honor

me, and it shall be yours, if you will receive it as a gift, but not till it is repaired and retouched."

"Well, I must practise patience, I suppose. I shall count the days that lie between me and the time I am to receive it. But you are not to repaint it. That will spoil the interest, however much you may improve the picture. Promise me you will not retouch it. It is but a new work, and, if it has been once finished, let it remain just as it is. Promise me that."

"Yes, I promise you not to retouch it, save to cover up a scar in the breast."

"A scar in the breast!" The glorious eyes were again wide open with wonder.

"I implore you, do not push me to the wall. I am not gifted with the art of escaping from the responsibility of my own blunt statements. Please leave something of the story to the future."

"To the future it is," she laughed, as she again noticed his embarrassment. "Pretty stories will always keep, and, like good wine, be none the worse for it. But when am I to have the picture? Come, we will make a covenant. I do promise and agree, as the law has it, not to ask you for the little story that I am dying to know till you are ready to tell it, on condition," and here she smiled and looked very knowing, "that you send me this picture within a given time."

"It is a covenant," he said, extending his hand, "and I promise to send you the picture at the end of a month."

"At the end of a month!" she exclaimed, "why, we shall be on Lake Como."

"And you are going to Como for the Summer, and soon?"

"We are going to Como. We start soon, but are going to travel slowly, take in the little towns on the Adriatic, the republic of San Marino, and possibly Venice, and shall reach Como about the time everybody else leaves it, in July; and, to get back to a subject of interest, how am I to get my picture?"

"I will have this picture sent me at Como. I will also be at Como in July. I will take pleasure, an untold pleasure, in presenting it to you there, and telling you the story of its creation."

"How delightful! would that it were July!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands.

"Delightful! you will be disgusted. But I shall keep the covenant. And now, good-night; remember, we meet at Como."

There was a look of earnestness in her face as he passed out, saying to himself, "We meet at Como. Shall Como be my fate—my Philippi? Well, well, I shall tell her the story of the picture there, and the story of the roses in her path, and then it may be our souls will stand together in the pure white light on the hills of God!"

"Take care of her, my Californian lion. Show your teeth, my friends, to any man who dares to hold an evil thought of her." He tapped the beast on the head, opened the negro's mouth, and saw two perfect rows of teeth for a few francs, and went down the stairs full of hope and the future.

Chapter XXIV.

TRUE TO THE PINK COUNTESS.

It had now been four months since Murietta had set foot in Rome, and he began hardly to tire of the town. He was now particularly anxious to get outside the sultry walls of the city since he knew that Annette was going, and almost at once.

The two first months of the four he had spent almost alone in that strange and unknown part of the world called the Ghetto of Rome. The third month he had spent almost entirely in the carriage and by the side of the sad but beautiful lady in robes of pink and rose. But the fourth month he had scarcely seen her. It had now been weeks since he had seen her face. What had become of her? He was preparing to leave Rome. Should he go away without seeing the woman who had lightened many a dark and lonesome day of his life in that strange city of heat and cold—of contradictions?

He had seen the count but seldom of late, and he, the count, seemed but ill satisfied, even though the old admiral blustered about him and asserted himself with the same bold look of assertion which he had always shown from the first. The count, however, had the same gentleness of manner, and always showed that culture and politeness which seems so inseparable from an Italian, whenever his and the lines of the artist crossed, either in the streets of the city or the saloons of fashion.

It was now June, and Rome was sultry as midsummer. The fountains plashed and played all over the town, and the streets were kept running with fresh water, and all the place was hung with awnings and canvas, as if it had been the deck of one mighty ship. Yet Rome was awfully sultry, and people were pouring out of every gate that opened to the north in the direction of the Alps and the Apennines.

Carlton, too, was anxious to get away. He was running all over the town—now with the admiral, who, it seems, had more than once approached him on the subject of making him a member of the Brothers of the Altar, as he had Murietta, and now with the count, who evidently looked upon him with more favor than he did Murietta, and now with strangers. If any one knew what was going on in town, Carlton probably knew it, for he was everywhere, talking with every one, drinking wine to-day, and reforming to-morrow.

Everybody moved under canvas. The streets of Rome were one mass of moving umbrellas. If a peasant brought a goat into town to be milked for your coffee, as was and is the custom, at four o'clock in the morning, he brought an umbrella along to lead it back under the Sabine Hills.

"We must get out of this," cried Carlton, from under his full sail of canvas one morning in June, to Murietta; "there is nothing remaining in Rome now but the cats and dogs and goats and peasants, and a few of the old tried settlers. Let us get out—flee to the mountains."

"I am with you in the spirit, but may not be in the flesh, I fear, for a time yet."

"And why not? You remember our covenant to blow away to Venice together, do you not?" answered Carlton, as he took a whole hatfull of roses from a pretty peasant girl, and began to tear them to pieces to inhale the odor.

"Ay, yours was a covenant, man with man," replied the artist, as he also took a bunch of roses from the pretty girl's basket, and handed her a franc, which she gratefully acknowledged as a most liberal payment; "but you remember, I promised a lady, the countess, to remain in Rome till her father came to her."

"Then, if that is all," laughed Carlton, as he scattered the flowers at the feet of a bare-legged peasant-girl, who showed him her pretty teeth as he passed, "you might have left Rome a week ago."

"A week ago?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow. You might have gone away into the Alps to reform fully a week ago; for her father has been here at least a week, and I have been with him a great deal, and have talked with him about his unfortunate daughter, and have really almost shed tears with the little white-headed old patriarch, for it seems he has lost his only son somewhere in Italy by brigands or assassins, and now his poor daughgter is mad, and does not even know him."

"Mad! and does not know him?" Murietta went close up to Carlton, and took him by the arm as he threw his rose to the ground. "Gods! what have I been doing for this month past? It does seem to me that I am sometimes mad myself. I get in grooves. I get in a river with deep banks, and float down and cannot see out. I see nothing but myself!"

"Well, but she is no worse. She simply will not see her father, and, besides, the doctor forbids that she shall be disturbed. The count, I assure you, is nearly broken-hearted. And then, you know, she is not a Catholic, and that disturbs him greatly. The poor good fellow, you know, is apprehensive that she may die or go utterly mad, and not be prepared for the better world."

There were wrinkles on the brow of Murietta as he listened to this! Then he began very solemnly, as he still held on to the arm of his friend, and looked him in the face:

"Have you seen the countess at any time within the last few weeks?"

"Not since I saw you with her, my dear fellow," he answered, tapping the stones with his foot and shifting his umbrella from right to left.

"Has any one seen her, do you suppose? Have you spoken to her father about the possibility of her being locked up by these cunning Italians and designing priests, and——"

"Tut, tut! Now look here. Do you suppose Rome is a nest of brigands and kidnappers, and men who could or would lock up a lady and keep her from her father? I tell you, you are wild. You are as mad as a March hare. At first you thought her husband a sort of moral or immoral Blue Beard, and you were going to storm the castle and set her at liberty. Then you waited till her father came upon the field. And now, even now, you fancy that husband, father, children, all are wrong, and you alone are right, and, like another crazy Don Quixote, you propose to ride a tilt against the world's windmill!"

Murietta began to doubt his own judgment. He felt that something was wrong. He was almost certain of that in his own mind; but how to correct it, or how to proceed without doing more harm than good, he did not know. He wanted to see the countess to say good-by. He was perfectly certain that she would know him and be glad to see him. Then he reflected a moment, as he took the arm of Carlton, and they moved down the street under the canvas, and remembering that she said she would send for him when the hour came that she should need him, and remembering that she had not sent for him, and reviewing the whole ground he stopped, looked his companion in the face, and said:

"I am ready to go. We will leave Rome together to-morrow."

"Good!" cried Carlton, "we will leave Rome to-morrow. You see, my dear boy," he continued, "if the countess is sane and will not, or does not, care to see her father, why, of course, she does not need you or your assistance, or your presence. But if she is not sane, as the count and the doctor and the admiral say, and cannot see her father, why, of course, she cannot you. You know, my dear boy, I am disposed to humor your whims, whatever they may be—just for the sake of the pleasure of your company in a gondola at Venice; but turn this case to any light you like, and the picture cannot be improved by any cunning tint of yours."

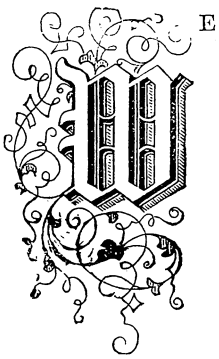
"I am satisfied," sighed Murietta; "yet I am broken up by the thought that this woman must remain here in the intolerable heat of lonesome Rome the merry Summer through. It will break her too-delicate thread of life. I shall never see the beautiful and most mournful face any more!"

"Beautiful she is indeed, my friend," answered Carlton, "and I now understand, or at least feel certain, that whatever Rome may have said against her, Rome is now sorry for it, and sympathizes deeply with her misfortune. And, for my own part, I tell you that I knew from the first and all the time that she was as pure as the snow of the Alps!"

"Give me your hand. God pity the poor dear lady," said Murietta, solemnly, as they stood together with clasped hands—"God pity and protect the poor dear countess, the sad and beautiful lady; and may He pardon me for any wrong, real or imaginary, that I may have done her, for we shall never meet any more!"

Chapter XXV.

A SKELETON.



E will reform to-morrow," said Carlton, laughing, and looking very knowingly at the artist in the dusk, as he came down and led him through the hall to his room. "Yes, my dear Murietta, you are a cunning dog; but I forgive you, and am certain that, like myself, you will reform to-morrow, if to-mor row ever comes."

"But I do not understand you," answered the puzzled artist.

"But you will understand, perhaps, when she explains. Oh, you still are in the dark? Well, to be brief with you, there is a lady, or rather a lady's maid, waiting for you in my parlor."

"A lady's maid waiting for me?"

"Go along, go along! You understand. Keep your own secrets, if you like. Only be sure you reform to-morrow," laughed Carlton, as he led up to his rooms and pushed open the door.

There she sat in the dark and under the curtains, like a frightened bird that had fluttered in through the window. It was the faithful maid of the Countess Edna.

"Come! her keeper is drunk and asleep! It is the first time she could send to you, or I could escape. Come at once; he may awake. There is a secret passage in from the porter's lodge; we can get in by that, for the admiral and count are on the great stairway, and watching all the other doors. Come, there is not a moment to lose."

The excited girl laid hold of the artist, and, still trembling with fright and anxiety, attempted to pull him to the door, as if to hasten his departure.

At the door he met Carlton, who had left him for a moment, returning.

"Look here, Carlton," he said, hurriedly, while the faithful but frightened maid kept looking wildly about, as if afraid she was followed and watched, "I am going to the Countess Edna. Take this, there is trouble in the wind." The artist handed him his pistol.

"Well, I thought men as a rule buckled on their armor when there is trouble in the wind; but you, it seems, lay it off!"

"The countess has sent for me, and there may be trouble. I know how grave and serious a thing it is to attempt to see her; but see her I will, and I wish to harm no one. I will be with you yet to-night, if I live."

"Good, my boy; go, and reform to-morrow!"

He waved his hand and went into his rooms, as the artist went out at the back gate, followed by the maid.

"Bah! that Murietta is a rake," said Carlton, as he lighted a cigar, and, seating himself on the sofa, lifted his legs to the table, and began to blow a cloud to the ceiling.

"THE BABY."—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN MUYDEN.

They reached the coffin-like lodge at the side of the great portal or arch of the palace, and handing the little man a roll of francs, the door immediately and very slyly opened; and then the little Roman soldier at his post opened a blank door behind him, and, making certain that he was not observed, let the two through into a dark, secret passage, when he lighted a coil of wax taper, such as is used in the passage of the catacombs, and beckoned them forward.

They ascended a narrow stairway, damp and heavy with the smell of the grave, and then made a long detour to the right. Here they stopped and listened. The little porter laid his ear to the wall, but could hear nothing. Then he laid it down to the floor, and arose satisfied that all was clear, and led up another stairway as dark and dismal as the first.

Here they listened again. Not a sound save the rats nibbling at some leathern objects lying about on the floor.

The porter opened this door cautiously, and the three stood in a damp, dark vault, where there were piled bags of what might have been either chestnuts or walnuts, or any other thing of the kind, to all appearances.

There were dozens of rats running over and around these bags, and as they ran something rattled over the floor and rolled at the feet of the artist. He stooped and picked it up. It was a cartridge.

The porter listened again, and then led on rapidly, without looking to the right or the left. There was a smell of death not to be mistaken. The maid shrank close up to the side of the porter, and the porter hastened to unfasten the door.

"Have you ever been in this place before?" asked the artist, taking the coil of wax from his hand, and turning back to the bags of cartridges.

"No, no, never before; and, please the blessed Virgin, I will not come again, even though the countess gave me her palace. It smells!"

"Look here! stop! lift that cloak!" said the artist, holding the light over a dark object heaped up in the corner.

The porter shrank back against the maid, and the maid against the wall.

The artist pushed the cloak aside with his foot. There lay the half-decayed skeleton of a man close against the bags of ammunition.

He looked at the two cowering figures before him. Then he put his finger to his lips. They made signs that they would be silent.

"Swear it. Lift up your right hands, and swear it in the presence of the dead."

They lifted up their hands, and he swore them in the name of the Madonna.

"Now, mark you this. Your own lives depend on your secrecy. Tell of this dead man, and the law will demand of you some account of how he came here."

The porter saw the position, and again promised the profoundest secrecy as they replaced the cloak and once more passed on.

They entered an outer camera, where a dim light was burning on a little table, where were flasks and bottles of wine.

There was a bed in a corner of this room, and on this bed lay a man muttering in a drunken sleep.

Passing on cautiously and swiftly as possible through another door, they entered a very neat and comfortable saloon, where evidently the hand of woman was not wanting to set things in order.

Passing through this saloon, the maid tapped gently at a door, till a voice, soft and sweet and sad, bade her come.

The countess opened her great brown eyes, looked at the party a moment, and then sprang up to meet Murietta, and burst into tears. She wept as if her heart would break, yet all the time tried to restrain herself, and tried to speak and make herself understood.

"Here!" take this; take it, and at once! Put it on your finger, turn it under, so—so that they will not see it. Slip away. Take it, for heaven's sake," she cried, as he hesitated. "Take it," and she took his hand and almost forced it on his finger.

"It is my dead brother's ring. Listen! You know he had that ring on his hand when he disappeared. He has never been heard of since. But I went among them this last month. I went out among the drunken, brawling brigands that fill my palace and keep me a prisoner here, while they, with my husband, were at their revels out there, where they now are. And what do you think? I found them lying drunk and asleep, and that ring—that curious and rich ring, that was on my dead brother's hand when last I saw him—was on the finger of the drunken old admiral. Hush! I took it off. They missed it next morning. And what did they do? They took my little boy and threatened to destroy him too, body and soul, if I did dare say one word."

"Gods! I should have brought my pistols!" hissed the artist.

"Are you unarmed? Then heaven help you! But my husband, the count, is not so bad. No, no; he is not so bad; it is the terrible society to which he belongs. He is a sworn member of the Brothers of the Altar. It is the business of the members of the Order to marry heiresses from the West. They then divide or share the fortune among them. He has not the strength or will to escape."

"And where are these wretches now?"

"Here in my palace. I dare not lift a finger, or say one word, or they will destroy my little boy as they did my brother. And they tell me that if I do not give up this ring I shall never be allowed to get out again, or to see a friend. You are the first Christian I have seen for a month!"

The lady's face was flushed and on fire with excitement and rage.

"And your husband, the count, will he endure all this?"

"Oh, I have exhausted all hope—every resource in that direction. He tells me these are his friends; he is my husband, and they must be made welcome; and when I plead for my liberty, and protest against this imprisonment, he simply says the ring is not mine, that I have no right to it, and that if I want to go out, I have only to give it up and go. I will not give it up to him. It is the death-warrant of that monster. We must keep it. Keep it, Murietta, with your life!"

"I will keep it. By heaven, I will keep it!"

"I know you will keep it, and keep my secret till it is time to reveal it. Listen to me,"—she sank down on a pink sofa, in a heap of rose-and-pink robes—"I said I had something to tell you. You grow tired of hearing me say it. Well, this is it. My husband, the count, belongs to a strange society. I do not know what it is. I know it is something terrible, and that its members meet here, and make my palace the headquarters of their crimes. He says he was sworn into their Order when he was too young to understand, and that he cannot now leave it and live. Listen! This, all this, has been going on for years. We have been here five years. At first all was well. Then they began to take all the money I had, to plunge me in debt, to try to take my little boy into strange churches, and to teach him terrible things; and then, at last, I managed to get the truth to my brother. He came at once. They treated him with all the civility possible; but when he determined to take me out of Italy to my father, my husband protested, and they—the brigands—told him, that I should never leave Italy, for through me came most of the money that kept the

Order together. I could not, I would not, then reveal to the world the truth of things. I was proud of being a countess, and all the time hoped for the best, and believed I would yet get the count out of the country, and away from these evil men——"

There was a noise in the room through which the little party had just entered, and the porter laid hold of the bolt and key.

"I must be brief," whispered the countess, lifting her hands toward the door. "My brother determined to take me away, and at once. We were to start the next day. He went out to ride on the Campagna. He had that ring on his finger. A man at the Porto Popolo told me he saw him return and enter Rome; but I—I never saw him any more. I inquired everywhere. They said I was crazy mad—that I never had a brother. And now, here, this is what you must do. I must have help. Take this ring—get it to my father in the States, and——"

"But your father is in Rome; he is in Rome, and at the Russe Hotel."

"In Rome? Do you say in Rome? Oh! do you say in Rome?" She fell upon her knees, and took the man's hand in hers, and held it to her lips, and covered it with tears.

"Then go to him at once. Take that ring. No. Yes; take the ring; but do not show it to him. He is old, and very frail. He would know the ring, for it was our mother's, and it might affect him too much. But take it and go. Bring him here at once. Go now, for God's sake! I hear voices! Here, this way! They are coming through the secret passage! Go—go by the grand saloon and down the broad steps. Bring my father. Tell the consul. Christ! is there not, in all Papal Rome, one man to protect a woman?"

The artist hurried through the grand saloon—through a door—through a hall—through an outer door, and was then in the ante-camera, was moving across toward the great door that opened upon the broad stairway, where he would be safe and free from the hands or daggers of those who were watching his movements.

"Stop! I am a man who carries his heart in his hand. A rough but honest sailor; and now I want to know what in h—— you are doing here?"

He struck his fist on a great side-board where lay a lot of old arms, and the arms bounded and rattled as if the house was coming down.

This seemed to be a sort of signal of distress, for men, headed by the count, and all more or less intoxicated, came staggering in through a door that opened deeper into the palace to the left.

"Let me pass," cried the artist. "Let me pass, I say."

The count rushed up and seized him by the throat.

"What, are you here again?"

The words were driven back down his throat by a blow from Murietta in his mouth, and he fell back and then gathered strength, and came up to his work like a man really fighting for his rights; but only to be sent back again with severer punishment.

"Open that door!" cried the artist, advancing toward the admiral, who had placed his back against it.

The count was down; the other men had retreated, and the old admiral had no disposition to enter the lists with this infuriated man, whose hand was bleeding and dripping with blood from his own knuckles, and from the face of the count. The admiral preferred to fight with women, and, therefore, proceeded to open the door.

"There, now, begone!" he cried, as he swung it wide open, "and beware how you again enter the palace of a gentleman uninvited!"

"Look here, my gray-headed murderer! Mark you here," answered Murietta, as he stood in the middle of the floor, and lifted his fist toward the admiral. "One word before I go. You profess to be a blunt and an honest man. I will also be plain with you. I go; but I return. This door is to be opened for me. I bring the father of the countess to her. You can be discreet. I bring the old man to his daughter, whom you have been telling all the time is insane. Now, will this door be opened to me or not?"

"Opened to you? Ha, ha!"

"Yes; opened to me. Since you seem to be the captain of the castle," said Murietta, now looking at the count, who stood leaning on the table and wiping the blood from his face as he listened to the parley, "I will make my terms of capitulation with you. Shall I find this door open, or shall I——" he advanced toward the retiring admiral, and wagged his fist in his face, "or shall I enter by the secret passage, and take the police with me, and show them the dead man by the magazine with which you expect to blow the palace to the moon. Answer me; yes or no?"

"Yes, yes," gasped the admiral, as he sank against the wall. "Let us be friends. What is the use?"

The artist was gone.

He found the father at the Hotel Russe, a little frail old man, with a beard white as snow.

"Your daughter, the Countess Edna, wants to see you. You are to come to her at once. I have just left her side, and she sends me to you to tell you to come to her as soon as possible."

"But my daughter is—my daughter has—my daughter cannot see me. I have been waiting and waiting. I have just come from the palace. The good old admiral, who is on watch, tells me that she is even worse."

"But you are to come," cried the eager and impulsive artist, "and to come at once. Only come and see; that will not take you long."

"Yes, yes, yes; that is quite true. I will go. I will go with you, Mr.—Mr.——"

"Murietta," said the artist.

"Murietta! Heaven help me! Is it you that has the audacity to come to me—you who have blighted my daughter's name, and driven her to madness? No, no. Get out of my sight! Do not speak to me!"

"But will you not go with me? Will you not go and see? Men have been telling lies. Come, I will prove to you that they have lied."

"No, no. Go, go. Will you not get out of my sight? Oh, that my son were alive that he might chastise you for your crime and your audacity!"

"Your son!" The artist thought of the dead man's ring. "Your daughter has just been speaking of your son. She has just received a ring—a ring he wore when last she saw him; and fearing you might be deterred from coming with me—a stranger—she bade me show it to you, if that was necessary, to convince you of the truth of my message. See!"

He held the glittering jewel up on his forefinger before the old man's eyes under the lamp in the hall.

"It is—it is true! It is his! I had a dream. Will you forgive me?" he said, offering his hand. "I had a dream, and now my dream is coming true. Lead on—lead on—bring me to my child!"

"Double fare, and a fast drive," said the artist to the driver, as they entered a carriage at the door.

True to the old admiral's promise, he stood at the door, and it opened without a word.

"She has suddenly recovered her mind," he whispered to the old man, her father; "but still has strange illusions that you must not contradict or interfere with at all. That will make her worse."

They stood before the private door, which opened with some delay.

The countess lay exhausted upon her sofa. The excitement of the half-hour with the artist had broken her down, for she was a weak and over-nervous woman, and could not endure such tension of the mind long at a time.

To the dismay and disgust of Murietta, in the door opposite stood the sleek, cunning Giuseppe, and by the side of the countess stood the narrow-browed doctor, we have seen before. Over in a corner sat the count, with his head bandaged, and his eye closed from the frightful blow in his face. The ring had cut him like a lance.

The lady saw her father, and, rising slowly, and with an air of authority, she waved the two villains out, or attempted to motion them out of the room. They retreated but a few steps, and still lingered.

"Are you mistress here, or am I?" Then turning quietly to her father, she said, "You see, father, these men constitute themselves my keepers. I am a prisoner, and my husband is powerless to help me!" Then she put her arms about his neck and kissed him, and cried as if her baby heart would break, and she should never cease to weep.

At last she lifted her head, and the two keepers were gone. The count still sat there with his eyes closed, and helpless and silent.

"And now you will never leave me!" she said as she still held on to her father, as if she had been a child. "And now we can go all together and get away from this dreadful nightmare, and the terrible men that have fastened upon the count!"

"No, no, I will never leave my child," said the feeble old man, as he sank into a seat; "never part with my wayward little daughter, who would wed a stranger and in a strange land, anymore. No, no, we can all go home together as you say, and be glad and content again. Come, count, my son! see, we are all right now. We can go to-morrow, for it is killing me in Rome."

"To-morrow! oh, let it be to-morrow!" cried the countess, clasping her hands. "Do, do let it be to-morrow! Leave the palace; leave it all. It is haunted! There is a skeleton in the house."

The count started up and staggered toward the door, as he tore the bandages from his face.

"Poor, poor count! and what is the matter now with his face?" said the old man to the countess.

She looked up toward the door, saw the count passing out, and Murietta before him.

"Stand aside, Mr. Murietta!" called out the Lady Edna, "stand back, and let the count, my husband, pass! Why did you lift your hand against my husband? Was there no one else for you to lay your heavy blows upon? Is it thus that you would assist a lady in distress?"

"Lady," said the man, sadly, as he drew a ring from his finger, "I leave you with your father and your husband. I am very sorry I raised my hand against the count. I see I am again misunderstood. But now you are safe, and I go. Good-by, and God bless you!" He handed the ring to the old man as he said this, and hastened away. She did not call him back or say one word.

"Yes," he said, as he reached the street, "Carlton was right. I know nothing whatever about women, and very little indeed about men."

There was a dog crossing before him as he turned a corner, and he drew back his foot and kicked it with all his might.

"No matter," he said, as he climbed the steps of the Hotel Russe and found his friend Carlton—"no matter, I have done my duty to the living, and nothing I could do can help the dead. I do not see what else remains for me to do. Nor do I now see what I have to regret. The old man will now care for his daughter and——"

The artist thought a long time over what he had seen in the secret passage, and then said to himself, "Some day there will be a devil of an explosion in that palace and the Papists will say it is the king's party trying to blow up good Catholics, and the Protestants will say it is the Pope trying to re-establish his tottered throne."

The friends parted for the night very soon, for they had to be up with the sun on their way to the south.

"We will reform to-morrow," said Carlton, laughing and looking back over his shoulder as he retired to his bedroom, for he did not yet know anything that had transpired that evening at the palace.

How wide-awake the day was that morning as the two friends drove to the station for the four o'clock train. Italy was bathing her morning face in a golden shower of sunlight.

The artist thought only of Annette as they whirled through the ruins, and out and under the walls away toward the Alps pointing away toward Como.

"Rome is the earth," said the artist, as they left the Eternal City, "the centre of the earth, but Como shall be my heaven."

CHAPTER XXVI.

COMO AT LAST.

"I MUST have a house on Lake Como," wrote Pliny, "but I dare not have any windows in it that look out upon the lake, for if I do I shall never be able to do any work."

There lies the long thin sheet of peaceful water pointing like a long finger from out of the rugged heart of the Alps right down into the great level plain of Lombardy.

This hand that points this long thin finger is half-doubled up at Bellagio, which is about midway; and one finger, the lesser one, points off at an obtuse angle to the south.

In the forks of this long thin lake, where the fingers divide, stands Bellagio, the centre of the earth, and of which we shall see more by-and-by.

On the extreme end of this long thin finger, pointing down and out of the Alps straight into the great plain of Lombardy, has grown a great wart. This wart is called the City of Como. It is as old, perhaps, as Jerusalem. It was founded by the Greek colonists before Rome was thought of. You can see the Greek in the faces of the people; particularly in the faces of the wonderful women. On the old cathedral, storm-stained and eaten by the tooth of Time and washed into channels and furrows by the rains of heaven, as if the faces of the marble men had really wrinkled from age, you see the statues of the two Plinys.

Old, very old indeed, is this town of Como, and yet only yesterday they erected a great fountain in their great square, and last year built a hundred houses that look like palaces. The old town, like a hundred others in Italy, is being galvanized into new life by the gold of English and American travelers. Tell an Italian this, however, and he will be sorely offended. He will insist that Italy is full of resources, that she does all this herself, and does not at all need the money of the stranger. He will tell you that Italy has always been great, a power, and the centre of the earth. Let an American dare to dispute this, and the proud Italian will strike an attitude and say to him, "Why, we discovered you!"

It was the fashion this particular season of which we write to sit down at or near Bellagio. Como, the town of Como, and its immediate neighbors, had but little business this season save as depôts of arrival and departure; all

"GOING HOME."—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN MUYDEN.

pushed on up the long, lovely lake, to where it divided, and there gathered about the forks.

"How much it is like the Mississippi river!" thought Murietta to himself, who had left the train at Como and was now running up the lake to the great-little centre of Bellagio. "It would be precisely like the wide, clear, crooked river of the West but for these overhanging mountains and these noble palaces on the edge of the wave, with their feet in the cool sweet water, as if to cool in this sultry season," said the man to himself, as he rolled another cigarette and elbowed his way through the dense crowd of passengers to the other side of the little steamer, and looked up, away up, through the white fleecy clouds, at a beautiful old place of worship perched like a great gray eagle of the Rocky Mountains on the topmost crag. "Nay, it is just like the Columbia," he said, as he looked again, "for there drift the sunny clouds, there lift the toppling crags, and here are the mossy rocks in the water's edge, and there the wild foliage on the steep and stupendous shore of lifted and rifted mountains. And then he forgot the crags and clouds above, and looked

down into the thousand little pleasure-boats that moved and wound across and about, and bore little flags and light hearts and happy uplifted faces that looked curiously into the crowd of travelers for their friends and fellow-tourists.

Of these flags one half were the Stars and Stripes, a great number were English, and not a few Italian. It was noticeable that there was not a craft afloat without a Saxon face somewhere to be seen among the passengers or seekers of pleasure.

Over and across, from side to side, the little steamer shot from town to town, and took in or set down tourists; and made at least forty calls on one side of the long lake or the other, wedged down there between the walls of the Alps, before it touched at Bellagio.

As they neared this town, cutting across the narrow lake from Cadanabia, Murietta stood out on the prow, and kissed his hand, once, twice, thrice, and very fervidly at the beautiful Bellagio, for it was there he knew he should once more meet the grand and wonderful woman, Annette.

As you near this town, coming up the long narrow lake that points straight out through the Alps into the great plains of Lombardy, you will see that the lake is much wider above you, and you can see where a high and lifted mountain pushes its nose abruptly into the lake, and splits it in two.

On the north side of this steep and pine-topped little mountain stands Bellagio, a little town of only two or three thousand souls of mixed Greek and Italian blood; and these mostly keepers of shops, chop-houses, and wine-shops, besides an unreasonable number of priests in black and gray, and brown, and tall, fine-looking fishermen and boatmen; and then, too, an intolerable number of hard-looking Italians, who can safely be set down as brigands and assassins, who are quite ready for any job, from acting as courier and interpreter for parties abroad who have more money than knowledge, up to stealing a stranger's child, or assassinating their own great king.

It is remarkable that here at the north base of this little round pine-crowned mountain, lifting up abruptly in the forks of the lake, and almost surrounded by its waters, stands two of the most beautiful hotels in all Europe. In truth, you may almost say, too, that they are the most magnificent.

They stand almost quite down at the edge of the water, with only room enough for little walks through woods and flowers as beautiful as paths through paradise. All along the edge of the lake there stand double rows of sycamore-trees; and under these trees, on the stone benches, sit tourists by hundreds in the cool fresh mornings of the Summer time, whipping the lake with their fish-lines, and fishing their breakfasts of fish from the populous lake.

Boats with lovers go by in perfect little fleets all the time, and at night they hang them with many-colored lamps; and it is said that lovers meet on the waters of this lake of all lakes by preconcerted signals made of these many-colored lamps, which they alone can read and understand.

Murietta knew that Annette and her people were at the Hotel Grande Brettagna. Therefore he went to the Hotel Grande Bellagio.

If you have a poor opinion of the world you should go to Como alone, sit down at Bellagio for a month, and rest there. After that you will be quite satisfied that there is upon earth at least one place where there is beauty, and beauty only; peace, and perfect peace.

If you will have a courier with you, however, who is constantly keeping you in hot water by his thefts and extortions; if you will travel with a lot of loud people at your heels, who do not know what rest is; and, finally, if you will insist on putting up at the Grande Hotel Bellagio, where you must fight every day at the point of the sword to get your bill down to double the sum you have stipulated it should be, instead of going to an old-established and less extortionate house, why, do not blame Bellagio if you do not rest; but blame yourself.

Murietta made the mistake of going to this beautiful and magnificent hotel. In fact, it had been surprising if he had not made it. In all the thousand journeys of his life, he had never come to the forks of the road, where the choice of the right way depended on his own judgment, but what he took the wrong one. Yet here he, perhaps, would have gone to the English hotel, but for Annette.

Another man, of course, would not for a moment have thought of any other hotel than the one where the queen of his heart was staying. The artist would sooner have camped under one of the sycamore-trees by the side of the lake. He loved this woman so devotedly. He feared to trust himself in her presence, perhaps. Perhaps he feared he might disturb her by his presence. In truth, had he been asked the reason why he so determinedly sought another place to put up at, he could not have answered at all. Then do not expect us to answer for him. We must be content to state the fact. There may be those who themselves have loved as this man loved, and they will understand.

He stood on the high balcony of his hotel, and looked down the lake to the Hotel Grande Brettagna, and kissed his hand to it. Further down the lake, along the lane of sycamore-trees, stood the palace of the Duke of Lodi, whose grandfather had been dignified by that title by the little Corsican on the battle-field of Lodi. Across the lake in savage grandeur lifted the Alps, where the Russians attempted to pass, and perished; and these Alps had little cities all along their base on the edge of the water, and little white churches about their rugged brows, where blew white clouds perpetually like wreaths and puffs of battle-smoke blown from the battlements of Titans.

Peace, and the perfect Summer. Cool waters, and music all the time floating on the waters from under the banners of strange lands. People coming and going away. Beautiful Saxon women, and tall, half-Greek fishermen. Citizens sitting in the cool of the trees by the water. Clouds blowing against the blue sky. White snow-peaks flashing afar off in the sun. Fruit at your hand and flowers at your feet. Peace in the air. Comeliness everywhere. This was Como.

Inconsistent as it may seem, Murietta could scarcely rest, could not dine at all till he had stolen to the other hotel, and quietly asked the clerk if the One Fair Woman and her friends were there. He was certain of this before. He was just as certain that they were at the one hotel as that he was at the other. But he could not help stealing down and asking after her with studied indifference. Those who can understand the first action will understand this.

But his inquiry was not without results. He found that they were not actually in this house, but in a dependence of this hotel, up on the top of the little pine-topped mountain, with its nose pushed into the forks of the lake, before described. He had in fact been kissing his hand at the wrong house.

He walked up toward this dependence, lifted so high above him, sitting there among the pines and ruins, looking down on the whole water-locked world and the Alps wedging the lake, but was stopped at a gate by an old woman, who demanded either a ticket or money to enter.

"Good!" thought the artist to himself. "She is shut in from the mob. This is right. The world shall not look upon her. Perhaps fewer men will see her now. But this near enough for to-night. I will come nearer to-morrow."

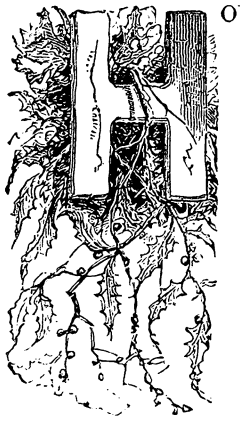
As he turned down toward his hotel, he saw the retreating

figure of the old admiral. He was gorgeously dressed, and walked as if he owned the town.

Whose death did the presence of this terrible shark in these waters portend?

CHAPTER XXVII.

SITTING BY HER SIDE AT LAST.



OW one can sleep, and sleep, and sleep at Como! And how perfectly you do rest! Every muscle relaxes. The mind sleeps. It seems to enter a paradise of repose and rest on a bed of roses till the body at noonday begins to move half-asleep and still, and languid, and at last goes forth, wakes up, and calls back the mind to earth. No wandering of the soul into the infernal regions. No dreams of death. No strife. Nothing but peace and repose.

The artist waited a long time for a fit hour to call the next day. At least it seemed to him a very, a very long time. At last he passed the little iron gate and began to ascend the long steep steps that led to the lofty abode of the beautiful woman. He looked at his watch as he neared the house in the pines and ruins, and fearing he was too early, and might reveal some haste and eagerness if he presented himself then, turned off to the left and took a walk through the two or three miles of little paths that wound over and through and about this rugged pine-topped mountain with its rocky nose pushed into the middle of the lake.

He drew near the house once more. There was the sound of carriage-wheels. He stopped in the dense foliage, till at length he heard the carriage drive away. He thought that it might be Annette about to drive out in the shadow of the mountain in the cool of the afternoon, and he would not think of detaining her a moment. Perhaps he was glad of an excuse to wait a few minutes longer. The truth is, this man had a great deal rather have climbed up a mountain all bristling with red-tongued cannon, and faced them, and attempted to answer back their thunder, than advance upon this idol of his heart in her lovely, leafy hermitage. He stood back in the wood, a coward.

Then he stood out in the clearing, looked down the steep, corkscrew carriage road under the ruins and pines, and saw in the retreating carriage, Annette.

After that he advanced boldly enough, and came up to the cool-shaded fountain before the house, and spoke to the good-natured block of chiseled midnight who stood there grinning as he advanced; and then he really felt that he had done a great deal, and advanced his cause quite sufficiently for that day, and so, after talking with the black man about the big magnolia-tree that stood there, and the many beautiful plants and flowers familiar to the South, he went back to his hotel a very happy man. The old admiral, he found, was at this hotel.

The evening was dull enough. There was but one person in all the region of Como that he cared to see, and he dared not call on her after dark. In fact, it was quite as much as he could accomplish in the daytime.

It is true there were boat-races and rockets. And then there was a fine Italian band playing before nearly every hotel on the lake till there was a perfect discord of music, but these had no charms for Murietta. His mind had been strung to a higher note than any instrument there could reach.

He sauntered out alone, and, as usual, found his way to the old and humble parts of the place. A dark and narrow street it was, and it reached steeply up the hill, and was overarched in places by coverings reaching from one palace to another. This kept out the light of the large, bright stars, and made it dark indeed. A great lamp hung here, and under this lamp was a table, around which were grouped a party of Italian gamblers.

The little blacked-eyed, threadbare doctor, with the retreating mustache, whom we have seen in Rome, sat there on the edge of the crowd, looking now at the game, and now at the passers-by.

Murietta saw this man, and tried to escape unnoticed, but the black, restless eyes were too quick for him, and the little, nervous, black-eyed Italian arose and followed.

The artist quickened his pace after slipping a knife up his sleeve, so as to be prepared for any emergency, and did not stop to turn around till he stood in a more wide and open street, where respectable Christian faces were more frequent.

The doctor was right upon his heels, and had his hat in his hand, and his hand on his breast, and was bowing very humbly, even as he turned around.

"Every one comes to Como, signor, at this season, and I am delighted to meet you here, and trust we may be friends, or at least not enemies, for I am certain I can serve you."

"And how do you propose to serve me?" savagely and contemptuously asked the artist.

"By not serving the admiral; the admiral is here waiting for the countess to come this way, for she is now in the Tyrol with her child and her dying father," answered the doctor, eagerly.

"Well, as to that, perhaps, you had as well remain with your heartless old master. Don't betray him. Honor among thieves, you know. At all events, I have no use for you whatever; you have only to keep out of my way."

The artist turned on his heel as he spoke, and went on through the town by the great, gray stone church that is forever and ever clanging out of tune and out of time, as if determined that no one shall ever rest in Bellagio.

He gave no thought to this man further than to suppose he only wanted to get a few francs, which he did not care to give him. He certainly looked in want of money. And then beggars—beggars of all kinds—are so plentiful in Italy, that you soon learn to instinctively button up your pockets the moment you see a man approaching you.

Yet it was a little inconsistent that the old admiral should be shining in gold, like a pawnbroker's clerk, while his friend and fellow-robber was so destitute and threadbare.

Putting all concern or care behind him, and thinking only of the lady on the little mountain of pines and ruins, the artist slept well, and awakened only when the long, light finger of the sun reached in and pointed to the Swiss clock on the mantel, which had just struck twelve.

At two o'clock he was walking alone among the pines and ruins, and waiting for the tardy hour of four to turn round, so that he should present himself at the throne of his queen.

Three! It seemed that four would never come. He walked and walked, time after time, every foot of the winding, pleasant way, around and over and through the hallowed mountain-top till weary enough. Then the noisy old gray stone church shouted out the hour, and in a little time the black man was leading him to her parlor.

The same quiet welcome that had no utterance in words. The same silent eloquence of the soul. The great eyes that understood you too well, and made you tremble for yourself, unless you felt something of manhood in your make-up, and felt your own integrity. All these were here.

The general had drifted out on his dreamy battle-cloud,

and now hung under the magnolia-tree fast asleep in his hammock, with his half-finished cigar in his fingers.

The lady led the artist out on the balcony overlooking the two lakes, or rather, the two branches of the one lake, that lay almost together under them. The sun went down suddenly, as if he had lost his way and fallen asleep in the Alps, and then they sat in the matchless twilight that was made alone for lovers.

He was utterly silent. He was satisfied. He was grateful to God. He did not ask any more than this. He never had asked more than to sit before her. To see her untold and unutterable beauty, and to breathe the air wherein she moved.

"You will come again," said the mother. And he came again. Sometimes he found himself talking rapidly in his half-a-dozen visits in the fortnight of perfect days that followed, and then he would stop half-frightened, and, feeling very awkward, sit and look at the strangely beautiful lady before him, and listen to her few words so well chosen, so light and pure, and so exalted, with a devotion that only few upon earth can understand.

Murietta had never yet thought of marriage. That to him was a secondary matter. Marriage to him seemed a sort of selfishness. Yet he had determined, and often and often attempted to tell her how he had worshipped her; how he had first seen her in his dreams; how he had painted her. How he had first met her in society, and knew her at a glance. How he had followed her to Italy, to Naples, to Rome, to Como, to tell her the story of the flowers in her path, the picture, and yet could not summon the courage to do so—not evin to begin.

One evening, this last evening, she had spoken of the picture herself.

"There is a little story about this picture, you know, and I have waited for it and waited for it. You promised it to me, you remember; promised me the story and the picture at Como."

There was earnestness and pathos, a touch of entreaty in her voice and manner, as she leaned a little forward and said this to the artist, under the great stars of Italy, and over the twin lakes lying there under them like two lovers—divided and undivided.

The artist was encouraged. Could it be possible that she—she the companion of princes and kings—she the most matchless and magnificent of women in all the world, should or could care for him, his picture, or his story?

He arose, stood up before her; clasped his hands, looked away to the lakes to the right and the left, the many-colored lamps with the boats bearing lovers, weaving and winding and binding love-knots over the breast of the beautiful water, but could not speak. His lips were as still as the fathomless lake below them, and his soul was as deep with love.

She put out her hand. It touched his clasped hands, and thrilled him with a sensation that was new to him and beautiful and holy.

He took her hand in his and lifted it to his lips with his head bent low as if in devoutest worship.

Then dropping the hand gently, he lifted his eyes, and, looking the lady in the face, tried again to speak.

He could only say "good-night," and with that he bowed low, and was turning to pass through the saloon and out to the presence of the magnolia.

"And my picture?" asked the lady in a low voice, as he was about to disappear.

He returned to her and took her hand in both of his, and he bowed before her.

"Lady! Oh, lady! so exalted, as of an upper world. To-morrow, to-morrow, at this time, I will bring you the picture of yourself. I will tell you the story of the picture and of the flowers in your path on the mountain of fire. And then you will despise me, and my story, and my picture; and you will put me away from you, and I will never see you any more in all the weary world."

"Murietta?"

There was balm and hope and healing in the utterance of his name, a gentleness, a half-regret at his prophecy, which he dared believe meant much to him.

He said "To-morrow," kissed her hand again, and was gone.

Oh, Love, thou art blind indeed! Blind! Blindness is nothing to thy folly.

To-morrow!

It was all there. In the folds of that day, the day that ever runs before, the mysterious to-morrow, with all its secrets held bound up in the sheaves for him, woodbine or flowers. Flowers or woodbine?

Could he wait? He heard the noisy clock in the old gray tower clang every hour of the night. He heard the hissing little steamers come and go with their loads of tourists, and people pass up and down all the time; but he thought only of the to-morrow, and what that day might bring. He was not over-pleased; he was even sorry that this had been precipitated. He was perfectly certain that he should only be laughed at, and the beautiful delusion of his life destroyed.

As the sun rose up he took his picture from its place and began to arrange it for his lady. He had not closed his eyes. The to-morrow now was his. It was no longer to-morrow; it was now to-day.

"What will my lady say? Will she understand me? She has never suffered. She has never gone on through the whole wide world alone as I have lived. She has never been crucified in soul, and made to fast and pray in the wilderness. Will she understand me? And if she understands me, will she not despise me?"

He paced the floor excitedly as he said this, and then he stopped and suddenly put up his hand to his brow.

"Bah! What has she said to me? What assurance have I that she cares a withered fig for me or mine; she has said nothing; done nothing. A thousand men have worshipped her. A thousand men may kiss a lady's hand. A thousand men have flattered her and had her smiles and gentle words before. Has she slept last night? Nay, she has not watched and watched and waited for to-morrow as I have waited. Shall I be laughed at? No, I will pitch this picture into——Softly! I have promised to take it to her and tell her its history, and I will do it."

(To be continued.)

GRACE, like beauty, is one of those spontaneous inherent qualities which, and acknowledged by though felt all, yet have never been satisfactorily explained. Like beauty, too, it is only to be found in that nice, that hair-breadth calculation, so precisely situated between the *poco più o meno*, equally avoiding the tameness of insipidity and the affectation of grimace. Grace can never properly be said to exist without beauty, for it is only in the elegant proportions of beautiful forms that can be found that harmonious variety of line and motion, which is the essence and charm of grace. Propriety is an indispensable accompaniment of grace. The best of the antique statues have ever been considered as models of grace; and nowhere is this harmony more conspicuous than in them. The grace of the Apollo depends not alone on the due proportion and poise of each limb, or the elegant sway and easy motion of the figure; it consists too in the noble dignity of the action, which harmonizes so beautifully with the character stamped on the face and figure, and which completes one of the most sublime and poetic works that art has ever produced.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF COMMODORE VANDERBILT.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main—
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother—
Seeing, may take heart again."

The poet, when he wrote these lines, doubtless thought to encourage young humanity, and to provide promise for its ambition. But while there is much in the "Psalm of Life" to be admired that is truthfully and beautifully suggestive, yet on reflection one can hardly accept the theory suggested in the lines we have quoted as faithfully delineating the results of experience.

"Lives of great men" are eminently excellent things to consider, and much can, no doubt, be learned from them; but that they indicate, through their success, any possibility of the ordinary human being making his life "sublime," either by the pursuit or avoidance of the course which has, in the particular instance given, afforded such result, we distinctly deny. In fact, there can scarcely be imagined anything less satisfactory to the ordinary human mind than consideration of just such a life in its elements and results; and we are inclined to believe that if one wanted his personal conceit, his pride of birth or station, his ambition for fortune or fame, his hope for social elevation—all or any of these, thoroughly knocked out of him, he could not do better than to study, with a view of making his life "sublime," the lives of great men, or say, for instance, the life of such a great man as Cornelius Vanderbilt.

The fallacy that unlimited success and the highest honors lie within the reach of everybody is one which should be exploded. Study of the "lives of great men," properly conducted, and done thoughtfully, will accomplish as much toward this end as any other course of study whatever. Truly great men are the product of centuries. They are, in fact, the concentration of all the accumulated mental force of generations; and in whatever particular path their greatness may be exemplified, there is nothing more certain than that a careful examination of their results will display such a combination of natural resource and accumulated power as to render the least modest man dubious as to his capacity to fulfill the necessary condition. With so much of preface, we will proceed to examine how far the life of the subject of this sketch sustains our views.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT.

In the latter part of the last century there lived on Staten Island, not far from the Stapleton landing, a fairly well-to-do farmer, named Cornelius Vanderbilt, who ran a periauga, or small boat, carrying garden truck to the market in New York. To him was born, May 27th, 1794, the Cornelius Vanderbilt of our sketch—one of several children, and the smallest of the family.

The boy, in this case, was "father to the man," noted in his early childhood for delight in out-of-door exercises and physical sports—peculiarities which have remained his through life, and which have doubtless had much to do with the remarkable strength and vitality of his constitution, and his immunity from serious illness. Even to-day the commodore remembers vividly how, when only five years of age, he used to run fast horses in company with an old slave belonging to the family. This slave was two years older than young Vanderbilt, and died about a year since. In the latter part of his life he was a Methodist minister; and one day, a short time previous to his death, having called upon the commodore, the two revived their early recollections, and both distinctly remembered the interest in horse-flesh to which we have alluded. The ex-slave departed this life at the age of eighty years, but the commodore still lives, hale and hearty.

Returning to the childhood of young Vanderbilt, it is to be observed that, while he attended school as opportunity offered, he was not noticeable for his fondness for study — a bright, active, intelligent boy enough, but little inclined to immure himself within doors and puzzle over the abstruse formulas of education. He liked better to be down by the waterside enjoying surreptitious navigation. This course of life was not, however, without its influence in the development of his natural gifts, nor without foreshadowing somewhat both the character and the life of the future man.

VANDERBILT PROPOSING TO HIS MOTHER TO PLOW TEN ACRES FOR A HUNDRED DOLLARS.

While still young, it is related of him that, on an occasion of the unlading of the cargo of a ship stranded near Sandy Hook, and its transportation to New York, he personally directed the party and successfully accomplished the task. All his thoughts at this period of his life seem to have turned toward the water. His chief desire was to become possessor of a boat of his own—the mere desire of possession being, without question, strengthened by anxiety and a noble ambition to relieve his parents of so much of their care of him as this possession might accomplish; and so it happened, and after much thinking thereupon, that, when less than sixteen years old, he went to his mother with a proposition. This was no less than an offer to plow, harrow, and plant an eight-acre lot for the compensation of $100, with which he could purchase such a boat as he desired. Mrs. Vanderbilt, it should be said, was, as is commonly the case with the mothers of great men, a woman remarkable for many superior qualities. Besides possessing personal beauty, and that warm-heartedness which should always be an attribute of her sex, she was notable among those who knew her for her energy, her purpose of character, and her good sense. She died at the age of eighty-seven, leaving behind her, in the mind of her son Cornelius, that veneration and respect for the memory of his mother which, it may likewise be remarked, he shares with nearly all men of strong character or high eminence.

The task which young Vanderbilt set himself to do, and the object he desired to accomplish thereby, would be certain to charm just such a woman. There was an independence and faith in himself manifested in the proposition which could scarcely fail of securing her respect and her consent. The proposition was accepted, and young Cornelius attacked his work. The task, however, was too much for a lad to possibly accomplish in the time allotted; and here his shrewdness came in. For, having left himself free to make use of such assistance as he might obtain, he enlisted his schoolfellows in his plan; and with their aid, laboring, however, himself to his own fullest capacity, he succeeded in accomplishing his task satisfactorily, and gained the promised prize.

YOUNG VANDERBILT RACING WITH A SLAVE BOY.

Cornelius now commenced running his boat regularly

to and from New York, following, in the main, the business of his father, but also carrying passengers whenever opportunity offered. From the beginning he gave all his day earnings and half of those of the night to his parents for his subsistence, and clothed himself with the balance. It is to be remarked that at this period of his life he neither used strong drink nor tobacco. Such persistence and indefatigable industry could not fail of its reward. Not only was the lad enabled thus to provide for himself, and relieve his parents of all expense on his behalf, but he managed to save money, and thus early developed economical ideas, the which, since there was purpose behind them, never deteriorated into miserly habits, but were made simply the stepping-stones toward future fortune.

Thus time passed, until the war of 1812 with Great Britain came into the life of young Vanderbilt, now eighteen years old, to make or mar his prospects. Naturally gifted with the power of adapting himself to circumstances and of turning these to his advantage, such an incident as a war could not possibly be an obstacle in the way of his progress. In fact, he speedily turned it in the direction of his own interest, by developing his fertility of resource and the strength and tenacity of his character, and by rendering the possibilities of his nature familiar to many in the outside world; whereas, before, these had only been to his own family and his intimate friends. An incident which occurred in the war was of sufficient importance to be remembered by those who knew it, and has been handed down to us. It chanced that Fort Richmond, being beleaguered by the enemy, and in danger of being captured, it became an absolute necessity that reinforcements from the city should be obtained. In this emergency young Vanderbilt offered his services, remarking, however, that while he was perfectly willing to undertake the task himself, he would remind those who must accompany him that, as a gale was blowing, he would be forced to take them a great part of the way under water. This proved to be the fact; but, as manly hearts in those days were not scarce, the party was made up, and the future commodore started on his adventurous voyage. It is needless to observe that, despite dangers by flood and field—and one of the dangers was that of an attack on the part of the enemy—his quest was entirely successful, and he returned to the fort in safety, having conveyed his message and obtained the necessary reinforcement.

VANDERBILT, AS A PILOT, TAKING A STEAMER OVER THE RAPIDS.

The first year of the war resulted so satisfactorily to young Vanderbilt that during that period he saved about $500—a sum which he conceived to be quite sufficient with which to venture in taking an important step. Accordingly, having been allowed by his parents to retain the amount for his own purposes, he married Miss Sophia Johnson, in December, 1813, and from this time retained the entire control of all his earnings. During the three years previous, he had given to his parents no less than $1,000 per year.

In the Spring of 1814, the local commissary-general called for bids for contracts to supply certain military posts about New York with provisions. Among a number, young Vanderbilt put in his offer, and, considerably to his own surprise, as he was the youngest and the least experienced applicant, his bid was accepted. Already he had acquired a reputation for energy, devotion to his business, and absolute certainty in the fulfillment of his agreements, of which this was the first important result. But, in undertaking this contract, Vanderbilt had no idea of giving up his regular business, and, in accepting it, he stipulated that he should commence loading his cargoes at six o'clock in the evening and make his deliveries by night.

It should be observed that the position which he had assumed, besides its emolument, exempted him by law from military duty—thus enabling him to devote his full time to his own purposes.

There were six military posts to be supplied: Harlem, Hurl Gate, Ward's Island, and three in the harbor and at the Narrows. Each of these required one boat-load a week; and for three months young Vanderbilt continued to make his regular deliveries, never missing one, prosecuting his daily work as usual, and taking his sleep on Sundays, or while navigating his boat, or whenever and wherever a few moments' release from active duty gave him the opportunity. During the day-time he ferried sick and furloughed soldiers to and from the city, officers and visitors to the forts, and was thus kept profitably busy—his night-work being, of course, all clear gain to him.

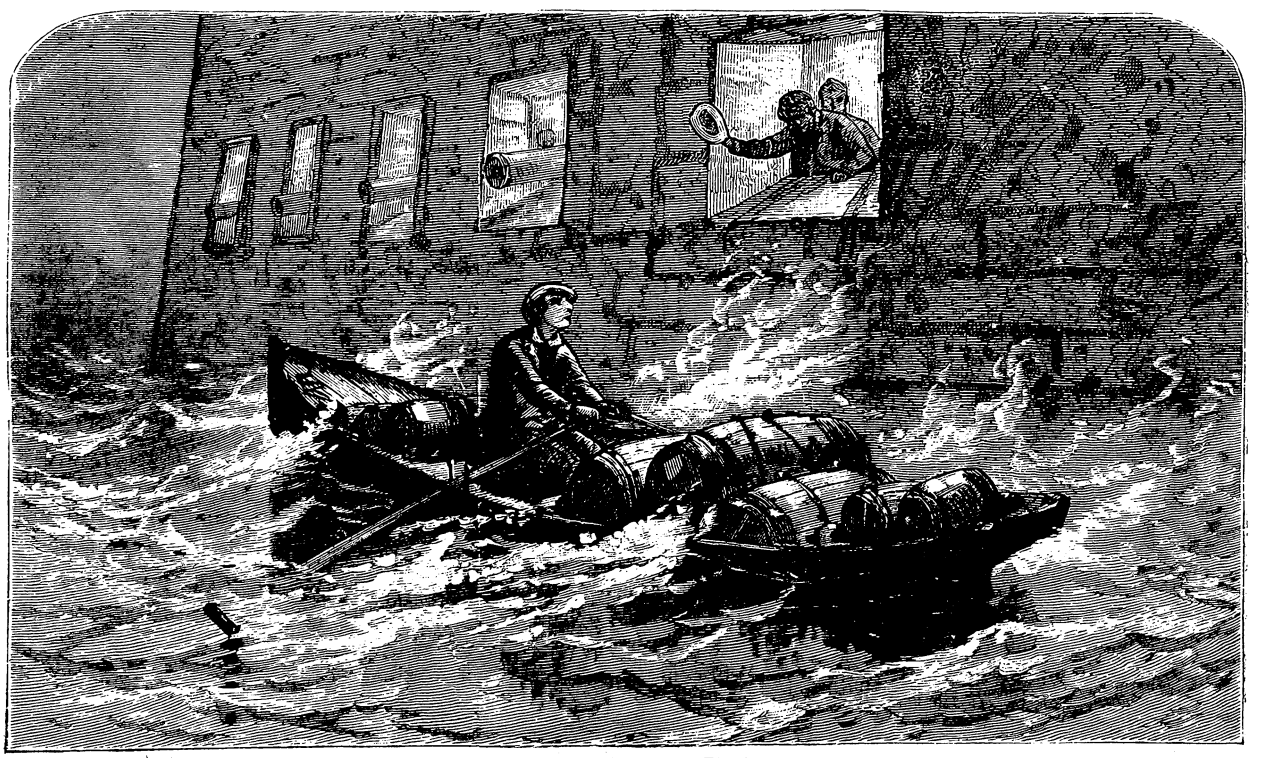
Out of his profits from this year's labors (1814) the young man built his first vessel, a schooner, called *The Dread;* and this he followed the year after by a larger one, *The Charlotte*.

YOUNG VANDERBILT SUPERINTENDING THE LANDING OF A CARGO.

Judicious use of these largely increased his fortunes; and in 1818 he possessed three good vessels and $9,000 in cash. He had before this time abandoned the "periauga" business, and now devoted his vessels and his own labor to the coast trade, running down as far south as Charleston, S. C., and Savannah, Ga.; and being exceedingly fortunate made money constantly.

But the young man had no idea of devoting himself permanently to schooners or the coasting trade. He had conceived much larger plans. Steamboating was at this time still in its infancy—Fulton's *Clairmont*, his first boat, having only been finished in 1807, and a monopoly of our river navigation having been in the hands of Fulton and his partner, Chancellor Livingston, until the death of the former in 1815. Steamboating then seemed to promise a wide field for the use of the energies of Captain Vanderbilt, and he accordingly abandoned sailing-vessels, and entered the employ of Thomas Gibbons, then a leading man in the business, and with whom he remained during the next twelve years.

Between Gibbons and the Stevenses, of Hoboken, however, there existed a constant antagonism and business feud, and many were the efforts made to draw off from the former the services of Captain Vanderbilt, whose name already stood high in maritime circles as the exponent of capacity, energy and enterprise. But one of Captain Vanderbilt's supreme qualities was fidelity to the interests of his employer, and from this



VANDERBILT CARRYING OUT SUPPLIES TO THE FORTS.

no effort on the part of the opposition could swerve him in the least.

An incident, illustrating the versatility of the young captain, is related as having occurred during his employment with Gibbons. The latter owned a hotel in New Brunswick, and, as Captain Vanderbilt concluded to remove his family to New Jersey, Gibbons invited him to take charge of his hotel, and this he ran successfully for two years, thus proving his ability to "keep a hotel." Here, also, was born his eldest son, William H. Vanderbilt. Captain Vanderbilt also leased from Gibbons the ferry-route between York and Elizabethport, and was as successful in this venture as with everything else he touched.

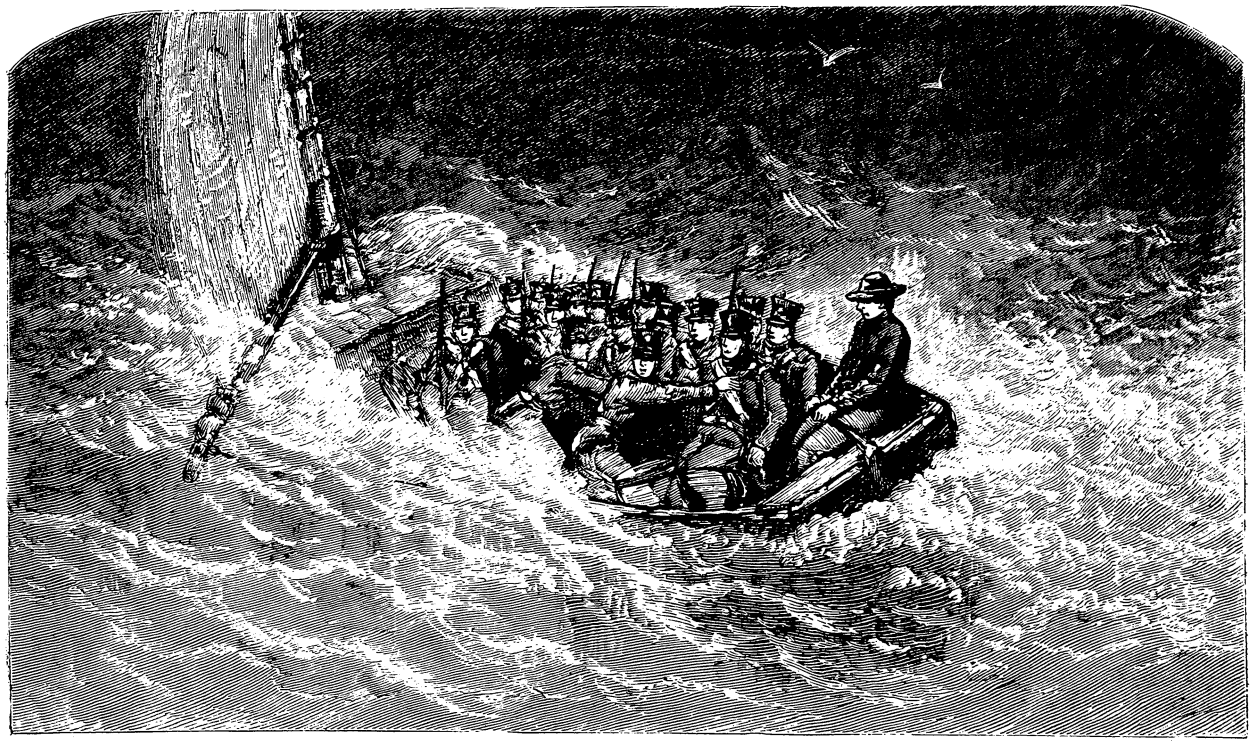
In 1829 he finally left Gibbons, who offered him $5,000 a year to remain with him, and made various other liberal propositions, all of which were, however, declined. Vanderbilt by this time was worth $30,000, and had concluded to become his own master in steamboating, as he had previously in running "periaugas" and sailing-vessels. In the prosecution of his new determination Captain Vanderbilt built the *Caroline*, the first steamboat which he ever had constructed for his own use, and which afterward went over Niagara Falls. This one, however, was soon followed by others; and here, perhaps, is as appropriate a place as elsewhere to give a list of the steamboats, numbering thirty-eight, which he built during his interest in that line of business. They are the following:

Caroline, Citizen, Cinderella, Westchester, Union, Nimrod, Champion, Cleopatra, Augusta, Clifton, C. Vanderbilt, New Champion, Commodore, Gladiator, Staten Islander, Huguenot, Sylph, Hunchback, Red Jacket, Kill-von Kull, Westfield, Clifton No. 2, Westfield No. 2, Clifton No. 3, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Wilmington, North Carolina, George, Traveler, Direction, Central America, Clayton, Bulwer, Lineus, Thistle, Emerald, and Swan.

None of these boats were ever lost by fire, explosion or wreck, while in his employ. They were always managed in the best interests of the public and their business patrons; and the chief element in his success in steamboating, as in every other act in his life, is considered by the commodore to exist in the fact that he always selected the best men in their respective lines of business to work for him, and always paid them the full value of their services.

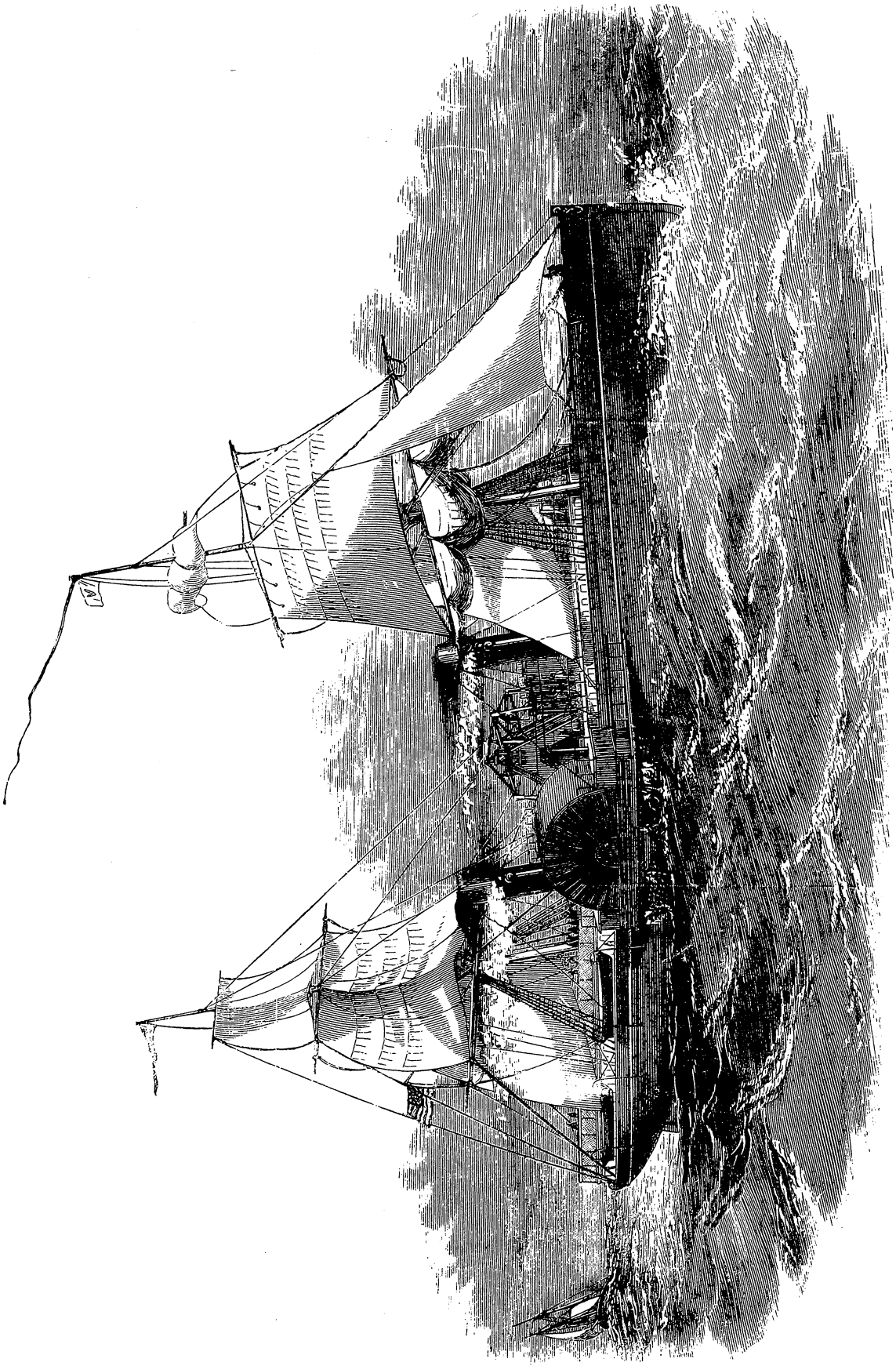
The discovery of gold in California was the occasion of the opening of the Pacific Mail Steamship Line, which, with the Panama Railroad, monopolized transportation from the Atlantic ports to San Francisco, and enabled the sustaining of the rate of fare at $600. An opportunity like this could hardly escape the far-sightedness of Vanderbilt; and he accordingly obtained a charter from the Government of Nicaragua, and in 1851 established his own opposition line, reducing the fare to $300, and yet sustaining the new route at a profit.

An incident which occurred at this time displays the fertility of resource, and also the pluck and determination of the commodore. The approach from the coast to Lake Nicaragua, to which all freight and passengers had to be carried by steamboat, is by the San Juan River, at the head of which, about twelve miles from the lake, and eighty miles from the mouth of the river, are the Castillo Rapids, so called from the old fort of Castillo Viejo, which overlooks them. Three miles below this fort is the Island of Bartalo, the scene of an attack by the English in 1780, in which Lord Nelson, then a captain, first distinguished himself. Boats have always to be "tracked up" the Rapids, as it is called, by sheer force, the passengers making a portage. It takes three hours to get a small boat with no freight past the Rapids, using the utmost exertions of the men.

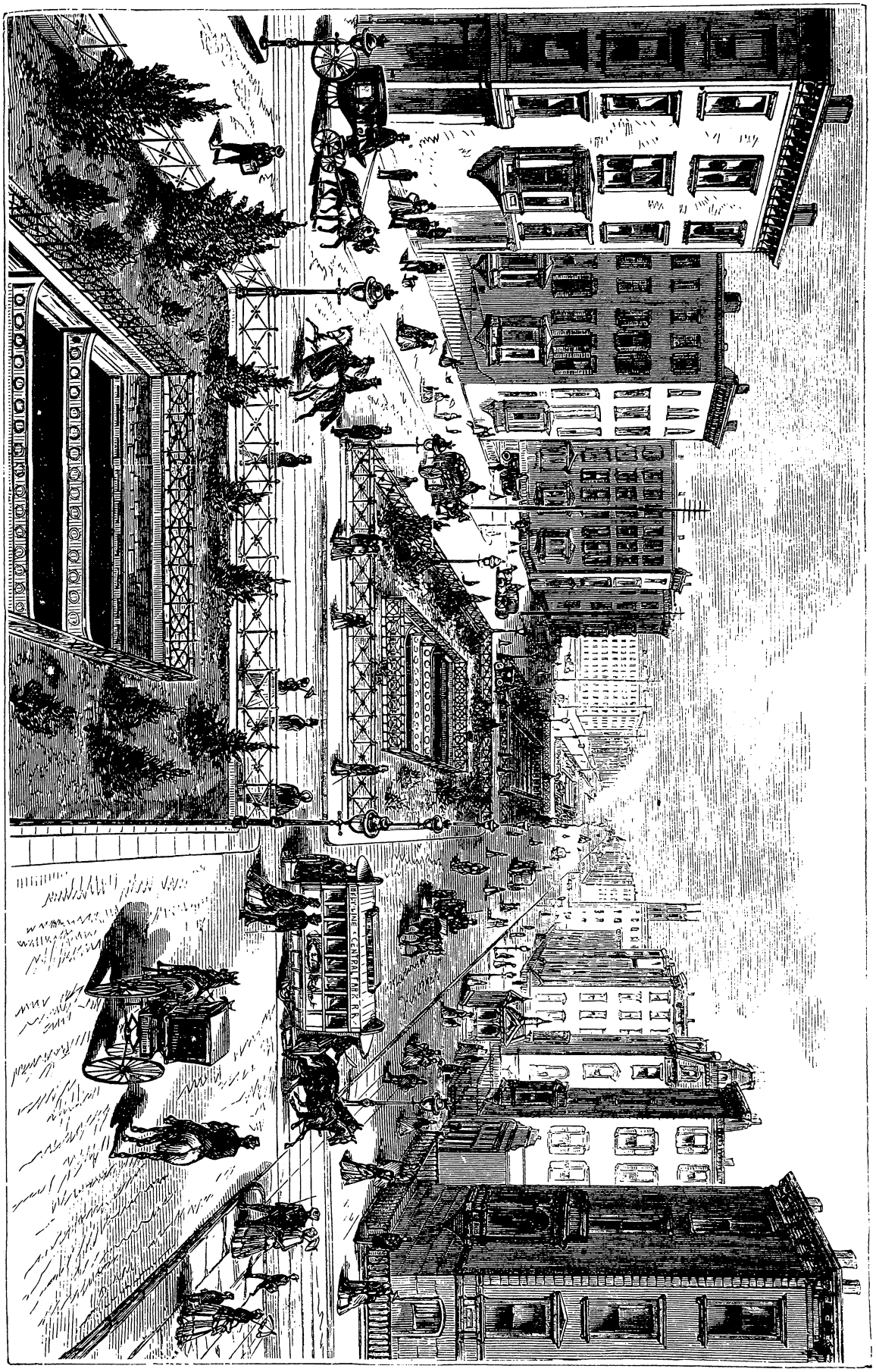


VANDERBILT TRANSPORTING TROOPS DURING WAR.

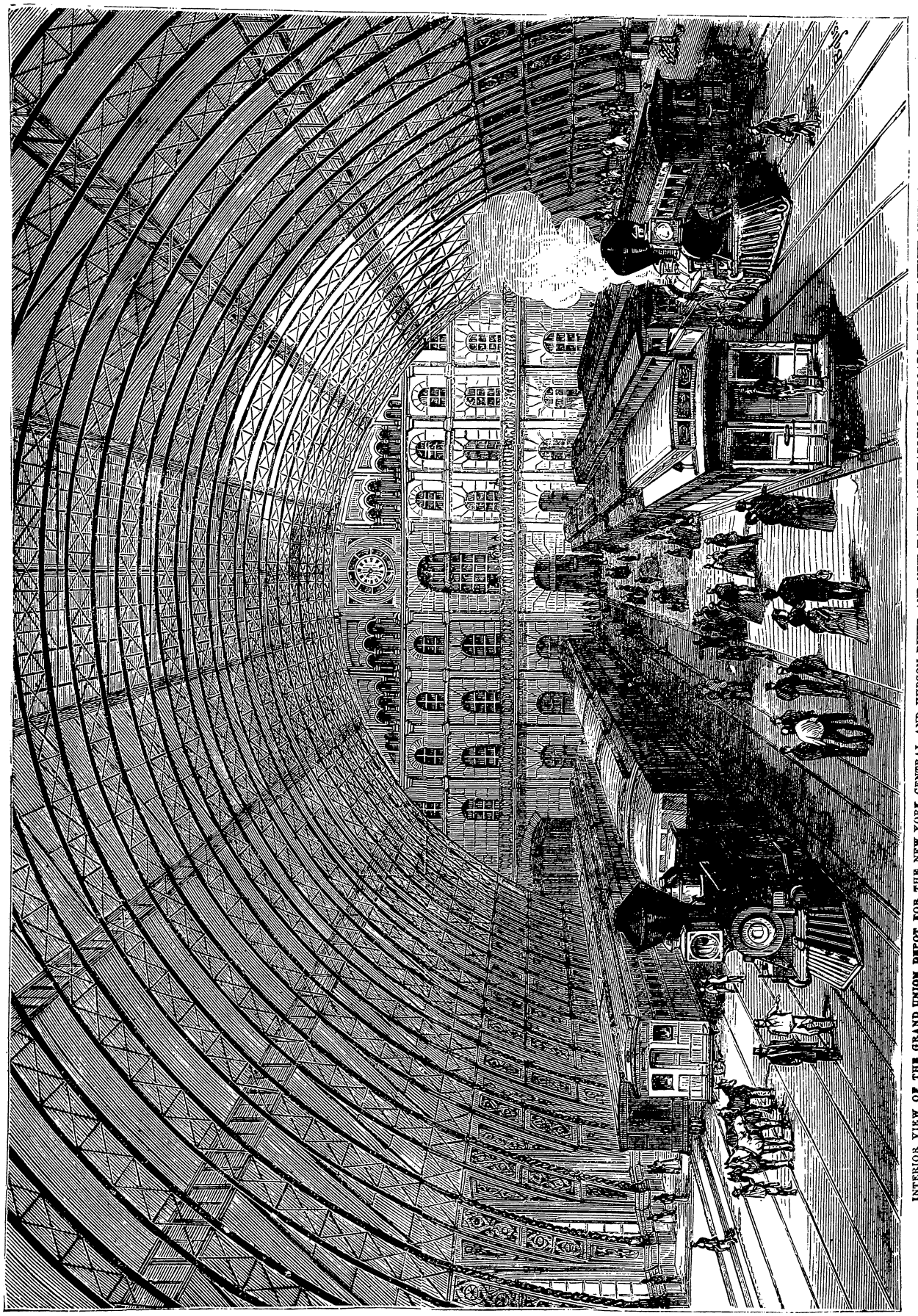
The character of the task which the commodore undertook may be appreciated when it is stated that he proposed to place on Lake Nicaragua the steamboat *Central America*, 150 ft. long, having first taken her up the San Juan River, and last over the Castillo Rapids. This seemingly impossible task the commodore superintended himself, having gone down there on board his boat, which was towed from New York for the purpose. Having got the boat to the foot of the Rapids, and choosing a season of flood when the water was at its highest, he proceeded, by means of cables fastened around trunks of trees, perhaps a thousand feet ahead of



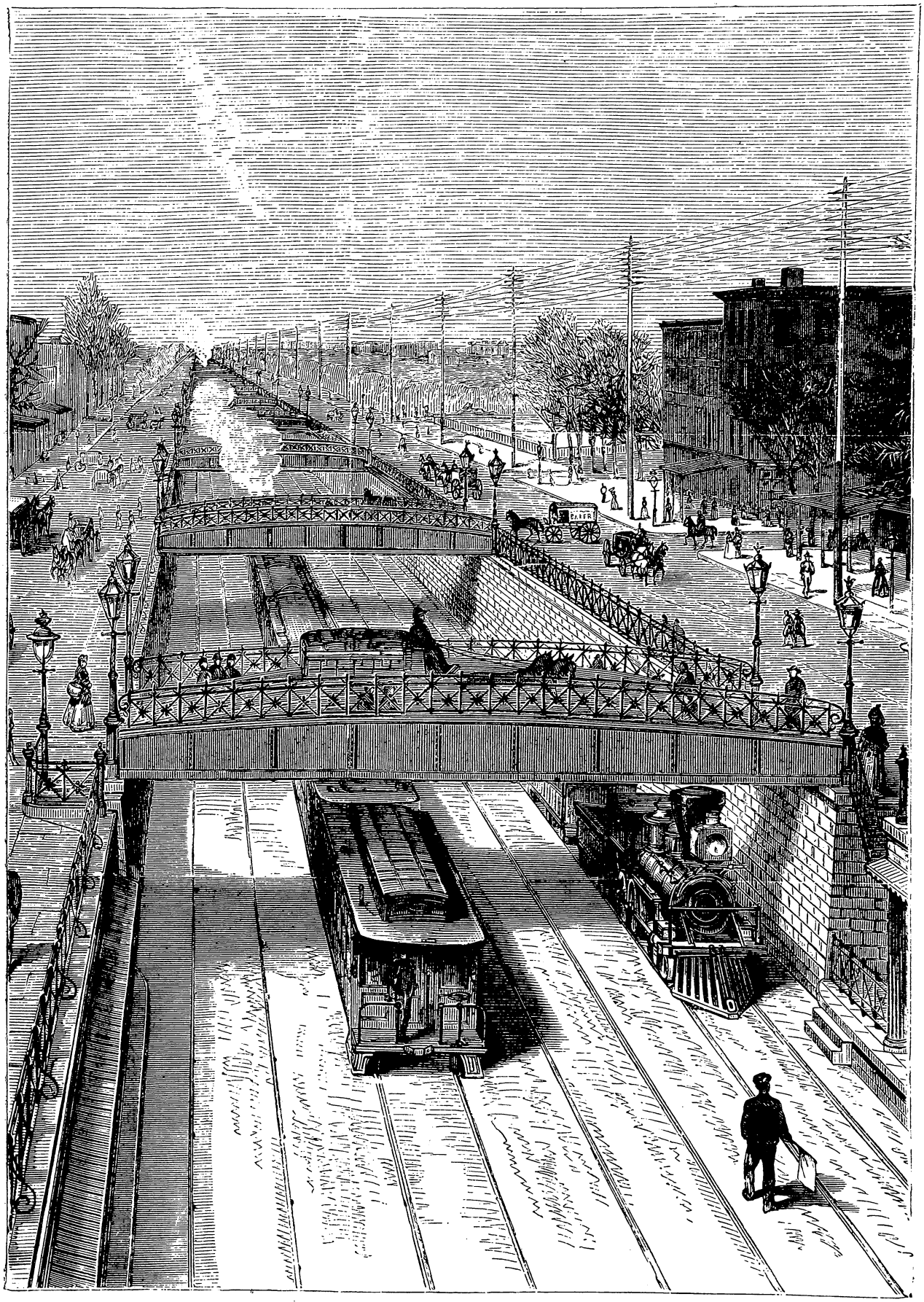
VANDERBILT'S PRIVATE STEAMSHIP, THE "NORTH STAR."



VIEW OF THE BEAM TUNNEL FROM 59TH TO 76TH STREET, FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE GRAND UNION DEPOT FOR THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER AND NEW HAVEN AND HARLEM RAILROADS, FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.



THE SUNKEN TRACK OF THE N. Y. AND HARLEM RAILROAD, 4TH AVENUE, ABOVE 126TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

him, to warp the boat over the dangerous spot. The cables used were the size of a man's thigh; yet, with the terrific strain upon them, they stretched to about the diameter of the wrist. The difficulty was immense, the danger imminent. Should the cable break, the boat would certainly be dashed to pieces. Hour after hour the commodore's brain and the strength of the hemp were pitted against the fearful force of the Rapids—and in this, as in all such contests, the commodore came off victorious. He succeeded in getting his boat over the Rapids, and placing her on the lake ready for business.

In 1853 Commodore Vanderbilt had built and equipped a magnificent steamer, the *North Star*, and on May 19th he set sail on board of her, accompanied by a portion of his family and friends, on a prolonged tour through the Old World. During this trip he visited all the prominent ports of Europe, being everywhere received with generous hospitality by prominent personages, and being, as is his nature, nowise slow in returning this in the most magnificent manner. The entire surroundings of the tour, and the idea of its undertaking in so superb a manner, succeeded in opening the eyes of foreigners to the largeness of the views of this modest and unpretending citizen of the Republic. It should be remembered that on the return of the commodore, in September of the same year, when his ship rounded Staten Island, he emphasized the regard and affection in which he has always held his mother by saluting her from the guns on board.

In 1855 Mr. Vanderbilt undertook an independent line of steamships to Havre, and built the *Ariel* and *Vanderbilt*, two of his finest vessels. Of course, his vast operations in steamship navigation, all of which, it may be remarked, proved remunerative, had by this time made Commodore Vanderbilt an enormously wealthy man; and this enabled him, in 1862, to accomplish the rendering of a service to his country, which has, perhaps, never been equalled in its character of munificence and generosity.

The war of the rebellion had by this time assumed a most serious phase, and the call for men being constant, it was found almost impossible to transport the large bodies of troops accumulating at the different military centres. On April 20th, of the year last named, Mr. Vanderbilt wrote to Secretary Welles, offering to present the steamer *Vanderbilt* to the United States Government. On May 14th he again wrote upon the same subject, and in concluding this letter, said:

"I am induced to make this communication because of my desire of protecting the Government against speculative attempts, and also to make it known that there are vessels of a capacity to meet all the requirements, without resorting to vessels belonging to the so-called Confederate States, or to those sailing under a foreign flag."

The magnificent ship thus placed at the command of the United States Government was not devoted to transportation purposes, but was provided with a ram, and her engines protected by cotton-bales, and, thus fitted out, did good service in hunting the *Alabama*, and in other ways.

The steamer *Vanderbilt* cost $800,000; and the fact of his having made such a gift to his country, in the time of her deadliest peril, induced Congress to offer a fitting recognition in resolutions approved by the President, January 28th, 1864, in which the thanks of Congress were presented to Commodore Vanderbilt "for his unique manifestation of a fervid and large-souled patriotism," and further to order a gold medal to be struck, embodying a proper statement of the nation's gratitude for this gift. This medal was duly struck and presented to the commodore.

At about this time Mr. Vanderbilt abandoned steamboats and steamships, and entered the vast enterprises in railroad interests which have since become the business of his life, and in the prosecution of which he has overcome all opposition, and succeeded in establishing himself as the railroad king of the world. In conclusion, however, of the maritime portion of the commodore's eventful life-history, we may mention the names of the ocean-steamers which he has had especially built for his own use, and navigated in his interests. These are the following:

Prometheus, Daniel Webster, Star of the West, Northern Light, North Star, Granada, Ariel, Vanderbilt, Ocean Queen, Galveston, Opelousa, Magnolia, Matagorda, Champion, Costa Rica, Port Jackson, and New York.

In about 1857 Mr. Vanderbilt had begun to take his first positive personal interest in railroads, selecting the New York and Harlem Railroad for that purpose. The state of this road was at that time very serious, and its financial affairs in a deplorable condition. Mr. Vanderbilt advanced large sums of money for the use of the company, and aided it in other ways by his influence—and in 1863 was chosen president, and began to give his undivided attention to railroad matters.

The first effect of this may be noted in the price of the stock of the Harlem Railroad, which, in 1857, being worth about three cents on the dollar, rose to seventy on his election to the presidency. The old episode of the "Harlem corner" will be very well remembered by New York citizens, this being only one of the remarkable financial devices by which the commodore succeeded in carrying out his broad and well-considered plans.

The Hudson River Railroad was the next to which he turned his attention, and in the same manner. He erected new depôts, completed its double track, increased the number of trains and shortened their running time. Of course, the business of this road was, by this means, greatly increased; and new accommodations being needed for its down-town freight business in New York City, Commodore Vanderbilt purchased St. John's Park in Hudson Street for the sum of $1,000,000, and erected there a grand freight depôt, covering the entire square. On the western side of this magnificent depôt has been since placed the great bronze *bas-relief*, designed by Captain De Groot, and illustrating the commodore's varied life—this work having been erected at a cost of $250,000.

It was not long after this time before the commodore gained the controlling interest in the New York Central Railroad Company, and in 1868 became president also of that road—and in this case, as in that of the others, his first business was to place the road in thorough order and in the best possible condition for the use of the public.

In November, 1869, the two great railroad arteries in his hands were consolidated under the title of the "New York Central and Hudson River Railroad," with Commodore Vanderbilt as president, a position which he still holds. In 1865, the capital of the Hudson River Railroad Company was $7,000,000, and that of the Central, in 1868, $28,000,000. Whatever dividend was customarily paid on the stock of these roads was usually paid with borrowed money; but under Commodore Vanderbilt's management, and since the consolidation of the two roads, regular dividends of 8 per cent. have been paid upon a capital of $90,000,000, while enormous sums have been laid out in properly refitting and running the road.

To the commodore's grandeur of conception, in magnificent works of practical public utility, is to be attributed the building of that noble structure of masonry, the Fourth Avenue improvement—certainly one of the most extraordinary engineering efforts of the same character in the world; and also that of the Grand Central Depôt, one of the finest buildings of the kind ever erected, comprising within its own area about a mile of track, and offices for the three railroad companies under his control.

The New York Central Railroad is unquestionably the grandest and most important enterprise of its kind, in its scope and intention, of any ever undertaken and successfully completed in the world. In its relation to the transportation of grain simply, and in creating and holding the city of New York as the final grain-centre of the country, it has produced incalculable benefit, and is fast driving the Erie Canal into the obscurity which is the result of natural progress. In fact, it is now beginning to be seen that the Erie Canal has outlived its usefulness, and is to-day only the nest-egg of a vast system of financial conspiracy against the State, to whose exposure and destruction our statesmen find it necessary to devote their best energies.

By conceiving the idea of laying four tracks on the line of the New York Central, Mr. Vanderbilt has practically turned this road into a vast grain-elevator, over which freight-trains, like buckets, are continuously traveling, laden with grain. While no interference with passenger traffic occurs, the freight transportation progresses without necessity for stoppage or sidings, and thus gives to the metropolis a control of this immense interest, which not all the adverse influence of other States and rival roads will ever be able to counterbalance. The four-track system is already complete to Rochester, and will be finished to Buffalo during the present year. And whereas in other States the great railroad companies have invariably possessed the powerful sustaining influence of the Press and of legislation in their favor, Commodore Vanderbilt has had to push his projects through to successful accomplishment in antagonism with both these organized forces—but always in the interest of the business public. When the work which he has accomplished shall be adequately appreciated, Commodore Vanderbilt's name will be remembered with pride and honor.

Leaving now the specification of incidents in the life of Vanderbilt, illustrative of his character and capacity, we will turn to some examination of his habits, proclivities, and predominating characteristics.

The interest which at his home, on Staten Island, the boy had displayed in horse-flesh in his early childhood has increased in strength as he has advanced in years. For a very long time the commodore has been noted for his fondness for the noble animal, the "horse," in proportion to the characteristics of blood and speed exemplified in special instances.

No one is better known on the road than Commodore Vanderbilt. Among the horses which he has owned may be mentioned the following: Post Boy, Plowboy, Mountaineer, Mountain Boy, Mountain Girl, Doctor, Flying Dutchman. His present stable consists of Mountain Maid, The Boy, Princess, and Rob Roy. His last purchase in this line rejoices in the unsatisfactory cognomen of "Small Hopes," its character, however, being probably belied by this designation, as, in the judgment of the commodore—and there is no better judge—the animal promises to display good qualities of speed and bottom, under proper care and wise treatment.

A marked trait of the commodore—one of the strongest, in fact, so far as amusement is concerned—is his fondness for whist, a game in which he excels as much as he delights in it, and with the prosecution of which, when fairly engaged in a rubber, he permits no outside interest whatever to interfere. An amusing illustration of his tenacity on this point was given in the course of a Committee of Investigation from the Legislature of the State, before which the commodore was summoned. In answer to a question on this occasion as to what he did when he heard of a certain very important transaction, he replied, "I didn't do anything. I was playing whist at the time, and I never allow anything to interrupt me when I play whist."

In dispensing charity, the commodore has illustrated his large ideas, as in everything else in his life. We may give two instances of this, one of these being the free gift of the Mercer Street Church, costing $50,000, to Dr. Charles F. Deems, on whom he settled the property for the term of his natural life; the other being his magnificent present to the Southern States, and more particularly the State of Tennessee, of the Vanderbilt University at Nashville, the erection of which, with its endowment, cost $750,000.

It is believed and hoped, by those who consider the acts of Cornelius Vanderbilt with a due regard for their momentousness, that possibly the culmination of his beneficent enterprises will be a recognition of his own city, by the founding of some charitable institution whose importance and usefulness shall be a fitting expression of his appreciation of the noble metropolis of New York. What this city needs is a Library, on the theory of the Boston Public Library — free, and circulating at once. The "Vanderbilt Library," formed on such a basis, would be more democratic and more generally useful than either the Astor or the Lenox, both of which are more exclusive in their objects and methods.

Commodore Vanderbilt has had nine daughters and four sons. The eldest of the latter, Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, a gentleman well known to the business community, is the main dependence of his father in business matters, and is a man possessing a personality strongly indicative of his descent, and also qualities which peculiarly qualify him for the position which he occupies as the practical head of one of the largest railroad corporations of the country. This gentleman has executive qualities which are rarely met with, and a capacity to grasp and control large operations in the interests of the community as well as his own, which has placed him side by side with the few leading railroad men in America. Meanwhile, notwithstanding his vast power, in his habits, Mr. William Vanderbilt is as modest and unostentatious as his father, simple and unpretentious in his tastes, cultivated and educated, a complete expression of the American gentleman. Another son died in 1864 from illness resulting from services in the army at Corinth.

Commodore Vanderbilt's first wife died several years ago. In 1868 he was again married, and this time to Miss Crawford, of Mobile, Alabama—a lady every way suited to be the helpmeet of such a man, possessing marked refinement and nobility of character, peculiar amiability of disposition, and strong intellectual powers. Graceful, winning, elegant and refined, the present Mrs. Vanderbilt is a type of the best class of true American women.

It would be difficult at any time to sum up in a few sentences a character like that of Commodore Vanderbilt. Most of all, is it difficult while he still lives, and before the full benefit of his labors in behalf of his countrymen can have displayed itself.

He is remarkable, in the first place, for the strength and symmetry of his character. His brain is, in fact, well balanced, and his great mental force, keen perception and positive intuition of intellect, are compensated by a genial temperament, kindly nature, and other graces of character which relieve these qualities from what might otherwise assume the form of severity or even angularity. Cautious, systematic, and reflective in his business operations, he is yet daring, determined, and even combative, where his intellect has indicated the proper course for him to follow; and with these nobler qualities, he possesses, to a remarkable degree, that possibly commonplace, but certainly useful characteristic, practical common sense, balanced, however, by a poetic side in his nature, and a remarkably full and free appreciation of the beautiful in nature and in art.

An enthusiastic admirer of education and learning, and deploring the disadvantages under which he labored in his

youth and earlier manhood in this regard, Commodore Vanderbilt possibly appreciates the value of such advantages even more than would professionally educated men. In combination with a nice perception and understanding of the relations of details, his broad and vital grasp of large interests has been the impelling power by which Mr. Vanderbilt has succeeded in manipulating operations beneath which many even great men would have been prostrated. Understanding human nature, as it were, by natural instinct, he is quick to appreciate the value of men, and to distribute his instruments where they can most effectively perform the duties allotted them. Possessing strong feelings, he has these under perfect control, turning the forces which might be wasted in their expression in the directions where the results effected by them cannot but be of value and importance.

Finally, it must be conceded that no man in the United States has ever, single-handed, encountered the obstacles and surmounted them, conceived the plans and executed them, foreseen the occurrences and turned them to account, and, in fact, displayed himself before the world as a controlling power among men, to the extent which has characterized the long, eventful, and useful life of Commodore Vanderbilt.

DOES HE TAKE?

MR. CONCEIT *(looking after departing visitor)*—"NICE FELLOW—KNOWS WHEN HE'S 'ONE TOO MANY.'"
MISS SHARP—"PITY OTHERS ARE NOT SO SENSIBLE."

THE IGUANA DEFENDING ITSELF FROM A JAGUAR.

AMONG the lizard tribe, the iguana may be regarded as a sort of king, from its size, or the appreciation bestowed upon its flesh. It is found in the eastern parts of South America and the West Indies, and is easily known by the great pouch at the neck, and by the bristling crest that runs along the back, from head to tail. The tail, claws, and body, are all covered with scales, green in color, shading off above into a slaty blue, and below into a yellow. Though three or four feet long, and thus terribly armed, it is quiet, inoffensive, and easily caught. To man it seldom makes any resistance, and, as its food is vegetable and its flesh white and delicate, it is much hunted for food in Brazil and the West Indies. But the means of defense are adapted by nature to the mode of life, and every animal has its weapons. This lizard uses against beasts of prey its mailed tail as a most effective defense, lashing about with it to the right and left with such force as to make even the jaguar relax his hold. The Bahama Islands abound in this lizard, which are caught by dogs, trained to pursue them to the hollow rocks and trees.

——:o:——

My First Tiger.

"JAPES, we're in luck this morning. Our little two months' holiday hasn't commenced so badly." And as he spoke, Patsy Belton glances gleefully at the slip of paper he is jealously holding.

"My dear fellow," I leisurely reply, "I haven't the faintest idea to what you allude. Perhaps, if you let me know the contents of that letter, the fog might disappear. By-the-by, Patsy," I continue, "*apropos* of ideas, that is not a bad one my self-comforting butler has got hold of. He says that a suit of warm clothing is absolutely necessary in these cold regions, and that if I don't provide him with one——"

"Oh!" said my companion; "listen to this, dated from Droog Bungalow, Thursday, 7 A.M.:

"'DEAR BELTON,—Put on a pair of wings, and fly to me at once. If possible, bring with you one or two more men; and if I don't bring you and them in close proximity with a tiger, my name is not what I believe it to be. H. THOMSON.'

"Now, what do you think of that?" he exclaims, looking up triumphantly, and, without giving me time to put my opinion into words, he springs from his chair, and the next

moment is gone. Soon I hear him pouring forth numerous questions and various orders, all hurriedly spoken, and consequently, to an Indian servant, intensely bewildering. Some snatches of sentences and a few words, such as "gun, cartridges, leggings, fool, not cleaned," etc., float through the chinks of the door, and reach my hearing.

"I wonder how much of all that has gone in at one ear, and *not* gone out of the other," is my thought, and I chuckle over it. Under the soothing influence of my cigar, and a soft breath of cool air that just glides into the room, I tumble into a pleasant, meditative mood, and think how delicious and enjoyable everything is up here, after the miseries and tortures we have gone through down below.

"Down below" means the scorching plains, which Belton and I have just left for a two-months' stay on the "up here," which means the beautiful, grand, and, once visited, never-to-be-forgotten Neilgherry Hills, where hedges are made of heliotrope, and one's abode (locally termed *bungalow*) is net-

"Well," he says, determinedly, "if you don't come, I shall stop at home also."

And forthwith he proceeds to place his gun in a corner.

"Nonsense," I mutter.

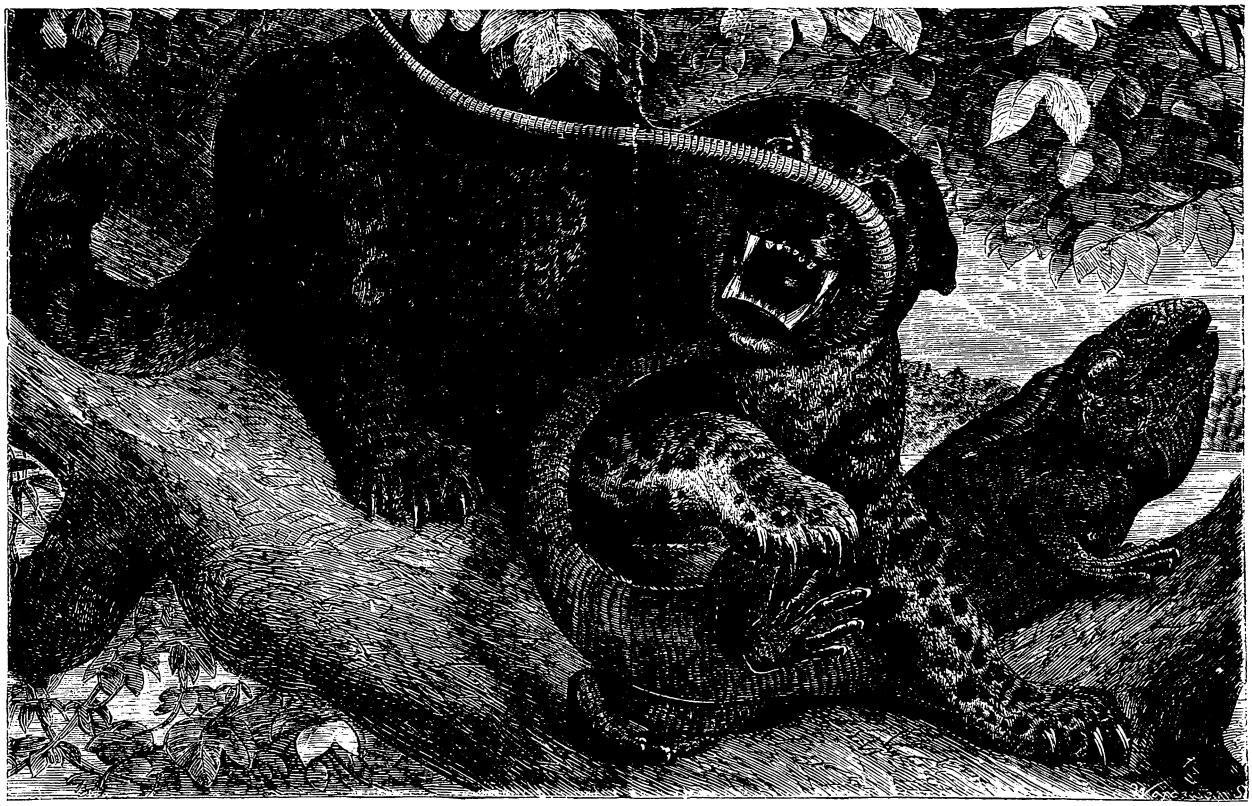
"I tell you I shan't go without you," says Patsy, subsiding into an arm-chair, and beginning to whistle.

"But why," say I, still holding out, "do you wish to have me, of all people, with you, considering that I shall of a certainty spoil the fun some way or other, and make a fool of myself, more than once, into the bargain?"

"That is just where you are wrong," replies Patsy; "instead of spoiling the fun, you will add to it. Besides," he adds, impatiently, "I know perfectly well that you really would like to come; and come you must; so there's an end of the matter."

And thus it is settled.

Belton has been gone about half-an-hour, when I catch sight of him opening the garden-gate. He looks more radi-



THE IGUANA DEFENDING ITSELF FROM A JAGUAR.

ted by roses. At length my musings veer round to more immediate matters, and I say, half aloud:

"The house is very quiet, so Patsy can't be indoors. I suppose he has made tracks for the tiger-ground."

"Upon my word, Japes"—a voice known to me breaks in here—"you are positively too bad. You know there is no time to be lost, and yet here you are, muttering to yourself in a cloud of smoke, instead of getting your guns ready, and your lazy person fitly harnessed."

(I may mention here that "Japes" is not the name my parents chose for me. It is my inharmonious nickname, the origin of which the reader shall not be troubled with.)

"What!" I exclaim, raising myself up, and looking at him in surprise; "you surely don't want *me* with you? Bah!"—relapsing into my former comfortable attitude—"the idea is too ridiculous. I should only ruin all the sport. Why, man, do you know that I never in my life shot anything bigger than a pheasant?"

ant than he was even before, for he has in tow two more men, as eager for the coming fray as himself. They find me quite ready; so, without further delay, we make a start for that ground, where, for the first time in my life, I may in all probability be brought face to face with—a tiger!

No power of describing, either with the pen or the brush, could possibly be great enough to enable any one to give a good or just idea of the grand and imposing scenery that greets us at every step, and which our eyes feast on as we progress onward. Forests, ravines, waterfalls, lie at our feet; and there is a grandeur all around. As the gusts of wind pass over the forest the tree-tops bend before their force, and I almost fancy I am looking on a miniature ocean with its successive undulating wavelets. I am completely overcome by the picturesque; so, carried away by what I see, I stop and exclaim:

"Wait a while. It is not often one hits upon such a scene as this. Let us take it in."

"Bosh!" is an unromantic rejoinder; "who ever thought

of taking in bits of scenery when on the road to a tiger cover?"

"And when time is short and precious, and not a jot of it to spare?" adds another voice.

I perceive the force of these remarks; so, contenting myself with growling something, I follow on. To hold my tongue, but to keep my eyes wide open, is my mental reservation, and by so doing I hope to be able to pass muster. Having come to this understanding with myself, I jog on with less apprehension, and therefore, as is natural, with considerably more comfort. We reach the planter's (did I not say the invitation was sent by a planter?) snug-looking, but by no means palatial establishment, just as the sun begins to show itself from out a rather dismal, gloomy-looking sky.

The planter greets us all very cordially. "We have plenty of time in store," he says; "and as thirst must be upon you all after your long walk, come inside and quench it."

I glance at Patsy with an aggrieved expression, which very plainly tells him that, in my opinion, there would have been no harm done if he had allowed me to finish my after-breakfast cigar in peace. He takes no notice of my speaking look, and says, "Thank you," in a manner as if he thought it nothing less than sacrilege to lose time, even so much as would be given to the tossing off of a glass of wine.

"We are only thirsty for blood," he laughingly adds, at the same time, however, leading the way to where the liquor awaits us. So, with renewed strength, we soon set out on the prime errand of the day.

"Who, in the name of Fortune, are all these fellows?" I exclaim, as we come to a spot where about a hundred niggers are congregated.

"Those," answers our host, seemingly astonished at the question, "those are the beaters." I hear Belton laughing behind me.

"My very dear Japes, you surely did not expect the tiger to come and shake hands with us of his own accord—did you?"

"Their appearance," reply I, smiling, and trying to speak jocularly, "is certainly ugly enough to scare anything."

It had been unanimously carried that everything was to be under the complete guidance of the planter. He is to choose which *sholah* (thicket) is first to be opened by the "beaters"; in his hands is left the choice of each separate position for each individual "gun"; in him our whole confidence is placed; and that we have put our trust in the right man we are certain.

"Before placing you," he observes, "shall I show you the spot where the brute killed the bullock, and also the mark of the dragging, which is very distinct?" A general assent; whereupon he leads the way, and we all follow in Indian-file. We have proceeded thus along the jungle-path for about ten minutes, when suddenly our guide halts, which necessitates our doing likewise.

"It would be better"—speaking in a very low and subdued voice—"to talk as little as possible, now and then only in a whisper, for we are approaching the ground."

"All right!" each one answers, in an undertone. Then comes an admonition-chorus of "Hush!" after which we again jog on in the same fashion, but in the most profound silence, making as little noise as possible in thrusting aside the twigs, and treading like cats. Again we are suddenly brought to a stand-still, for our guide has stopped at the margin of a small patch of grass-land, and is, with an uplifted arm, pointing toward something to which he wishes to draw our attention. Tigers were and are uppermost in my thoughts—fanciful encounters with tigers did and do run through my brain helter-skelter—in fact my whole soul is steeped in tigers, so what more natural than that I should think that at last I was face to face with one? At the planter's gesture I am at once on the alert, and, bringing my gun to a more favorable position, am prepared for any emergency. My excitement thaws rather when he breathes the explanation:

"There is the place where he dragged down the carcase."

Suppressed laughter is within hearing, and I am painfully aware that I have again made a fool of myself. The others having recovered themselves from being amused at my expense, and I having lapsed into a less warlike position, we then cross the porch of grass-land to obtain a nearer view of the spot indicated. There, plain enough, a large gap in the undergrowth is to be seen, and there, as plain, are the marks where some heavy animal has been dragged along on the ground.

"I thought it was perhaps a tiger you were pointing at," said I, playfully and *aloud*, totally forgetting, in my sudden revulsion of feeling, the previous solemn warning we had all received.

A bomb-shell might have fallen amongst us, to judge by the expression of horror that shows itself in each countenance at my utter disregard of caution. Each forefinger of each right hand is held up at me menacingly, and each tongue hisses forth the solemn and warning "Hush!" Four withering glances are thrown at me, and we then proceed onward as before in the same softly-treading, North American Indian sort of fashion. Patsy is just in front of me.

And now we reach the spot whence we are to be sent off, in different directions, to our "posts." The planter places one hand on the shoulder of No. 1, while he points with the other. We all gather round anxiously.

"There is a large stone over there—do you see it?" he whispers.

"Yes," replies No. 1.

"That is your post. It is in a first-rate position; for if the tiger moves down the hill by that far ledge, he will, without doubt, come near enough to enable you to do good execution."

"Good," says No. 1, shouldering his rifle, and disappearing into the jungle.

"Yonder is yours," says our guide, addressing the next. "If the brute becomes alarmed by the beaters overlapping on the right, he is bound to turn; and when he does that, he will make tracks for that *sholah*, thus passing you within easy shot." And off goes No. 2.

"And now for yours, Belton. Let me see," meditatively, and stroking his beard. "I shall give you the position of honor, if honor is reckoned by the best chance of bag; and, in my opinion, you have got it, when I place you alongside that clump of undergrowth. The beaters will act more on the right than on the left, as a pivot, and so befriend you; besides, stationed there, you will have *two sholahs* to defend."

Patsy's eyes beam with expectancy and delight.

It flashes across my mind that, on an occasion like the present, it would be much pleasanter for me, who know as much about tiger-shooting as an elephant of dancing a hornpipe, to accompany my brother-officer, who has had much experience in the art. The suggestion is put mildly.

"I must withhold my consent," says our captain; "that would be a very bad management, for you would certainly quarrel somehow over the quarry; besides, there is a large *sholah* in this direction" (pointing to the left), "which must be guarded by one gun at least."

"Well, good-bye, Japes," says Patsy, soothingly; "and, next to myself, best luck to you, old man." And off he goes.

"By that small tree to the left," says my now solitary companion, "is the best ground for you to take up."

"Where do you mean?" groan I, mechanically.

"There," indicating; "look along my finger, and you

will make it out at once—a small tree. There is a mound about five yards beyond it."

I put my head close to his, and do as requested. "All right," I say, in an attempted cheerful manner—"all right; I see it."

"Upon my word," he commences; then looking round mysteriously, as if to make sure no jealous ear is listening, he speaks on: "After all, I think your position is the most likely one to see fun, for if the brute knows that far *sholah* —and I have reason to believe that he has actually been in it—he will assuredly try to reach it; and if he does, he must turn his nose straight for your tree."

"Good gracious!" I exclaim, in rather too loud a tone for the vicinity; then, rapidly recovering myself, add: "Ah! how jolly! first-rate!" The reader can imagine the awful smile that accompanies these words. "But," I continue, "as you are experienced in this sort of outing, and as I am only a beginner, would it not be better that *you* should take up so good a position?"

"Oh no," he answers, carelessly. "I am well satisfied with the one I have left for myself, which is about a hundred yards to the other side of that small hillock to the right."

One question has been hovering on my lips during the previous half-hour; and it is no other motive, but a laudable desire not to be foolhardy, or to court any unnecessary risk, that causes me to put that question now.

"Am I to climb into the tree, or am I to stand beside it at the bottom?"

"There is no need to climb into it," he says, smiling as he gives his answer.

"I asked only to avoid doing wrongly," I explain. "Good-bye," I add in a tone, as if we were fated never to meet again. And off *I* go.

As I saunter along, the reflection, that no one else was present when my last question was put, is very consoling.

No matter of how stout a heart the neophyte may be, he must, during his first venture—especially if it smacks of excitement, on account of mishap being possible—feel far less at his ease than when usage gives him the knowledge of how much less risk there really is than his fluttered imagination entertained. The recruit who faces the enemy for the first time does not take events with the same comfortable indifference as the medal-adorned veteran. The sailor in his first storm is more apprehensive of danger than when he has ridden safely through a hundred. And in like manner I, on this occasion, do not feel that keen appreciation of the sport in hand, that, no doubt, I should have felt; in short, I was then decidedly not *quite* so comfortable as I have been on similar and subsequent outings.

I am startled out of a reverie, to things around, by hearing a distant and curious muffled sound. What can it be? It is the beaters, who have gained the top of the hill, and are descending and beating toward the spot where I stand. Only a few more seconds, and it will be decided whether it is for me to have the first shot! My intense excitement overcomes everything. I am completely carried away by it. At this moment what care I if twenty tigers were to leap from the jungle! Down come the beaters, and *then* I know that, for the present, the tiger is free from any hurt or harm at my hands. He and I are not to meet—not just yet, at any rate. What a din! Of a certainty all the demons in Pandemonium have broken loose. Surely nothing human could be the authors of such hideous sounds! Every man of them is assisting with some sort of noise. Some yell like fiends as they beat the bushes with sticks provided for the purpose; others indulge in shrill whistling; while others, again, clash their gongs and "tom-toms" together in a manner that fails not in doing sonorous duty; the whole forming as neat a piece of discord as one could wish—or rather not wish—to hear. In fifteen more minutes the entire thicket has been "beaten," and not an animal of any sort has made its appearance. The tiger is not there. The next question is, Where, then, is he? For the second time we find ourselves grouped around our captain, each one anxious for further information.

"That is unfortunate," is his remark, referring to our non-success. "That 'beat' was the most likely one of all to find him in. The beaters did not startle a single deer, so it is evident he has been roaming there already. However, I still hope for better luck. If you will follow me, I will lead you to the next most likely spot."

Again we move forward with that same soft noiseless tread as before. This wariness, this attempted avoidance of being heard, lends an air of importance and solemnity to our doings. It looks like business. Presently our leader comes to a stand-still.

"This is, perhaps, about the best place from which to point out your respective posts." He speaks in a very low, subdued voice.

We are standing on the side of a small hill. In front is another, while about fifty yards below us is an open *nullah* —the dried-up bed of a mountain-stream. The space for half a hundred yards or so up each hill-side is free from jungle, and covered only by some short grass, and again each one is shown his particular standing-ground. My post is on the side of the hill opposite. To my front is the open unwooded nullah; to my right lies a densely wooded ravine; thus facing me from left to right there is a considerable space, open and free for a whistling, well-aimed bullet to find its billet. "Allow your quarry to have his *side* toward you before firing," was the planter's last caution to me, "and you will be safe from his charging you: a tiger always charges in the direction he is looking."

I am excited, very excited; and the reason for my excitement being so intense, I cannot to this day tell. Perhaps it was an inward unaccountable feeling that something was going to happen. I grasp my rifle firmly. The beaters are much nearer now; their sounds are more distinct. Yes; and now they have reached the top of the hill on the other side of the nullah; and now they are coming down toward the hollow and toward me. Right, left, in every possible spot, I look for some sign, some warning of approach—a growl, a stir in the bush, anything. The hoped-for and long-expected sight at length greets my eyes, for there, one hundred yards to my left, out from the jungle breaks—a large tiger!

Out he saunters, twisting his tail and growling angrily. At the first sight of him up goes the gun to my shoulder, finger on the trigger; but just in time the warning voice comes back:

"Allow your quarry to have his *side* toward you before firing."

The gun drops from my shoulder, and I watch him. He reaches the bed of the stream, and there he hesitates, as if in doubt whether to seek the cover of the ravine or move straight on. The second's pause is over; then breaking into a smart trot, he keeps along the water-course, and makes for the ravine to my right. If he keeps on as he is now going, he must pass me, broadside on, within fifty yards. On he comes, now and again turning his head, to see that none of his tormentors are near. He has not seen me yet, as I am keeping well behind the tree. He is now straight to my front, and not fifty yards distant—shall I fire? And now he passes me, I raise my gun, lean it against the tree, take a steady aim, and fire.

My shot is a telling one. The brute rolls over and over, and then lies on the grass without a move. The beaters shortly put in an appearance, and it is with great caution

that we all move to where the tiger lies stretched. There is no need for caution—there is no need for my second barrel—for our enemy is perfectly dead. The same look of pride that shone in Napoleon's eyes when gazing on the victorious fields of Jena, Austerlitz, etc., now shines in mine, as I gaze on *my* handiwork. The rifle—the weapon that did the deed—I now handle with as much affection as the owner strokes the neck of his pet—his Derby winner. I, the duffer of the whole party, had won the prize!

I receive their congratulations with "the pride of modest worth."

"Bravo, old man!" shouts Patsy, as he comes up; "if you only continue as you have commenced, we may make something of you yet. What a grand fellow!"

"Plenty fine *bagh* (tiger), sar," chimes in one of the niggers, grinning with satisfaction from ear to ear, and looking at me with unconcealed admiration. That look of admiration, though coming from a nigger, makes me feel exultant.

Thus happened that event, that provoked in me a hungry and earnest desire for more. And now, though years have passed, it is with pride, pleasure, and exultation, that I recall that never-to-be-forgotten day which chronicles the death of my First Tiger.

HINDOOS EXHIBITING LEARNED BIRDS.

THE Hindoos are very fond of birds, and in old times are said even to have had hospitals for them.

The favorites are the melodious cokela, the fickle tchakate, the baya or loxia; and the last, whose ingenuity is shown in its nest, displays equal aptness as a pupil.

They learn readily to go and bring objects, and it is not uncommon when the young girls go to the fountain for water to see a baya, at a sign from his master, carry off from some maiden's forehead her gold ornament, and take it to his master. The meyna, a kind of jay, has the run of the house, and learns to talk, ever ready to repeat its few phrases to every comer.

HINDOOS EXHIBITING LEARNED BIRDS.

Among the Hindoo bird-trainers the most famous was Schah Muddin, Emperor of Lahore, who had his trained armies of birds, which went through military evolutions, and at a given signal engaged in combat.

Our illustrations, from a photograph, show two of these bird-trainers exhibiting their pupils in the performance of tricks and devices. A cannon, standing by, shows that, like the brave troops of Schah Muddin, they do not fear the smell of gunpowder.

OLD ENGLISH PUBLIC WASHING-GROUND.

SOME OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS.

Our illustrations carry us back to customs of other days, some once prevailing here, others perhaps never much in vogue.

Readers of Shakespeare need no reminding that there were public washing-grounds in England, whither family linen was carried. These were by the riverside, and the basket was unceremoniously dumped into the spot secured by the washwoman. Thus did the fat knight acquire a personal knowledge of laundry operations. This custom of washing by a running stream held on till increasing population made it impossible to accommodate all, and distance became inconvenient. Still the prejudice long prevailed against clothes washed and dried at home. Even clothes dried on a line by the river were but tolerated. To be perfectly sweet, they must be dried on hedges.

"Cleanliness is akin to godliness," says the old saw; but our modern ideas are very nice on the point. From old English laundry accounts we gather some ideas of medieval clothing and personal cleanliness.

Four shirts were a large allowance for a nobleman in the fifteenth century, and youths of noble rank were sent to college without a change of linen.

In the reign of Henry VIII. the Duke of Northumberland's whole establishment, consisting of one hundred and seventy persons, were so economical on this point, that the year's washing cost only forty shillings—not a shilling a week.

But clothes had to be made before they were washed. In those days people made more and bought less. In most houses out of the cities—and they were small and few—flax and wool were spun, and not unfrequently woven or knit. In these Centennial days, garrets and old barns have been searched for the old-time spinning-wheels, and a feeble grandmother brightens up to tell of the pleasant days when she, in her girlhood, with many another lively girl, drove the whirring wheel while the village gossip rolled glibly off.

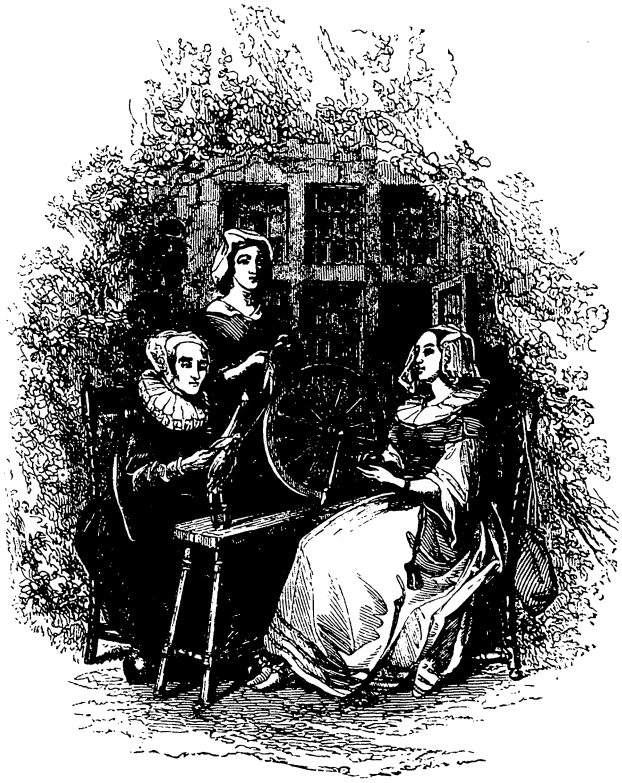
What the tea-table has been to later generations of the female sex, the spinning-wheel was for two centuries to our fair grandmothers, and their grandmothers before them. Old writers give primitive descriptions of the manner in which the good housewives of those days were wont to hold counsel with their neighbors as they pursued the useful avocation of spinning. It requires little imagination to picture the porch of an English cottage, such as the artist has depicted it.

A poet who, doubtless, often saw such a rustic scene, writes:

"I think I see the dear old lady sit
Upon the lawn just as the day was lit
By the fresh morning, some hours ere the noon
Of that all-crowning month, dear, leafy June,
When birds are singing in the blossoming trees,
And sparkling rivulets murmur melodies
As they glide down the hillside, or else creep
Along the ravine, or in dim cave sleep.
Before her whirrs the spinning wheel, while she
Chats with some neighbor who has come to see
Her tulips, marigolds, and garden store,
Which makes the dear old lady's tongue run o'er
Till it is time to spread the frugal board,
And give her guest the dainties of her hoard."

A. BEAVER'S CONVENT ADVENTURE.

In the Convent of ———, not a hundred miles from New York City, the pious inmates were not long since aroused from their early rest by an unusual, unwelcome, and unexpected visitor. But we must be permitted to tell our story in our own way, and leave the curiosity of the reader respecting the guest for a short time unsatisfied, while we go back a little in our narrative.



OLD ENGLISH SPINNING-WHEEL.

One of the nuns, whose zeal and skill in imparting knowledge is well known to many of our New Yorkers, exulted in the proficiency of her class in Natural History, and with laudable pride displayed to visitors, who examined the convent with an idea of placing pupils at the academy, her cabinet of birds and curiosities illustrative of that branch of science. But there was still wanting in her collection a specimen of one of the most interesting of the class that build "houses without hands." That day Madame W—— had endeavored to excite the admiration of her pupils for nature by her description of the wonderful instinct of the beaver—the natural mason! His tail a perfect trowel! His work so artistic! His frame so adapted to his need! Still, the class listened, with glances toward one another that revealed an incredulity not flattering to the teacher. "Seeing will be believing," thought Madame W——. "A beaver I must have." But how to obtain one? Already her demand upon the treasurer for her class had exceeded her share, and a beaver would not be obtained without considerable trouble and expense. But the young ladies must *see* a beaver—it would be the finest specimen in the cabinet; indeed, now that the good nun had fixed her mind on the wish (for nuns are like all other good women), nothing she had obtained heretofore seemed of any value unless she could add a beaver.

After showing good cause why it should belong to the convent, the kind Mother Superior granted permission that a letter should be written to the convent in Canada, and an order given that a fine beaver be sent to ———, near New York at as little expense as possible.

Madame W—— dreamed of the expected prize, and, with the enthusiasm of the naturalist, pictured to herself the wonder its presence would excite in the minds of her pupils, young and old.

Time passed, weeks came and went, and no tidings of the wary animal. Sometimes she thought it hopeless to look for its coming, and again she grew impatient, and declared she could have caught a wilderness of beavers herself in half the time.

While she was losing patience and abusing the tardiness of her sisters in the branch-house in Montreal, a busy scene might have solaced her heart had she been favored with a view of it.

In the middle of the school-room stood a large box, in the centre of which was a black beaver, admirably stuffed and prepared for transportation.

Several nuns, some in black vails and some in white, were around it, busily engaged in packing, in every crevice of space left, all the cast-off French books the institution could rake up, in order to supply the New York academy without the expense of express charge if sent in any other way.

At last the box was ready; upon the cover was written "Madame W——, Convent of ——, near New York."

One of the nuns wrote a note to the officer in charge of freight at the express office, and gave it to the man who was waiting for orders to remove the box from the convent.

The expressman, with help, lifted the box into his wagon; but its weight, which to him seemed extraordinary, excited his curiosity. When fairly out of sight of the convent, he slowly drew out the note from his pocket, and examined the address.

"I ought to know if I am taking fish or fowl to the market," thought he; "I wonder if, just for the sake of knowing, there would be a power of harm in my reading this bit of paper? Sure, what the express office can know, there is no harm in my knowing." Again he looked at the note; turned it around, and examined the writing from every point of view, and still he could not see why Mr. Lane, to whom it was addressed, would object to his knowing its contents. The note was carefully opened—he read in a whisper:

"Will Mr. Lane please take particular care of this box? It contains the dead body of A. Beaver, which must be sent to the Convent of ——, near New York, without delay."

"Indeed! a dead body!" muttered the driver; "no wonder I could not lift it alone. Well, well! I'd like to know how the dead body of Mr. A. Beaver came to the convent, and why it must be sent to New York without delay; but that is not my business."

The box was registered, "Dead Body of A. Beaver," and was placed with respectful care in the freight car, where it was hinted that it must receive especial attention till it reached its destination!

A few days after, a man from an express-office stopped before the door of a Catholic church in New York city, and in an undertone called around him two or three men, who were mixing lime at the time opposite a new building, to help him to carry into the church the body.

"Let it be buried decently," said the man to his comrades; "surely I can't go with it at this hour, five or six miles out of the city."

The sexton of the church was busily preparing for a festival the following day, and seeing the box brought into the aisle, inquired the meaning of the unexpected arrival.

"You see," said the driver, "Mr. Beaver died suddenly, with his friends, in Canada, and his cousins, the nuns, have sent him here, by express, to be buried decently; so just call a priest, and I'll leave you."

The box was laid at the head of the aisle near the altar, and the sexton whispered to the man:

"Wait here till Father D—— blesses the corpse and sprinkles it with holy water."

Father D—— had just come in, greatly fatigued, from a number of sick calls, his patience not a little tried by the unreasonable demands of some of the invalids, who had sent for him before the doctor had been summoned.

However, hearing that a corpse was lying in the church waiting for interment, he put on his clerical robe, and, with a book in hand, entered the private door of the church leading to the sacristy.

"What is this?" inquired Father D——, rather gruffly, amazed at the appearance of the so-called coffin! "Can you read?" he asked, angrily, pointing to the name of Madame W—— on the outside.

The sexton to whom he spoke, for the first time examined the address, and thoroughly mortified, answered:

"Yes, sir."

"Take this away," said Father D—— to the astonished driver. "Do you not see it belongs to the convent?"

"Six miles' ride to-night with a dead body? No, sir," replied the expressman. "I'll leave it in the street first."

"Take it to the convent," said the sexton; "they will keep it till morning."

Away drove the wagon to —— Street, and the driver rang the bell violently. A timid-looking little Sister opened the door.

"I have Mr. Beaver in the wagon, and I must leave him all night with you," said the man, determined to put a bold face on.

"Oh, no! we can't receive gentlemen here," answered Sister M——, alarmed at the idea.

"He won't hurt you," was the reply. "He has been dead these three days."

"Dead three days?"

"Yes, dead these three days; and the nuns in Canada boxed him, and sent him by our express to you."

"Lord have mercy on his soul!" ejaculated Sister M——; "we can't take him here; you must take him away."

At this moment a matronly-looking lady, in a long vail, and a rosary at her side, with a heavy silver cross suspended from a ribbon around her neck, made her appearance, and, in the most decided and authoritative manner, ordered the intruder to leave the house, which, of course, he refused to do.

The express-book was then produced, and the order shown to the astonished nuns.

"I know nothing of this man, nor will I receive the body here. I will call the police if you do not instantly leave the house," repeated Mother B ——.

There was no remedy, to —— he must go; and the sooner the better, he made up his mind, was his only course.

Picking up an idle-looking boy, whose old clothes indicated want, if not worse, he promised him a ride, and ten cents at the end of it, if he would go with him to ——, six miles away—for he did not like the idea of a solitary drive with his companion, who seemed to have no friends willing to receive him.

It was late when they reached the grand portal of the Convent of ——. The sisters had finished their devotions. The lights, one after another, had been extinguished, until the dim light in the hall, and the low taper in the Infirmary, was all that could be seen in the pile of buildings on the commanding eminence. Ding, ding, ding! sounded the loud door-bell, and startled the Mother and the porteress; for it was not permitted by their rules to receive visitors at this hour, and rarely were they disturbed. Again it rang! The hand was evidently a nervous one, and the person in great haste to enter. With trembling fear, Sister B——, the porteress, took her dim lantern in her hand and went to the lower hall-door. Just when she reached it, another pull at the wire made the sound echo through the silent corridors, and almost took away the little courage she had summoned while praying to saints and angels to stand between her and harm.

"Who is there?" inquired Sister B——, in a low tone, that could not have been heard had not the man outside put his ear close to the keyhole, impatient to hear the first foot-fall that approached the door. Now and then, while waiting, he was glancing around at the wagon he had just left, to see that all was quiet there and in safe keeping with the boy who held the rein. The youth was shivering with terror, and counting the seconds that the driver left him alone, had fixed his large eyes upon the box behind him, as if his gaze could pin it to the wagon.

"Who is there?" repeated Sister B——, stooping down to the keyhole of the door.

"*It is here,*" answered a hoarse voice outside.

"*What is here?*" inquired Sister B——, a little strengthened by curiosity.

"The body! the dead body!" replied the voice outside.

"*The dead body!*" reiterated Sister B——, dropping her lantern, and resting both hands upon her knees, while bending down to the keyhole, and venturing one more question before she meant to run away and leave the man to his fate. "The *dead* body! What do you mean?"

"I mean I have brought the corpse, and you must take it in," he answered, angrily.

"Oh, have mercy on us!" screamed Sister B——, and away she ran to call the Mother. But by this time the conversation had awakened half-a-dozen nuns, and, before she reached the stairs, they came stealing down, alarmed at what they knew not.

"Mother! madame!" said Sister B——, scarcely able to articulate, "a man at the door says he has brought the corpse. What dead body? Did you expect a dead body?"

"A dead body! a corpse!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices. "What could we do with a dead body this hour of the night?"

"Dear me! dear me! I do not know; there he is knocking away at the door; what will we do?"

The Mother Superior approached the door.

"*Sir*, what do you want here at this hour?" she asked, in a dignified tone of authority.

"I *want* nothing, but I'd like to get rid of this corpse I've been carrying around all the afternoon for you—and not for ten living men would I have come all this way with a dead body at my back, if anyone would have taken it from me."

"But, my good man, you must go away; we cannot take in dead bodies here—we know nothing of it."

"See here, now, none of your nonsense; this coffin is directed to you, and came by express to you; and open this door right off, or I'll batter it down."

"But, my good man ——"

Whack, whack, whack, at the door, interrupted the sentence. The poor nuns fell on their knees and called for help. Whack, whack, whack!

"Will you open this door?" screamed the man outside. "Joe, wait; I'll help you take down the box."

Down came the coffin. "Ugh, ugh!" shivered Joe, and jumping a foot away.

"Spoony," ejaculated the man, and with one shove landed the heavy box into the vestibule at the door.

"Open the door, I say," he screamed, "or have it battered down, for I won't ride another mile with this ghost behind me."

Slowly the key was put in the door, and as slowly turned, while all but the porteress retreated a little distance back. The hall-lamp had been lighted. No sooner was the door opened than the long box was thrust into the hall, occasioning by its entrance a chorus of shrieks from the nuns!

"Pay me eighteen dollars express charge, and I'm off," said the man, relieved, as if a mountain-load had been taken from his chest.

The little porteress locked the door, and put the key in her pocket.

"Call in that boy," said the Mother Superior, "and remain yourself till this box is opened; you shall not leave till you witness the opening of this box."

The man became deathlike from fear; shuddering, he answered:

"Not for my soul would I see the awful thing—let me go!"

An ax was brought speedily and given to the man; he was ordered to proceed. It was useless to refuse. The sooner done the better, and with one blow he made a small opening in one end of the coffin. Suddenly his hand dropped, and he stared at the nuns, exclaiming:

"It's the devil! let him alone—I saw his tail!"

But even the devil could not be left boxed inside the convent. Out he must come.

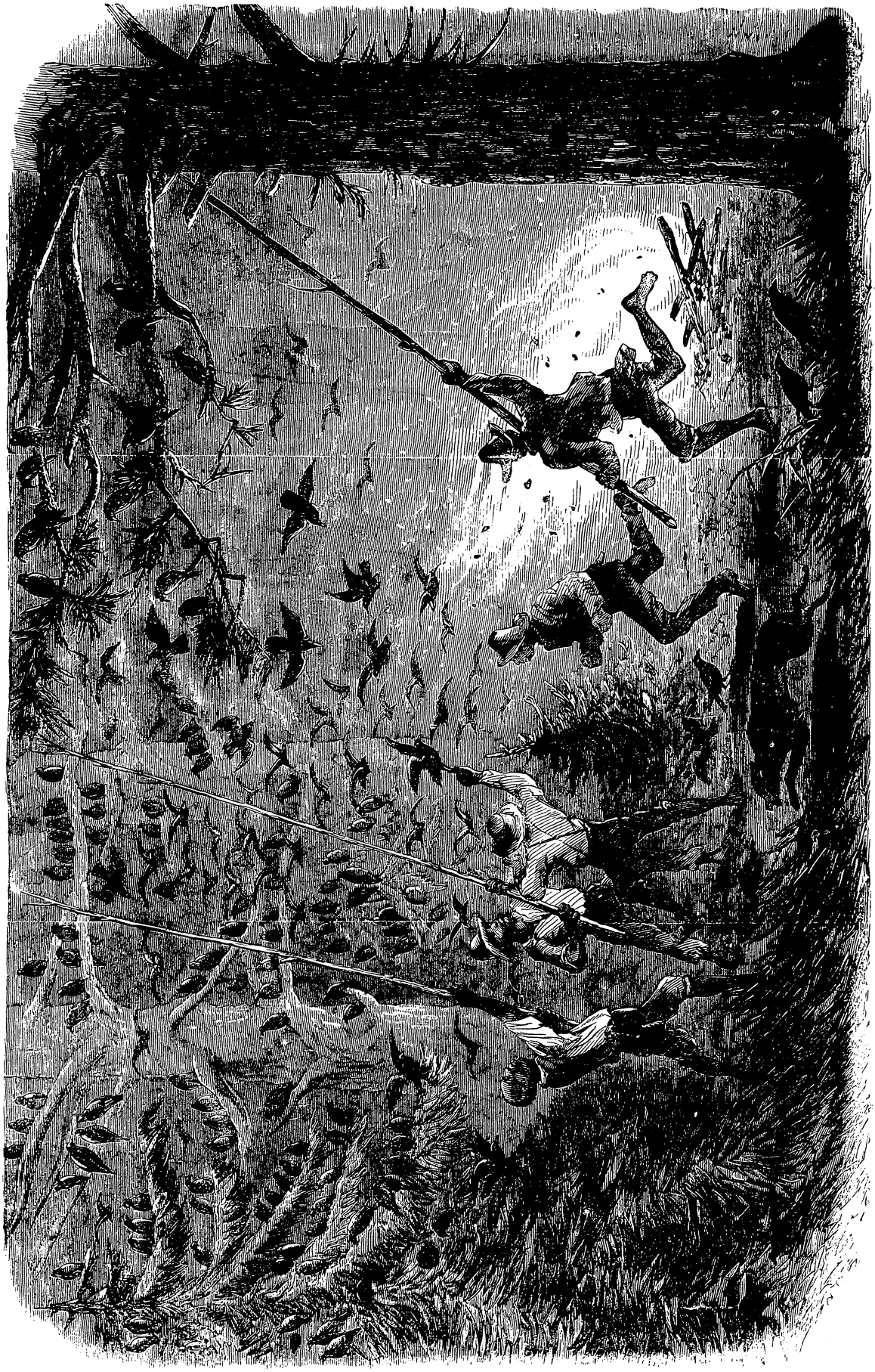
"Go on," replied the Mother, nerving herself to become an example of courage.

Another blow split the lid in two pieces, and there stood the beaver!

A moment of wonder and amazement, and then such screams of laughter as could only equal the intense fear that a moment before had held them all in such breathless silence.

The poor man leaned against the wall, and rolled from side to side, scarcely able to articulate. Such bursts of merriment interrupted his attempt to tell his story, that it was some time before he could relate it in a manner to be well understood.

"I took the thing," said he, "to the Catholic Church in —— Street—(a burst of laughter)—and when I told the sexton I had a dead body—(he! he! he!)—he opened the door and carried it in, and laid it in the aisle. Taking off our hats—(he! he! he! pointing to the innocent beaver)—



SOUTHERN SCENES.—KILLING CROWS IN VIRGINIA.

SOUTHERN SCENES.—A VIRGINIA MARKET-CART.

there we waited, not opening our mouths, till the priest came into the church to read prayers over *the body;* but looking, like a wise man, first to see where it came from, he turned to me, rather gruffly, I must say, and asked:

"'Can you read writing?'

"'No, your reverence.'

"'Well, this does not belong here; it is directed to Madame W——, Convent ——. Take it away.'

"With this, he went out, but I heard him laugh outside, and thought him mighty hardened. He! he! he!

"Then I took it to the convent in —— Street, and there I scared them out of their wits, telling them they *must* take the corpse in anyhow, for I would not let it follow me all the way out to —— this dark night. Afraid of getting into trouble with the police, I drove out here, as if the devil was after me, with that thing. He! he! he!" (Pointing to the beaver.)

"How could you have made such a mistake?" inquired the Mother.

"No mistake at all, ma'am; here, look at my book, which please sign."

Sure enough it had been registered, "Dead Body of *A. Beaver*, to be left at Convent ——, near New York City."

Who can say that the story has not already gone abroad, with broad margins filled up, that dead bodies are left at convents after dark—indeed, in the dead hours of night, and in the very face of our own city of New York?

SOUTHERN SCENES.

Killing Crows in Virginia—A Virginia Market-Cart.

THE enmity existing between the farmer or planter and that very knowing but somewhat disreputable bird, the crow, is of long standing. The former is fully convinced that he is a constant sufferer from the depredations of the sable pilferer; while the feathered biped is equally certain that *he* is the injured party. Reminiscences of murderous shot-guns, cruel traps, and awe-inspiring scarecrows have made him an extremely wary and cautious bird, and all ordinary means for effecting his capture or destruction are apt to fail of their object.

There is, however, one method of crow-killing that is frequently and highly successful, and the scene we illustrate must be familiar to thousands, not only of the youthful but of the older generation in Virginia. Not that Virginia alone has a monopoly of that especial line of sport, but that among the American citizens of African descent in that region, it is an ancient and esteemed method of enjoyment, which combines with itself the exciting and the useful.

The mode is to sally out at night, and, making a halt in some locality where the crows are known to roost, build just enough of a fire to see by. Long saplings are then cut with a few branches on one end, and the sturdy darkeys, seizing these primitive weapons, and using them as flails, soon thrash the luckless crows from the lower branches whereon they roost. Between the shouts and laughter of the negroes, and the cawing and screeching of the bewildered crows, the shadows of the giant pines and the lurid light of the blazing fire, the scene not inaptly suggests Pandemonium, being weird and grotesque in the extreme.

On a successful battue of this kind it is not uncommon for a thousand crows to be killed, to the great benefit of the agricultural interest in the vicinity as well as of other localities where these corn-thieves may migrate.

As to the crows' opinions of the matter, that is quite another affair, but there can be little doubt that they look upon this harrying of their dormitory as a most unwarranted and outrageous proceeding.

Although the South has lost many of its "institutions" through and during the late war, it has certainly not a few remaining, and among the number may very properly be

classed the curious conveyance of which we give an illustration—a vehicle used for carrying produce to market, the type being almost universal throughout the seaboard States. Those used in the vicinity of Norfolk and Richmond generally have a cover added, but the more common style is that shown in our picture, from a sketch made near Lynchburg, in Virginia.

The cart is not only a feature in itself, but the harness is generally beautifully unique, each proprietor being his own manufacturer, and the materials employed are rope-yarns, strings, and old straps, eked out, perhaps, with stray bits of artillery harness from grass-grown battle-fields.

In the foreground the artist has indicated another "institution of the Old Dominion," namely, a corduroy road. Who that has ever traveled over one can forget the strong impression it produced upon his mind, to say nothing of his corporeal anatomy? The colored damsel on the right, with the water-pail balanced on her head, illustrates the usual mode adopted by the Southern negroes for carrying burdens—an accomplishment which these sable females possess in common with the Dutch and Italians.

MARRIAGE-CUSTOM IN LOWER NORMANDY.

In France, even in thoroughly rural districts, spite of wars and revolutions, old customs are persevered in with an amount of zeal that matter-of-fact people, denizens of towns, can hardly bring themselves to comprehend. Take, for instance, the every-day ceremony of marriage and giving in marriage; why, in France alone, the customs connected with it are as numerous as the departments of the empire!

In Lower Normandy, a certain young couple decide upon getting married—the lady being, we will gallantly suppose, the belle of the village. Well, on the Sunday following the wedding, the husband, according to time-honored precedent, conducts the wife to grand mass at the parish church, where a seat has been reserved for the happy pair immediately in front of the altar, and no matter what may be the rank of those who wait with them to receive the sacrament, the priest invariably administers the bread and wine first of all to the young bride, who, in return, pins a white favor in the old man's breast and another on the basket in which he carries the consecrated bread.

On leaving the church, the newly-married pair are met at the door by the villagers, when the young bachelors fire a salute in their honor, and congratulate (while in all probability envying) the fortunate husband. A bouquet of flowers, gathered from the various gardens in the village, is then presented to the bride by one of these unfortunate swains, who delivers an address overflowing with rustic eloquence and expressive of the kindest wishes for the united happiness of the newly-wedded pair. After the husband has stammered out a few timid words in reply—for, poor fellow, he is generally so confused by being the object of so much attention as almost to lose the power of speech—he and his wife are conducted to their home, where they entertain such of their friends and neighbors as were not present at the wedding. When the feasting is over, dancing and singing follow, and are of course kept up till a late hour; then, wishing to

> Each and all a fair good-night,
> With rosy dreams and slumbers light,

the newly-wedded couple retire, leaving their guests to enjoy themselves until morning's dawn, if they should be so inclined.

WHICH is the snuggest fort in the world?—Comfort.

THE STRANGER'S MONEY.

THE curé of Autun walked in his garden. His hair had grown whiter since the last Autumn's suns had tinged the apples with ruddy gold, and his pretty niece Katrine could discern, at least, three new wrinkles on his placid face.

And why not—when so terrible a war was devastating France—and there was a rumor that the Prussians were even then not far from the peaceful little town?

Katrine sighed as she looked over the household linen, and wondered how many beastly Uhlans might have to be supplied with it—or a worse anxiety—whether they would make court to her, and if so, what Louis Lecompte would say to it. And she fell into a day-dream, then and there, looking out of the little vine-wreathed window, over the wide reaches of golden-green meadow, to where the river wound away into the distance.

The curé walked slowly down the little garden-path. He had planted the trees about him, he had counted the pears which were mellowing into lusciousness, and gleamed out goldenly between the green leaves. He knew the deepening blush of every ripening peach, and the purple bloom of the plums, and he paced among them now with a pang, thinking of the time when all might be wantonly low, and the blooming little spot turned to a desolate waste.

Thinking such mournful thoughts, he was startled by hasty steps, and, turning, saw a young man, breathless, flushed, dusty, unable to speak.

"I come to confide in you," said the man, speaking, at last, with difficulty. "You are monsieur le curé?"

"Yes."

"I give you a great trust," he said; "here, hide it, in God's name, for France."

The good curé hesitated, looking at the package held out. It might be stolen goods!

"Quick, quick!" cried the other, "the Prussians are close behind; will you not serve your country? Hide it, I say."

The curé, at the news of the neighborhood of the Prussians, seized the package and turned away without a word.

He went into a little summer-house near, took up a rustic seat, made a place with a spade, large enough to receive the package, covered it with earth, and replaced the seat again. In three minutes all was in order.

The bearer had been walking about in a fever of anxiety.

"Is it secure?" he cried, when the curé reappeared.

"Yes, I have done the best for the present."

"I thank you. You will be subjected to a disagreeable search, but I am mistaken if the curé of Autun is not willing to suffer for France."

"Tell me about it," answered the curé. "You can rest here while you talk."

Now Katrine had waked from her day-dream at the hasty advent of this stranger, and she stood listening to the conference with the keenest curiosity, rejoicing that they did not take their seats out of hearing.

"I will not stay here to draw attention to you," said the stranger, "but I owe you this explanation. I left Paris in a balloon, with a sum of money—ten millions of francs—which is in that package, for the purchase of arms. The Prussians have pursued the balloon. I found, unfortunately, when I descended, that they were near. They gave chase. I made the best of my way here, to secure the money; that safe, I am not afraid for myself. You will keep it till better times.

my friend, and then restore it to poor France—poor enough, now."

"I will, with God's help," answered the curé, fervently.

"So farewell, I have no time to lose," cried the stranger, wringing the old man's hands, and in a moment he was gone.

Not a moment too soon, however! Two or three Uhlans were already in the streets.

Katrine shrank away from the window, and went down into the kitchen, finding the society of Maddy, the great stout Normandy maid-of-all-work, better than none.

The ruddy-cheeked person was pale with affright. She had discovered, already, that the Uhlans were near. The news spread over the little place like the tidings of fire.

"Holy Marie!" she cried, "I've heard that they cut the rings from the lady's fingers, and I've one—real gold—that's never been off since Josef put it on for betrothal, a year ago. Oh, *mon Dieu!*" and she looked with horror at her plump finger, where the said ring was nearly buried in the flesh.

Katrine laughed, spite of her anxiety. "They won't take your ring, Maddy," she said, "never fear. If it was a diamond, now, they wouldn't mind chopping the finger off, I dare say. Ugh, the brutes! But, oh, they'll be ticketed here, some of them, and we'll have to feed them, and can hardly feed ourselves, and they'll search through everything."

Katrine stole out softly into the garden to her uncle's side. After all, she felt safer by the dear old man. He did not speak at first, and she thought he was saying a prayer quietly. The next moment, he said:

"Well, Katrine, I am ready."

"Uncle, she whispered, "It's right that I should tell you that I heard all."

"All?"

"About the—*ten millions* of money," she said, very softly.

"Oh! well, you will help me keep it; to-night we must devise a better hiding-place for it." The curé did not fear his niece's knowledge.

Then the Prussian troops began to file by; some one had evidently given evidence, for the curé's house was minutely searched. Katrine, pale and quiet, walked about with the keys—saw all her little treasures turned over by rough hands, with rude jests and laughter; even Maddy's Sunday beads and ribbons were searched, while she watched with plump hands clasped, deftly hiding the ring which was Josef's gift.

Nothing was found, and, after several hours, the soldiers went away, leaving Katrine and Maddy to bring order out of chaos as best they could.

When it was growing dusk, Katrine, looking out of the window, saw the troops filing by with some prisoners. Among them was the man who had delivered the package to her uncle. Poor fellow! he was going, perhaps, to a long imprisonment for his gallant service to his country.

Maddy seemed to linger up that night, as if she feared to go to bed in a town which was in possession of the dreaded Uhlans; but at last she yielded to drowsiness, taking precaution to barricade her door with her bed.

Katrine listened till all was still.

"Now, uncle," she said, "what shall we do with the money?"

"I am almost afraid to go out for it, the house may be watched," said the curé.

It was a glorious moonlight night, and the garden was as bright as day.

"Let us both go, and stroll about for awhile, then go into the summer-house to rest."

But, on looking out, they saw soldiers in the Prussian uniform about. It would not be safe.

"I must sit up and watch," said the old man. "I cannot sleep with that great charge on my mind. It is so bright, I can keep the summer-house in view."

"But it will not be bright all night," cried Katrine; "and, worse than all, you will be sick, if you lose your rest."

"And to-morrow we may have the Prussians quartered here," cried the old man, anxiously.

Katrine resolved that she would also wake and watch. Perhaps she might have a chance to steal down and secure the package alone, and give her uncle a pleasant surprise. She stood at her own window, and looked out at the long white road which shone in the moonlight, where a few soldiers were strolling, singing songs in the language which sounded so harshly to her. Then a figure paused by the gate. Katrine's heart sank for a moment, for she thought here was some one ticketed on them. The next, the clear light illumined a face she knew well. She was not afraid of even the Uhlans when Louis was near.

She stole out on the little porch quietly, and glanced up at her uncle's window.

"Bless him! he has forgotten his great trust already, and is nodding, I dare say. Would to God, some one else had in charge the 'ten million.' It's enough to take one's breath to think of it."

But Katrine did not forget her little coquettish ways in all the trouble. Louis was not yet sure of her heart. She felt it her duty to repress all self-confidence.

"You prowl about like a spy, monsieur," she said, with a toss of her head, as she went toward him. "I thought at first you were an Uhlan come to take free board with us."

"And so you came out to welcome me," laughed Louis. "I wish I could be quartered here, though."

"You might wish yourself elsewhere before long," answered the girl. "You would soon tire of soup *maigre*."

"But I may have worse before the war is over, in a German prison," said Louis.

Katrine's face grew sad. She could not forget the sorrowful times, long.

"Oh, you will not leave us yet, Louis—not till these Prussians go!" she exclaimed.

"They go to-morrow."

"God be praised!" answered the girl. "Then we need not spend a sleepless night watching——"

"Watching what?" asked Louis, curiously.

Katrine hesitated. But then Louis was a patriot, and a true friend; there was no harm in telling him.

"*Sacre!*" he cried, "what a sum!—what a little slice of it would make us happy!"

"Us, monsieur?" Katrine said, coldly.

"Well, Katrine, you know I have no thought separated from you, and money would have no value unless you shared it. But you—perhaps you prefer Pierre Dupont?"

Pierre was a handsome fellow, of the ideal brigand type; always in difficulty from his wild course; always in distress for money. He had dared to raise his eyes—bold black ones they were—to the curé's niece.

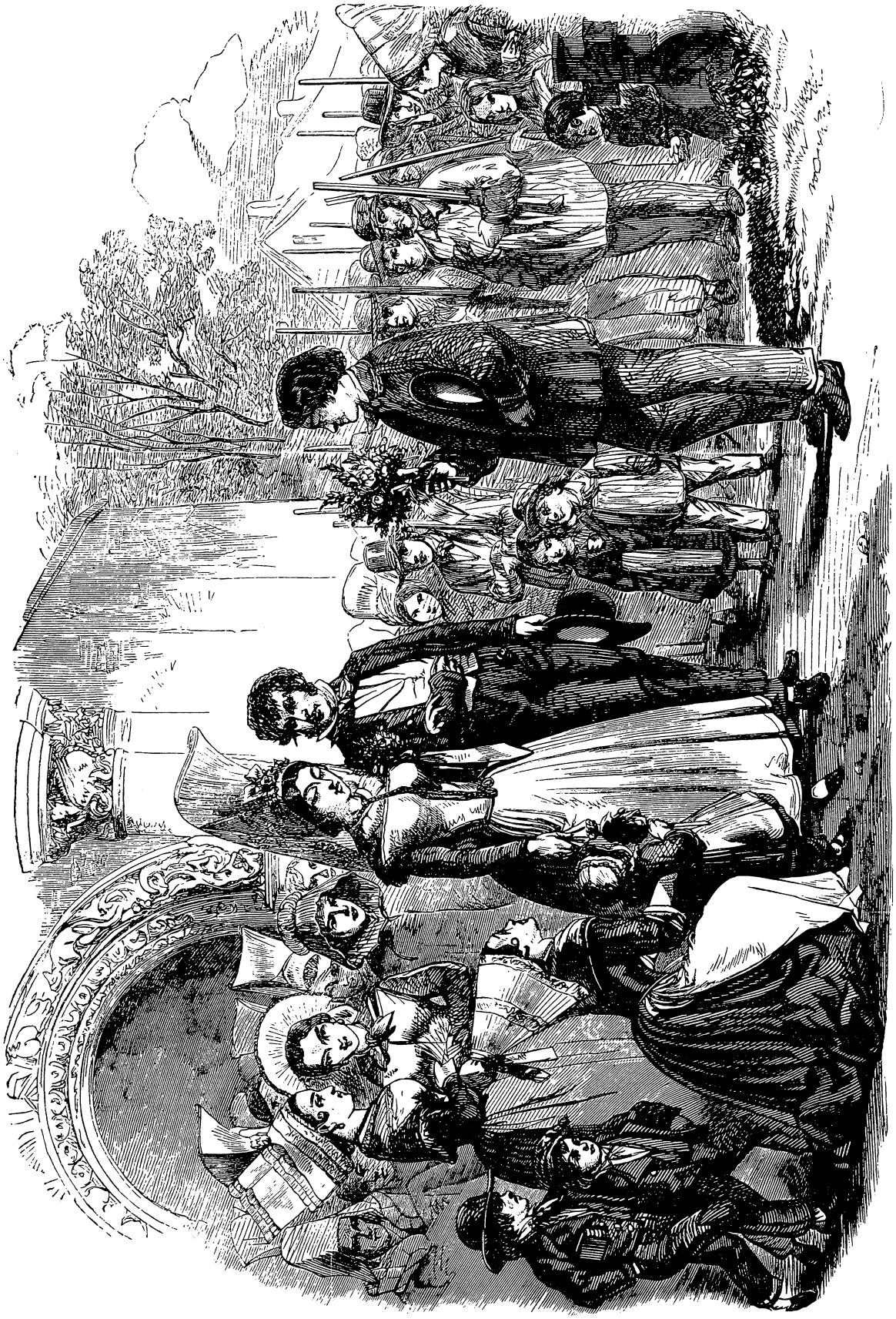
"I do not think of these matters now," answered the girl; "I think only of my country, *paurre* France."

"I think of my country, too. I am going to give my life for it, it may be," answered Louis, fervently; "but I can go with a stouter heart if you will promise to have nothing to do with Pierre. Believe me, he is black at heart."

"Oh, under the circumstances, you can hardly be an impartial judge," answered Katrine, smiling sarcastically.

Louis seemed hurt.

"So, farewell, then," he said, sadly. "I may not see you again."



MARRIAGE CUSTOM IN LOWER NORMANDY.—FIRST SUNDAY AFTER MARRIAGE.—SEE PAGE 614.

Then Katrine melted. The thought of the chances of war came over her. She had a vision of the battle-field, and the deadly hail of shot; where the ranks were rolled in vapor, and the winds were laid with sound. She trembled.

"Oh, Louis," she cried, "I will promise anything!"

"Then promise to be mine forever," answered the young man. "Come life or death, that promise will be sweet, Katrine."

And Katrine held out one little, cold hand. That seemed answer enough for the enraptured lover, who kissed it again and again.

"Now, you will not be rash," she said, "for my sake, and I will pray for you. Good night. We may leave the treasure where it is till to-morrow, and get what rest we can after this awful day."

It was best that Louis should go, for the soldiers idly passing by began to glance at the pair. The moonlight began to wane, and gloomy shadows were slowly settling on the town and on the curé's little garden; the branches of the trees, waving about, looked like dark phantoms, and Katrine shivered a little as she saw them.

After all, love's young dream displaced such shadowy terrors at last. The ten millions of money were forgotten in dreams of Louis and the future.

"He is far handsomer than Pierre, too," she maintained in her thoughts, "with the beauty of an honest, true heart; and though we may be poor, yet my uncle can never object to that, for he preaches the merit of a life of poverty."

And picturing love in a cottage, which should be beautified by flowers and birds, and various other refined contrivances to hide the want of money, Katrine fell asleep.

She did not wake till Maddy knocked at the door.

MARRIAGE CUSTOM IN LOWER NORMANDY.—HOLIDAY DRESS.

MARRIAGE CUSTOM IN LOWER NORMANDY.—BRIDAL DRESS.

"You'd better go down to the master, mademoiselle," she cried; "his bed never's been slept in, and he's pacing the floor like mad. The Lord keep all our senses in these dreadful times!"

"I think you're losing yours, to begin with," answered Katrine. "Quiet yourself; the Prussians go to-day; you won't have a chance even to treat one of them to your *ragout aux pommes*. Autun is too unimportant for them to trouble; so be happy."

At the same time Katrine reproached herself for not having communicated the good news to her uncle the night before. She had listened awhile at the door, and thought he slept. She hurried down to him now in some anxiety, which increased when she saw him. He looked pallid, anxious, worn with excitement. He started nervously when she came in, but waited till the door was closed before he spoke. Then, in a quick whisper:

"You have it, Katrine," he cried—"tell me, for God's sake, that you have it!"

"The—the package?" faltered Katrine, frightened into almost speechless terror. "Oh no!"

"It is gone, my child—it is gone!" said the old man, wringing his hands. "I hoped for awhile that you might have gone out to secure it in the night. I—woe is me!—

fell asleep in my chair. I woke up in the gray dawn; I saw that all was still—no stragglers about; I was already dressed, and I went down at once. Then, oh, *mon Dieu!* I discovered that some one had been there before me—some one, Katrine, who knew all."

"Perhaps the bearer came back and took possession of his own," suggested Katrine.

"Ah, no! he is a prisoner," answered the curé. "Did I not hear you down-stairs last night?"

"Yes," answered Katrine, blushing slightly.

"The theft seems impossible," the curé went on, pacing the floor anxiously. "No human beings knew the place but you and I, and the stranger who brought it. No, I cannot include him, for he knew only that I went into the summer-house. Could we have walked in our sleep, and taken the package out?"

Katrine shook her head. A terrible shuddering fear had frozen her speech. Some one else knew of the enormous sum left to their charge, some one who was dearer to her than all the jewels of Ind. Could it be? Ah! she put that thought away with sickening dread.

Yet it came back again and again in the course of that dreary day, through all the fruitless search, through all the weary conjectures of the agonized old man. Katrine did not dare now to avow her confidence to her lover in the face of its dreadful results. She felt like a household traitor. She heard the music sound, and the band that played the welcome march for the Prussians' departure without a throb of joy. All was alike to her now. She had lost more in this theft than her uncle, for she had lost all faith in human trust and honor, she had lost the dreams which had made the future seem so bright—the love which made the world an Eden.

The curé went about with a troubled heart. One day he must account for this enormous sum which had been placed in his hands. Who would believe his report, or, if believed, would there not be enemies who would use it against him, and would not a shadow rest on his good name? He had thought he heard voices below in the evening, and he made up his mind to question his niece about it. He saw the Prussians march away, driving before them the cows and pigs which they had taken for food. They had not harmed his beloved garden, yet he found no pleasure in it, but walked there gloomily meditating on his best course in the matter.

Katrine, too, watched the Prussians' departure. When the last soldier was well out of the town, she put on her bonnet and shawl. She had taken a resolve. It might be unmaidenly to seek Louis at his home, but she could not wait. Her heart beat with pain, her face was flushed as she hurried along. She had believed him so true and honest, fool that she had been. She clasped her hands tightly over her shawl. It seemed as though the passers-by must hear her heart beating like a muffled drum. The towns-people, discussing the late events in excited little groups, would fain have stopped her rapid course with conjectures about the future, or reports of the present, but she hurried on.

Louis Lecompte lived in a little cottage at the end of the long street. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. A sharp, shrewish woman was Dame Lecompte, with an eagle's nose, and piercing black eyes. She viewed with extreme disfavor any one who might be promoted to her place as mistress of the house. So looking out of the window where she stood clear-starching her white caps, she attempted no greeting to the curé's niece, beyond a nod. But when Katrine opened the door with that agitated face, she dropped the cap on the floor, and cried out:

"What is it then, mademoiselle, is Louis hurt?"

"Is he not here?" asked Katrine, bitterly disappointed.

Dame Lecompte picked up her cap and her courage.

"Indeed, mademoiselle," she said, coldly. "You came in with such a face, I was sure my boy was shot by the Prussians, or a prisoner, or something. I shan't get over it to-day."

"But where is he?" cried Katrine.

"I expect he's gone to Neuille," answered the mother. "He's bent on joining some regiment of Franc-tireurs, to get himself shot and leave me alone in the world. Bother the kings and emperors, I say. If I had my way, I'd have settled this thing long ago."

"So he's gone?" exclaimed Katrine, mournfully.

"Yes, he's gone," answered the dame with a snap, "and what's more, he said I was not to worry if he didn't come back. Why, young lady, you look as if he had taken something of yours with him."

This was Dame Lecompte's way of insinuating that Louis had stolen the fair girl's heart, but Katrine started as if the woman had read her thoughts. She looked about the cottage in a bewildered way; there was nothing to do but to go home again. Somehow this absence added to her suspicions. "I will cast him out of my heart," she said to herself as she slowly took the homeway. "I will tear up this love though my heart be at the roots."

Yet she found herself turning over and over the whole evidence against him, like a merciful judge, wishing to find some loophole of escape, for the prisoner she was forced to arraign before that bar. Still she made out only a damning case. No one else knew of the treasure, consequently no one else could have taken it. Katrine looked so worn and sad when she entered the garden, where her uncle was sorrowfully walking, that he called her to him.

"Don't take it so to heart, child," he said, "it's no fault of yours."

Oh! how the guilty knowledge that it was all her fault weighed on poor Katrine's heart!

"But I must ask you one question," the curé went on. "Were you talking here last night with any one?"

"Yes," answered Katrine, coloring, painfully; "and, uncle, when I tell you all, you will no longer say it is not my fault, though I intended no harm. I was talking with —Louis—and, through some foolish allusion, his curiosity was aroused, and I told him all about the money. I trusted him as myself, uncle."

The old man looked grave.

"It was imprudent. I thought you were not one of the chatterers, Katrine, or I might have been more careful. I should have remembered the old saying about women." And the curé, who had so little experience of the other sex, resolved never again to trust one with a secret.

"I deserve all you can say, and more than you will have the heart to say," exclaimed Katrine. "All this day I have felt like a wretch, but still I find it hard to believe in Louis's baseness, we have known him so long."

"The heart of man is depraved above all things, and desperately wicked," said the curé; "we must try now to frighten him into restoring it. I cannot believe that he meant to take more than a small sum, with the idea of restoring the rest secretly. Such an amount could not be stolen, except to the great peril of the thief."

The plain language of the curé—the words, "stolen" and "thief"—seemed to pierce like daggers poor Katrine's heart. She knew the curé could not be expected to cherish the romantic tenderness for Louis's good name which she did, even while suspicion clouded it. She had started off that day with a wild hope that he might have thrown some light on the dark deed. She had said to herself many times, "He must know"—sometimes, "He must have done it." But her uncle's taking it for granted wounded her to the quick.

"Louis has always borne a good name," she said.

"Ah! my child; a good name sometimes drops away, is consumed like a thread, in the fire of a great temptation."

Katrine sighed.

"I will see him at once," cried the curé, "in the confession, perhaps."

"Oh! he is gone, uncle," cried Katrine; and then she confessed her visit, and its results.

"It looks very dark," said the curé, sighing; "but I think you, Katrine, will soon be informed of his whereabouts."

Katrine blushed. If this terrible affair had never happened, with what joyous expectation would she have looked forward to that first letter from her lover! Now she waited with feverish anxiety. Postal arrangements were interrupted in those days; but still, before the week was passed, a messenger brought a few hasty lines. Louis was in Paris. By some means he had found an entrance, with the brave hope of defending her; but he vowed the same unalterable love, and hopes of future peace and happiness when the cruel war was over. How like a bitter mockery it all sounded now!

There was nothing to be done. Katrine could not even write, and, accusing her lover of his baseness, break the tie that bound them. Slowly the Prussian army had gathered its might, and, curled like a great serpent about the beautiful city, awaited its death-throes.

Katrine and her uncle heard from time to time of the desolation there, of the tumults, the mad and fruitless sorties, the revolutionary elements seething in the bosom of the vast city, the slow doom of starvation that came surely on. Through the long, dark days, when the air was only cold vapor, Katrine shivered, and thought of Louis. They were eating an allowance of siege-bread in Paris, and a few ounces of horse-flesh a day. She called him "*poor* Louis in her thoughts, even though he had illegal possession of "ten millions of francs."

But all days pass at last, even "the slow, sad days, which bring us all things ill," as well as the best.

Katrine will never forget those wan wintry days that died in pale eclipse so soon—short, drear days—yet an eternity to her impatient heart.

The curé was a changed man—the record of the times, the accident of the loss, weighed on him as the burden of years had never done, and Katrine, seeing the consequences of her folly, was devoured with one thought only—to restore the lost money. If she could only live to lay the lost package in her uncle's hands, peace might be hers, "though her life was read all backward and the charm of life undone."

A wet, cold Spring set in, with days that blurred the landscape with slanting rain, and on one of those days the hour for action came. Paris capitulated! Amid the stormy opposition of some, and the wise resignation of others, the deed was done.

Katrine threw a shawl around her and went out in the falling rain. The exciting news had already kindled the little town. Knots of people stood about discussing and declaiming—proffering to any who would hear—their own plans, which would have successfully defended Paris.

Katrine made her way, with a word to one, and a word to another, among all these groups, and turned into a house which stood a little apart. A bright-eyed woman, with a baby in her arms, opened the door.

"Why, mademoiselle," she exclaimed, with a smile, "you are good to come through the rain, to say 'good-by.'"

"Then I am right, and you will go soon."

"So soon as the *bêtes* of Prussians have made their triumphal entry. In a day or two, I hope. My husband writes they miss me sadly at the 'Pipe de Tabac.' An inn needs its mistress, mademoiselle. They are revictualling Paris rapidly, so we will not eat horse-flesh. *Bebi* and I, *mon Dieu!* what they have suffered!"

"Well, Madame Ricot, I have not come to say 'good-by,' but to ask you to allow me to go with you."

"You, mademoiselle? but it is not a time for visiting Paris," exclaimed the woman, with surprise.

"No! this is not a visit of pleasure, 'tis a necessity."

"In that case—well——" hesitated the good woman, "but I fear there are hardships."

"Never mind, I think myself happy to have a friend to go with, and I can stay with you at the 'Pipe de Tabac.' I can even eat horse-flesh if necessary."

Madame Ricot looked at Katrine, admiringly. "Our rooms are plain, but beautifully clean, I must say—that is, they *were*—and if those trollopes have neglected mademoiselle, you are welcome to come, and we will do the best we can. *Pauvre* Paris! but I can tell you I am full of joy at going back."

"So it is settled," said Katrine, breathing more freely, "and you will let me know the day?"

"Certainly, *ma chère*, we will face the dangers together," exclaimed Madame Ricot, cheerily; "I shall pack at once."

Katrine did not pack, for she could carry no baggage in this secret expedition she proposed. She wrote only a note explaining her purpose to her uncle, and set off silently in the white fog of a dull day to meet her friend.

Madame Ricot had hired a cart, and had her little ones about her. She was full of joyous excitement, but Katrine grew more and more silent and occupied. The good dame did not find her a cheery companion, but she argued that perhaps this gloomy young girl might be going to a sick or wounded lover. Poor thing!

Katrine had seen Paris once before in her life. She remembered the city of splendor, the long palaces, rich in carven-stone, the green turf gemmed with flowers, the plumy spray of fountains, the gay shops under the great arches, the grand vehicles, the rich attire. Paris, queen of the world, was in her thoughts, in the glow of her beauty, bewildering, sensuous, dazzling. She saw her like a Magdalen, seated in the dust, stripped of her splendor, clothed in the garments of heaviness. She saw troubled faces, lowering brows. No smiles—and when a nation has forgotten to smile, there is danger in the air.

Katrine's heart sank within her as she looked through the narrow street to the humble tavern—"Pipe de Tabac. "A dull-red sign hung over the door, portraying a fat man, full of *bonhomie*, smoking a mammoth pipe. Under this sign a group of men were talking.

Katrine started as she saw a familiar face, and felt almost friendly for a moment.

The man opened his handsome black eyes, then came forward, with courtesy. "Mademoiselle Katrine," he cried, "what a pleasure!"

Katrine had always shrank from Pierre Dupont's admiration. She only bowed now, and would have passed by into the house, where Madame Ricot already stood by her husband's side, the children swarming over both, but Pierre stopped her.

"The trouble in Paris is not over," he whispered, "and if I can help you—— By-the-way, I saw an old friend the other day."

Katrine suddenly remembered that this man could serve her.

"A friend?" she said.

"Yes, Louis Lecompte," and Pierre gave her a sharp look.

"I have a message for him," said Katrine, "and I will thank you, Pierre, to send him to me?"

"Oh, he'll come fast enough, when he knows you are

here," cried Pierre, scowling, "and, perhaps, mademoiselle, you have no message for me?"

"You are welcome to come also, monsieur," said Katrine, forced to be polite, "so you do not come together."

And Pierre felt that he had gained a point, even in such a concession.

Pierre was an important man now. He belonged to the party in opposition to the Government—a party which had been strengthened by the capitulation. Every dunce in it believed that, if he had administered affairs, Paris would have stood out and conquered in the end.

In two days the streets were full of mobs. Cries for "The Commune! the Commune!" Cries that the Republic had been betrayed, were raised. Order and justice fled, and a mob governed Paris—a mob which pretended to be fighting for the liberty of the people—yet displayed a tyranny unknown since the Reign of Terror. "France, Republic, Democratic—one and indivisible," was written everywhere. And meanwhile this indivisible Republic was fighting fiercely, divided against itself. People who were on the side of law and order shrank timidly into their houses. People were arrested for a word. The clergy were seized as hostages. One grew so familiar with death, that it seemed to lose its terrors, and life was no more held precious. A new war began, and bombs once more fell into the devoted city.

In the meantime Katrine had seen nothing of Louis.

Pierre was in high spirits. He was on the full tide of prosperity.

"We will triumph, you will see," he would say to Katrine. "I am no more the penniless fellow who dared to aspire to you before. I shall be rich and honored—perhaps the day will come."

And Katrine did not dare to quench the hope of this man, for he was powerful in the Commune, and she feared him. Besides, he could help her to see Louis.

So the days wore by, and famine once more seemed hovering over the city.

Katrine, sitting in the little waiting-room at the "Pipe de Tabac," thought sadly of her fruitless mission. She could not go to seek her old lover. She had waited thus long in vain, and she knew her old uncle must be a prey to anxiety on her account. She had worked no good by coming, and now the way of return was closed—the Versailles army was around the city. She heard, even then, with shuddering starts, the burst of the obus that fell in parts of the town. It grew dark, but still she sat there, sadly, till, looking up, she saw beside her, a long cloak. She would have screamed, but a voice arrested her.

"Do not cry out, *ma amie*," exclaimed Louis, "I am a lost man if you do. I have braved all to come to you."

"Lost!" exclaimed Katrine.

"Yes, I am suspected of communication with the enemy."

"Good God! Why do you come here then?" cried Katrine, forgetting her purpose in fear.

"Could I know you here, and not see you, my own?" exclaimed Louis. "I have been in hiding for weeks, but I could not bear it. I disguised myself this evening and stole out; it may cost me my head."

"But this—this public waiting-room," cried Katrine, "come—come to a safer place." And not waiting for propriety, she led him at once to the little chamber she called her own, meeting no one on the way, and, once safely in, locked the door.

"There, I breathe again," she cried, sinking into a chair. "Now, sir, what have you to say to me?"

The change in her tone struck Louis and appalled him. "To say, *ma amie*," he softly repeated, "what have I already said—that I love you more than life, as you see."

"But not more than money," Katrine said, in a hard, cold tone.

"I do not understand," faltered her lover.

"I have brought you here because I have something to say to you which I must say," Katrine went on rapidly; "I have come here from Autun, where I have left my old uncle oppressed with care, for the purpose of saying it. When we stood in the moonlight that night, which you remember, and pledged our faith, I was guilty of a folly."

"A folly!" echoed Louis.

"I told you of a treasure—a treasure of State confided to my uncle. I was weak enough to be very minute in my description. Will you be surprised, Louis, to hear that when we sought for that treasure in the morning, it was gone?"

Louis did look surprised; at least he seemed to counterfeit it well.

"But that was horrible! what did you do?"

"I went to you—at least, to your house," Katrine said, coldly.

"Ah! to seek my help," he said.

"Right—to seek your help, and you were gone; so I have come here."

"But, *mon Dieu!* this is a tremendous affair," he said; "and now I am powerless—as bad as a prisoner."

"Yet no one else can help me," said Katrine, in the same measured tone. "You see, the facts are very simple—you are the only person who knew where the treasure was concealed. It is gone; I come to you."

Like a flash of lightning the knowledge that the woman he loved believed him capable of this baseness struck to the heart of the young man. He staggered back as if stabbed; a cold sweat burst forth on his forehead.

"You believe this, Katrine—you believe that I am a thief?"

"I believe it," she said; "there is nothing left for you now but to return the money—and my vows."

Louis groaned.

"There is nothing left, indeed. Life is no longer sweet, or death bitter. Katrine, was this the love you promised—a love without trust?"

"Give back the money," she cried, growing harder.

"It is no use, I suppose," he answered, mournfully, "but I swear to you I never saw the money."

Katrine was silent—a silence which was broken by noisy voices below.

"They have traced me here," cried Louis—"now I can die."

Steps mounted the stairs, and hasty knocks resounded at the door.

"What is it?" cried Katharine.

"Trouble!" whispered Madame Ricot. "You must open; a committee from the Commune desire to speak with you."

"Beg the honorable committee to wait till I arrange my dress," answered Katrine, trembling, "and I will come down."

"But they insist on coming up," cried Madame Ricot.

"Two minutes, then," she said.

"You can save yourself in two minutes," she cried, turning to Louis. "See—it is dark; this window opens over the roof there; you can climb down by the piazzas into another street."

"You—you wish to save my life, then?" stammered Louis.

"I wish it; lose no time."

"In hope of gaining the money, perhaps?"

"In that hope."

"Then let me die—you deceive yourself. I swear to you, by the word of a man who may be shot in two minutes, and

go to stand before his Eternal Judge, that I have never seen that money."

Katrine's suspicions were shaken.

"Go—go!" she cried.

"You still wish to save me?" he asked.

"Yes—yes," cried Katrine," in a stifled voice; "I think they are mounting the stairs."

The window stood open. Louis took Katrine's hand: "I forgive you," he said, "the wrong you have done me in your thoughts. Believe me, I am incapable of it; let my memory be free from stain, if I am going to my death now."

And Katrine, trembling in every limb, whispered, "Go—I believe you."

Then Louis pressed a passionate kiss on the hand, and was gone. The girl waited a moment, and opened the door. Two men stood there with Madame Ricot.

"Mademoiselle is long at her toilet," one said, with a mocking laugh; "she could not be more fastidious if she were dressing for a lover."

Katrine gave an appealing look at Madame Ricot, which that good woman answered in a distressed way.

"These gentlemen insist that we are harboring a traitor and a spy," she said; "I now tell them to search."

"Which we are about to do," cried one, advancing into the room.

Katrine stood quiet and firm.

"A light here!" cried the man; "mademoiselle, it seems, then, makes her toilet in the dark."

The light, however, threw no light upon the subject. The search was in vain; and, with many curses, the men left the house. The next day dawned with no solution of the mystery.

The Versailles troops were gaining ground now, day by day. The ambulances were full of wounded, and Katrine found plenty to do in caring for the sick and dying. She ceased thinking of the money, and began to work for mercy.

So the last day came. The Commune had lost. Fierce, maddened, wild for revenge, they resolved to lay Paris in ashes. Barricades were formed, pavements torn up, the torch applied to the rarest buildings. Katrine staid by the sick beds that night. Among the wounded brought in was a soldier, who called, as they bore him by, with a dying breath, "Katrina!"

THE STRANGER'S MONEY.—"QUICK, KATRINE . . . BE MY FATHER-CONFESSOR."—SEE PAGE 614.

It was Pierre Dupont — shot at the barricades!

Katrina hastened to him. His face was stained with powder, yet livid through the black mist.

"Quick, Katrine!" he said; bend low; be my father confessor. I stole your money." Katrine uttered a cry. "I heard your confidence to your lover; I waited my time. I meant first to take a small part, and return it, hoping to win you by means of it. It would have made little difference to the State, I thought, if a few thousands were gone—if, indeed, the State ever came to recall it. Then I mixed with the Commune."

"And have spent it," gasped Katrine.

"No—it was not here—or it must have gone—in the old house at Autun—here, the key—a box of linden-wood—in a little secret closet;" and he strove, vainly, to find the key, muttering, "forgive—God be merciful."

At that moment the firing ceased; the barricades were no-

longer defended. A regiment of line occupied the Rue Boissy d'Anglais. The Versaillais occupied Paris!

Katrine breathed a prayer of thanksgiving. The dark days were over. Pierre Dupont seemed to listen.

"We have lost," he said, "and I am dying—forgive——"

"I forgive," said Katrine; and the glazed eyes closed again.

One week after, she stood by her uncle's side, and laid a package in his hands, with a smile.

"What is this?" cried the curé, too astonished, at first, to see the truth.

"The fruit of my mission in Paris," said the happy girl.

And in the days of peace the money was restored to France, and the lovers to each other.

UNLUCKY DAYS.

In a country town during our early days—which may be set down at sixty years since—there was an old gentleman who had a firm belief in lucky and unlucky days. He would only go on a journey on a Monday, and would on no account put on a new coat on a Saturday, as to do so would be very unlucky. He had likewise some whimsical superstitions about dressing himself. If he happened to draw on the stocking of his left leg before the right, disaster, as he thought, would be sure to follow. This aged personage was but a type of many others in these not greatly distant times. His notions were only a perpetuation of superstitions that prevailed in long-past ages, and of which we have a record in various historical annals.

One of the Saxon Chronicles mentions no fewer than twenty-four unlucky days in a year. Another specifies six days (January 3d, April 30th, July 1st, August 1st, October 2d, December 16th), as being bad, not only for killing man or beast, or for eating goose, but also for a child to be born; while another names particular days in the months of April and May on which we ought to be bled, if we wish to avert fever, gout, and blindness. The Red Book of the Exchequer contains part of a calendar, supposed to have been written about the times of John or Henry III., in which the favorable and unfavorable attributes of the several months, or rather days of certain months, are set down in a series of rhymed lines. There is another manuscript calendar in existence, of somewhat later date, in which thirty-two days in the year are specified likely to be of ill-omen to those who marry, or fall ill, or commence any important undertaking, or set out on a journey. An old astrologer asserts, with that complacent positiveness which is so characteristic of these prophetic authorities, that the angel Gabriel revealed to Joseph that there are twenty-eight days in the year decidedly good for bleeding, purging, curing wounds, trading, sowing, building, traveling, and fighting battles; children born on any one of these days will never be poor; and children put to school on these days will become apt scholars.

These amusing freaks of credulity were not confined to medieval times; we trace plentiful examples of them in the days subsequent to the invention of printing. One enumeration in English of the time of Henry VIII. includes about as many unlucky days as some of the others, but is by no means similar to them in the actual days selected. Again, on the fly-leaf of an old Spanish Breviary, supposed to have belonged to one of the Redemptorist Fathers in the sixteenth century, there is a Latin enumeration of twenty-four unlucky days in the year, distributed impartially in pairs, two to each month. We will not weary the reader with the Latin; but it may suffice to say that the tenth comes out very badly, being an unlucky day in no less than six different months; the next in unfavorable odor is the third; after this the first and the seventh. The second half in each and all of the months is peculiarly favored, having only one unlucky day among the whole—July 30th. Why this day is so unfavorably excepted, we are left to guess. An old English list of twenty-eight days in a year recommends them as being suitable days on which to apprentice boys to trades, and article youths to merchants, on the ground that the youngsters would by this auspicious beginning grow up to be skillful workmen and wealthy traders. Three of the months are credited with three each of these fortunate days, but poor August has only one.

Again, an old Book of Precedents, dated 1616, contains a calendar marked with no less than fifty-three days of an unlucky character; "such days," the record tells us, "as the Egyptians note to be dangerous to begin or take anything in hand, or to take a journey, or any such like thing." *Query*, did the Book of Precedents, or its author, know whether the Egytians ever adopted the Romish or European calendar? Possibly, Gipsies are meant. Just about one-seventh part of a man's life would be lost, so far as any useful pursuits are concerned, by the adoption of such a cautionary standard! There is a small manuscript in the great Paris Library, in which are enumerated, in very old French, thirty days likely to be unpropitious for certain avocations or undertakings, which are duly pointed out.

One curious example exists of the days in certain months being associated in theory with some peculiar fitness for certain proceedings. The thirty-one verses of the last chapter of the Book of Proverbs were accepted as symbolical with the thirty-one days of the (longest) month. Several verses, relating to distances and the like, were to be studied by those who travel on the corresponding days of the month; another group were supposed to be important to the workers in linen; while others contain allusions likely to affect the workers in wool. It is obvious that this kind of manipulation is very elastic in character, and could be made to fit in with almost any theory.

Particular anniversaries, one day in each year, are accounted lucky or unlucky (as the case may be) on account of certain events which occurred thereon in past times. One day in the black list is Innocents' Day, December 28th—the day on which the children in Bethlehem were massacred by order of King Herod. A disastrous day has this ever since been regarded for the beginning of any work or important enterprise. The French king Louis XI. was very sensitive on this point, disliking to consider any public question on such a day of ill-omen. It was an unlucky day for marrying.

The coronation of Edward IV. of England was postponed for one day, in order to avoid this anniversary. The women in some parts of Cornwall endeavor to dispense with scrubbing and scouring on this day. On the other hand, a proneness is manifested to select a particular day for commencing any important undertaking, simply because it is the anniversary of some great event. During the Crimean war, for instance, there were many soldiers who thought it would be lucky to make one of the grand assaults on Sebastopol on the 18th of June, that being the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo — forgetting that this day would be one greatly in disfavor with our French allies.

Predicting the weather of one day from that of another is a favorite item in proverbial philosophy—such as the inference of a wet Sunday from a wet Friday; and the dictum that "if the sun shine on Easter Day he will shine on Whitsunday." There is another denoting the fact that when, on a particular day,

> The sun hath shined,
> The greater part of Winter comes behind.

As may reasonably be expected, the several days of the week have been eagerly scanned to see which of them might reasonably be associated with luck or unlucky prognostics. The seven days of the week (or rather six of them) have their respective good and bad qualities set forth in a Northamptonshire rhymed saying, just as dogmatic in its tone of assertion as such effusions usually are:

Monday health,
Tuesday wealth,
Wednesday for good fortin',
Thursday losses,
Friday crosses,
Saturday signifies northin'.

The contempt here expressed for Saturday is somewhat amusing. The county of Devon gives a different aspect to the matter, by connecting the days of the week with the good or ill-luck likely to befall children born on those days

Monday's bairn is fair o' face;
Tuesday's bairn is full o' grace;
Wednesday's bairn 's the child o' woe;
Thursday's bairn has far to go;
Friday's bairn is loving and giving;
Saturday's bairn works hard for a living;
But the bairn that's born on Sunday
Is brisk and bonny, wise, and gay.

What was the impressive incident that rendered Sunday an auspicious day to Christians, every one knows. As to Monday, the rhymed proverbs and sayings are generally favorable; but there was a medieval belief that three particular Mondays in the year are likely to be disastrous to the human family. Cain was born, and Abel slain (so runs the legend) on the first Monday in April; Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed on the first Monday in August; Judas Iscariot was born, and Jesus Christ was betrayed, on the last Monday in December. A notion prevailed two centuries or so ago that Tuesday was a bad day for the house of Tudor—Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Elizabeth, all having died on this particular day of the week. We must appeal to historians to give us the exact dates, and then to almanac-computers to count backward, and see whether the three dates really fell on Tuesdays.

Of all the days in the week, Friday is that which has been most uniformly associated with particular classes of events, for the most part disastrous or unfavorable. Unlucky Friday has existed in men's minds for centuries, and still manifests considerable vitality. An ancient monkish legends tells us that Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit on Friday, and they both died on Friday.

The superstitions of mariners concerning Friday are very strong. The believers in the ominous theory relate a story of a ship having been laid down on a Friday, on purpose to belie the popular belief; it was launched on a Friday, placed under the command of Captain Friday, sailed on a Friday—and was never again heard of! The redoubtable Lord Cochrane, afterward Earl of Dundonald, on one occasion sailed in the *Wellesley* from Plymouth on a Friday; he was recalled into harbor by signal from the port-admiral before he had run far. The official reason for the recall was that he might take out a mail; but the sailors clung to the theory that the port-admiral was a believer in unlucky Fridays. The same theory or adage was strongly associated in the mind of one naval officer with the ship to which he belonged; he received his appointment on a Friday, joined the ship on a Friday, sailed on a Friday, and was wrecked on a Friday. The believers in unlucky Fridays dwell emphatically on a gigantic instance in their favor. The magnificent mail-steamer *Amazon* left Southampton on a particular Friday in 1852; the emigrant ship *Birkenhead* left Portsmouth on the same day; the one was lost by burning, involving the loss of 160 lives; the other was wrecked in a storm, when no less than 430 persons perished. "So, you see, we are right," said the Friday theorists.

It is scarcely necessary to urge that none of these ominous conundrums will bear scrutiny. We hear only of them when the prediction comes true, not of the overwhelmingly greater number which fail. Would the foretellers of unlucky Fridays apply to Lloyd's list, classify the ships in seven groups, and place in each group all those which sailed from our ports on a particular day of the week, they would probably find that there is just about the same ratio of recorded disasters to ships which sailed on Friday as to those which commenced their voyages on Thursday, Saturday, or any other day of the week. A resolute and faithful record of facts, whether telling for or against a particular theory, is the only effectual test of it in social life as in physical science; but this kind of impartial recording is not much in favor among foretellers.

The absurdity of prognosticating the weather from the state of the atmosphere on certain days is illustrated in the superstition concerning St. Swithin's Day, July 15th. The common belief about this momentous day is that, if it rains or is fair on that day, there will be a continuous track of wet or dry weather for forty days ensuing. There are two serious objections to the truth of this belief. The weather is not uniform on any particular day all over the globe, nor even in one country. A dull, wet day in London may be, and often is, a clear and bright day at Brighton; and so on. But there is a greatly more serious objection. The superstition about the day originated hundred of years since—during the *regimé* of Old Style. The introduction of New Style (in England in 1752) caused a shift of eleven days—since 1800, twelve days. Our present 15th of July, therefore, is equivalent to the 27th by Old Style. Hence, what truth can there be in the belief about St. Swithin's? The change of style has proved a sad discomfiture to all ideas connected with particular days and seasons; and people with any sense of discretion should try to keep these facts in mind.

Styles of Conversation.

Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant. Dante was either taciturn or satirical. Butler was sullen or biting. Gray seldom talked or smiled. Hogarth and Swift were very absent-minded in company. Milton was unsociable, and even irritable, when pressed into conversation. Kirwan, though copious and eloquent in public addresses, was meagre and dull in colloquial discourse. Virgil was heavy in conversation. La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse, and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen; but then he was the model of poetry. Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation. Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humor saturnine and reserved. Corneille in conversation was so insipid that he never failed in wearying; he did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master. Ben Jonson used to sit silent in company and suck *his* wine and *their* humors. Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism. Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a stiff and reserved silence. Fox, in conversation, never flagged; his animation and variety were inexhaustible. Dr. Bentley was loquacious. Grotius was talkative. Goldsmith wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll. Burke was eminently entertaining, enthusiastic, and interesting in conversation. Curran was a convivial deity; he soared into every region, and was at home in all. Dr. Birch dreaded a pen as he did a torpedo; but he could talk like running

water. Dr. Johnson wrote monotonously and ponderously, but in conversation his words were close and sinewy; and, if his pistol missed fire, he knocked down his antagonist with the butt of it. Coleridge, in his conversation, was full of acuteness and originality. Leigh Hunt has well been termed the philosopher of hope, and likened to a pleasant stream in conversation. Carlyle doubts, objects, and constantly demurs. Fisher Ames was a powerful and effective orator, and not the less distinguished in the social circle. He possessed a fluent language, a vivid fancy, and a well-stored memory.

A SWIM AND A RUN FOR LIFE.

THE perilous adventure, a scene of which is illustrated, is a part of the traveling experience of Michael Tammany, of Michigan, who some years since returned from a trading expedition through Southern Kansas, and as far along that line of the Pacific Railroad which at the time was completed. Mr. Tammany's partner, and a boy accompanying them, were murdered in the valley of the Platte River.

A SWIM AND A RUN FOR LIFE.

At one time Mr. Tammany was sharply pursued by seven of the Indians, on their fastest horses, and for a distance of about five miles they were not more than nine or ten rods in his rear. His horse was a remarkably fast one, but his best efforts failed to increase the gap between himself and his pursuers. At length, when Mr. Tammany had almost despaired of making good his flight, his horse suddenly came upon a bluff bank, dropping off into a deep slough directly in front of him. From this bank, which was not less than nine or ten feet high, the horse made a desperate leap, and instantly sank into the soft alluvium to a depth which completely submerged his body, leaving only his head exposed to sight.

At the instant of striking, Mr. Tammany was thrown over the animal's head, and completely covered with mud. The horse was entirely unable to extricate himself from his position, and Mr. Tammany closely clung to his neck, with his face only out of the mire, on the side of the horse's neck opposite the bank from which the jump was made. The Indians immediately appeared on the bank and fired a volley, several balls passing through the blanket saddle-cover, just above Mr. Tammany, when the firing ceased—the Indians undoubtedly supposing that they had killed their victim—and Mr. Tammany changed his position sufficiently to be able to make an observation of the bank whence the firing had proceeded. The savages had left the bank, and he observed four of them, with long knives in their hands, making an attempt to cross to the ravine about ten rods above him, and three trying to get across below.

Although the horse jumped nearly across the ravine, Mr. Tammany was at the critical moment so nearly exhausted, that he at first thought he could make no further effort to escape the fate which he knew must be his if he remained a few minutes longer. But he jerked off his boots, leaving them his helpless horse, and crawled out, until he reached a soil that would support him in an erect position, when he started on a very fleet run for the river; the dense growth of alder-bushes, through which he crawled in starting from the ravine, favoring his retreat against the observation of the savages, until he could get some distance away. After running, as he thinks, about two miles, he reached the Platte River, and hearing his pursuers yelling on his track, jumped into the stream, and swam down it, keeping close to the clayey bank, which was several feet high, and so steep as in many places to reach several feet over the water. The water was beyond his depth, but Mr. Tammany was an expert swimmer. After swimming down nearly two miles he came to quite a sharp bend in the stream, and upon turning the bend, he observed, near the middle of the stream, two or three islands, about half a mile below him. One of these he reached, and, concealing himself, succeeded in eluding the vigilance of his pursuers.

He was finally rescued by a detachment of United States soldiers, who helped him to their wagon, and carried him in a terrible state of exhaustion to Fort Sedgwick.

IT is an impressive truth that, sometimes in the very lowest forms of duty, less than which would rank a man as a villain, there is, nevertheless, the sublimest ascent of of self-sacrifice. To do less would class you as an object of eternal scorn; to do so much presumes the grandeur of heroism.

A MONARCH'S DAUGHTER.

In a thick wood near his father's palace, a young prince was once walking with a nobleman who was his constant companion. Evening was coming on, and as they passed an old hollow oak-tree, nearly hidden in the ivy that grew up round it, the prince was startled by the melancholy cry of an owl.

"Tu whoo, tu whoo!" it said.

"Hark!" said the prince; "did you hear what that owl was saying? How mournful it was! It has made me feel quite sad."

"What the owl was saying!" replied the young nobleman who was with him; "your royal highness must be joking. I only heard the owl say 'Tu whoo,' like every other owl. But if it makes you sad, I will soon put a stop to it."

"How?" said the prince.

"By fetching my bow and arrow," answered his companion. "I am not a bad shot, as your royal highness knows, and a well-aimed arrow would soon stop that doleful hooting."

"Do not think of such a thing," said the prince. "I shall be very angry if you shoot the owl; it does no harm, poor creature. Come, it is getting chilly, let us go in."

All that night the prince could not get the owl's mournful "Hoo, hoo, hoo" out of his head. So the next day he determined to find the owl, and went out to the wood again; but this time without his companion. As he came near the hollow tree, he heard the owl repeating the same melancholy song.

"Poor creature!" thought the prince; "perhaps it is hurt."

And climbing up through the ivy he peeped into the hollow tree. There sat a large white owl. But instead of flying away, or hissing and pecking at him, as a common owl would have done, it sat still and stared at him with its great sad eyes.

It looked so strange that the prince felt half inclined to slip down again.

However, he was ashamed to be afraid of an owl, so he said:

A MONARCH'S DAUGHTER.—"CLIMBING UP THROUGH THE IVY, HE PEEPED INTO THE HOLLOW TREE. THERE SAT A LARGE WHITE OWL."

"Owl, why are you so sad?" The owl replied:

"Once I was a monarch's daughter
And sat on a lady's knee;
Now I am a lonely wanderer,
Sitting in the ivy-tree,
Crying, Hoo hoo hoo, hoo hoo hoo,
Hoo hoo hoo, my feet are cold!
Pity me, for here you see me
Persecuted, poor and old."

"Poor old owl!" said the prince. "Tell me about it, and I will try to help you." And the owl said:

"Strange the tale, and hard the task;
Will you do whate'er I ask?"

"Yes, if I can," said the prince.

And the owl answered again:

"When the moon is shining low,
You must wander out alone;
You must pluck the flowers that grow
Round a mossy, carven stone.
Steep in wine, and then divide it
Into portions three:
A third to drink, a third to keep,
A third to give to me."

"That does not sound very difficult," said the prince. "And shall I drink my third as soon as I have steeped the flowers?"

"He that sips
With sullied lips
His doom has quaffed.
Lip that's pure
May endure
The dangerous draught,"

replied the owl.

"Mighty is the potion's power,
Keep it for the fated hour."

The prince began now to consider whether his lips had ever been sullied by an untruthful or unjust word.

"Nay, then," said he, "I shall certainly bring it all to you. But, owl, why do you always answer in this odd, mysterious way?"

The owl, still looking sadly at him, replied:

"Fate, not choice,
Guides my voice,
Ask no more, go forth and do—
Tu whit, tu whoo!"

So that night, when the crescent-moon had sunk low in the West, the prince went forth to seek for the magic herb

by that uncertain light. And as he walked he suddenly entered a moonlit glen, and before him lay what once had been the statue of a nymph, but it was thrown down and broken and moss-covered. Over the carved stone face there grew a plant whose small starry flowers shone like silver in the moonbeams. The prince immediately gathered it, and as he walked home he thought he heard a rustle of wings as though the owl were flying near him.

The next day, having poured his magic drink into three silver flasks, he went out to the ivy-tree. There sat the owl as before. The prince told her what he had done.

"And what shall I do next to serve you?" he asked.

The owl said:

"Will you serve me? Come, then, where
Reigns the lady false and fair.
But beware—
Her softest smile
Is full of guile;
If thou art firm 'gainst flattery,
Prince, arise and follow me."

The prince felt very curious to see the end of this adventure, so he said:

"I am not afraid of being flattered, and if you will show me the way I am ready to go with you."

And the owl flew out of the tree and answered:

'If thou wilt keep thy promise true,
Mount and away—tu whit, tu whoo!"

Then the prince mounted his horse, and the owl flew by his side, and they traveled for three nights, sleeping by day and journeying by night. Early in the morning, after the third night's journey, they came to the end of the dominions of the prince's father. And across the border there rose to meet them a band of gayly-dressed horsemen, with fifes and trumpets. The owl tried to speak, but her voice was lost in the sound of the music, and the prince spurred merrily on. When he came up to them they all bowed low, and their captain said:

"The great Queen Lisonja, sovereign of this land, has sent us to greet your royal highness, and to entreat you to consider her palace yours, if you will deign to enter it."

"She is very kind," said the prince," but I am come on an errand which I wish to do with all speed, and to return home without delay."

"The great Queen Lisonja knows your errand, O prince, and she bids us say that, if you will confide in her, she will rejoice to carry out your wishes."

As the captain spoke there was a blast of trumpets, and a queen in glittering robes rode up, followed by her court. She looked so fair and smiling that the prince thought, "Certainly this cannot be the false cousin who enchanted my owl." And, as she was getting down to greet him, he ran forward and kissed her hand. But she would hardly let him do so, and she told him how much she had heard of him, of his beauty and his valor and his wisdom; but that now she came to see him she perceived that people had not praised him half enough.

And the young prince blushed for pleasure; and he went back with Queen Lisonja to her stately palace, listening to her sweet sayings, and forgot all about his poor owl, who had never said such fine things to him.

Lisonja prepared a splendid feast in his honor, and it was not till it was nearly over that the prince remembered his errand, and said that he must be going.

"Ah!" said Lisonja, "I see your kind, generous heart has been touched by that owl's story. But, with your quick wit, you must have perceived that the poor thing is crazy; not half of her story is true. Besides, it was all her own fault, as such things mostly are. That enchanted wine that she gave you—your royal highness has not drunk any, I hope?"

"No, not yet," said the prince.

"Ah, I am glad of that," said Lisonja. "The poor foolish owl believes it to be poison. It is not quite so bad as that, but it might disagree with you very much; let me strongly advise you to fling it away."

"I cannot think that she believes it to be poison," said the prince, "for she said some of it is for herself. At any rate, I undertook the adventure, and I shall keep my promise."

"Spoken like your noble, valorous self!" cried Lisonja. "But not to-night; I cannot let my sweet prince go to-night. Your fair cheek is wan for lack of sleep; honor me by reposing this night in my poor palace."

So the prince staid; and he slept so soundly that he did not hear the melancholy "Hoo, hoo, hoo" of the owl as she circled vainly round the palace.

The next day Queen Lisonja must take the prince to see her gardens, and then she must have his portrait painted for her to keep, and so on from day to day, until a week had slipped away, and still the poor white owl was forgotten.

One morning the prince went into an arbor in the garden. This arbor was so placed that he could see into a drawing-room where Lisonja and some of her ladies were sitting, and for sometime he amused himself with watching Lisonja playing with a little dog, which she seemed to be very fond of. But presently he grew troublesome, as little dogs will when they are too much romped with, and when she tried to quiet him he would not be quiet. One of the ladies tried to turn him out, but he would not go. Then the prince saw Lisonja get up and offer him a biscuit. Of course the little dog ran up to get it, and she led him to the door, still holding out the biscuit. Then, instead of the biscuit, she gave the little dog a kick that sent him whining out, and shut the door in his face. And she and all her ladies laughed, but the prince felt very angry.

"I do not like her at all," thought he. "She is cruel and false. If she could cheat the poor dog like that, she may be cheating me; and, if she is unkind to him, she may have been unkind to my poor white owl."

And he went to his room, and began walking up and down in a very disturbed state of mind.

Before he had made up his mind what to do, they came to tell him that his horse was at the door, and that Queen Lisonja begged him to come out hunting with her. Her soft speeches were disagreeable to him now, and he parted from her as soon as he could, and rode away by himself.

As he rode along he thought he heard a faint cry of an owl from a neighboring thicket. He went to it, and there, at the bottom of an old dry well, whose sides had fallen in and were covered with fern, he saw the white owl lying, almost too weak to move.

She turned her mournful eyes to his as he stooped over her and said:

"Oh, prince most faithless, most untrue,
Who promised fair, but did not do—
Tu whoo! tu whoo!"

The prince was so sorry that he did not know what to say, but he took the owl in his cloak and rode gently back with her to his room, and there recovered her with food and gentle words, until she was able to speak to him again.

"I will not fail you this time, dear owl," he said. "Only let me serve you again, and I will do anything for you that you ask."

And the owl replied

"Now is come the fated hour;
Try the wondrous potion's power."

Meanwhile Lisonja and her attendants were riding up and down over the country, looking for the prince. At last they came home without him; and very soon afterward a page knocked at the prince's door with a message from Lisonja, begging him to come out and speak to her, that she might be sure he was not ill or hurt.

"I will come at once," said the prince, who had agreed with the owl what he was to do.

"Oh, my sweet prince, my noble friend!" cried Lisonja, as he came into the room, "how terrified I have been for you! how my heart——"

"Flatterer!" interrupted the prince. "Where is the Princess Verdadera, whom her dying father intrusted to your care?"

Lisonja looked startled for a moment, but answered:

"Oh, I see that crazy old owl has been with you again. Surely you do not believe her. I have told you the real state of the case, and how the wrongs she fancies are all her own fault. Your clear judgment, my prince——"

"If what you have told me is the truth, you will not hesitate to drink this," cried the prince, presenting her with one of the silver flasks.

At the same moment the white owl flew into the room.

Lisonja fell on her knees.

"Oh, send her away!" she cried. "She wants to take away my character—she is going to poison me. Oh, noble prince——"

But the prince sprinkled on her a few drops from the flask, and so great was their magic power that Lisonja could no longer resist, but was forced to drink. The moment the enchanted draught touched her lips, sullied with falsehood and flattery, she sank down with a scream, and, behold, instead of the richly robed queen, a hideous snake lay wriggling on the steps of the throne! And all her attendants turned into snakes, writhing and coiling around her!

Now it was the prince's turn to drink; but he, seeing the terrible effect it had had on the false Lisonja, shrank from putting the flask to his lips. Then the snakes rose up hissing to attack him, and the owl cried out:

"Pause not to think—
Drink, oh, drink!"

And he drank. There was no change in his appearance, except that his form grew more upright and his brow more open, and the snakes cowered and shrank and fled away from before him. But the prince stood covered with shame and dismay, for the magic draught seemed to have opened his eyes so that he saw what he really was—how silly and conceited in listening to Lisonja's flatteries, how thoughtlessly cruel to the owl, how idly he was spending his whole life in useless amusements, how careless of his people, whom he ought to be learning how to govern aright, how selfish in everything.

"Oh, owl!" he cried, "I have been behaving very badly. I am not fit—I do not deserve—to help you any more!"

But where was the owl? The third silver flask lay empty on the table, and beside it stood, not the white owl, but a lovely white-robed princess, with clear, beautiful eyes, and such a loving smile on her face that the prince knelt down and would have kissed the hem of her robe.

But she raised him up and said:

"Your white owl thanks you, prince, for having set her free from her enchanted shape, and her tongue from speaking in riddles. By your aid, I am the Princess Verdadera again, and queen of all this land. Rise up and tell me what I can do to prove my gratitude."

"Alas!" said the prince, "I have done nothing to deserve it. I have behaved so ill to you that I cannot tell why the magic draught has not done the same to me as it did to Lisonja."

"Because," replied Verdadera, "although you have been thoughtless, you have not been false."

"What is the wonderful herb that it is made from, then?" asked the prince.

"That little plant with the white starry flower is the herb of Truth," said Princess Verdadera. "We will keep some always by us, and then we need fear neither self-deceit nor flattery."

"Ah, Verdadera," said the prince, "if I may dare to hope that you will still trust me, I will try never to be vain and thoughtless again."

As he spoke, all the good old courtiers of the times of Verdadera's father, having heard that their own princess was come back again, crowded into the palace court to welcome her. And the princess allowed the prince to lead her forward, and presented him to her people as her deliverer. Then she turned to him and said:

"To-morrow we will ride to the court of the king, your father, and ask his blessing on our marriage. Then we will return, and govern our people with the rule of love and truth."

So they rode over the hills and through the forests to the court of the prince's father. And all the city came out to meet them, with the young nobleman, the prince's old companion, among the first. He little thought, while he looked at the beautiful princess, that he had once very much wished to shoot her.

As they passed the old ivy-covered tree in the palace grounds, Verdadera turned, smiling, to the prince, and sang:

"Once I was a lonely wanderer,
Sitting in the ivy-tree;
Now a happy maiden, riding
With the prince that set me free;
Singing, Joy joy joy, joy joy joy,
Oh, my heart is full of glee!
Full of love for those around me,
Most of all for him who found me
Sitting in the ivy-tree."

But I never could learn that Lisonja and her attendant snakes have been killed, so every one must take care to have a good supply of the herb of Truth always by them.

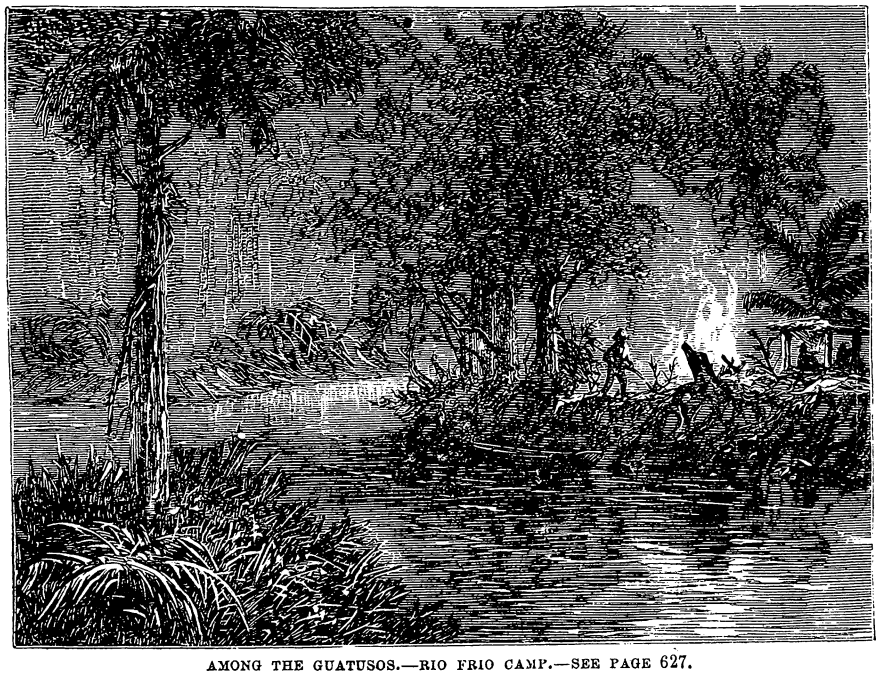
AMONG THE GUATUSOS.

A Narrative of Adventure and Discovery in Central America.

THERE are a few aboriginal or Indian tribes or families, scattered at intervals over the continent, who, from their inaccessible position and other circumstances, have succeeded in maintaining an entire isolation from the rest of the world, and whose characters and habits are unknown, although probably little altered from what they were at the time of the discovery. An interesting example is afforded by the *Guatusos*, an Indian tribe occupying the basin of the Rio Frio, a considerable stream rising in the mountains of Costa Rica, and running northwest into Lake Nicaragua, which it reaches at very nearly the point of debouchure of the Rio San Juan. Many attempts were made by the Spanish missionaries and others toward the close of the last century to penetrate into the region, but they all failed through the firm and unappeasable hostility of the Indians. An attempt was made by the Costa Ricans, during the war against Walker, in 1856, to send a body of troops down the Rio Frio, to surprise the Fort of San Carlos, near its mouth, but they were met by the Guatusos and driven back.

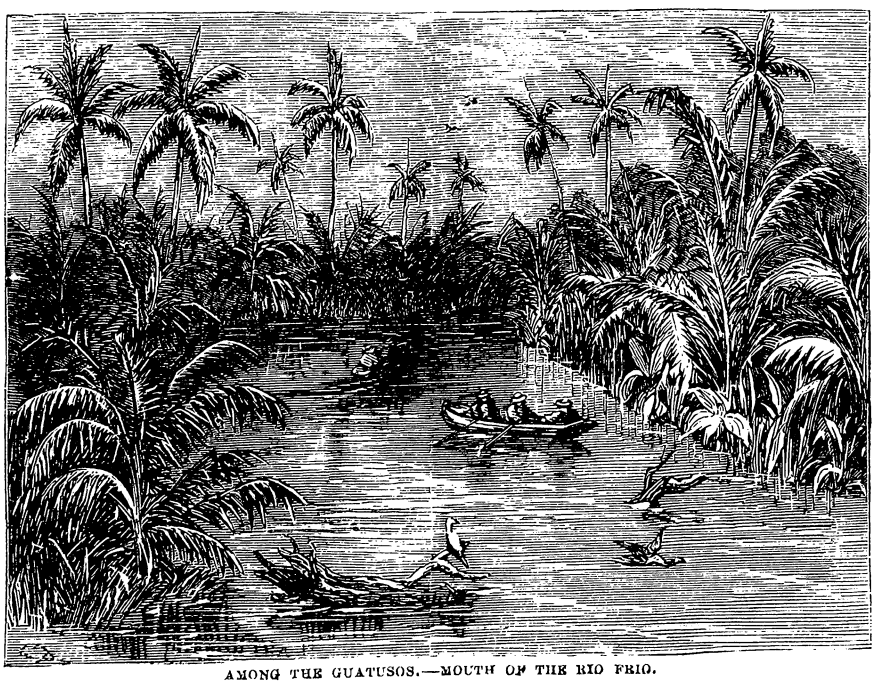
As might be expected, the most extravagant stories prevail in Central America concerning these unknown and bellicose Indians. They are reported to be nearly white, with red hair, and to be as cruel as warlike. But these stories

have just been set at rest, and the secrets of the valley of the Rio Frio exposed by an adventurous countryman, Captain O. J. Parker, who for five years has been engaged on the steamers of the Nicaragua Transit Company, plying on the River San Juan and Lake Nicaragua. He undertook to ascend the river in 1867 in a canoe, and penetrated to the head of canoe navigation. We subjoin his simple, highly interesting yet unadorned narrative of the expedition:



AMONG THE GUATUSOS.—RIO FRIO CAMP.—SEE PAGE 627.

"My curiosity to penetrate into the valley of the Rio Frio, explore its course and learn its capacities, as well as something of the strange people called the Guatusos, who live on its banks, was early greatly excited by the numberless stories I had heard concerning the Indians and their country, and I had not been long in Nicaragua before I resolved on the adventure. I, however, sought for companions in vain; everybody denounced the enterprise as hazardous and foolhardy in the extreme. Some years of service with the Texan Rangers, and my experience in river navigation, led me to think otherwise, and after a year or two of effort, I succeeded in raising a canoe party, consisting of three Europeans, named A. C. Roberts and José Pëlang, Franco-Calfornians, and C. Debbon, a German, long resident in Louisiana, to accompany me; all good canoemen and experienced shots. Of course, we were well and heavily armed, and moreover furnished for a three months' journey. My canoe was of the ordinary kind in use upon the coast, twenty-two feet long, of a single cedar log, light and strong, capable of making six knots an hour with ease to three paddles, and drawing twelve inches of water with my party aboard.



AMONG THE GUATUSOS.—MOUTH OF THE RIO FRIO.

"Commencing our journey from San Juan del Norte, on arriving at Fort San Carlos, we were quite as agreeably as unexpectedly joined by Captain Hart, of the Transit Company's steamer *Granada*, and two other Americans, William Hanger and William Godden, who offered to accompany us part of the distance on a hunting trip, game being very abundant near the mouth of the river. They brought a light double-oared boat with them.

"Leaving Fort San Carlos at four o'clock, A. M., August 8th, we reached a plantain patch eight miles up the river, belonging to the fort, at sunrise. So far, the banks and adjacent country were low and swampy. By climbing trees on the river side we were able to see numerous lagoons connected by channels with each other, and with the river. This being the height of the rainy season, many of these lagoons were deep lakes, miles in extent, around which the picturesque coyol palm and *gamalota* were fringed in the solitary but beautiful landscape, as far as the eye could reach, with here and there small clumps of larger timber pleasantly relieving the uniformity. The river itself at the mouth, and for many hundred yards into the lake, is much obstructed by sand-banks and the alluvial deposit of the river, but there is a good though narrow channel to the westward, carrying four feet of water. A short distance from its mouth the stream becomes and continues of an average width of one hundred yards, depth five feet, with a current in general of one and a half miles per hour. The temperature of the water is at least ten degrees lower than that of the lake; it also is clearer, and of a bluish color. Game began to be very plenti-

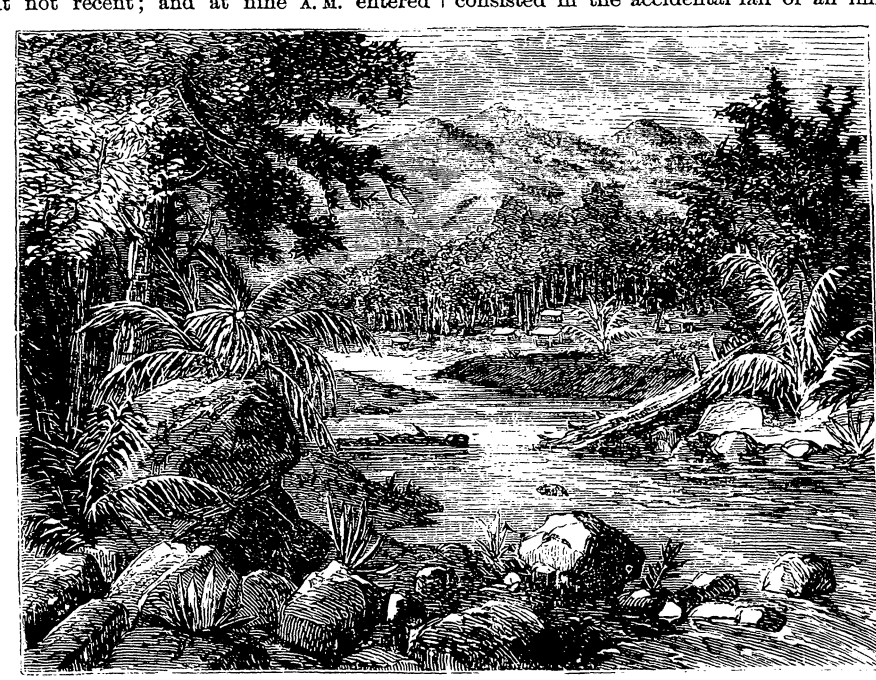
AMONG THE GUATUSOS.—RIO FRIO INDIANS SURPRISED.—SEE PAGE 627.

ful, particularly turkeys, ducks, and water-birds, and on the banks, deer, *guari* (wild hog), and many varieties of the monkey-tribe. As we ascended, the mouths of the creeks we frequently came across the remains of old fish-traps, and fish of many varieties were observed, especially the *gaupote*, which is a fine-flavored, speckled fish, averaging five pounds in weight.

"At four in the afternoon we reach a number of bends in the channel, and selecting a point in the left bank, which we named 'Godden's Bend,' went ashore and built a camp, covering a frame of poles with swallow-tail grass, known in the country as '*sweety*,' which began to be abundant. We adhered to a plan during the trip, which was put in practice the first night, to secure us from any surprise or attack, namely, that of building a large camp-fire at fifty feet distance from our shelter, and stationing a guard thirty feet in an opposite direction, near whom the end of a long canoe-line was made fast. Sand-flies and mosquitoes were numerous, but, having a large muslin bar, we slept soundly until daylight, having traveled thirty-five miles of deep water free from obstructions.

"Early in the morning of the second day we discovered Indian signs, but not recent; and at nine A. M. entered 'Blue Lake' by a short, deep channel from the left bank. We did not cross it, but estimated its diameter at ten miles. It is fed by the river, through a channel at its south-eastern extremity, but two-thirds of the water thus received is discharged by a channel at the western side, which, possibly, is the Rio Negro, falling into Lake Nicaragua eighteen miles west of San Carlos. A dam at the upper end of this lake might easily be constructed, and the whole body of water thus confined to the main channel of the Rio Frio. It also appears to me extremely probable that a complete examination of the right bank would discover natural facilities for joining the waters of the Rio Frio and San Juan below Fort San Carlos, which would be a matter of the greatest importance in navigation to both Nicaragua and Costa Rica. Resuming our ascent of the river, we observed high banks of red clay, larger and greater varieties of timber, and a luxurious vegetation. About three P. M. we were much amused in passing an immense drove of large red monkeys (ringtails). They appeared for a while determined to ascend the river in our company, swinging along the highest branches with an indescribable amount of chattering and grimacing. Our lowest estimate numbered them at *fifteen hundred*. We camped at 4:30 P. M. on the right bank, distant from last camp twenty miles. At 9:30 P.M. heard Indians, and, making careful examination, could smell fire; however, passed the night undisturbed.

"AUGUST 10TH.—Continued our course at daybreak. At nine A. M., arrived at the first obstruction in the river. This consisted in the accidental fall of an immense 'Balsa' tree across the river, and through which we were compelled to cut a passage with axes. Close by the bank was tied a small raft, upon which had been a fire burning recently, and a quantity of freshly-cut plantains. Jumping ashore with Roberts, we struck into a well-worn path up the stream (in some places nearly a foot deep), but finding the trail cold, we returned to our party



AMONG THE GUATUSOS.—HEAD OF NAVIGATION ON THE RIO FRIO.

after an hour's absence. At two P. M. saw another raft, upon which two Indians were cooking plantains. They jumped ashore immediately on perceiving us, taking with them their arms (bows and spears), and uttering the loudest cries. We hastened to follow them, but, encumbered and cramped as we were, no wonder without success. We had brought several articles of great value in Indian eyes to barter or give way. I had also a gay old uniform, which I was anxious to give to the chief, if we could only effect communications with the tribe.

"It was pretty evident that they possessed neither firearms nor cutlery—indeed, during our trip we saw no metal of any kind, manufactured or unmanufactured, in their possession. Their arrow-heads and axes are made of coyol (a hard black palm) and stone; their cooking and other utensils, of course red-clay ware, similar to that used by the Indians of the lake, while the breech-cloth, which is their only covering, is simply a piece of *ule* (india-rubber) or *mohagua* bark, beaten into a kind of felt upon a smooth stone.

"The trail upon the left bank is much better than the one upon the right bank of the river; the latter is perhaps solely used for hunting, or in passing along to the fishing-weirs, etc. We carefully selected our camping-ground, about four P.M., upon the left bank, on a high point, round which the river winds in a sudden curve, having made, by our estimate, twenty-five miles since morning.

"Starting at daylight on the fourth day, we began to observe signs of cultivation, and after a while perceived on both sides of the river fair quantities of plaintain, cassava, *kikisky*, papayas, maize, and cacao, the last remarkably fine, and the trees, from their great size, evidently old. At nine A.M. passed a large sheet of water, 'Parker Lake,' which, however, we did not stop to explore, and an hour afterward came unexpectedly upon another Indian, who gave us a better opportunity of examining him, and I may as well take this opportunity of describing his appearance, and the characteristics of the tribe we encountered, so far as we could ascertain them. I can do so concisely, by stating that a Guatuso Indian, to the eye, in all respects, resembles a Comanche; but to those who may never have had the misfortune to meet this gentle specimen of humanity, I will add that, in stature, they average six feet, and in weight, two hundred pounds, the females likewise being of large size. They are of a clear copper color, untainted, apparently, by admixture with either white or negro blood, and are perfect models of strength and muscular development. Their faces are somewhat broader, with higher cheek-bones, than the Lake Indians, with coarse but not generally unpleasant features, whilst the long, straight black hair is allowed to fall around the body in both sexes until it sometimes trails on the ground. They were apparently without ornament, or, rather, disfigurement of any kind; and, altogether, the appearance to us of the Guatusos fully justified the appellation of 'Wild Indians,' in the strictest sense of the term, as applied by the natives of the country, who are, nevertheless, not a whit further advanced in the arts of horticulture, road-making, or in social progress than these Guatusos, and physically they are much inferior.

"We arrived at a small island in the river at 11 A.M. (Hart's Island); good channel along right bank. Constantly passed old rafts and deserted shanties, the latter being covered with *waha* leaf only, which is very perishable, and hence one would infer that the Guatusos villages are not located on the river, these buildings being merely used as occasion requires for visiting the plantations, collecting game, etc., and that the people permanently reside upon the slopes of the mountains, where they are not molested by musquitoes and other troublesome insects, and where the position would be more open and agreeable.

"From 11 A.M. to 4.30 P.M. passed great numbers of India-rubber trees on both banks—a belt fifteen miles long, and from one hundred to eight hundred yards wide. The most experienced 'rubber-men' of our party had never seen such an immense grove before. Several creeks, likewise, which fell into the river on both banks, contained scarcely any other timber. The river here is less tortuous. We camped at 4.30 P. M. on the left bank, opposite 'Muddy Creek,' which some of the party declared contained more rubber than the river itself. We also saw several varieties of cedar of fine growth, and some mahogany. Estimated distance this day, thirty-five miles.

"Finding plenty of fresh signs around our camp, I made the most of our position, which was naturally a good one, by cutting paths from it up and down the stream from camp, and remembering old times in Texas, I drove half a dozen stakes into the ground around the fire, upon which were hung the wet clothes of the party, so as to somewhat resemble sitting figures. The guard was stationed near the point where the canoe was moored under a large *chilimate* tree. In the middle of the night I heard Indians down the stream, and rousing Roberts, heard them passing behind our camp, and soon afterward a slight crackling in the brands near the fire satisfied us of their immediate presence. Without disturbing the balance of the party, we lay waiting for 'what would turn up,' and shortly afterward an arrow flew with great force amongst the decoy stakes, striking one obliquely, and then glancing to the ground, where it firmly planted itself. Firing a couple of shots in the direction from which the arrow came, we heard no more of our visitors, and slept unmolested the rest of the night.

"Fifth Day, August 12th.—In reconnoitring the vicinity in the morning, we found a spot not half a mile up the river, where at least forty Indians had camped during the night. Fires were burning, and there were plentiful supplies of plantains in every stage of ripeness ready for the morning's meal. We went ashore to examine the place, and tapped an immense India-rubber tree. At eight o'clock Captain Hart and his companions parted from us to join the steamer on the San Juan river.

"At the mouth of the eastern fork, which appeared rapid, rocky and unnavigable, is a small island which would be of use as the site of the pioneer fort or depôt. We therefore entered the western branch, and with considerable labor ascended the channel, which is full of rocks, trees, bars, and shoals, a distance of twelve miles, when we arrived at a broad gravel reach, about five hundred yards wide and nearly dry, over which it was impossible to pass the canoe, and referring to my log, found the distance, from the mouth of the river to this point, one hundred and thirty-five miles. Leaving the canoe, we proceeded a short distance up the channel, and sunk a hole on a bar in a favorable-looking position for gold, but without finding a 'color.' However, while walking about the bars and adjacent banks, I picked up a piece of bluish quartz, which was subsequently assayed by Jacoby & Co., at San Juan, and yielded very rich returns of both gold and silver.

"The Marivalles Mountains cross the head of this branch nearly at right angles, and at apparently a distance of two or three miles only. Their uniformity and general appearance would, however, lead one to suppose it next to impossible to find through them a pass for a practical road to the valley beyond. Toward the east, and most likely following the cañon of the eastern fork for many miles, is a great depression in the range, which would indicate this as the easiest, as it is the most direct, route for a road of communication between the valley of the Rio Grande de Costa Rica, and the head of navigation on the Rio Frio.

"We cut marks upon several 'soto-cavalho' trees with machetes, on the right bank and commenced our return trip at 3 P. M.

"Between this point and the forks we saw in our ascent many groups of shanties, sometimes numbering a dozen together; but they were quickly vacated at our approach. Fires were left burning, and we saw the recent track of children's feet, heard dogs barking, and a great deal of noise made by the Indians in their flight. About four P. M. we came quietly within twenty-five feet of three Indians on a log at the riverside, shooting fish with arrows. Contemplating us for an instant with the most perplexed and curious air imaginable, they suddenly raised a great yell, and scrambled up the high bank with the most surprising agility. They, like all the rest, ran into the forest, screaming at the top of their voices.

"Repassing the forks, we shortly after saw a man and woman landing from rafts tied to the right bank. On examination, the ground showed unmistakable signs of at least three hundred persons having crossed quite recently from the left bank. Running the canoe as quickly as possible alongside, we strenuously endeavored by words and signs to induce a parley. They were each armed with bows and spears, and 'retreated in good order' to a plantain patch, making several stands meantime, as if to show us that fear had less to do with their movements than policy, and soon afterward commenced the usual yelling and screaming, which we unanimously agreed could not be outdone by any other tribe on earth.

"Two miles below, and whilst regretting the futility of our efforts at communication with the Indians, we approached a raft tied to the right bank, upon which was seated an Indian, busily engaged in plucking the feathers from a speckled bittern nearly the size of a turkey, which he had just shot with his bow, which lay beside him on the raft. When within a few feet of him he first saw us, and, instantly seizing his arms, ran ashore, apparently in the greatest fury. He immediately fitted an arrow to his bow, but appeared to disapprove of it, changing it rapidly for another, we, in the meantime, by every means in our power, endeavoring to arrest his movements and attract his attention, calling to him in the various Indian dialects with which we were acquainted — Spanish, French, and English — without any avail. Continuing his preparations amid the wildest cries and gestures, he at length drew the arrow full upon me as I sat in the stern of the canoe, and at the same moment he dropped dead by a shot from our party. I very much regretted this unfortunate result, which I did my utmost to avert, strictly enjoining no shot to be fired in any event, unless we were surrounded by numbers, and I was willing to take the chance of the arrow-shot in the hopes of securing the Indian afterward. He was about thirty years of age, fully six feet high, and of large, robust limbs. He had a large head, covered with hair reaching below the hips, which, combined with a savage expression of face, rendered his appearance and gestures somewhat more ferocious than fascinating.

"After this unfortunate occurrence we continued our descent of the river in heavy rain the whole night without stopping, passing Camp No. 2 about one A. M., and arriving at Fort San Carlos soon after daylight, or about fifteen hours after commencing our return. Captain Hart and party had arrived the previous night in safety. Allowing two miles per hour for the current, as the rain had raised the creeks considerably, add an average speed of six miles for the canoe, we have as the length of the river 120 miles, of which distance 108 are capable of steamer navigation."

CONSUMPTION. — Natural history of consumption: Two thin shoes make one cold, two colds an attack of bronchitis, two attacks of bronchitis one mahogany box.

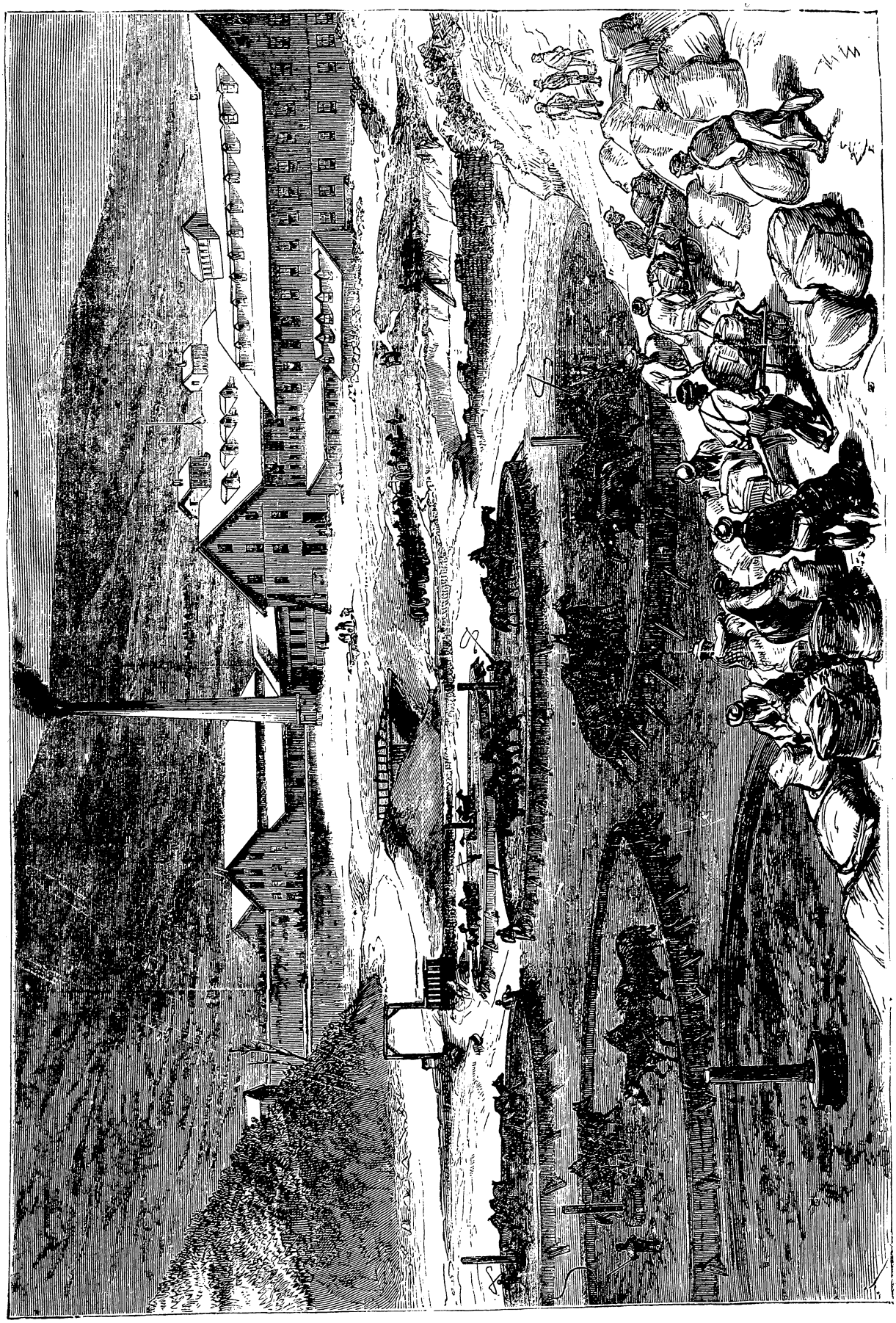
POWER OF HABIT.

THAT balancing moment, at which pleasure would allure, and conscience is urging us to refrain, may be regarded as the point of departure, or divergency, whence one or other of the two processes (toward evil, or toward good) take their commencement. Each of them consists in a particular succession of ideas, with their attendant feelings; and whichever of them may happen to be described once, has, by the law of suggestion, the greater chance, in the same circumstances, of being described over again. Should the mind dwell on an object of allurement, and the considerations of principle not be entertained, it will pass onward from the first incitement to the final and guilty indulgence, by a series of stepping-stones, each of which will present itself more readily in future, and with less chance of arrest or interruption by the suggestions of conscience than before.

But should these suggestions be admitted, and, far more, should they prevail, then, on the principle of association, will they be all the more apt to intervene, on the repetition of the same circumstances, and again break that line of continuity, which, but for this intervention, would have led from a temptation to a turpitude or a crime. If, on the occurrence of a temptation, formerly conscience did interpose, and represent the evil of a compliance, and so impress the man with a sense of obligation, as led him to dismiss the fascinating object from the presence of his mind, or to hurry away from it; the likelihood is, that the recurrence of a similar temptation will suggest the same train of thoughts and feelings, and lead to the same beneficial result; and this is a likelihood ever increasing with every repetition of the process. The train which would have terminated in a vicious indulgence is dispossessed by the train which conducts to a resolution and an act of virtuous self-denial.

The thoughts which tend to awaken emotions and purposes on the side of duty find readier entrance into the mind; and the thoughts which awaken and urge forward the desire of what is evil more readily give way. The positive force on the side of virtue is augmented by every repetition of the train which leads to a virtuous determination. The resistance to this force, on the side of vice, is weakened in proportion to the frequency wherewith that train of suggestions, which would have led to a vicious indulgence, is broken and discomfited. It is thus that, when one is successfully resolute in his opposition to evil, the power of making the achievement, and the facility of the achievement itself, are both upon the increase, and Virtue makes double gain to herself by every separate conquest which she may have won. The humbler attainments of moral worth are first mastered and secured, and the aspiring disciple may pass onward, in a career that is quite indefinite, to nobler deeds and nobler sacrifices.

IF the peculiarities of our feelings and faculties be the effect of variety of excitement through a diversity of organization, it should tend to produce in us *mutual forbearance and toleration*. We should perceive how nearly impossible it is that persons should feel and think exactly alike upon any subject. We should not arrogantly pride ourselves upon our virtue and knowledge, nor condemn the errors and weakness of others, since they may depend upon causes which we can neither produce nor easily counteract. No one, judging from his own feelings and powers, can be aware of the kind or degree of temptation or terror, or the seeming incapacity to resist them, which may induce others to deviate.



"DESILVERING" THE ORE, BY THE PATIO PROCESS, IN NEVADA.

THE HISTORY AND PRESENT PRODUCTION OF SILVER.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

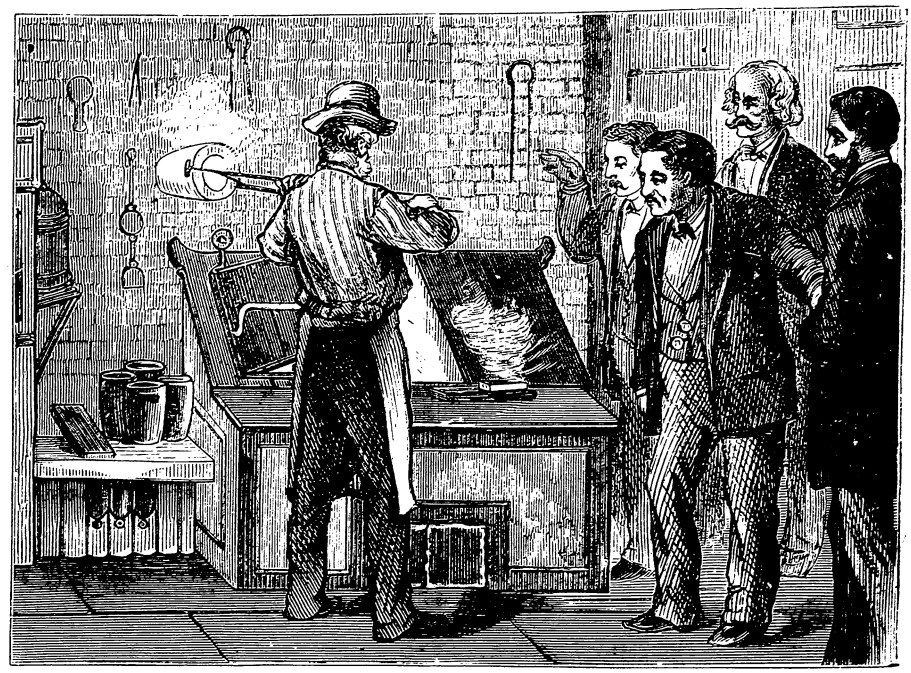


FIG. 1.—BLACK LEAD CRUCIBLES FOR MELTING GOLD AND SILVER.

SILVER is a metal to which unusual attention is directed at the present time in consequence of its proposed substitution for fractional paper currency, and because of the irrepressible discussion of the propriety of adopting it as a standard of coinage. In view of the interest attaching to the subject, it may be worth while to study the history, manner of occurrence, method of preparation, and principal properties of the metal.

In ancient times it received the name of *luna*, or the moon, after the chaste Diana, and one of its compounds, now much used in the arts, still retains the old name, and is called lunar-caustic. Silver occurs in nature under so many forms, and associated with such a variety of mineral gangue that it may, with propriety, be looked for in nearly every geological formation. The native metal is found crystallized in octahedrons, cubes, and dendritic shapes, but more usually in small grains, or in amorphous masses of various magnitude. At the mines of Kongsberg, in Norway, a specimen, weighing 500 lbs., was at one time found, and similar masses have been taken from the mines in Saxony and Mexico. "The Poor Man's Lode," in Idaho, has yielded large nuggets of native silver, and the copper of Lake Superior often contains it disseminated through it. Mineralogists have described forty ores and minerals containing silver, many of them, however, so rare as to possess only a scientific interest. The principal sources of the metal are silver-glance, which is a sulphide, and may contain as high as 87 per cent.; ruby-silver, by which is commonly understood a mixture of antimony and sulphur with silver, usually possessing a fine red color; native silver, argentiferous galena, and argentiferous copper ores. All of these varieties are found in considerable quantities in the United States, and the extraction of the metal from them has proved a great source of wealth to the country. The State of Nevada, where are situated the celebrated Washoe, Comstock, Virginia City mines, is one of the richest silver-producing districts of the world. The miners of this region sent $51,500 in silver bricks, weighing 100 lbs. each, to the Sanitary Commission, as their contribution for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers at the time of our late war. Among the silver-mining districts of the Pacific, in addition to Washoe, may be mentioned Esmeralda, Coso, Arizona, and Potosi. They have produced so many million pounds of the metal as to materially affect the price of silver bullion as a commercial article. The occurrence of such large deposits of silver, combined with sulphur, antimony, etc., rendered some improvement in the old methods of working the ore absolutely essential. Much time and money was wasted in testing all manner of impracticable devices which were proposed for overcoming the difficulty. The most successful invention was made by Stetefeldt, at one time assistant in Columbia College, New York. This accomplished chemist discovered that silver ores, no matter in what combination the metal occurs, mixed with salt, are completely chloridized if they fall against a current of hot air, rising in a shaft with no obstructions whatever to check or retard the fall of the ore particles. He devised a furnace in which the yield of silver is said to be greater than by any other process. The ore is mixed with the necessary

FIG. 4.—INTERIOR OF A SILVER MINE, VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.

FIG. 3.—CUPELLING THE GOLD, TO SEPARATE IT FROM ITS ALLOY, ALL EXCEPT THE SILVER.

amount of salt on a dry kiln and very finely crushed, and run through a screen. The screened pulp is taken by an elevator to the top of the furnace and discharged into a bin connected with a hopper, whence it is fed into the furnace. In this way between 88 and 92 per cent. of the silver actually contained in the ore is chloridized ready for amalgamation. The next step is the ancient process of amalgamation.

When mercury is brought into contact with metallic silver, the two readily unite to form an amalgam; if mercury and chloride of silver are brought together, a portion of the mercury takes away the chloride, leaving the silver free to combine with another portion of the mercury to form an amalgam. The operation is performed in a large pan. Wooden mullers, shod with iron, are caused to revolve in this pan, bringing the ore into contact with the mercury. Water is added to the pulp, which is next run into the agitator or separator, and the pan washed out. The liquid amalgam is drawn off, carefully washed in clean water, dried in flannel, and strained through thick canvas bags. The dried amalgam is finally placed in cylindrical cast-iron retorts, and the mercury distilled off it at red heat.

When cold, the retorted silver is broken up, melted in graphite crucibles, and cast into bars or ingots. The black crucibles (see fig. 1), in which the gold and silver is melted previous to casting into bars, were formerly imported from Passau, in Bavaria. The late Mr. Dixon invented a method of making equally good pots, and they are now extensively manufactured in Jersey City, and sent to all parts of the United States.

In the early stages of Western mining, the process of amalgamation was conducted after the primitive manner of the Mexicans. The crushed ore is spread out upon a paved court or "patio," about sixty tons at a time; to this 3 to 5 per cent. of common salt is added, and then the mass is well trodden by mules for a few hours (see fig. 2), when it is allowed to remain at rest until the following morning. Calcined copper pyrites ("magistral") is then added, in the proportion of twenty-eight pounds to every ton of ore. The mules are turned in again for an hour, or more, until a perfect mixture is obtained. The mercury is next added to the extent of five or six times the supposed quantity of silver, by squeezing it, in the form of spray, through a sheet. The mass is then well-trodden and also turned over by hand every other day, sometimes for a month, until the amalgamation is known to be complete. The heap is then carried away to be thoroughly dried, and the excess of mercury squeezed out, and the cakes of about thirty pounds each are subjected to heat to expel the mercury, while the silver is melted down in the usual way. This is a very old and wasteful method of amalgamation, and is likely to be entirely superseded by the common California and Nevada system of pans. The slimes from the stamps in Nevada, which were formerly washed, are now saved, and the tailings are also collected on a series of inclined planes covered with blankets. A railroad now connects Virginia City with the Central Pacific, starting at Reno, and winding over heavy gradients a distance of fifty miles. The town is 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and contains 20,000 inhabitants.

The entire hoisting-works at Virginia City, destroyed by fire last year, have been rebuilt on an enlarged scale, with many improved conveniences in the various departments. A two-story building, one hundred feet by fifty feet, is in the process of erection, to be used for the assay and bullion department, and it is now about one-half completed. When finished, there will be room and facilities for melting and assaying $5,000,000 of bullion per month,

Whenever the silver is found associated with lead, in the ore called argentiferous galena, its separation and recovery is accomplished, either by what is known as the Pattinson process or by the zinc process of Parkes. In the Pattinson kettles, when lead containing silver is fused and slowly cooled, being continually stirred, the first crystals that form contain but little silver—these are dipped out and again melted. The now richer liquid portion is ladled into another kettle, and the operation continued until the former becomes poor enough to be sold as lead, and the latter rich enough to pay for cupelling. The desilverization of lead by zinc is founded on an observation made by Karsten, more than forty years ago, that zinc, when fused with argentiferous lead, on cooling, will rise to the surface, carrying with it all the silver. Alexander Parkes, of Pembrey Copper Works, South Wales, patented this process in 1850.

The practical application of the method found little favor at first, for the reason that small quantities of zinc remained with the lead, rendering it much less valuable for foil, tubing, and the like. Various methods of overcoming this difficulty have since been devised, and the zinc desilverization now appears likely to supersede all others.

It is an interesting fact that the first portions of the zinc added to lead, in addition to the silver, also take up any gold that may be present in the ore. Copper also goes to the zinc, and antimony is removed by subsequent treatment with steam, sometimes leaving an alloy suitable for type-metal. The pure silver is cast into ingots, which are first assayed in order to test their fineness. For the purpose of the assay, a small quantity of each melt is granulated by pouring it into water. The metal to be tested is drawn into thin laminæ under steel rollers, and the silver assay is conducted by weighing out 1,115 milligrammes of the metal under trial, on balances that are sensitive to the twenty thousandth of a gramme—1,005 parts of pure silver are weighed out at the same time to be tested, by way of comparison. The weighed specimens are introduced into numbered bottles, when nitric acid is added and a gentle heat applied.

The silver assays are made by weighing out 1,115 parts of the metal under trial, these parts being milligrammes, and 1,005 parts of pure silver, by way of comparison. All the weighed specimens are introduced into numbered bottles, when nitric acid is added and a gentle heat applied.

The solution being complete, precipitation is effected by introducing from a pipette, into each bottle, one decilitre of a standard solution of pure table salt, so prepared as to contain in this measure 542.74 milligrammes of the salt—the quantity necessary to precipitate one thousand milligrammes, or one gramme of silver. The white curdy precipitate of chloride of silver is made to subside by violent shaking; for this purpose a mechanical agitator called a jigger is employed, put in motion by hand or mechanical power, which expedient contributes greatly to economy of time. When the liquid is clear, a small pipette is used, graduated

so that each division indicates a quantity of the reagent sufficient to throw down one milligramme of silver, and the number of these parts which are required to complete the precipitation fully, exhibit the proportion of pure silver in one thousand parts of the metal under trial.

Nearly all of the gold of California contains silver, and in order to ascertain the amount of the less valuable metal recourse is had to an assay by quartation. The sample to be tested is rolled into a thin lamina, and clippings of pure silver are added (see fig. 3) in sufficient quantity to render the alloy soluble in nitric acid, and the whole is wrapped in pure lead foil and placed in bone-ash cupels and exposed to a high heat in a muffle furnace. Here the assay remains until the base-metal is separated; it is then withdrawn from the muffle, hammered, annealed, and laminated between two rollers, and stamped. The thin lamina is next rolled into a cornet, with the number visible on the end, and is deposited in a matrass, and boiled for twenty minutes in nitric acid; then washed in distilled water, heated to redness, and finally weighed again. In this way the fineness of the gold is determined.

After the gold and silver is converted into coins, samples of each melt are preserved in a box called the "pyx," and every year these samples are carefully counted and tested by a commission appointed for the purpose by the President of the United States. The annual trial of the "pyx" has just taken place at Philadelphia, and was fully described in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* for March 4th, 1876. The same commission subjected specimens of coins from all of the mints of the United States to a careful scrutiny, in order to secure proper weight as well as uniformity in the standard of fineness.

The famous silver mines of Nevada are situated in the centre of a group of mountains composed of igneous rocks—syenitic and porphyritic rocks abound and amygdaloidal formation is often observed—the whole presenting indubitable evidences of extensive upheavals in early geological ages. The Comstock Mine has produced during the last twenty years $200,000,000, and the Consolidated Virginia is at present yielding $30,000,000 annually.

The present Nevada system of milling enables a vast quantity of ore to be treated, though but 70 to 80 per cent. of the precious metals are extracted. The Consolidated Virginia employs 2,700 hands at $4 a day. The system of working the mines, as described by Mr. David Coghlan, is substantially as follows:

Adit levels are driven at a vertical distance of about 100 feet along the hanging wall of the vein; these are connected at intervals by winzes, and cross-cuts are driven at different points on each level toward the foot wall, or at times, instead of cross-cuts, a diamond drill-hole is used, the sediment from which is separated at stated intervals and assayed, so giving a rough idea of the richness or poverty of the vein. Enormous amounts of timber are consumed for constructing the shafts, galleries, and railway tracks, as well as for fuel at the mills.

The mode of construction in all the shafts is similar, cribs of twelve-inch timber being inserted every five feet, supported by vertical posts of the same size. (See fig. 4.)

The cribbing is covered on the outside by lagging of three or four inch planks. A tramway is laid on the floor for transporting the ore to the shafts or to the mouths of the mine (see fig. 5), and heavily timbered trestle-work, provided with shutes, affords a way for dumping each car-load into strong wagons (see fig. 6). Every load is weighed (see fig. 7), and the whole contents taken to Virginia City to be ground and reduced.

The consumption of timber is so great as to occasion serious apprehension in reference to the future supply, as the only timber which grows within many hundred miles is on the Sierra Nevada, and this is being ruthlessly sacrificed without any care for the morrow, and there must eventually come a period of scarcity, such as exists in Mexico at the present time, particularly when we consider that more wood is used for fuel than for timbering. The nearest available coal is obtained, of a poor quality, from the Rocky Mountains at $19 a ton. The wood is supplied at the mines at $11.50 a cord.

It is at the Nevada mines that a flume has been constructed fifteen miles in length, with a descent of about one inch to the foot, for the conveyance of timber from the mountains. It is formed of two twenty-four-inch boards, nailed in a V-shape, and resting on trestles, or on the ground. A stream of water floats down logs and fire-wood. It has a capacity of 500 cords of wood a day, or of 500,000 feet of lumber. Another troublesome feature, in addition to the cost of timbering, is the excessive heat of the mines, rendering ventilating engines necessary for cooling purposes quite as much as for providing pure air. The heat is so great that the workmen must be frequently relieved. For the purpose of draining the mines, also for facility of access to the metallic veins at great depth, and for ventilation of the Comstock mines, a great engineering undertaking, called the "*Sutro tunnel*," has been devised, and is now well under way. It is being driven in from the foot of the mountains, and will, when finished, be about four miles long to where it will cut the vein, which it will do at a depth of 2,000 feet. About half that distance has been completed, and the advance is rapid, sometimes exceeding 300 feet per month. If continued steadily, it will probably be completed in two and

FIG. 5.—CARS OF SILVER ORE COMING FROM MINE AT VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.

a half or three years. The mine-owners are said to be strongly opposed to the tunnel, as they say the tax will be very heavy and the tunnel useless to them. The utility of the work, considering the vast cost, is pronounced to be very doubtful.

The skillful manner in which the mines of Nevada are worked at the present time affords a remarkable contrast to the way in which the various operations were performed in Mexico and South America for a great number of years. Instead of ingeniously-contrived mills for stamping and grinding the ore, this operation was accomplished by Indians in the manner represented by the cut. (See fig. 8.) Heavy stones were thrown violently upon the ore, and it was in this manner crushed and pulverized. If the silver occurred in galena, small hammers were furnished for breaking up the cubical masses. This work was frequently done by prisoners of war with a loaded cannon menacing the gang, and armed guards to enforce obedience. (See fig. 9.) The Apache Indians have frequently been compelled to do this degrading work, and a deadly feud exists between this tribe and the Mexicans. In order to transport the products of the mines to the city of Mexico, a strong military escort is necessary to prevent the capture of the treasure by the predatory tribes of Indians who always had their scouts posted on the route the caravan was to take, and were constantly on the alert to seize any treasure that was left unguarded. (See fig. 10.) Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the Mexican Government to protect the property of mining companies, much treasure has been seized, and the Government has been called upon to pay the damages. A case in point was decided on the 29th of December, 1875, by Sir Edward Thornton, who was selected as umpire to settle a claim made by a New York company against the Mexican Government. After a hearing of both sides, the umpire has decided that there be paid by the Mexican Government, in principal and interest, previous to the 1st of August, 1876, $683,000 in gold. This amount, though large, is not more than about 20 per cent. of what the company claimed to be due.

Mr. John J. Valentine, General Superintendent's Office, Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, estimates the bullion product for 1875 of the States and Territories west of the Missouri River, including British Columbia and the west coast of Mexico, at $80,889,037, being an excess of $6,487,982 over 1874. He estimates the aggregate yield for 1876 at $90,000,000, of which it is anticipated that Nevada will produce $50,000,000.

Professor R. W. Raymond, the accomplished editor of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, in the course of some recent literary labors, had occasion to prepare a table of the world's product of silver since the discovery of America in 1492, from which we compile the following statement:

Value of silver produced in Mexico and Peru, from 1492 to 1803		$4,152,650,000
Production in Europe during the same period		200,000,000
Mexico and South America, 1804—1848		1,244,380,794
Europe and Asiatic Russia, same period		325,000,000
From 1848 to 1868, United States	$ 78,000,000	
" " Mexico	380,000,000	
" " South America	200,000,000	
" " Australia	20,000	
" " Europe & Asiatic Russia	160,380,000	
		813,400,000
From 1868 to 1875, United States	$163,000,000	
" " Mexico	140,000,000	
" " South America	56,000,000	
" " Other parts of world	63,000,000	
		422,000,000
Grand total of the silver product, from the discovery of America to the present time		$7,157,430,794

Some years ago there was a report that all the copper-bottomed ships brought home silver from the salt water of the ocean, and mathematicians at once went to work to compute the enormous quantity of the precious metal that must be contained in the oceans of the world; but since the original discovery nothing further has been said on the subject. In 1849 silver was also found in the blood of several animals, especially of the ox, but in all of these cases the occurrence is generally considered to be accidental.

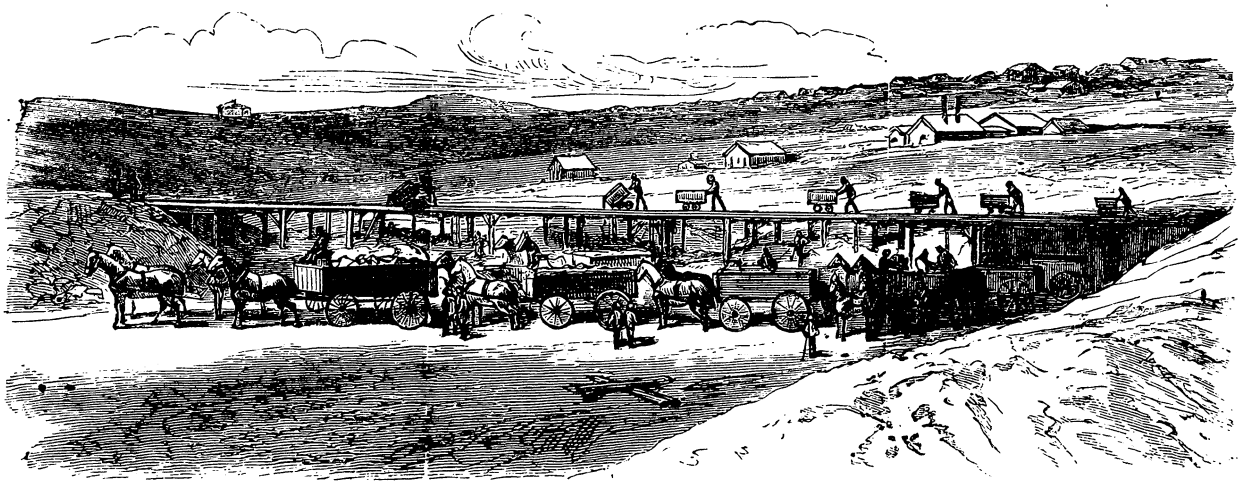


FIG. 6.—WAGON-LOADS OF SILVER ORE GOING TO THE MILLS AT VIRGINIA CITY TO BE GROUND.

The uses of silver are numerous, and are continually on the increase. It is too soft to be employed pure for coinage, but when alloyed with copper is much harder and better suited to the wear of a circulating medium. The value of silver to gold is as 1 to 15½, and the specific gravity as 15 to 18, so that for the same sized coin the value of the pure gold has 29⅔ the relative worth of the silver of the same size and weight. Silver wire and silver foil have long been extensively employed, and various methods have been prepared for cleaning the articles made from it. Among the liquids that have been employed for this purpose may be mentioned a solution of permanganate of potash, also cyanide of potassium, hot hydrochloric acid, borax, and potash. The so-called silver beads and pearls for embroidery are made of tombac metal, which is rubbed with silver amalgam and freed from mercury by heat. Brass can also be plated with imitation silver by rubbing it with a preparation

composed of equal parts of mercury, tin, and bismuth, and one and a half parts prepared chalk—a trifling amount of silver makes the color and appearance of silver much more enduring.

Silver has the property of reflecting nearly all the rays of light that fall upon it, and hence it has been largely employed in the manufacture of mirrors. Silver mirrors can be readily prepared by making use of the following solutions, recommended by Mr. D. C. Chapman, of New York:

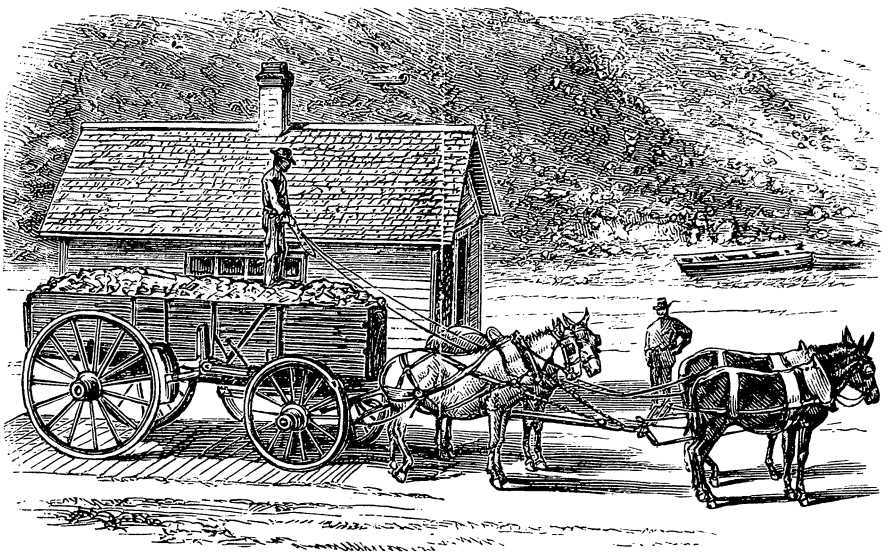


FIG. 7.—WEIGHING A LOAD OF ORE AT THE SILVER MINES, VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.

No. 1. Reducing solution: In 12 ozs. of water dissolve 12 grains Rochelle salts, and boil. Add, while boiling, 16 grains nitrate of silver dissolved in 1 oz. water, and continue the boiling for ten minutes more, then add water to make 12 ozs.

No. 2. Silvering solution: Dissolve 1 oz. nitrate of silver in 10 ozs. water; then add *liquor ammoniæ* until the brown precipitate is nearly but not quite all dissolved; then add 1 oz. alcohol and sufficient water to make 12 ozs.

To silver: Take equal parts of Nos. 1 and 2, mix thoroughly, and lay the glass, face down, on the top of the mixture while wet, after it has been carefully cleaned with soda and well rinsed with clean water.

Distilled water should be used for making the solutions. About 2 drachms of each will silver a plate 2 inches square. The dish in which the silvering is done should be only a little larger than the plate. The solutions should stand and settle for two or three days before being used, and will keep good a long time.

A writer in the New York *Sun* gives a very clear and satisfactory explanation of the causes for the decline in the value of silver, with which we propose to close our present article:

"A classification by values of the collective bullion product between the years 1500 and 1848 exhibits three billions of dollars in gold, and nearly seven billions in the white metal. For the period from 1848 to 1873 this relation was precisely reversed, the percentage of gold constituting sixty-eight and that of silver thirty-two per cent. of the whole yield. Now, that in a highly organized commercial system the questions of convenience in computation and transport and of economy in coinage outweigh all others may be considered demonstrated by the fact that the last-named period, when the disturbance of equilibrium was entirely due to gold, was distinguished by the almost unanimous renunciation of a silver standard throughout Europe.

"The movement naturally was initiated by England, which had established a gold standard in 1817. For half a century, however, most European countries clung to the delusion that the oscillations of the bullion market might be counteracted by the makeshifts of a double standard, as if a disturbance of relative values would not entail the withdrawal of the appreciated metal from circulation. At length, in 1865, by the so-called Latin Coinage League, France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy accepted in principle the gold standard to which Spain and Portugal, the Scandinavian kingdoms, Roumania, and the United States, now conform. Lastly, the German Empire, with the beginning of the current year, declared its definitive adhesion to the same measure of values. Alone among the great commercial States, Austria and Russia uphold a silver standard, Holland having lately taken a preliminary step toward identification with the general European system.

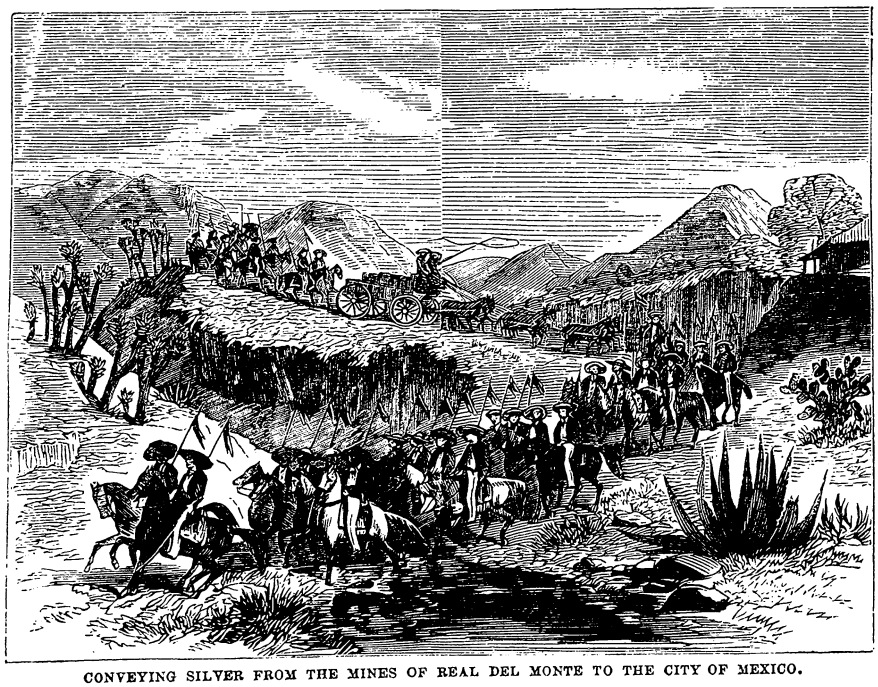
"The tremendous shrinkage of demand occasioned by the almost universal repudiation of silver as a measure of value undoubtedly constitutes an important cause of its present depreciation. Two other circumstances, however, have notably co-operated. One obviously is the unprecedented expansion of silver production in Nevada during the last few years, coincident with a signal falling off in the yield of Australian and

FIG. 8.—INDIANS AT PARRAL, MEXICO, BREAKING ORE.

APACHE INDIAN PRISONERS BREAKING ARGENTIFEROUS GALENA AT THE GALENA SILVER WORKS, CHIHUAHUA.

California gold fields. The other is the sudden and mysterious contraction of the outflow to the East, the amount of silver shipped to China and the Indies having sunk from 65,000,000 in 1861, and 35,000,000 in 1866, to less than 25,000,000 in 1874, the decline in the export of this metal being accompanied by increased shipments of gold. It is owing to these concurrent causes that the silver ounce, which ten years ago was worth sixty-two pence in the London market, was in May, 1875, worth less than fifty-seven, revealing a relative depression of 7 per cent.

"Apparently the dethronement of silver as a standard of values is conclusive and irrevocable. Yet a reversal of the present conditions of production — the exhaustion, for example, of the Comstock lode, coupled with a discovery of vast deposits of gold — might go far to rehabilitate the discredited metal. In all questions respecting the ultimate supply of the precious metals, as well as of the useful minerals, China represents an unknown factor which may one day nullify our calculations. The gold mines and placers of northern China are reported to be the richest on the globe. To what extent their vigorous development, following the displacement of the Tartar dynasty by a great European power—supposing that Russia should attempt and accomplish so immense an enterprise — might revolutionize our standard of value, must be classed among the problems of the future."



CONVEYING SILVER FROM THE MINES OF REAL DEL MONTE TO THE CITY OF MEXICO.

——:o:——

PREVENTION is the best bridle.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

SETTING FIRE TO TURPENTINE BY BLEACHING-POWDERS.—Some turpentine oil was by accident spilt upon the top of a small cask of bleaching-powders, and, in the course of an hour, a strong smell called attention to the cask, and on opening it the contents were found to be glowing hot. In a few minutes the woodwork of the cask would have taken fire. The accident shows that it is not safe to bring turpentine into contact with chloride of lime. The explanation is that the chloride has such an affinity for hydrogen as to set it on fire.

CARBONATE OF LITHIA.—An improved method for the preparation of this compound is followed at the chemical works of E. Scheering, in Berlin, which consists in attacking the mineral with sulphuric acid, exhausting with water, neutralizing with milk of lime, precipitating with carbonate of potash, re-dissolving in hydrochloric acid, re-precipitating the carbonate of lithia a beautiful white, voluminous powder, by means of carbonate of ammonia. The demand for this salt is constantly on the increase, owing to its consumption in medicine and in the manufacture of artificial mineral waters. About 6,000 pounds are now annually required, and the price has been reduced from $60 to $5 a pound.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL ON SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.—The triangular controversy between Professor Tyndall and Professor Pasteur, opposed to the doctrine of spontaneous generation on the one side, and Dr. Bastian in favor of it on the other, still wages in England and France. Professor Tyndall has shown by brilliant experiments that, if solutions open to air soon swarm with life, it is because they have been impregnated by living particles floating in the air. He also proved that the germs can be destroyed by fire, by acids, or by filtering through cotton-wool, and that air thus purified will not transmit light. A glass chamber filled with the purified air remains dark, even when placed in the track of a concentrated beam of light. There is nothing to reflect or scatter the light, and it may now be accepted as an axiom, that air which has lost its power of scattering light has also lost its power of producing life. Dr. Bastian answered that he succeeded in raising of germs in the pure air, where Tyndall failed. Pasteur rejoins, confirming Tyndall's observations, and reiterating the original conclusion to which he arrived some time ago, that, "*Dans l'état actuel de la science, l'hypothèse de la génération spontanée est une chimère.*"

A METEORIC SHOWER OF FROGS' SPAWN.—As if to beard the lion in his den, a strange shower of what at the time was supposed to be meat recently fell in Kentucky, not many miles from the residence of Professor J. Lawrence Smith, who, as it happens, has devoted more attention to the analysis and research of meteorites than any scientist in America. Dr. Smith soon studied out the phenomenon and explained that it was not the first time such a thing had happened, and that the mysterious matter was probably the spawn of frogs blown into the air from a neighboring pond by a heavy gale. He says of the specimens which were sent to him: "In appearance they resemble gelatinous matter of various forms, and with transparent edges. When placed in water they become swollen. They were without any fibre. When placed under the microscope no trace of animal tissue could be found. They have been transported from the ponds and swampy grounds by currents of wind, and have ultimately fallen on the spot where found. A similar occurrence took place in Ireland in 1675, and is recorded by Muschubroeck. He describes the substance as glutinous and fatty, and when held in the hand emitted an unpleasant smell when burned. The egg of the frog is a round mass of transparent jelly, in the centre of which is a black globule. In the case of the samples shown to Dr. Smith, he found them hard, on account of their passage through the air. The doctor thinks that there is great exaggeration as to the quantity of dead spawn which has fallen. He promises to analyze other samples, and, if he should see any reason to change these views, will make them public."

ARTIFICIAL PRECIOUS STONES.—The manufacture of paste or glass imitations of jewels has been pushed to a great degree of perfection in France. By the addition of salts of magnesia the hardness has been made to approach the native mineral very closely, and by putting in baryta the specific gravity is also closely imitated. It is becoming a difficult task to distinguish a false from a genuine jewel. Imitation diamonds are made in large quantities of nothing but glass, the actual cost by the ton being scarcely greater than that of good flint-glass. The manufacturers give a very amusing account of the way in which they are made, which, if it were true, would enable us to produce artificial diamonds at an alarmingly cheap rate. Unfortunately for the interests of science, the electro-deposit of carbon, in the way described, is not possible. The circular says: "The body is of crystal, which is the best substance that could possibly be used for the purpose. Then, after the crystals are cut in the proper shape, they are put into a galvanic battery which coats them over with a liquid that is made of diamonds which are too small to be cut, and the chippings and cuttings that are taken off of diamonds during the process of shaping them. Thus all of the small particles of diamonds that have heretofore been comparatively worthless can now, since this discovery, be used to produce diamond liquid." The hardness and sparkle of the diamond-coated gems, which it is claimed make them equal in durability and desirability to the real diamonds, are set forth fully with much bad grammar, though why the possessor of the secret of diamond dissolution does not turn his attention to the manufacture of Koh-i-noors from "the small particles comparatively worthless," is not stated.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"GOING for the bottom facts," is what the conscientious Brooklyn mother calls it now when she slippers her eldest for fixing a clothes-pin on pussy's tail.

A YOUNG shaver had had several teeth extracted with the assurance that they would come again. With an eye to the immediate future, little Johnnie inquired, "Will they come again before we have dinner?"

A YOUNG lady, while walking with a gentleman, stumbled; and when her companion, to prevent her falling, grasped her hand somewhat tightly, she simpered, "Oh, sir, if it comes to that, you must ask pa!"

"PUT out your tongue a little farther," said a doctor to a female patient; "a little farther, if you please—a little farther still." "Why, doctor," cried the gaping individual, "do you think there is no end to a woman's tongue?"

THE Southern negroes are mystified over the recent visits of cyclones and hurricanes, and an aged Savannah darkey remarks, "If dese yere winds can't be tuned down a little, what's de use of buying mules and 'cumulating a family?"

A STORY is told of a venerable negro in Iowa who was on trial for an offence against the State. When the case was announced in court, "The State of Iowa *versus* Sampson Cæsar," the aged African exclaimed: "What! de whole State of Iowa agin dis chile! Den I surrenders."

SONG OF THE SCHOOLMA'AM.

SIXTY little urchins,
Coming through the door,
Pushing, crowding, making
A tremendous roar.
Why don't you keep quiet?
Can't you mind the rule?
Bless me, this is pleasant,
Teaching public school.

Sixty little pilgrims
On the road to fame,
If they fail to reach it,
Who will be to blame?
High and lowly stations—
Birds of every feather—
On a common level
Here are brought together.

Dirty little faces,
Loving little hearts,
Eyes brimful of mischief,
Skilled in all its arts.
That's a precious darling!
What are you about?
"May I pass the water?"
"Please, may I go out?"

Boots and shoes are shuffling,
Slates and books are rattling—
And, in the corner yonder,
Two pugilists are battling.
Others cutting didoes,
What a botheration!
No wonder we grow crusty
From such association!

A LADY says the first time she was kissed she felt like a tub of roses swimming in honey, cologne, nutmegs and cranberries. She felt as if something was running through her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little cupids in chariots drawn by angels, shaded by honeysuckles, and the whole spread melted with rainbows.

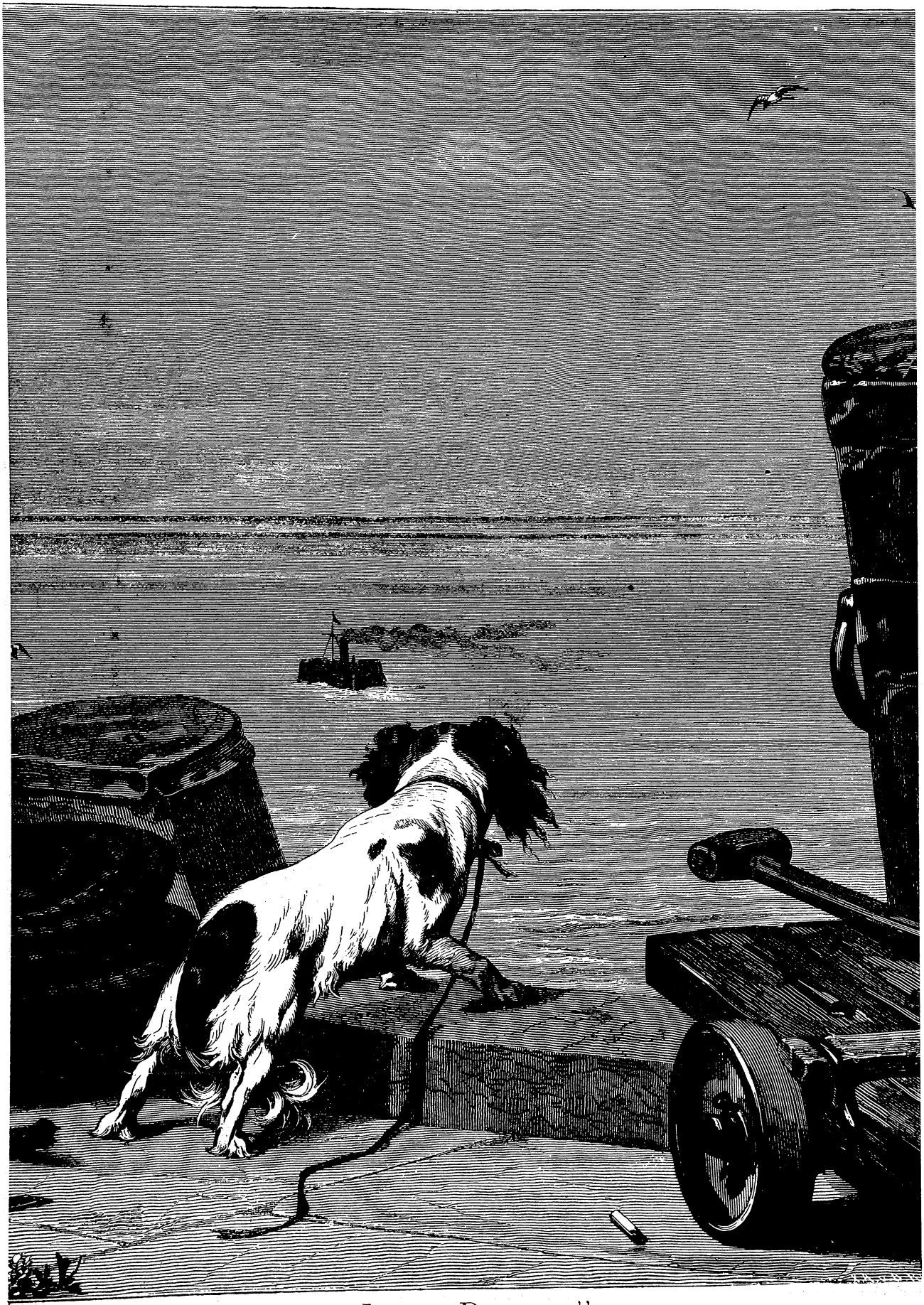
"PLASE sur, what's the fare from Dublin to Glasgow?" inquired a son of the Emerald Isle one day of the clerk of a shipping office.
"Eighteen shillings," replied the other.
"An' what d'ye charge for a pig or a cow?"
"Oh, 1s. 6d. for a pig, and 3s. for a cow."
"Well," replied Pat, "book me as a pig."

"MAMMA," said a little Danbury boy, "in the Summer-time, when it's very dry, they pray for rain, don't they?"
"Yes, my dear."
"And the rain comes?"
"Yes."
"Why don't they pray for snow?" he next asked, looking anxiously at his sled.

"HOW MUCH is my bill?" inquired a sad-eyed youth in a Chicago confectionery store the other day.
The proprietor looked over his books a minute and then replied:
"Sixteen dollars and fifteen cents."
As the youth drew forth his wallet to meet the account, he sighed deeply and said, "I tell you this is tough!"
"How so?" asked the confectioner.
"Oh, she's gone back on me."
"Who?"
"Oh, she—the girl that eats all this candy," continued the unhappy youth, "and I tell you it's hard to pay for so much sweetness after it's gone and soured on a fellow."
The candy man acknowledged that it did seem kind of rough.

ACTORS IN SPITE OF THEMSELVES.

A QUIET MEAL IN A MUSICAL FAMILY.



"Left Behind."

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. I.—No. 6. JUNE, 1876. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

ALEXANDER TURNEY STEWART.

THE STORY OF A HUNDRED MILLIONS.

IN the May number of the POPULAR MONTHLY we presented to our readers a sketch of the life of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and in commenting upon the character and experience of the "great Railroad King," took occasion to be philosophical. We reasoned, briefly, that the life of such a man as Vanderbilt could not justly be taken as an incentive to exertion, or an encouragement to ambition on the part of the majority of young men. We disputed, in fact, the currently accepted theory that

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,"

reasoning that the great man or the successful man was the result of favorable combinations and adventitious circumstances, as well as of his own exertions.

The course of reasoning which answered for the life of Commodore Vanderbilt — who may still have many years of vigorous life before him—is equally opportune in the case of Alexander T. Stewart, whose recent death the entire American press have had occasion to notice, accompanied by a variety of eulogistic comments.

As one of the three wealthiest men of the United States—Vanderbilt and Astor being the other two — Mr. Stewart was a man who had reached high consideration through labor and through success. It is appropriate, after his death, that the story of his life should be fully told, and its lesson, if there be any, promulgated for the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

MR. STEWART INSTRUCTING ONE OF HIS CLERKS NEVER TO MISREPRESENT THE QUALITY OF GOODS TO A CUSTOMER.—FROM A SKETCH BY A CLERK IN HIS ESTABLISHMENT. (The only characteristic portrait ever made of Mr. Stewart.)

Alexander Turney Stewart is believed to have been born in Belfast, Ireland, about 1802, of Scotch-Irish parentage. There is very little known concerning his early life, Mr. Stewart's marked aversion to submit to interrogatories concerning himself having been a prominent quality in his character, and the fact that he had no relatives whatsoever in the latter years of his life precluded the obtaining

of such information. It has been believed, however, that the boy was brought up in his early years under the care of his grandfather, and that he received a college education, beginning in an academy at Belfast and closing at Trinity College, Dublin, it being then intended that he should be educated for the ministry. The sudden death of his grandfather and guardian interfered with this plan, however, and left Mr. Stewart and his mother the only survivors of the direct family line.

It is believed that Mr. Stewart came to this country in 1823, and that his first advent into active life was made as an usher in the school of Isaac F. Bragg, said to have been in Roosevelt Street. An anecdote concerning this portion of his life runs to the effect that he proposed marriage to a lady teacher in the school, but was refused. If this was the case, the young lady has doubtless ere this experienced a sentiment of chagrin at her haste in the matter.

The inaccuracy of current newspaper stories concerning Mr. Stewart's early life has been shown in the variety of their statement. While one of these assert that Mr. Stewart received from his grandfather only the sum of £700, with which he came to America, another alleges that he returned to Ireland, after having been for some time in this country, in order to receive the legacy left him by his grandfather, amounting to $10,000. Again, it is said, on the one hand, that he drifted into the dry goods business by assuming the stock and trade of a person to whom he had loaned money, in order to recover his debt; while, on the other hand, it is alleged that he commenced this business on his own part by importing embroidered dresses from the neighborhood of his birthplace. Finally, it is said that he came to this country in 1818; and again, that this happened in 1823, while the period of his birth even is affected by mystery to the extent of a difference of seven years. Concerning all these matters, it is only necessary to state that the weight of evidence as to the date of Mr. Stewart's arrival in this country goes to show that it occurred in 1823.

Referring to what is perhaps the best evidence extant as to his early movements, we are met at the outset by a certainly curious sequence of events, to which we desire to turn the attention of our readers. The authority to which we allude is the New York City Directory, in which, up to the year 1824, we find no mention of Alexander T. Stewart, and only one name similar to that, "Alexander L. Stewart, 141 Houston Street," the business not given. In 1824, however, we find that a second "Alexander L. Stewart," has got his name in the Directory; business, dry goods; location, 233 Broadway; and now the two Stewarts continue side by side in the Directory until 1827, when Alexander L. Stewart, dry goods, disappears from this work, and is never after heard of. He is, however, replaced by Alexander T. Stewart, dry goods, 262 Broadway, who has continued in the New York Directory ever since. The residence of Alexander L. Stewart is given as No. 3 Reade Street; that of Alexander T. Stewart does not appear until 1830, when it is represented to be No. 5 Warren Street.

Referring now to the work entitled "The Art of Money-making; or, the Road to Fortune," by James D. Mills, a New York merchant, we find on page 372, in the sketch of Alexander T. Stewart, the following: "He rented a little store on his return, at 233 Broadway, and there displayed his stock, which met with a ready sale, at a fair profit." It will be observed that 283 Broadway is the number in the New York City Directory attributed to "Alexander L. Stewart, dry goods," from 1824 to 1827. Whether Mr. Mills has managed to make an error between the two numbers, 283 and 262; whether Alexander T. Stewart and Alexander L. Stewart were one and the same person; or whether this is only "a remarkable coincidence," we leave to the consideration of our readers. One curious feature of the problem, however, is that whoever "Alexander L. Stewart, dry goods," may have been, we never hear of him again under that name in the New York City Directory.

In 1830 Mr. Stewart moved his business to 257 Broadway, and the firm name became Alexander T. Stewart & Co. Here he remained until he removed to the corner of Broadway and Reade Street. In the meantime, his residence, from No. 5 Warren Street, changed to No. 7 St. Mark's Place; in 1842, to No. 5 Depau Place; in 1846, to No. 6 Depau Row, Bleecker Street, where he remained until his removal, in 1862, to 331 Fifth Avenue. From this residence Mr. Stewart finally removed to his "marble palace" at the northwest corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, a few years ago, the change of residence being immediately occasioned by an outbreak of small-pox occurring among the servants in his other house. In 1841 Mr. Stewart married Miss Cornelia M. Clinch, who survives him.

Returning to his early business history, it is to be observed that in the earlier years of his residence in New York, Mr. Stewart sent to Ireland for his mother, a woman who appears to have possessed large business endowments, and who, shortly after her arrival in New York, opened a furniture store on Catherine Street, and for years carried on the business so successfully that she was enabled to add considerably to the rapidly increasing fortune of her son.

The superb building, at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, was built by Mr. Stewart in 1848–9, the property having been sold by John H. Costar for the sum of $65,000. The great iron building at the corner of Tenth Street and Broadway was completed by Mr. Stewart in 1862, at a cost of $2,755,000. The property on which it stands is leased ground, forming part of the Sailors' Snug Harbor Estate, the lots covering an area of two and a half acres. To this store on its completion Mr. Stewart removed his retail business, leaving the down-town establishment for his wholesale trade. This down-town store occupies the site of what was once Washington Hall, at one time a place of fashionable resort.

From the time that Mr. Stewart made the daring move which placed him in the most magnificent retail business structure in the world, his business increased enormously. By this time he had established his agencies in various cities in Europe, and always buying for cash, and of course at the lowest prices, was able at any time to control the market.

It has been a remarkable feature of Mr. Stewart's business life that he has always been successful in times of great public depression. This has arisen from the fact of his foreseeing financial disturbances and turning them to his own advantage. Thus in the panic of 1837 Mr. Stewart, who was already prosperous and successful, discerned the embarrassing situation which was approaching, and made good use of it. Marking down all his goods to their lowest possible rates, he immediately achieved a reputation for "selling at cost," and as everybody was complaining of "hard times," his goods at these low rates sold in every direction. While other merchants were sending their goods to auction, Mr. Stewart attended these auctions regularly, and purchased the goods thus offered, on which he realized an average profit of 40 per cent. It is said that he purchased $50,000 worth of silk in that way, and sold the whole lot within a few days at a profit of $20,000. In certain lines of goods Mr. Stewart was able to accomplish a monopoly; English, French, and German manufacturers making a concession to him, which no one else could obtain.

He, however, soon began to establish the system of branch houses, both in Europe and in this country, through which he has been able to create and carry on his magnificent business. These branch houses are at present in Boston, Philadelphia, Paris, Lyons, Manchester, Bradford, Nottingham, Belfast, Glasgow, Berlin, and Chemnitz. Mr.

Stewart's far-sightedness in the matter of acquiring property, which he deemed would be valuable to him, was only equalled as a quality by his persistence in that direction in spite of all opposition.

An instance of this will be remembered in the case of the construction of the iron building between Ninth and Tenth Streets. On the corner of Ninth Street was the store occupied by the New York agents of the French house of Goupil, Vibert & Co. This corner was of course necessary to enable Mr. Stewart to complete his design of occupying the entire square. The lessees, however, held out for an exorbitant bonus, refusing liberal offers on the part of Mr. Stewart. Determined not to accede to the terms, which he considered outrageous, Mr. Stewart gave up the idea of purchasing the lease, and instead of this built around the store, leaving it in its place until the lease expired, and the foolish occupant was forced to retire without any bonus whatever.

As has been before remarked, this is the largest store of the kind in the world, and Mr. Stewart's investment in the building alone is estimated at $2,755,000. It has eight floors, each of which covers an area of two and a quarter acres. The building is heated by means of an engine of 520 horse-power, which also runs the elevators and furnishes power for the large number of sewing-machines on the fourth floor. Two thousand employés are engaged within these premises, and the running expenses are estimated to be over $1,000,000 per annum. The sales of the wholesale and retail stores have aggregated as high as $50,000,000 in a single year.

With regard to the distribution of the business: At Manchester, the English goods are collected, examined, and packed. At Belfast is a factory belonging to the house, where linens are bleached. At Glasgow is the depôt for Scotch goods. In Paris are collected East India, French, and German goods. The woolen house is in Berlin, and the silk warehouses are at Lyons. All continental business centres in Paris, where the payments are made. Meanwhile, there are numerous mills in Europe and the United States manufacturing goods exclusively for the house of A. T. Stewart & Co., while buyers and agents are always traveling in various directions engaged in forwarding the interests of the house.

The following mills in this country are owned by the firm: "The New York Mills," at Holyoke; "The Woodward Mills," at Woodstock; the "Mohawk" and "El Bœuf," at Little Falls; the "Ianthica Mills," New Jersey; the "Glenham Woolen and Carpet Mills," the "Utica Woolen Mills," the "Washington Mills," at New Hartford, near Utica; the "Catskill Woolen Mill," and the "Waterville Woolen Mill." Besides these are also thread mills at Catskill, and a large manufactory in this city.

Mr. Stewart's first store, that at 283 Broadway, is said to have rented at $375 a year. It was a single room, twelve feet front and thirty feet deep. Here Mr. Stewart labored alone for a considerable time in his early experience, making himself acquainted with the business, in which he had engaged, by the most careful study and analysis of which it was susceptible.

It is a little curious that of the number of persons living in New York, who remember Mr. Stewart's advent into mercantile life, no one can recall to mind any anecdotes or incidents illustrating his habits. It is generally conceded, however, that he commenced business with the determination to conduct it with strict integrity, and with the purpose of developing it to its utmost capacity. Mr. Stewart seems to have scorned the usual tricks and dodges of small traders, and to have continued his low estimate of this kind of commercial acumen as his establishment grew larger and his business more extended. Scrupulously neat and exact in his own habits he required the same qualities in those who served him, and rebuked any departure from what he considered orderly conduct with considerable severity. So whenever in his store he perceived any fault or derangement, he made it his personal business to set it right, and among the incidents of his life which have come down to us, several are mentioned illustrating this peculiarity. An old clerk relates, that Mr. Stewart never spoke to him but twice; once when he had torn a piece of weak wrapping paper roughly, he was told that people did not "like to get shiftless looking bundles"; again, when the clerk wound a bundle around with an extra turn of string, Mr. Stewart said: "Never waste even a piece of string, waste is always wrong." No case of any sale of goods in his establishment accompanied by misrepresentation ever passed his knowledge without re uke. Another of Mr. Stewart's peculiarities, was his close familiarity with the smallest details of his affairs. He carried everything in his own head, from the most costly importations down to the minutest article in the Yankee Notion department. Thus was he always fully aware of how much stock he was carrying in each line, and kept a constant watch that he should not be overstocked, marking down goods to the lowest possible rates whenever this happened. In the meantime, however, his mind was not devoted by any means entirely to the details of small matters. He conceived and executed plans in his own proper business of very considerable magnitude, adding from time to time, as occasion seemed to demand it, further departments to his business, and competing through these with smaller establishments, often to the destruction of the latter.

It is difficult to say when Mr. Stewart first commenced his investments in real estate outside of his business. At the time of his death, besides numerous establishments connected with this, he owned the Metropolitan Hotel, Niblo's Theatre, and a great many houses and lots in Bleecker and Amity Streets and West Broadway, the Globe Theatre, his marble mansion in Fifth Avenue, the large iron building at Fourth Avenue and Thirty-second Street, the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga, the vast estate at Hempstead Plains, the old St. Ann's Church in Eighth Street, a number of buildings in Fourth Avenue, some in Cornelia and Bedford Streets, near Minetta Lane; his former residence, No. 1 East Thirty-fourth Street; several pieces of property in Elm Street—all of which, within the city limits, was assessed at $6,212,700, its estimated actual value being about $10,400,000. The amount invested in his business has been judged to be about $10,000,000.

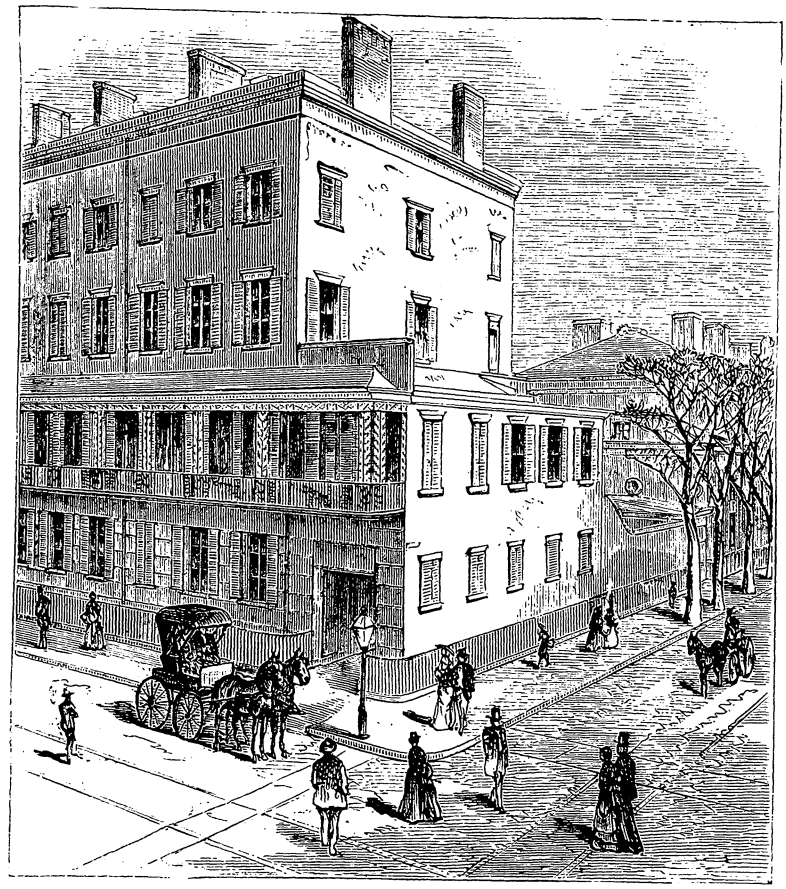
The Hempstead Plains property is about twelve miles long and two and a half wide. "Garden City," as it is called, is four miles from the western end, and has upon it 102 houses, renting from $150 to $1,200 each. At present its population is about 300. In the centre is a large brick hotel, tastefully constructed, which cost, furnished, $100,000. Near the railroad depôt is a large three-story brick house, used for the offices of the superintendent and surveyor, and also a warehouse with small elevator. There is also a stable, which cost $30,000, with a steam-plow, steam-roller, and traction engine. Nine thousand acres of this land were bought in 1868, from the town of Hempstead, for $450,000, and to this area 1,000 acres have been recently added. A contract has also been made for waterworks, to cost $125,000, to consist of a large wheel, 50 ft. in diameter and 35 ft. deep, with machinery to pump 2,500,000 gallons a day, if required. That part of the Central Railroad of Long Island running from the western end of Garden City, four miles to Farmingdale, was owned by Mr. Stewart, and leased to the Central Railroad Company, together with the road of one mile to Hempstead.

At the time of his death, Mr. Stewart had in his employ about 8,000 persons, of whom nine-tenths had families. This did not include his hundreds of workmen which he kept

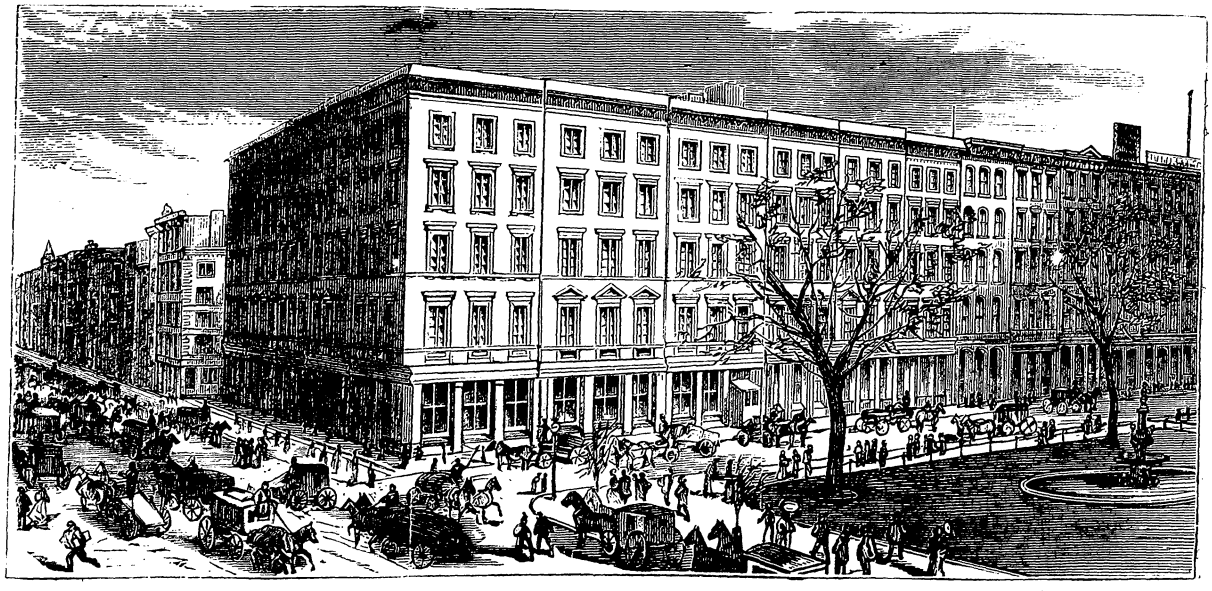
constantly engaged. All his mills were in full operation, while large carpet-mills were in process of being built at Glenham, one of which alone consumed 3,000,000 of brick. There was also being built there a 34 ft. dam.

The design of the Garden City scheme was to furnish comfortable and convenient homes for workingmen at the lowest practicable cost—something, in fact, on the same principle as the Peabody charity in London. The term "charity," however, applied in this direction, is a misnomer. It is certain that, in Mr. Stewart's plan, no idea of its not being self-supporting was entertained.

As to the actual charities of Mr. Stewart, we may mention two or three of importance. During the famine in Ireland, in 1847, he chartered a vessel, insisting that it should be American, and manned by an American crew, loaded it with provisions, and sent it, under the American flag, to the harbor of Belfast. His agent at Belfast was directed to advertise for young men and women desiring to go to America, to the extent of the vessel's capacity. A free passage was given to these, the only requirement being that each applicant should establish the possession of a good moral character, and the ability to read and write. In the meantime Mr. Stewart sent out a personal circular, announcing the expected arrival of his immigrants, and asking employment for them. When the vessel reached New York Harbor, after having performed its benevolent mission, situations were in readiness for nearly all of the new arrivals. At the close of the Franco-German war, Mr. Stewart chartered a steamer and dispatched it to Havre, with 3,800 barrels of flour for the relief of the sufferers of the manufacturing districts. Again, when Chicago was nearly destroyed by fire in 1871, he gave the sum of $50,000 for the relief of the sufferers. During the late rebellion Mr. Stewart presented $100,000 to the Sanitary Commission, and in 1862 contributed $10,000 for relief to the Lancashire operatives. But the act which Mr. Stewart doubtless intended for his chief effort in behalf of the poorer classes, was the proposed construction of the Women's Lodging-house, designed to be a grand hotel for young women, in which they could secure all the comforts of a good home at a minimum price. Over this idea he studied for years, the result of his reflections being the erection of the vast iron building in Fourth Avenue, extending from Thirty-second to Thirty-third Streets, and nearly half

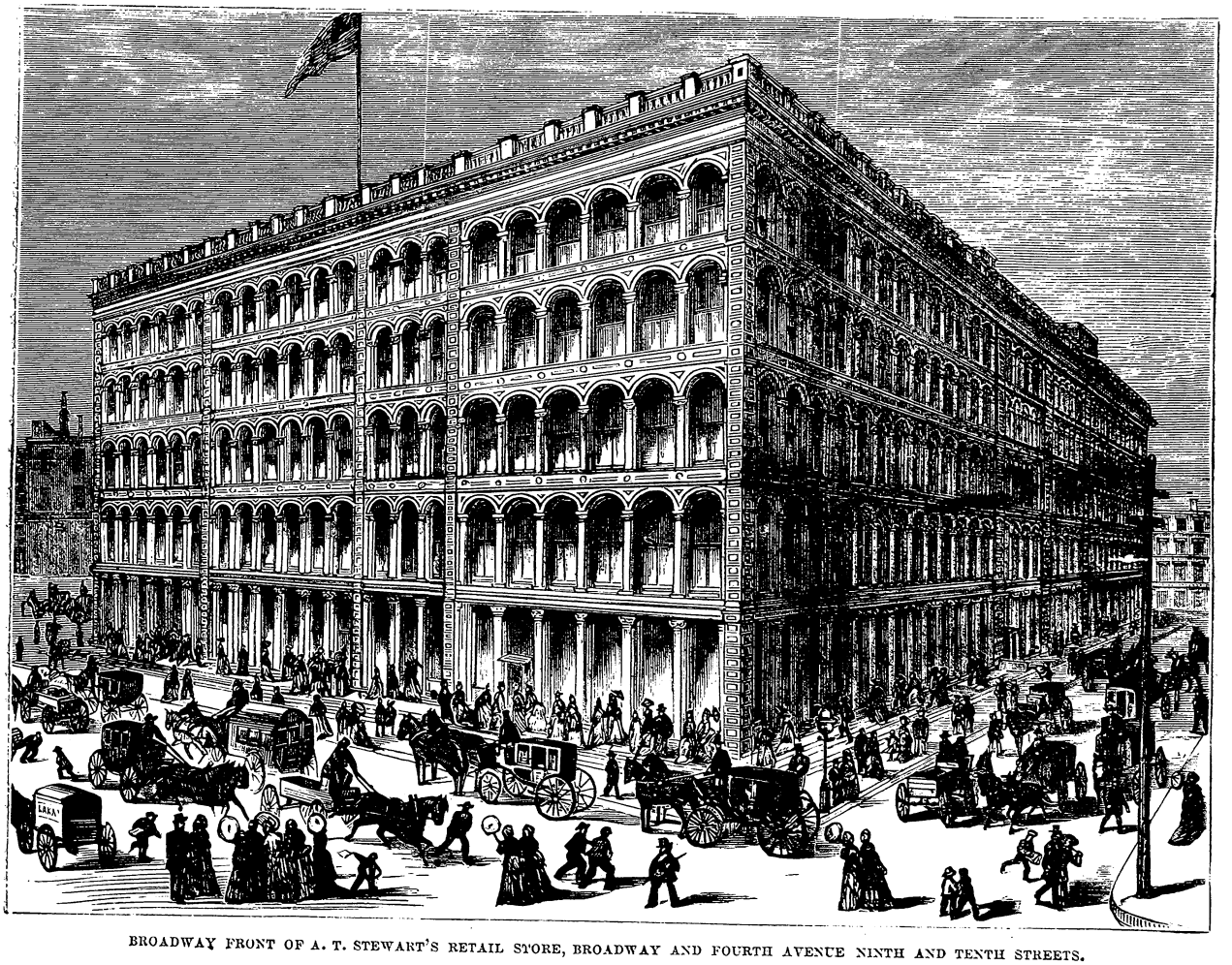


MR. STEWART LEAVING HIS RESIDENCE, NO. 6 DEPAU ROW, BLEECKER STREET, PUNCTUALLY EVERY MORNING AT NINE O'CLOCK.



MR. STEWART'S WHOLESALE STORE, BROADWAY, CHAMBER AND READE STREETS

way through the block toward Madison Avenue. This enterprise Mr. Stewart anticipated would cost him $3,000,000, and upon its completion it was his intention to devote a similar sum for another building, on the same plan, for the benefit of young men. The interior of this structure was never finished, work having been stopped upon it for some time. It is believed, however, that this will now be prosecuted to completion. On Fourth Avenue this building has a frontage of 192 ft. 6 in., and on Thirty-second and Thirty-third Streets, of 205 ft., the breadth of the area of the building being 197 ft. 6 in. The whole structure covers an area of 41,000 square ft. The main building is six stories in height, with an additional story in the mansard. Over the central portions, on each side, and embracing a width of 100 ft. in the respective fronts, is an additional story, having



BROADWAY FRONT OF A. T. STEWART'S RETAIL STORE, BROADWAY AND FOURTH AVENUE NINTH AND TENTH STREETS.

also a mansard roof, making the building, at these centres, eight stories high. At each extremity of these central elevations, are turreted mansards, or towers, each 24 ft. in width and height. Similar towers are on the angles of Thirty-second and Thirty-third Streets. The entire height of the central portions of the building is 109 ft., and that of the side portions 103 ft. The spacious interior hall is to be paved with marble, having a fountain in the centre. Aquaria and flowers form a portion of the design. The economy of the interior devotes a single room to every woman, except in the case of two sisters, for whose accommodation double rooms have been constructed, these apartments to be well furnished, and well ventilated and heated. Further, there is to be a laundry for washing, as in large hotels; a dining-hall, spacious and handsomely ornamented, where meals would be served on the European plan; a drawing-room, for the general social meeting of the occupants, handsomely furnished, with piano, etc.; a reading-room, supplied with daily papers and leading periodicals; and a library filled with a judicious selection of standard works; also a lecture-room, bath-rooms, and other conveniences and necessities. The design contemplates receiving only working women and all those seeking employment, the object being to cheapen the expenses of living, while affording the comforts and refinements of a home.

Mr. Stewart's marble palace, built on the site of the large structure formerly the residence of Dr. Townsend, is perhaps the handsomest and most costly private residence in the country. This building, elegantly furnished, constructed with lofty and spacious rooms, has been an object of curiosity to sight-seers ever since it was completed. Certainly the most interesting feature of the building, however, is the art gallery in the rear, where are located a large number of important and valuable works, selected by Mr. Stewart during his numerous visits abroad, or by means of his agents, many of them having been purchased in the studios of the artists, or directly ordered from them. Mr. Stewart's collection surpassed in importance and value any other in the country, and is estimated to be worth at least $600,000. The picture gallery is about 50 ft. by 30 in dimensions, and in this are placed the principal works, a large number, however, being hung in the parlors, drawing-rooms, and corridors. The latest and most valuable purchase by Mr. Stewart, was a picture by Meissonnier, for which he received $65,000. It is called "1807," and represents Napoleon reviewing a troop of cuirassiers. There are also in the collection two other works by Meissonnier, "L'Aumone," and "Le Sentinelle,"

for the first of which Mr. Stewart paid $18,000, and for the other $20,000. There are three master-pieces by Gérome: "The Chariot Race," which cost Mr. Stewart 125,000 francs; a picture representing a Gladiatorial Duel, which was exhibited at the Vienna Exposition, and which cost $17,000; and another picturing an interview between Moliere and Racine, for which Mr. Stewart gave $6,000. By Fortune, there are "The Snake Charmers," which cost $6,000, and an Italian Court scene, for which Mr. Stewart paid about the same price.

Of Zamacois there are two important works, "The Court Fools" and "The Begging Brother," worth about $10,000 each. Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" is here, for which the artist received $20,000. From Knauss there is "The Children's Feast," which cost Mr. Stewart $10,000. By Yvon, there is a large allegorical painting representing an American subject, painted to Mr. Stewart's order, and which cost $20,000. It is not a great work, and is hung in Mr. Stewart's bath-room. "The Prodigal Son," a gigantic picture, which has been exhibited in all the principal cities in the country, by Mr. Henry W. Derby, is well-known. It was painted by Dubufe, and is a very attractive work, probably worth $30,000. Of Galoit, there is "The Confessional," which cost $3,000. Troyon is represented by two cattle pieces, valued at $8,000 each. Ziem by a magnificent "View of Venice"; Kaulbach by "Cupid and Pysche," and Carl Sohn by "Diana and Actæon." There are also fine specimens of Piloty, Carl Daubigny, Verboeckhoven, Col. Robie, F. Wilhems, Baugniet, De Noter, Toulmouche, Simonetti, Imenez, Lesrel, Madrazo, Agrassot, Fred Preyer, and Meyer Von Bremen. By Merle there is "Hamlet and Ophelia," which cost $5,000, and another by Bouguereau. Here are also Mr. Church's "Niagara," for which the artist received $10,000; Mr. William Hart's "Golden Hour," which cost $4,000; "The Disputed Boundary," by Erskine Nicol, a Scotch artist, valued at $10,000; and Mr. Huntington's "Lady Washington's Reception," said to have cost about $10,000 or $15,000. The collection of statuary includes Powers' "Greek Slave" and "Eve," and Rogers' "Nydia." It is stated that this entire collection of works of art will be disposed of at auction.

We come now to the consideration of the subject of our sketch in his personal characteristics.

An incident illustrating Mr. Stewart's economical ideas, and also his disregard to conventionalities in his early business days, was frequently related by the late Mrs. Hall, of Charlton Street, New York. When the great shopkeeper was still occupying his first little store at No. 283 Broadway, this lady had occasion to make a few purchases, amounting to only a small sum, but forming a package inconvenient for her to carry. Mr. Stewart accordingly asked her if it would be in time for her, if the goods reached her in the evening. On her replying that it would be in ample time, he said that he had given up keeping a boy, to save expense, and would carry the package to its destination himself, after he had put up his shutters and closed his store.

Mr. Stewart is said to have been extremely superstitious, and various incidents are related, illustrating this peculiarity of his temperament.

It is said of an old applewoman, who for many years occupied a place on the sidewalk near his marble store at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Streets, that on the completion of his up-town building, the merchant caused her to be removed, with her stock, to that locality, having a very decided conviction that the act would ensure the prosperity of his new establishment. It is asserted that the delay in removing his family to his marble palace in Fifth Avenue after the completion of that building, was occasioned by a superstitious dread originating in some unfortunate matter connected with its erection. Another story is to the effect that a lady, whose acquaintance Mr. Stewart had made just previous to the opening of his new store, warned him not to sell anything there, until she had first purchased something in the store; and on the opening day, early in the morning, she called and bought nearly $200 worth of goods, principally Irish laces. Years afterwards, Mr. Stewart, while traveling in Europe is said to have been informed that this lady was residing in the city in which he then happened to be, in destitute circumstances. He immediately sought her out, when he learned that her husband had squandered her entire fortune, leaving her in indigence. Mr. Stewart immediately furnished an elegant suite of apartments in which he placed her, and afterwards settled upon her a handsome annuity, supporting her during her life in comparative luxury, and all this from the belief that her early purchase in his new store had brought him luck.

Mr. Stewart's early classical education was considered by him to be of sufficient importance to be kept up at least to the extent of reading occasionally the classics in the original. Mr. Parke Godwin states that Mr. Stewart devoted a portion of each day to the reading of Greek. Mr. Godwin also says that on one occasion he met Mr. Stewart who, after inquiring after the health of Mr. William Cullen Bryant, desired to know how far the latter had progressed in his translation of "Homer's Iliad," upon which the venerable poet was then engaged. Mr. Godwin replied that Mr. Bryant was making fair progress, doing fifty lines a day, On this, Mr. Stewart observed that it was his own habit to read a certain number of lines of Greek every morning. Mr. Godwin says further, that Mr. Stewart found time to study the French and German languages, while actively engaged in his business affairs; that he had also devoted himself to the study of the various questions involved in the relations of Capital and Labor; and that he was a master of the science of Finance.

Mr. Stewart's profound antipathy to having any portrait made of himself, or any sketch of his life written, was a marked trait in his character. Wilson McDonald, the sculptor, was at one time in the habit of seeing Mr. Stewart frequently, and took the opportunity to study his features, afterwards modeling them in clay in his studio, from memory. When the model was completed, he invited some of the gentlemen in Mr. Stewart's employ, to look at it, and was informed by them that in their opinion it was a good likeness. This model, however, was permitted to dry up, and was set aside. The artist now, however, proposes to bring it to light, and complete it. The only portrait known to have been made of Mr. Stewart was by T. P. Rossiter, forming one of a group of merchants, said to have been painted at the suggestion or instigation of the Century Club. Mr. Stewart, after sitting a few times to Mr. Rossiter, was dissatisfied with the latter's non-success in catching his expression and features, and ceased his sittings abruptly. Afterwards this painting was sold at auction by Mr. Leavitt in Astor Place, and was purchased for $300 by a speculator, who sold it to Mr. Stewart at a greatly increased figure.

It has been rumored that Mr. Stewart once sat for his portrait to some lady artist; but this statement lacks confirmation. In explanation of his reluctance to being depicted on canvas or by photography, Mr. Stewart is said to have remarked, "I have passed my prime, and I don't want to be handed down to posterity as a worn-out, old man."

After his death, Mr. Albert Bierstadt took a cast in wax of his features, and from this there will doubtless be produced an oil portrait, and possibly a bust.

Twice during Mr. Stewart's life he received appointments expressive of the confidence which was felt in his wisdom, judgment, and integrity. In 1867 he went to Paris as one of the representatives from the United States to the French Exposition, being President of the Honorary Commission

appointed by the Government. In 1869 he was nominated by President Grant to the office of Secretary of the Treasury. Such an appointment, however, being in conflict with a law which forbids any one holding the position while engaged in business, and Congress refusing to amend this law, the nomination was obliged to be withdrawn—although Mr. Stewart offered to place his business in other hands during his term of office, with the understanding that they should be diverted to some charitable purpose.

Mr. Stewart is said to have obtained his employés and held them at lower rates of pay than any other merchant in the business. This was certainly the case as to the majority of those who served him. He never would pay beyond the lowest market rates, and never found any difficulty in supplying his necessities at those rates; but in the selection of experts in the various departments of his business requiring such persons, he paid the very highest current salaries. The fact is, that he was overrun with applications for situations, and had only to pick from the great number who offered themselves, and who were anxious for employment on any terms, possibly as much as anything because they found it easier to obtain other and more lucrative situations if they could sustain their application with a good record from Mr. Stewart's establishments.

Mr. Henry C. Bowen, who was the senior partner of the old and well-known firm of Bowen, McNamee & Co., has given certain anecdotes of Mr. Stewart, who, according to Mr. Bowen, was considered by New York merchants to be the shrewdest of all of them. As an illustration of this, it is observed of Mr. John Rankin, formerly a large importer, that on receiving goods from abroad, it was his custom to invite the leading buyers to visit his place and inspect them. The cases were opened, the prices of each line and quality of goods determined upon, and then the merchants were received. Many buyers came, and among them Mr. Stewart. And while the others went about the store, feeling the fabrics as to how thick this was, and how thin that was, and wasted time in hemming and hawing and debating with each other, Mr. Stewart would take Mr. Rankin through the store with him, selecting the best of his stock and purchasing it at once.

Mr. Bowen also says that Henry Sheldon, an extensive importer of French goods, had one time sold Mr. Stewart goods to the amount of $25,000 or $30,000, and felt a little timid about increasing his credit with him. He informed the merchant that he desired to know a little more about his capital and business than he then knew. In reply, Mr. Stewart referred him to Mr. Lewis Tappan, of the firm of Arthur Tappan & Co., saying, "As you sell that firm largely, and have confidence in them, if you will be satisfied I will ask Mr. Tappan to come here and examine my books, and you may then know all I know myself." Mr. Sheldon consented, and Mr. Tappan spent several evenings in Mr. Stewart's counting-room, studying his books. He reported, when his task was ended, that Mr. Stewart was abundantly good, and was worth about $70,000. This report established Mr. Stewart's credit, which was never afterward questioned.

During the late war, as in the panic year of 1837, Mr. Stewart realized large profits. Foreseeing at an early period the inevitable rise in cotton, he bought largely of fabrics in this material, and was thus enabled to control the market. Besides this, he had contracts with the Government, directly and indirectly, which amounted to an enormous business in themselves. It it is said that Potter Palmer, of Chicago, and John Shiletto, the rich Cincinnati retailer, were greatly favored, and reaped considerable advantage from Mr. Stewart's confidence in them at this time.

Early in his business history, Mr. Stewart managed to control certain styles of goods, as for instance, the Alexandre glove, compelling all who desired this line to purchase of him, and at his price. In old times, before the days of the telegraph, he frequently sent agents through the market with orders, and learned by this means just how much of certain styles of goods could be found in this city, Boston, and Philadelphia. Then he purchased all that could be bought, made a corner, and advanced the price of the article to suit himself.

Mr. Stewart rarely consulted any one in regard to his transactions. He would obtain such facts as he wanted from his bookkeeper, think out his plans of operation by himself, and then, having made up his mind, act decidedly and vigorously. If he foresaw loss, he hastened to sell as soon as possible, often while people were hesitating, getting his money in hand before the final crash came, and replacing his goods at much less than he sold them for. It was much the same with him when he bought for a rise. He always took the tide at its turn.

Only one man in the world, during Mr. Stewart's lifetime, beside himself, knew exactly the value and extent of his property. That man was his confidential bookkeeper, who was in the habit of gathering up the balance-sheets of the various departments, and from them making a general account of the business, which was kept under lock and key, and never shown to any one but Mr. Stewart.

Mr. Stewart was not much given to investing in stocks or bonds, except those of the United States. For many years, also, he did not insure any of his real estate against fire, but insured himself.

It is stated that he had spent $1,250,000 for his property in Saratoga. A portion of this he bought from John Morrissey. Recently he had opened a branch store in Saratoga, a course of action which was greatly displeasing to the local tradespeople, who depended on their Summer trade for their livelihood.

An amusing story is told of Mr. Stewart's early life, to the following effect:

An incident occurred shortly after he had started in business, when, desiring to obtain a reputation for his goods in fashionable society, he made inquiries among his friends, and learned the name and residence of the fashionable leader of that day, and also the church which she attended. He next leased a pew in that church, directly in front of that of the lady, and regularly, Sunday after Sunday, occupied his seat, and took part in the services—meanwhile watching his chances for a business movement. One Sunday, as the congregation was about leaving the church, a rain-storm commenced; and the fashionable lady's carriage being at some distance from the church-door, she stopped irresolutely upon perceiving the drops of rain, dreading injury to her costly dress. Mr. Stewart, who was right behind her, fortunately had an umbrella, and raising it, offered his services to shelter the lady beneath it until she should reach her carriage. The proffer was accepted, and the young man was heartily thanked therefor. This act brought about a speaking acquaintance, and interested the lady in Mr. Stewart; and at length, having inquired from a member of the church the nature of his business, she said to him on one occasion:

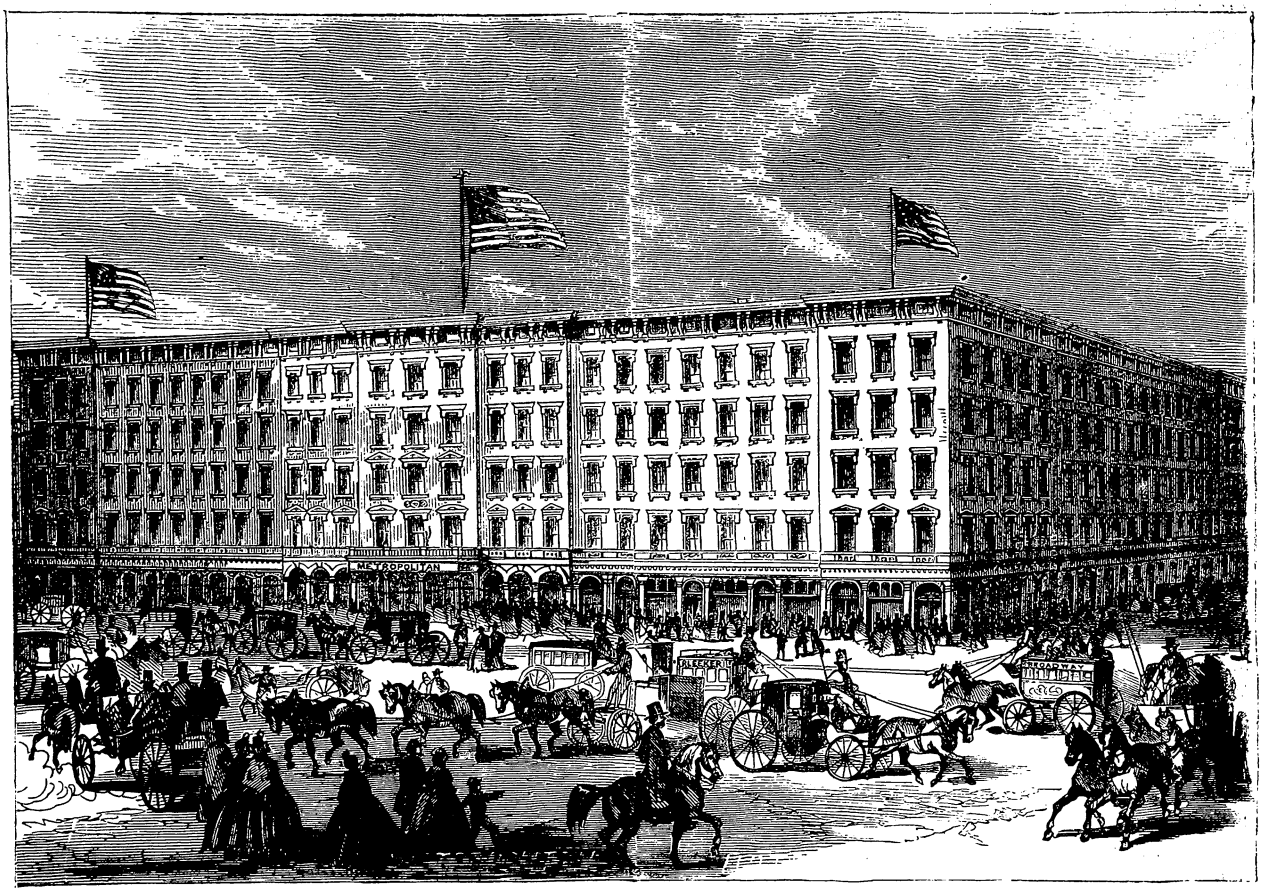
"Mr. Stewart, have you any articles at your store that you think I would like to buy?"

"No," he replied, "I don't think I have anything."

"I would like to aid you in your business in some way."

"You can in this way. I have noticed that your coachman exercises your horses every day, and you not caring always to take a ride, I presume, the carriage is frequently empty. If, on the days that you do not wish to use the carriage, you will order the coachman to take it to my store, and remain in front of the store for half an hour, you will do me a good turn."

The lady was amused at Mr. Stewart's suggestion, and did



METROPOLITAN HOTEL AND ENTRANCE TO NIBLO'S THEATRE, BROADWAY.

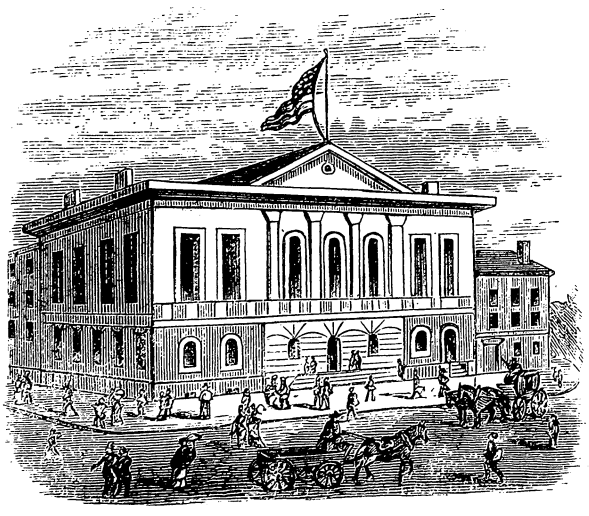
as requested. The frequent appearance of the carriage in front of the store was soon noticed by other ladies, and Mr. Stewart's scheme resulted in starting the stream of fashion in his direction, which has since ceaselessly run in and out of his establishments.

Personally, Mr. Stewart was unassuming, modest in appearance, and quite affable in his demeanor to his friends. He dressed plainly and with good taste, and wore no jewelry. As to this latter habit, he objected to it in his clerks; and if it were persisted in, he was accustomed to establish a watch, which frequently resulted in the exposure of dishonest clerks. One day, Mr. Stewart was walking through his retail store, when a massive gold chain and locket in the button-hole of one of his clerks attracted his attention. Stepping up to him, he said, "Young man, if I were you I would button up my coat on that;" and, pointing down to his own plain black silk watch-cord, he said, "That is the best I can afford to wear; take my advice, and keep it covered up."

It is said that he was exceedingly kind to clerks who lost their health while in his service, and that he has been known to pay the salaries of clerks for months while they were lying on a sick-bed—even assuming the physician's expenses as well. His discipline was stringent, certainly not an unnecessary element in such large establishments. It is not shown, however, that this was cruel or unreasonable.

One of his business peculiarities was shown in his never displaying any sign. On being asked by a lady friend his reason for this eccentricity, he replied by quoting the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush."

While he always ascribed his success to his inflexible honesty in trade, yet when asked if he believed in luck, it is said he replied, "Indeed I do. There are some persons who are always unlucky. I sometimes open a case of goods, and sell the first piece to some person who is unlucky, and I lose on it to the end. I frequently sell goods to unlucky people, whom I would avoid if I could."



WASHINGTON HALL, FORMERLY ON THE SITE OF MR. STEWART'S WHOLESALE STORE.

His mistake in life, he said, was that he did not open his retail store above Twenty-third Street. He believed that he would have had better returns on his stock.

It was almost impossible to reach Mr. Stewart in business hours. He was to be seen only at the down-store; and on a visitor inquiring there for him, he would have to run the gauntlet of the floor-walker, a watchman.

probably Judge Hilton, and very likely others; and then, unless his business was exceedingly important or his credentials of special interest, he would be obliged to confide his errand to a subordinate, or go away without attending to it.

As to the nature of Mr. Stewart's business, it is a fact that this brought dismay and ruin upon many small dealers as it progressed insidiously toward the remarkable proportions which it finally reached. Of late years, however, the tendency to concentration in the retail business has been manifestly increasing in this country. Its advantages, as regards the convenience and comfort of the public, are certainly not to be denied; and if there are sound and valid objections to it as a question of social economy, this is not the place to discuss the question. Large capital and economical organization can, without doubt, do better by and for the public than can small stores with heavy rent and taxes.

MR. STEWART REPROVING A CLERK FOR HIS WASTEFULNESS.

Not the least remarkable peculiarity in Mr. Stewart's vast and comprehensive business relations consists in the fact that he was so seldom deceived or defrauded, either by his customers or partners, or by his employés. This remarkable exemption from the losses which constantly overtake men in business who have much less to look after than he had, was attributed by himself to the rigid method which he had adopted in the conduct of his affairs.

A rather good story is told, whether it be true or not, which illustrates Mr. Stewart's opinions. It is said that an anxious inquirer asked Commodore Vanderbilt the secret of making a fortune. "There is no secret about it," said he; "all you have to do is to attend to your business and go ahead." George Law, on being asked the same question, replied, "There is nothing so easy as making money when you have money to make it with. The only thing is to see the crisis and take it at its flood." Finally the anxious inquirer went to Mr. Stewart, from whom he obtained the following response: "I consider honesty and truth the great aids in gaining a fortune."

The venerable Peter Cooper states that on one occasion while strolling through the Tenth Street store, in company

THE WORKING-WOMEN'S HOME ERECTED BY MR. STEWART.

with Mr. Stewart, the latter gentleman looking at the salesmen, ushers, and other persons in his employ, said abruptly: "Do you see all these persons about here? Well, there is not a man of them who is allowed the slightest discretion. Every one of them does just as he is told; he is a machine working by rote and according to rule."

Illustrative of his sentiments and conduct during the rebellion, the following letter, written by him at the beginning of the war to one of his Southern customers, may be properly quoted:

DEAR SIR—Your letter requesting to know whether or not I had offered a million of dollars to the Government for the purposes of the war, and at the same time informing me that neither yourself nor your friends would pay their debts to the firm as they matured, has been received. The intention not to pay seems to be universal in the South—aggravated in your case by the assurance that it does not arise from inability; but whatever may be your determination or that of others at the South, it shall not change my course. All that I have of position and wealth, I owe to the free institutions of the United States, under which, in common with all others, North and South, protection to life, liberty, and property have been enjoyed in the fullest manner. The Government to which these blessings are due, calls on her citizens to protect the Capital of the Union from threatened assault; and although the offer to which you refer has not in terms been made by me, I yet dedicate all that I have, and will, if need be, my life, to the service of the country—for to that country I am bound by the strongest ties of affection and duty. I had hoped that Tennessee would be loyal to the Constitution; but, however extensive may be secession or repudiators, as long as there are any to uphold the sovereignty of the United States, I shall be with them supporting the flag.

Yours, &c., ALEXANDER T. STEWART.

New York, April 29th, 1861.

At the beginning of the war, the Government experienced great difficulty in clothing the troops which had been hurried to the front. Mr. Stewart bought the entire production of several woolen mills of this State and in New England, and from those goods made uniforms and flannel undergarments, which he sold to several State Governments in large quantities and at low prices. It is stated as an instance of his fair dealing and patriotism, that he manufactured a great many flannel garments, called "California Shirts," at twelve dollars per dozen, and supplied enough for the use of several regiments every day; and although the price of cloth continued to increase, Mr. Stewart continued to supply the clothing at a very small increase on the cost price.

Concerning this matter, we may properly quote a letter from Governor E. D. Morgan, of New York:

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, ALBANY, June 21st, 1861.

DEAR SIR: . . . . Your generous offer to continue to furnish the shirts, as heretofore, at twelve dollars per dozen, although you have control of the goods, and the rise would justify a marked increase in the price, is an act so characteristic of you, especially where the public interests are concerned, and is withal so unselfish and patriotic, that I cannot withhold the expression of my thanks, and my regret that the bright example has so few imitators.

With the sincerest regard, I am your friend,

E. D. MORGAN.

ALEXANDER T. STEWART, ESQ.

As to personal charities and subscriptions for charitable purposes, it is stated of Mr. Stewart that he depended chiefly for his conclusions with regard to such upon the character of those who solicited him. An introduction or solicitation from certain parties was quite sure to meet with a favorable response.

Mr. Stewart's habits were simple and his life methodical. He usually breakfasted at eight o'clock, that meal being composed of plain food. After that he was driven down to his retail store, where he spent two or three hours, walking through every part of it, questioning salesmen, acquainting himself with the quantity of stock on hand in each line, and further observing how his business was being conducted. Then he went in his carriage to the wholesale store, at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street. There he read his correspondence, and transacted business until five o'clock. For many years he was accustomed to dine at Delmonico's, at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, and latterly he dined at home.

Mr. Stewart was not very much given to hospitality, but made it a practice to entertain his friends at dinner on Sunday afternoons. Nearly every week some stranger of distinction thus became one of his guests, and the interior of his house and the character of his hospitality were perhaps as well known abroad as here.

Mr. Stewart has owned a pew in St. Mark's Church for thirty years. He was not a regular attendant, but was frequently seen in his pew, No. 32, a little more than half way up the aisle on the left side of the church, the prayer-books in the rack bearing Mr. Stewart's signature, written in his own business hand, accompanied by a long flourish. The second pew from Mr. Stewart's, next to the east wall, is that of the Stuyvesant family, arranged in the old style, with double seats and solid table, supported by large, post-like legs.

St. Mark's Church is one of the most venerable landmarks in New York, and the quiet churchyard lying to the east of it, on Second Avenue and Stuyvesant Street, is a strange feature in the midst of the busy city. In 1820 and 1830 this was largely converted into a burial-place by the construction of family under-ground vaults. Six noble and far-spreading elms give a beautiful appearance to the churchyard, and three of these, close together in the centre of the yard, shade a tablet bearing the inscription, "No. 112. A. T. Stewart's Family Vault." Here lie the remains of Mr. Stewart's mother; his two children, who died young; and Miss Clinch, a niece of Mrs. Stewart.

East of Mr. Stewart's vault are the family vaults of John A. Graf and Edwin Townsend; on the south side, the vault of George Watherspoon, dated 1845; and on the west side, the vault of Benjamin Wintrop. Nicholas Fish, the father of the Hon. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State, lies buried in a vault near the church-walk; and David D. Tompkins, once Vice-President of the United States, is interred in the vault near the vestry door. But the most venerable of the dead of St. Mark's Churchyard lie in a vault near the east wall of the church, which is distinguished by a tablet fastened to the wall beneath the second window, bearing the following inscription: "In this vault lies buried Petrus Stuyvesant, late Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Amsterdam, in New Netherlands, now called New York, and the Dutch West India Islands, died in A. D. 1675, aged 80 years."

St. Mark's Church is small, and will not seat comfortably more than 800 persons. The interior of the church, like its exterior, is old-fashioned, but stately in appearance, and richly upholstered in crimson damask. The present pews were put in about thirty years ago. They are commodious and well cushioned, and the railings are heavy and of polished mahogany. The windows are double and small, and the glass of a dingy color. The altar is plain, and back of the beautiful lectern—the only conspicuous piece of church furniture to be seen—is the inscription, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Several memorial tablets are built in the walls.

Mr. Stewart was extremely sensitive to personal attacks and newspaper criticisms. Some years ago he discovered that one of his employés had been writing newspaper articles, commenting very bitterly on his method of directing his establishment, and on the severity of the discipline enforced in his retail store. On discovering the offender, Mr. Stewart expelled him from his employ, displaying the greatest indignation. It is stated, however, that Mr. Stewart was generally esteemed and liked by those in his employment.

Mr. Stewart was fond of bright colors and lively combinations in fabrics, and in the selection of his paintings this preference influenced him largely, he invariably choosing, when he selected for himself, such as united with a large and prominent figured subject bright and striking colors. At one time a few artists and private friends met at his house to examine a French artist's new painting, which had just arrived, having been painted to Mr. Stewart's order some time before. In the course of the conversation Mr. Stewart remarked, that in his opinion the colors were not bright enough, and in reply, one of the gentlemen said that the artist painted for the future, that the colors would become brighter by age and that in fifty or one hundred years the picture would be more pleasing than painted in brighter colors. To this remark Mr. Stewart characteristically responded: "Pshaw, confound it I do not expect to live fifty or one hundred years I want to enjoy it now.

The firm directed by A. T. Stewart was formerly composed as follows Alexander T. Stewart, of New York; Mr. Worden, of Paris, France; Mr. Fox, of Manchester, England; and Mr. William Libby, of New York. The latter gentleman came into the employ of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co. between twelve and fifteen years ago as business manager of the New York wholesale house of Broadway, Chambers, and Reade Streets, and a few years after his admission he was taken in as partner of the house and placed in charge of the down-town store. The others of the partners are dead.

As to Mr. Stewart's habits in the expenditure of money, it should be observed, that when he had concluded upon any course, his action was the reverse of niggardly, and he never seemed to consider of importance the gross amount of the necessary expenditure. Not long before his death a conversation occurred between Mr. Stewart and the superintendent of the Garden City improvements, which illustrates this trait.

At that time the great Garden City Hotel had just been erected, but the grounds in the neighborhood were entirely unimproved, and Mr. Stewart apparently was not satisfied with the delay in the work. He was about changing agents at that time, and consulted the one then in charge in regard to the cost of the work, and the time required to finish it. He was told that it would cost $2,500, and three years' time would be required for the proper cultivation of the ground, planting of trees, and preparing the road-bed. Mr. Stewart was not satisfied with this statement, and at once consulted the gentleman who afterward received the position of superintendent, and questioned him as to his views. The latter, at once appreciating Mr. Stewart's ideas, and his evident desire to see the work hurried forward, said he could do the work for $20,000, and have it all done in six weeks. Mr. Stewart seemed to be astonished at the extravagant sum named, but said: "That is a great deal of money to lay out, but go ahead." The superintendent did go ahead, and the grounds were broken, graded, several hundred trees planted, and every desired improvement finished in the time named.

As displaying something of the personal opinion with regard to Mr. Stewart of gentlemen who were familiar with him, and on whose judgment the public are apt to rely, a few quotations from interviews with them may be given.

Mr. John J. Cisco, who was a personal friend of Mr. Stewart, and had known him from boyhood, said that he was one of the most estimable men he had ever known. He could not speak too highly of his ability and integrity. His qualities of mind were most rare, and some traits of his character were wonderful. Those who knew him best esteemed him most.

Mr. Morris K. Jessup said: "As a merchant, Mr. Stewart stood at the very head. His success proved what industry and perseverance can do. His one great idea was to make his profession a success, and he did it."

Mr. William A. Booth remarked that, "For managing, systematizing, organizing, and controlling, Mr. Stewart was the ablest merchant in this city. I have looked upon his management," said Mr. Booth, "with astonishment. On one point there can be but one opinion, namely, his justice to every person that bought of him. Every purchaser knew that he was buying Mr. Stewart's goods at a fair price, and this most creditable principle of equity in dealing with his customers, always deserves to be emphasized in connection with his name."

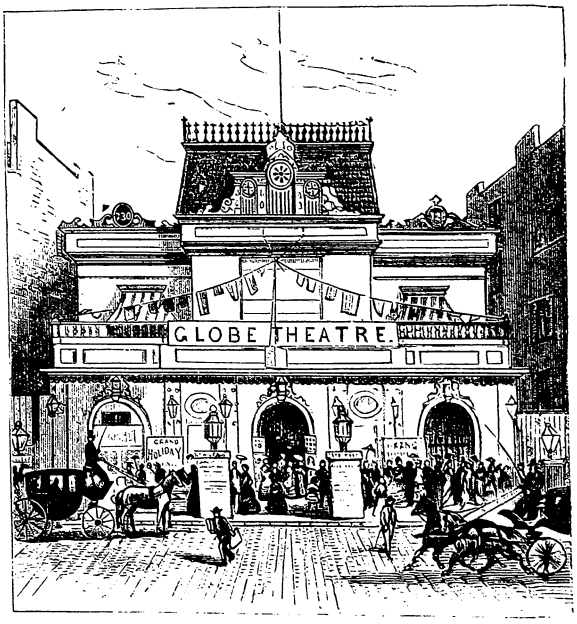
Fletcher Harper, Jr., said: "In the Union League Club, Mr. Stewart was prominent and greatly respected, and had he lived another year he would probably have been elected president of the club."

Mayor Wickham said: "He was undoubtedly one of the greatest merchants of this or any other age, and by those who knew him best, his social qualities were most appreciated."

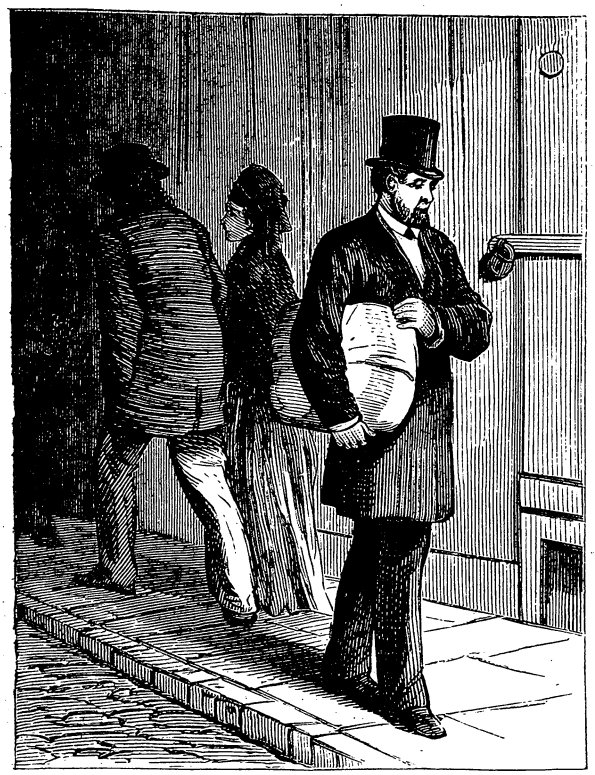
Jackson S. Schultz observed that "Mr. Stewart was a highly appreciative member of the Union League Club, and always very liberal in his contributions. He never allowed any other man to give more than he did, and in most instances he gave double. Especially during the war, when patriotism was most needed, did Mr. Stewart exhibit the intensest patriotic feeling. He was a great merchant," continued Mr. Schultz; "the chief characteristic of all his business transactions was truthfulness. He so insisted himself, in conversation one day with me on the subject. It was not his one-price system, as I had suggested, he said, but his truthful dealings with his customers."

A. A. Low said: "I suppose that he was a marvel to everybody. It was wonderful how he could not only organize, manage, and sustain his immense regular business, but also enter upon so many extra enterprises, and provide capital for so many outside interests. Every one seems to admit that he was the greatest merchant in the City of New York."

The Union League Club placed itself on record as to its estimate of Mr. Stewart's character, and the loss which his death had inflicted upon the community, in the following



THE GLOBE THEATRE, BROADWAY, OPPOSITE WAVERLEY PLACE, N. Y., OWNED BY MR. STEWART.



MR. STEWART, IN HIS EARLY BUSINESS LIFE, CARRYING HOME A BUNDLE.

resolutions, offered by Peter Cooper, seconded by Parke Godwin, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the members of the Union League Club have received with deep regret the intelligence of the death of Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, who was from its organization an active and devoted member of the Club, and for many years one of its vice-presidents. For more than a generation the name of Mr. Stewart has been closely identified with the progress and prosperity of this city, to which his vast wealth and gigantic business enterprises in a measure contributed. There was nothing accidental or fictitious in the marvels of the success of his undertakings, and the rapid strides of his fortunes. The strictest integrity in every transaction, the unrivaled diligence in his business, and the absolute devotion of his life to its pursuit, would not alone have enabled him to achieve such signal commercial triumphs, but all these great virtues were coupled with a matchless genius for trade, which raised him in early manhood to a conspicuous rank, and long since secured for him the acknowledged position of the most successful merchant in the world. But, notwithstanding Mr. Stewart's intense devotion to his own private affairs, he at all times exhibited a public spirit and a hearty interest in the welfare of his city and country, which did him great honor, and inspired the confidence of his fellow-citizens. He uniformly threw his whole weight into the scale for pure and honest government, and against fraud, and corruption, and jobbery in public affairs. In the patriotic struggle which the honest people of this city have waged at fearful odds against politicians and plunderers, he gave the influence of his name, his counsel, and his money, to the right side, and every man who aimed at the proper administration of the affairs of the city, or the good of its citizens, was sure of his support and sympathy. In the concerns of the nation he took an active and abiding interest. His patriotism was unquestioned, and his loyalty unconditional. He allied himself with the Republican party while that party was engaged in its great contest against slavery and rebellion, but was never blind to its faults or disposed to applaud its errors. His experience and sagacity led him in the last years of his life to pronounce most emphatically for reform, and the reawakening of public virtue. In the affairs of this Club, his interest and his influence were very marked. He contributed liberally to all its undertakings, and entered into them with characteristic zeal and energy, laboring diligently to increase and widen its power and influence.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of Mr. Stewart, a committee of fifty be appointed by the president to attend his funeral.

As to Mr. Stewart's own opinion with regard to his plan of life and his business system, the following is quoted from himself: "My business has been a matter of principle from the start. That is all there is about it. If the golden rule can be incorporated into purely mercantile business, it has been done in this establishment, and you must have noticed, if you have observed closely, that the customers are treated as the seller himself would like to be treated were he in their place. That is to say, nothing is misrepresented; the price is fixed, once and for all, at the lowest possible figure, and the circumstances of the buyer are not suffered to influence the salesman in his conduct in the smallest particular."

Conducted, as is alleged, on this basis, the trade transacted by Mr. Stewart became almost fabulous. The sales in the two establishments are said to have amounted to $203,000,000 in three years, and the income of Mr. Stewart has been the largest in the mercantile world. In 1863 his income was $1,900,000; in 1864, $4,000,000; in 1865, $1,600,000; in 1866, $600,000—an average of about $2,000,000. When he was nominated for Secretary of the Treasury in 1869, he estimated his annual income at $1,500,000.

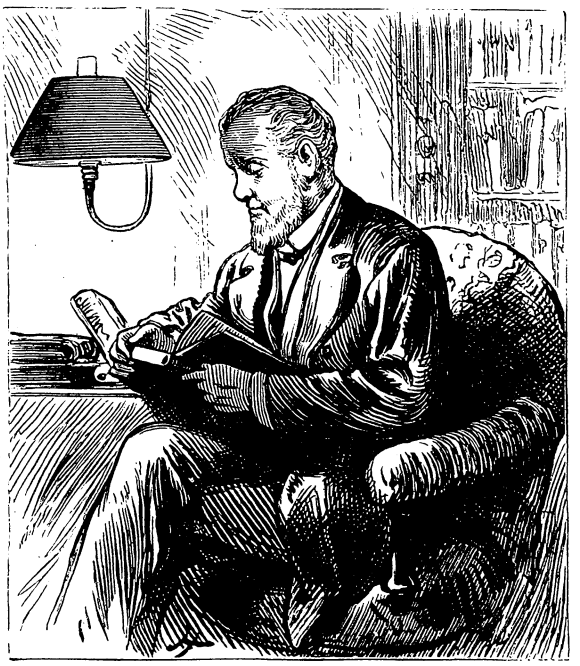
At the time of his nomination, Mr. Stewart and his family, accompanied by Judge Henry Hilton and General Daniel Butterfield, visited Washington, and occupied apartments at the Ebbitt House, a private entrance on Fourteenth Street, near Newspaper Row, being arranged for his personal convenience. It was understood at the time that only the objection made by Senator Sumner prevented his confir-

MR. STEWART'S TRADE SUPERSTITION.—MOVING THE OLD APPLE-WOMAN TO HIS TENTH STREET STORE.

mation by the Senate. Late in the afternoon of the day on which the nominations were sent in, rumors got afloat that there was a law, understood to have been really written by Alexander Hamilton while Secretary of the Treasury, prohibiting an importer in active business from holding the position of Secretary of the Treasury. A newspaper correspondent obtained the law bearing on the case and carried it to General Butterfield, who conveyed it to Mr. Stewart and his legal adviser, Judge Hilton. They immediately consulted Chief Justice Chase, and he confirmed the view which had been taken of the law by those who first brought it to Mr. Stewart's attention. It was understood at the time in Washington that Mr. Stewart proposed to retire from business and devote the entire profits that might accrue during the time he held the office of Secretary of the Treasury to any charitable object which might be named; but this was decided to be a measure which would not be proper, either for him to carry out or the Government to accept. Immediately after seeing Chief Justice Chase, Mr. Stewart and Judge Hilton drove to the White House and laid the facts and opinions before the President, who, on the next day, wrote a message to the Senate, asking that the law of 1788 be set aside, so as to enable the candidate to hold the office. This the Senate declined to do, and Mr. Stewart remained, so far as his political aspirations were concerned, in private life. He had been a strong and active advocate of the election of General Grant to the Presidency, and one of the largest contributors to the present of $100,000 made the latter by the merchants of New York, as an acknowledgment of his services during the war.

In connection with Mr. Stewart's interest in political affairs, it may be observed that he fought the Broadway Railroad project year after year, and its ultimate defeat was due mainly to his efforts.

Mr. Stewart died at his residence in Fifth Avenue on April 10th, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, and after a sickness of about three weeks, although for three years he had been to some extent under the influence of the disease whose recurrence caused his death.



MR. STEWART IN PRIVATE LIFE—STUDYING GREEK.

MR. STEWART OFFERS HIS ESCORT AND UMBRELLA TO A FASHIONABLE LADY.

As has been already stated in the course of this article, Mr. Stewart was in the habit, every Sunday, of giving a dinner-party to his friends and to such distinguished visitors as might be in the city. On the occasion of the last of these there were present, among others, Chief Justice Charles P. Daly, of the Court of Common Pleas; Mr. Albert Bierstadt, the artist, and Mrs. Bierstadt; Mr. and Mrs. Ethan Allen; Dr. Marcy, Mr. Stewart's physician; Gov. Oglesby, of Illinois, and others. It is asserted, as illustrating Mr. Stewart's superstition, that owing to the non-appearance of certain of the invited guests, thirteen sat down to table—the fatal number. It is also said that Mr. Stewart observed this, and made some effort to extend the circle of guests, but without avail. After the dinner Mr. Stewart exhibited to those present his art-gallery and library, and while moving about in these rooms remarked that he felt cold, and, going out, presently returned, wearing his overcoat and hat. Soon afterward he complained of pain in the side. On the following day he was suffering severely, and the damp, unseasonable weather that ensued intensified the violence of his malady. The affection of the bladder, from which he had long suffered, now became complicated with the new disorder, and inflammation set in. He was, however, treated so successfully by Dr. Marcy that he rallied from this first attack, and was even able to walk about his house. On the Thursday preceding his death, however, he exposed himself, took fresh cold, and was again prostrated, this time with inflammation of the bowels. From this period he began to sink, and on Monday became unconscious, in which condition he died.

Immediately on the fact of his death having been made public, Mr. Stewart's stores were closed, and the flags were raised thereon at half-mast; and this was also done on all the public buildings, hotels, and larger business establishments in the city. The announcement of the death of Mr.

Stewart created a decided sensation throughout the city—partly from the fact that it was unexpected, and largely because of the mystery which was observed with regard to it. The fact that he was dangerously ill had been concealed by his friends and partners, and for hours after his death was known in the newspaper offices, and even while his stores were being closed, no information could be obtained from those nearest to him.

Arrangements were at once made for the funeral, which was set down for Thursday, April 13th. The following gentlemen were selected as pall bearers: Gov. S. J. Tilden, Ex-Gov. John A. Dix, Chief-Justice Daly, William Libby, Ex-Gov. E. D. Morgan, Royal Phelps, R. S. Stuart, Charles H. Russell, Stephen Ray, Gov. Alex. Rice, of Massachusetts; Judge Noah Davis, Peter Cooper, Judge H. E. Davies, Jacob D. Vermilye, Francis Cottenet, and James Lenox.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the funeral, the employés of the dead merchant gathered in Thirty-fourth Street, formed into procession, and moved through the house, and passed the coffin to take a last look at their late employer. Nearly two thousand men and boys were in this procession, each wearing upon his arm a piece of crape. The casket containing the remains rested on a bed of roses, three feet high, in the main hall of the mansion, and was surrounded with other floral designs, wreaths, crosses, anchors, and broken columns without number. The casket was made of oak, covered with the finest black Lyons velvet, the lid secured with solid gold nails, and extension handles mounted with gold in their proper places. Upon the lid, engraved on a solid silver plate, was the following inscription:

ALEX. T. STEWART,

Born, October 12th, 1803,

Died, April 10th, 1876.

The funeral cortége moved from Fifth Avenue to St. Mark's Church via Broadway and Ninth Street. Large numbers of people gathered along the route, while crowds occupied the immediate vicinity of the church, clambering upon fences and establishing themselves in all directions at good points of view. The services were conducted by the Right Rev. Bishop Potter, assisted by Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., and Rev. Dr. Rylance. At their conclusion the casket containing the body was lowered into the vault in the churchyard already described.

The will of Mr. Stewart, which was filed in the Surrogate's Office on the day after the funeral,

1. Bequeathed all the property and estate of the testator to his wife, Cornelia M. Stewart, her heirs and assigns forever.

2. Appointed Henry Hilton to act for the testator, and in behalf of his estate, in managing, closing, and winding-up his partnership business and affairs, and empowered him in respect thereto as fully as the testator was authorized to do by the articles of copartnership of the firm of Alexander T. Stewart & Co.

3. It bequeathed to said Henry Hilton $1,000.000.

4. It revoked and annulled all other wills, and appointed as executors, Cornelia M. Stewart, Henry Hilton, and William Libbey. This was signed March 37th, 1873, and witnessed by William P. Smith, of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue; W. H. White, of 228 Fifth Avenue; E. E. Marcy, M.D., of 396 Fifth Avenue.

This was followed by a codicil bearing the same date, in which the following legacies were bequeathed:

To George B. Butler, the sum of $20,000; to John M. Hopkins, the sum of $10,000; to A. R. P. Cooper, the sum of $10,000; to Edwin James Denning, the sum of $10,000; to John S. Green, 10,000; to George H. Higgins, $10,000; to Henry H Rice, $5,000; to John De Bret, $5,000; to Robert Prother, $5,000; to —— Dodge, $5,000; to Hugh Connor, $5,000; to William Armstrong, $5,000; "each of whom have long and faithfully served me in my business affairs." Also to William P. Smith, $5 000; to William Lynch, $2,500; to Martha Turner, $2 500; to Rebecca Turner, $2,500; to Sarah Turner, $500; to James Cummings, $1,000; to Edward Thompson, $1,000; to Michael Riorden, $500; "all faithful servants of my house."

This codicil concluded as follows:

And whereas I desire to testify my sincere regard for Sarah Morrow and Rebecca Morrow, now residing at No 30 East Thirty-ninth Street, in the City of New York, the friends of my early youth, and at whose father's house I enjoyed in my youth a hospitality and welcome which I cannot forget or repay It is therefore my wi l, and I do direct that my executors shall set apart from my estate a sum sufficient to produce an annuity of $12,000 in quarter-yearly installments. Such sum of money so set apart I give to my executors in trust to hold, manage, invest, and re-invest during the lives of said Sarah and Rebecca Morrow, and until both shall die; and from the income and proceeds thereof, to pay over to said Sarah and Rebecca such annuity of $12,00) in equal shares during their joint lives, and upon the death of either of them to pay the whole of such annuity to the survivor during her life; such payments to be made in quarter-yearly installments in advance, and commencing on the day my said will shall be admitted to probate.

Further, I do give to the said Sarah and Rebecca Morrow, and to the survivors of them, the use, during life, of the said house and premises now occupied by them, No. 30 East Thirty-ninth Street, in the City of New York, together with the furniture, etc., contained therein, free from all taxes, assessments, etc.

Lastly, I give to Ellen B. Hilton, the wife of my friend Henry Hilton, the sum of $5,000.

Finally, I ratify and confirm my said will, dated March 27, 1873, in every respect, so far as the bequest therein to my wife is diminished or modified by the various gifts, legacies, etc, therein contained.

This was followed by a second codicil, dated March 28, 1873, bequeathing the following gifts and legacies:

Charles P. Clinch, $10,000; Anna Clinch, $10,000; Julia Clinch, $10,000; Emma Clinch, $10,000; Sarah Smith, the wife of J. Lawrence Smith, $10,000; Cornelia S. Smith, $10,000.

It also continued the said Anna, Julia, and Emma Clinch in the use and enjoyment of the house, lot, and land at 115 East Thirty-fifth Street, during their several lives. It further bequeathed to Charles J. Church the sum of $10,000.

This was followed by a document in the form of a letter, addressed, "To my Dear Wife," dated March 29th, 1873; and which proceeded as follows:

It has been and is my intention to make provision for various public charities; but as any scheme of the kind I propose will need considerable thought and elaboration, I have made my will, with the codicils in their present shape, to guard against any contingency, knowing I may rely upon you supplying all deficiencies on my part.

I hope and trust my health may be spared, so that I may complete the various plans for the welfare of our fellow-beings which I have already initiated; but should it be ruled otherwise, I must depend upon you, with such aid as you may call about you, to carry out what I have begun

Our friend Judge Hilton will, I know, give you any assistance in his power, and to him I refer you for a general understanding of the various methods and plans which I have at times, with him, considered and discussed.

I am not unaware, also, of the fact that there are many who have served me faithfully and well in my business, and otherwise, who should be recognized and rewarded, but for whom I have not, as yet, made any special provision. Your own recollection, aided by Judge Hilton's knowledge on the subject, will doubtless bring these persons to your attention, and I feel satisfied their claims will be justly considered by you Especially, however, I do desire that you will ascertain the names of all such of my employés who have been with me for a period of ten years and upward And I request that to each of those who have been in my employment for a period of twenty years, shall be paid $1,000, while to each of those who have been with me for ten years, shall be paid $500.

ALEXANDER T. STEWART.

The promulgation of the will, codicils, and other directions of Mr. Stewart, was followed by the published agreement concluded between Mrs. Stewart and Judge Hilton, by which a complete transfer of the business of Alexander T. Stewart

& Co., in so far as it involved the interests of the late Mr. Stewart, to Judge Henry Hilton, in consideration of the payment by the latter to Mrs. Stewart of the sum of $1,000,000, was consummated.

Following this there was announced the formation of a copartnership between Judge Hilton and William Libby, for the purpose of carrying on the business under the firm name of Alexander T. Stewart & Co.

This announcement completed the history of the life of Alexander T. Stewart, so far as this is known, by promising the perpetuity of the vast business house to which he had given his name.

CROWD AROUND MR. STEWART'S RESIDENCE ON THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF HIS DEATH.

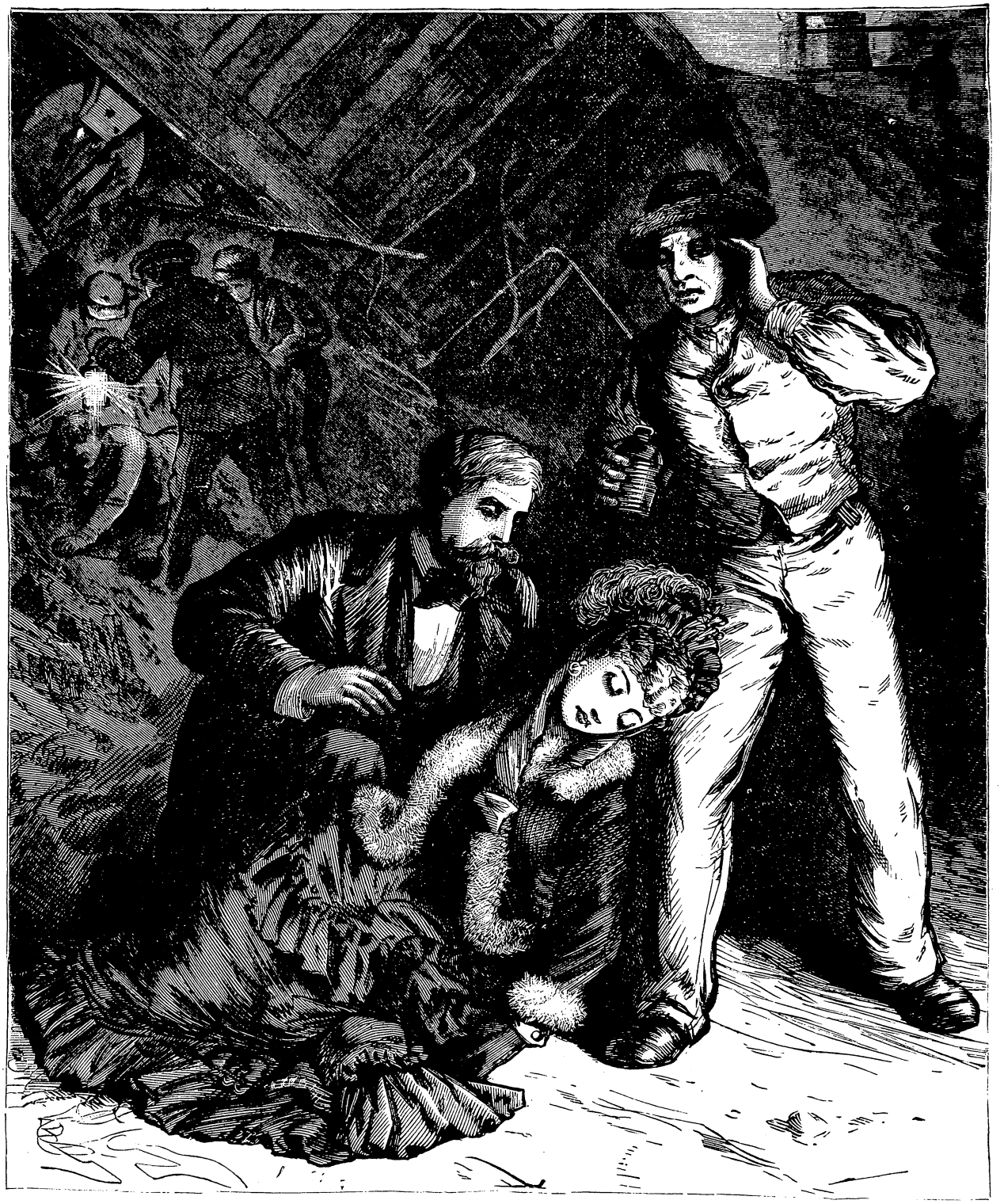
The leading English journals are still discussing the life and business success of the late A. T. Stewart. The average of their views is well expressed by the *Spectator* in the following language: "The result appears to justify completely the anticipation which we formed a fortnight ago of the wealth accumulated by the millionaire of New York, Mr. A. T. Stewart. That wealth will certainly not fall short of £16,000,000 sterling, and may amount to as much more as would make a man a very great millionaire in England, though that would not exceed a sixteenth, or at most an eighth, of the sum named. But the very minute, though not always very consistent, accounts of Mr. Stewart with which the American journals are so characteristically filled, and his will, which has been published, all bring out one somewhat interesting point—namely, that great success as a man of business implies capacity at once exceedingly rare in its degree, and exceedingly ordinary in its kind. There is nothing which has been told of Mr. Stewart which is not ordinary in kind. His honesty, which was singularly firm, and was the root of his success, is, we hope, a quality ordinary in kind, though rarely so steady and inexorable in its resistance to circumstances of temptation. His chief business principle, to pay cash and insist on cash, and to turn over his stock as rapidly as possible, even at a partial sacrifice, was the principle of common sense, and in him only remarkable because, like his other principles, he acted so steadily and with so organized a method upon it. It seems that, in the commercial panic of 1837, when there was a

general fall of values all over the commercial world, he promptly reduced his goods to cost price, sold them off rapidly at that rate, and with the ready money thus acquired bought silks and other imported goods at 60 per cent. less than it would have cost to import them. In other words, he incurred the inevitable loss, but turned it into a vast gain by using the resources thus acquired to obtain, in a market which was every day declining, the means of making a vast profit in future. So, too, he always reduced his stock at the end of the season, to prevent its remaining on hand, being aware that even a loss, followed rapidly by a succession of gains on the capital on which the loss had been incurred, would result much better than an ordinary profit very slowly made. All this was common sense, very steadily applied, and so was the policy by which Mr. Stewart prevented the loss which threatened him from the civil war. The South traded largely with him, and, of course, it was certain that he would lose some of his best customers by their poverty and ruin. He saw the true way to fill up the gap, and bought up at once the materials which he knew that the Northern Government would most need for the clothing and covering of the troops. When at last a large army had to be put into the field, Mr. Stewart was the only man with whom the Government could contract for uniforms, blankets, and other such goods, and what he sold he sold of good quality and at reasonable prices. These are quite sufficient illustrations of the kind of faculty which made Mr. Stewart the richest, or next to the richest man of his age—ordinary qualities vigorously and pertinaciously acted upon, good sense systematized, and carried everywhere into detail."

MR. STEWART'S DISLIKE OF DISPLAY—REPROVING EXTRAVAGANCE IN A CLERK.

MR. STEWART LYING IN STATE.

A PIOUS acquaintance, remarkable for the quaint shrewdness of his observations, one day, when walking in a garden, having pulled a flower of exquisite loveliness, after expressing, in his own characteristic way, his admiration of its various beauties, took up a clod of the soil in his other hand, and naïvely, but emphatically, exclaimed, "What but Almighty power could extract that from this?" If there was anything ludicrous in the manner, there was nothing but truth and sublimity in the sentiment. Everything in the operations of the Creator is worthy of devout admiration, but I scarcely know anything in the inanimate world, which brings together and concentrates so many wonders of designing wisdom and benevolence as the structure and qualities of a flower—and assuredly not a little is added to the surprise and pious feeling with which this delightful production is contemplated, when we think of the crude materials from which it is elaborated. The beauty of form and color, the sweetness of the fragrance, the delicate and skillful nature of the organization, the careful provisions, the forethought, the contrivance, the suiting of parts, as regards the propagation of the species, the adaptations to the subsistence and enjoyment of the insect tribes—all produced by the artificial union of a few simple and apparently unfit substances, cannot fail to excite in the reflecting mind the most lively sentiments of astonishment.



A GIRL'S ADVENTURE.—"I BECAME DIMLY CONSCIOUS THAT I WAS LYING ON THE EARTH, WITH A GREAT LIGHT SHINING ON MY FACE. MR. CHESTER LIFTED ME ON HIS STRONG ARM. 'MY DEAR CHILD,' HE SAID, KINDLY, 'ARE YOU BETTER?'"

A GIRL'S ADVENTURE.

By Etta W. Pierce,
Author of "A Woman's Vengeance," "The Birthmark," etc.

Our old girl-life was broken. My sister Letty was married, and the honeymoon and its usual tour, had passed. She and Fred had taken possession of their new home, and here my story finds me.

The nest of these new housekeepers had, of course, the attraction of novelty, and, feverish with a deep unrest, I had flitted restlessly through it. But the time came for me to leave Letty, and the home of which she felt so proud.

My love-life had not been crowned with happiness like hers. My heart had gone out to one whom my guardian and Letty both viewed with distrust. I could not but compare sadly her apparently strong probability of happiness

with the doubt and uncertainty and discouragement that hung over my future.

I am afraid Letty felt hurt at the scant praise that I accorded to her charming house and all its belongings. Yet I had seen all.

From the garret to the foundation I had looked over the house, impartially admiring everything which it contained, from the buhl and velvet of the parlors to the bright, new kitchen saucepans sent by some thrifty aunt of Fred's as a wedding-present. I had pounded out my favorite sonata from the grand new piano, and hung a horse-shoe over the door of Fred's smoking-room for good luck—had laughed at Letty's new matronly airs, and patiently listened to her tireless chatter concerning the wedding-journey and her happiness—the latter not to be compared to anything on the earth or in the heavens above the earth—and now it was time to go, and I sat in the bride's blue-and-gold boudoir, looking in her dear fair face, and holding her fat little hand in mine.

She little knew why I held it so closely, why I pressed it so fervently. She little knew how hollow was all my assumed cheerfulness and vivacity; how I yearned for one to whom I could without restraint open my whole heart and seek not advice, for I felt I could take none, but encouragement, a word of approval.

"Well, Letty, dear," I sighed—she was my one only sister, and senior by five years—"you ought to be thankful that *you* had no guardian to interpose betwixt you and Fred. Just see how happy you two are, darling, and then look at poor Charlie and I!"

Letty's blonde face, surmounted by frizzles of fair hair, and a silky braid like a cable chain, looked really troubled.

"Does not Mr. Kerr soften at all to his nephew, Nan?"

"Soften!" I echo; "I should think not! Cross old thing! There is no end to the abuse which he heaps upon him, Letty, dear—calls him a pig—a simpleton—says he will *not* pay his debts—says we shall *not* be engaged—says a bank-clerk with his habits, has no right to marry. Letty, I have not seen him—Charlie, I mean—for weeks and weeks except by—by stealth."

Letty grew very grave.

"By stealth! Oh, Nan! that is not nice, you know, and you so young, too! I don't like that!"

"Nor I. But what can we do?"

"Did Charlie ask you to meet him in that way?"

"Certainly."

"I think it very mean of him," said my bride-sister, promptly. "I like men to be upright and honorable—Fred always is. I hate clandestine courtship! Without doubt, Charlie *has* fallen into bad ways, Nan. Fred says the bank-officers have already spoken to him regarding his habits—says he will be sure to lose his place. Were I you, I would not hurry about an engagement. Where do you meet him, and how?"

"Mostly in the grounds. I never go outside the gate. Of course you must abuse him because Fred does. If he has bad habits *now*, he will abandon them when he marries me—he loves me well enough to do anything for my sake. It's all very well for you to cry not hurry—you, married and happy—it shows how selfish the best of people can be."

Letty little knew, as I delivered this cross speech, that in my heart of hearts I was longing to throw my arms around her and sob out this confession on her breast:

"I not only meet him, dear, but I have promised, this very night, to fly with him. In a few hours I, too, shall be a bride—not in lace and orange flowers"—and I sigh at this point—"but a fugitive in a common traveling-dress, and all alone with Charlie. I came in town, darling, to bid you good-by, and how do I know that it many not be forever? for to-morrow we sail for Europe!"

"I am not selfish," protested Letty; "it's an acknowledged fact that all married women delight in match-making. But I don't like Charlie Kerr. Do you see that house opposite, Nan? If you were settled there, for instance, I would be the happiest—the very happiest woman on the face of the earth!"

I peer through the parted lace curtains of the boudoir, and see across the way a brown, imposing structure, with plate-glass windows and a general air of splendor.

"Why *that* house?" I cry, scornfully; "it looks altogether beyond Charlie's means. I cannot expect to begin life as you have done, Letty."

"I didn't mean Charlie at all," she snaps; "hang Charlie!—as Fred would say. Somebody lives there who saved my darling's life in the dreadful war-time. So, of course, I am very glad to have him for a neighbor. He's a bachelor, too, and—very, very nice."

"Indeed!" I say, frigidly, as I drew out my watch; "I have just time to catch the next depôt car, Lotty. It is rather late for you to begin to praise Fred's bachelor friends to me."

I step to the dressing-table, and put on my velvet hat, with its long, gray feather, and draw on No. 6 gray gloves. Every woman likes to be pretty and well-dressed, and the glass in which I look tells me that I am both. I see a face oval and pale, with long, violet eyes, and a handsome red mouth. I see a figure in a stylish walking-jacket, bordered with bands of silver-fox fur, and black *gros-grain* skirts, kilted like Lizzie Lindsay's in the ballad—to the knee.

"You ought to make a good match, Nan," meditated Letty, as she watched me, "for you are prettier than I—even Fred says that."

"Every woman makes a good match when she marries her heart's choice," I answered, loftily; and then I snatched Letty in my arms, and kissed her again and again, thinking darkly to myself:

"Oh, what would she say if she knew all—and when—when shall I ever see her again?"

"Good-by, darling," I sobbed. "God bless you and Fred, always—always!"

A moment after I was out upon the pavement, my eyes blind with tears, my heart like a lump of lead in my bosom, rushing away toward Tremont Street, which I reached just in time to signal a depôt car. I entered it, and sank into a seat by the door, murmuring over and over to myself:

"Good-by, Letty—forgive me, darling. I shall never, never see you again!"

Just a month previous to Letty's wedding I had finished my school-days, and my guardian, whose home I had shared, lived eight miles out of Boston, near a station on the —— Road.

By the time the car stopped in Causeway Street the short Winter day was fast departing. Gaslights flickered in all directions. I hurried into the depôt—a cold, gloomy wilderness of a place, with an arched, iron-ribbed roof, and two parallel tracks, where the different trains rumbling in and out have always been to me a delusion and a snare.

I was late. I heard the warning fizz of the steam, and, running down the platform to the track close by the wall on the right, I sprang into the first car to which I came. I had barely time to settle myself therein when the train moved off, panting and puffing over the bridge.

This ride in and out of town had not yet become a familiar thing to me, for it was but six weeks since I had taken up my residence with guardy, and previous to that event, I do not remember that I ever traveled this road at all. Leaning back in my seat, my thoughts a wild jumble of Letty and Fred, and Charlie Kerr, and the momentous step which I this night contemplated, I watched outside objects—houses, trees, water, bits of distant landscape, rush

madly past as I whirled along. The train seemed to move with unusual speed, and it made very few stops.

Down came the dark presently and shut the outer world from my view. I glanced around the car. The seat behind me was occupied by a woman in black and a crying baby. The seat before me by a man, wearing a cloak and a seal-skin cap, and reading a newspaper.

More miserable than I had ever been before in all my life, I sank into my own corner, and straightway gave myself up to gloomy reflections.

I did not notice the conductor when he passed for tickets, nor did he disturb me. Presently I began to think that, in spite of our unusual speed, we were a long time getting to the station where I was to alight. I turned to the woman in black.

"Can you tell me," I said, thrilling with a sudden vague fear, if we have yet reached W——?"

"We passed W—— long ago," she answered, dryly. "This train does not stop there—it is the —— express."

I started to my feet. My heart for a moment seemed to cease beating. I had a wild idea of jumping from the window—of shrieking to the engineer to stop the train, but both these things being impracticable, I had to sit down again.

"The —— express!" I cried, in a voice which I am sure was full of agony. "Merciful Heaven! what shall I do?"

She stared at me in weak astonishment.

"I'm sure I don't know; perhaps you'd better speak to somebody more used to the road than I."

The newspaper in front of me rustled. It's owner, I suppose, had overheard this little conversation. He turned quickly and gave me a searching and critical look.

"Shall I call the conductor?" he said.

"Yes," I answered; "oh, yes."

He arose instantly and left the car.

To me it seemed an eternity; in reality it could not have been more than three minutes before he was back again, bringing with him the official named. The latter investigated my case with great kindness and sympathy.

It was, of course, all my own fault. I had entered the wrong car at the depôt, and he had mistaken me for some season-ticket passenger whom I resembled.

"The best and only thing which you can now do," he said, "is to go on to ——, and either remain there over night or take the last train back to Boston."

Then he departed, and left me to meditate upon my situation.

What passed in my heart at that moment no words of mine can tell. In any case I could not get to W—— this night. And at eight o'clock I had promised to meet Charlie. The steamer in which our passage was engaged would sail at noon next day. I fancied him waiting at the tryst—a gate at the lower end of the grounds—waiting and watching for me to come; swearing, no doubt, because I did *not* come—for he had a temper; calling me dreadful names, tearing his hair, perhaps, in despair. Oh, it was too much! A great dry sob, which I could not repress, tore up from my throat. I longed to die then and there.

"Pardon me." It was the voice of the gentleman on the seat in front—a cool, cultivated, reassuring voice. It's owner had not, I think, taken his eyes one moment from my face. "You seem greatly distressed. Can I be of service to you?"

I shook my head.

"Were you ever in ——?" he persisted.

"No."

"You have no friends there, I presume?"

"None."

"Do you wish to return to Boston to-night?"

"Yes; oh, yes!"

"Don't think me impertinent. I ask these questions from a desire to serve you, if I may; I am going to ——. I shall leave it again by the last train. May I ask you to put yourself in my care? The prospect of passing two or three hours alone in a strange city, at this hour of the night, cannot be pleasant to you. I will esteem it a great privilege to take you in charge and restore you to your friends."

I had heard and read of the perils of traveling alone—who in this wicked age has not? I lifted my woeful eyes and, for the first time, surveyed him critically from head to foot.

He was dressed like a gentleman, and he had the general look and air of one. Young, he was not, nor handsome, according to *my* ideas of masculine beauty. His figure was rather undersized, and his features looked as if cut from gray stone. He had fair hair and a fair peaked beard, and calm, gray, speculative eyes, and a certain indescribable something in his general appearance which instinctively led one to feel that his walk in life lay somewhat apart from that of the common herd.

He bore my inspection with a very amused air—as if, indeed, he rather liked it. Then he said, quietly:

"Well?"

"May I ask your name?" I answered, with all the dignity I could command.

"Surely."

He took a card from his pocket, wrote something thereon, and passed it over the back of the seat to me.

I need not here transcribe that written name. Throughout the length and breadth of the land it is a household word. Triple honors it wears of the camp, of the bar, of councils of state. It is that of a brilliant soldier, an accomplished scholar, a bright and shining light of the law. In this story I shall invent one in its place, and simply call him Mr. Chester.

He seemed greatly to enjoy my surprise and confusion.

"Will I do?" he asked.

I gave him a dismal smile.

"You are very good," I answered; "many thanks. Take care of me, please."

"I will, with pleasure."

That was all. I put his card absently in my pocket, and leaned back in my corner again, my thoughts turning anew to Charlie and my troubles.

At one of the few stations at which we stopped, new passengers entered the car. Mr. Chester vacated his own seat, and took the one with me. His object was, I think, to shield me from curious eyes, for he could not help but see that I was crying bitterly behind my handkerchief.

Into the depôt at —— the train rumbled at last. He touched my arm.

"We have reached our destination," he said, in a low voice. "Come!"

I arose to my feet. I felt sick and giddy. The other passengers had already left the car. He took my lace handkerchief, and quietly wiped my wet eyes.

"Surely," he said, in a surprised and uncomfortable voice, "you are distressing yourself needlessly, Miss——."

"Wynne," I inserted.

"A few hours, at farthest, will rectify the mistake you have made. Before midnight you will be with your friends again."

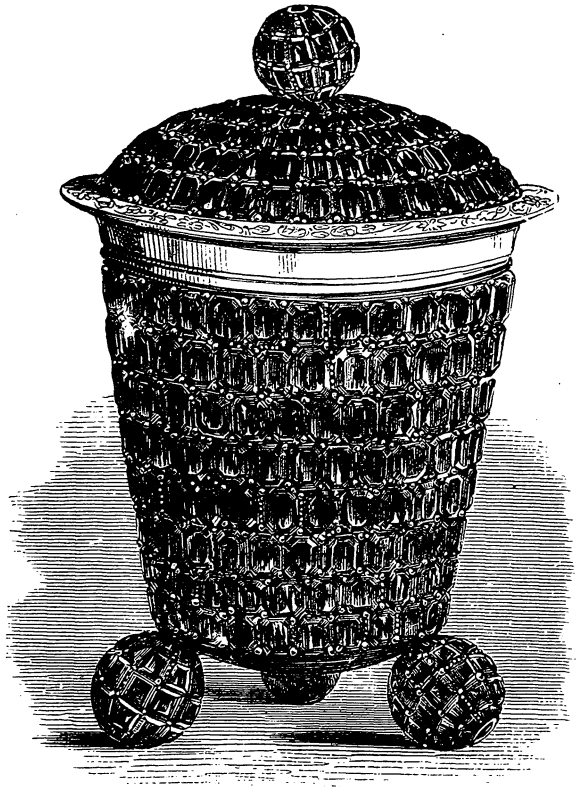
"It is not that," I cried: "it is something a great deal worse. Don't mind me, please."

"Indeed! Can I do anything for you?"

"You can help me to find a telegraph-office. I must send a message at once to—to some one at home."

We alighted from the car on a long, cold, dreary platform, traversed it, and found at its far end a carriage waiting for Mr. Chester. He handed me quietly in.

"We are going to a hotel near by for supper," he ex-



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CUP.—SEE PAGE 663.

plained. "You will find a telegraph office there, and there, too, you can decide how you wish to pass your time till the departure of the train."

I said nothing. He had promised to take care of me, I was sure he would do so. The hotel in question was but a few rods away. I dispatched my message to Charlie, with Mr. Chester standing by, reading my face with his speculative gray eyes. How brief and cold the words seemed! One cannot be tender in telegrams. I wrote and re-wrote mine, but without improving it. Then, almost in tears, walked off with my new acquaintance to the Ladies' Parlor. Fortunately for me it chanced to be empty.

"Will you come now to supper?" said Mr. Chester.

I shook my head.

"Excuse me, please; I wish for nothing."

"I will order tea for you in a private room."

"Don't mention it. Food would choke me to-night."

He looked impatient.

"What folly! Let me, at least, send you a glass of wine."

"Indeed, no! Leave me alone, pray—*pray*, leave me alone!"

He thought this rather ungracious, I suppose. He went off without another word. As for me, dismal and hopeless, I leaned my forehead against the cold glass of the window, and stared blankly out into the night.

By this time Charlie had reached the tryst. Without doubt he was at this very moment pacing the fir-walk at the end of the garden, watching, listening for me to come. What would he think of me? Not till he returned home, tired out with vain waiting, would he receive my telegram. Meanwhile what wrath, and doubt, and perplexity would be his. Perhaps he would *never* forgive me.

In the midst of my dark forebodings back came Mr. Chester. Somehow I fancied that he had not enjoyed his supper. He drew out his watch.

"Miss Wynne," he began, "I came to this place to-night to deliver a lecture. I am due at the hall in ten minutes. Will you go with me and make one of my audience, or will you remain here?"

I arose from the window.

"I will go with you, if I may."

"Most certainly; I shall be only too happy."

There were scores of people about the doors and in the passages as we went down, each and all intent, as it seemed, upon shaking hands with Mr. Chester and saying polite things to him. He passed out with me to the carriage—with *me*, who ought at that very moment to have been far away with Charlie Kerr!—and we entered it, and drove off through the strange, cheerless city streets.

I recall as I write the vast hall into which I was ushered; the crowd which awaited him there—dense, enthusiastic, well-dressed, well-bred. I was conducted to a seat on the right of the platform, where not a word or look of the speaker could escape me. Immensely flattered he must have felt at his reception; it was enough to raise the roof.

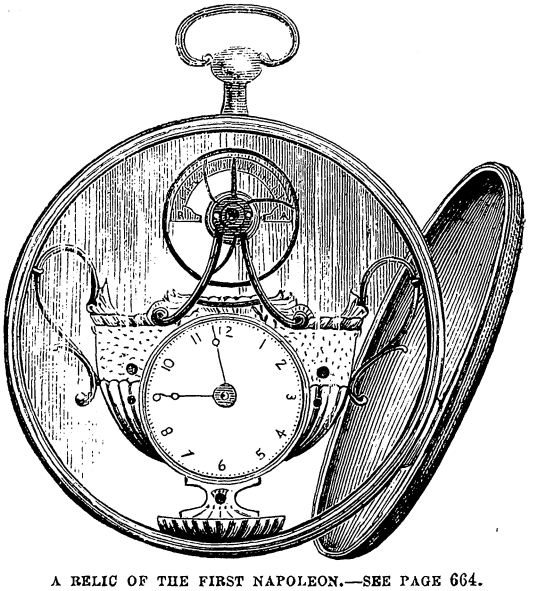
What the lecture was about does not matter here, nor did I myself know for a full half hour, at least. I would *not* listen! What right had I to be amused or entertained? I had been brought to the spot by a disastrous mistake, which was likely to wreck all my future happiness. It was but proper that I should be wretched, and wretched I was determined to be.

But after awhile, slowly, gradually, and in spite of myself, I began to attend—slowly, gradually, I became aware that the crowded hall was as still as death, and that on the platform a rather small man, with a sharply cut face, was talking most gracefully, most brilliantly, in a voice sweet, sonorous, smooth as oil. Had his language been Sanscrit, that voice was enough in itself to charm one's very soul.

Against my own inclinations, I grew interested; I began to watch the remarkable play of his sharply-cut features, his gestures full of polished grace. I had never before heard what is called a brilliant speaker, and was therefore the more easily impressed with this man's elegance and happy tricks of speech.

Under excitement, too, his face was quite unlike what it had been in the car and the hotel parlor. It now looked to me like a vase burning with white flame like an exquisitely chiseled cameo; it was superbly handsome. I recalled vague memories of what I had heard of his bravery on the battle-field, of his eloquence in courts and councils—yea, verily, I sat there and *admired* him.

When the crowd applauded him in a grand, hearty way, as



A RELIC OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.—SEE PAGE 664.

it often did, my heart thrilled as if—preposterous idea!—I had some part in him and the delight he was giving them. Once or twice he turned his gray eyes toward the right of the platform—toward *me*—gave me a brief, quiet glance, as if to make sure that I was being diverted just a little from my trouble.

I could not help looking back at him brightly; I could not but think that it was immensely kind of a man like this to torment himself with me and my affairs.

He came to me when it was all done.

"How wearied and bored you look!" he cried. "Courage! The worst is now over."

"I may be weary, but I am not bored," I answered; "quite the contrary."

"Thanks for the implied compliment. Shall we set our faces now toward that homeward train?"

We drove straight to the depôt. There was not much time to spare. It was a pitch-black night, cold, rainy, desolate. I heard the sleet smiting against the car-windows as we steamed out of the city.

Mr. Chester had evidently left his eloquence at the lecture-hall. He spoke not a word. I was glad of this, for I was in no mood for conversation, and to avoid the possibility of any I drooped my head against the side of the car, and pretended to sleep.

Away we went, faster, it seemed, and ever faster into the impenetrable dark. Of all earthly things the dearest to me is night-travel at a high rate of railroad speed.

We stopped at one or two stations, then thundered on again. I tried to count the miles over which we were speeding. At any rate my luckless adventure was almost over. A little while and I should be with Letty—Letty whom I had thought never to see again. Much as I loved Charlie Kerr, I felt a wild longing to go down on my knees to her and confess everything. Lying there with closed eyes against the side of the car, I was silently debating the consequences of such a step in the present complicated state of my love affairs when suddenly I felt a shock—heard a cry. Instinctively I started to my feet, so also did Mr. Chester. There was one awful confused instant in which I stood clinging to him as to the strongest and best thing within reach, in which he clasped me convulsively to his side, and then—*then* came a violent jerk, a wild thud, a noise of I know not what. Still folded in his arms, I seemed falling down infinite depths of darkness, and after that I knew no more.

My soul wandered away on one of those mysterious flights which have puzzled wiser heads than mine. After a long, long while it returned, and I became dimly conscious that I was lying on the earth, with a great swinging light shining down upon my face.

"Ah, worra, worra, the pretty darlint!" cried somebody close beside me; "she's kilt intirely! Try another dhrap o' the crayther. Whist! whist! Is it your wife, sir?"

"No," answered the voice of Mr. Chester.

I opened my eyes. On one side of me stood Paddy, holding a lantern; on the other, with a flask of brandy in his hand knelt Mr. Chester, striving to pour the liquor betwixt my set teeth.

"Begorra, she's come to herself again!" cried Paddy.

Mr. Chester lifted me on his strong, sustaining arm.

From head to foot I felt bruised and full of pain.

"My dear child," he said, kindly, "are you better?"

"Yes, yes," I gasped—"oh, yes. What has happened?"

"An accident. Part of the cars are over the embankment here—the result of a broken rail."

I looked around, and by the light of Paddy's lantern descried the *débris* of a wreck underlying the wet, brown bank, also figures coming and going, ghost-like, through the dark, and lights moving everywhere like will-o'-the-wisps. A very sickening thrill went over me.

"Is anybody hurt?"

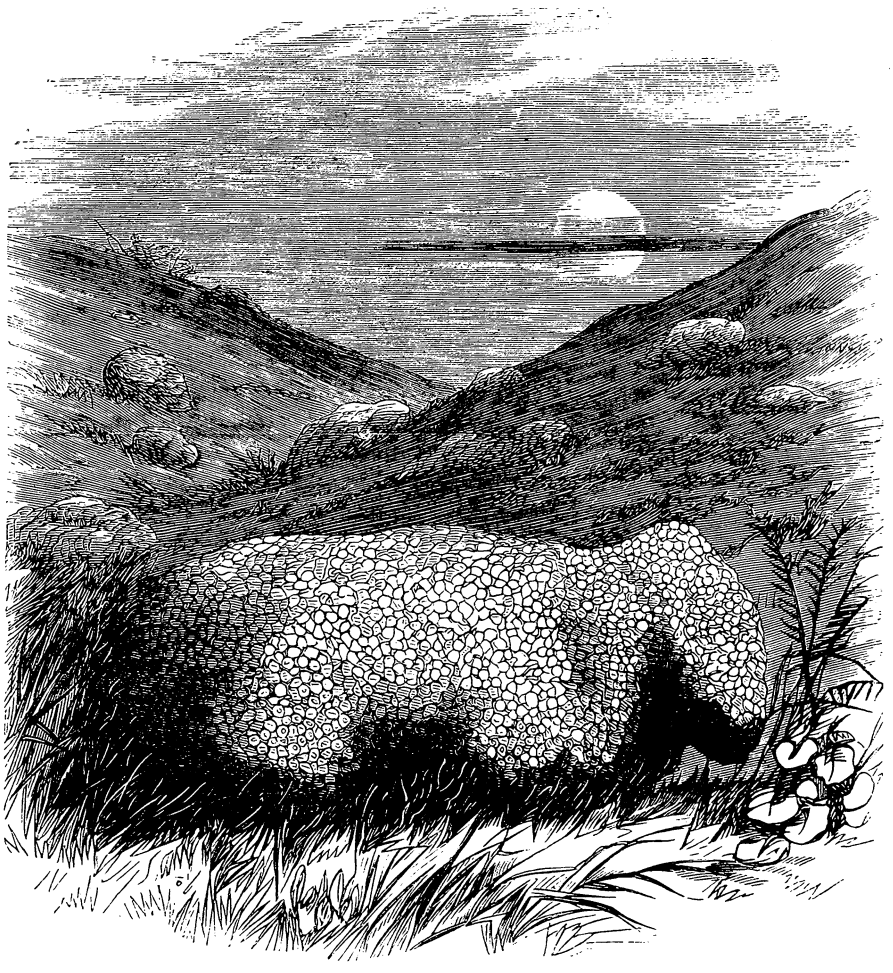
"Yes."

"Killed?"

"Yes."

Out of my weak, hurt body fled my frightened soul again. For the second time that night, I swooned away.

Across the wet, brown field which stretched at the foot of the embankment was Paddy's little house. To this they carried me. There was another and more pretentious dwelling near, but thither the wounded had been conveyed, and, out of consideration for me, Mr. Chester accepted this humbler shelter.



A CURIOUS NEW ZEALAND PLANT.—SEE PAGE 665.

Shall I ever forget the room upon which I opened my bewildered eyes? In size and appearance it was very like a respectable pigpen. Paddy's wife was no foe to dirt. The accident had aroused her from bed, and amazingly dishevelled and unkempt she was; but her hospitality more than compensated for any lack of personal comeliness.

"Hivinly powers! but it's a mercy that ye got off wid yer lives and yer limbs," she cried. "Ah, worra, worra, take a sip o' the tay, darlint. It's a poor place for the likes o' ye. Put more wood to the fire, Paddy; she's perished intirely wid the wet and the cold, the darlint!"

Mr. Chester forced me to drink a little of the hot tea which the woman had made. Then Paddy took his lantern and returned to the scene of the accident, and his wife withdrew to the "childers" in some unknown quarter of the house. Mr. Chester and I were left alone.

The rain was pouring on the roof, the wind shrieked at the one window of the room. A tree outside pounded the clap-boards with gaunt arms. I sat on a wooden bench by the fire, wrapped in Mr. Chester's cloak, which he had taken from his own shoulders to shield me, and he stood beside me, leaning his back against the wall, and looking preternaturally grave and solemn.

"Must we stay here all night?" I queried.

"Heaven forbid! Help has been telegraphed for; it cannot be long before it arrives." Then he added, ruefully, "This is a hard experience for you, Miss Wynne. However, let us not be ungrateful. It might have been infinitely worse. We have had a narrow escape."

"True."

I shuddered, thinking of the fate which had overtaken some of our fellow-passengers.

"You were never before eye-witness to a railway disaster?" he said, gravely. "Not so with me."

A great tide of remorse and terror swept suddenly over me. The strange place, the hour, the dreary dropping of the rain, the mournful wail of the wind, Mr. Chester's solemn face, conspired to affect me most unfavorably. I looked up at him as he stood against the shanty wall.

"There was a Jonah on that train," I burst out.

"Indeed!"

"Yes. It was I."

He looked as if he thought my brain was going.

"This is my reward," I cried, incoherently, "for deceiving guardy and Letty—dear, unsuspecting Letty! Oh, the wicked are always punished—all good books say that—and I am wicked and treacherous, and altogether detestable, and this is just my recompense for it—it is, indeed!"

This outbreak seemed for a moment to strike him dumb. He opened wide his gray eyes.

"You look wretched, and frightened, and worn out, Miss Wynne, but not at all wicked. What heinous crime have you committed to merit such punishment?"

The impulse to unburden my guilty conscience—to make, as is vulgarly said, a clean breast of it—was too strong for me.

"It was nothing less than an attempted elopement," I cried. "I was going to run away this very night with some one that Guardy hates—that Letty quite abhors. He is waiting for me at this very moment, for all that I know, and—and—you see yourself how I have been prospered in my undertaking."

And then I told him all about my guardian, and Letty, and Charlie Kerr, and our unlucky passion, and how he had been gradually forced to propose this step to me, and how I had consented to it, partly in love, partly in despair.

The light of Paddy's kerosene lamp flickered on the bare wall of the shanty, and concentrated all its force on Mr. Chester's clearcut face as he looked at me in utter silence.

"I don't know why I should make *you* my father-confessor," I said, with a little hysterical laugh. "An utter stranger, too! You think me very dreadful, no doubt; but I have reached that pass when I *must* speak to somebody."

"Shall I tell you what I think?" he answered, in a very odd voice, "even at the risk of making you angry? This lover of yours is either a simpleton or a villain, or perhaps a combination of both. The time will come, be sure, when you will thank Heaven for the mishaps of to-night."

"You are greatly mistaken!" I blazed. "You don't know Charlie. He is the dearest—the best fellow in the world. I know that we have both done wrong, but don't think that I mean to break faith with him. If Letty and my guardian will not consent to our marriage, after what has happened to-night, I shall make up my mind to remain single for the rest of my days."

He looked sarcastic.

"I do not see that anything has occurred which ought in the least to soften them toward Mr. Kerr. Were *I* your guardian, you should never again see the fellow's face. But you are ready to hate me for what I have said. A woman may bear to hear herself abused, but woe to the one who assails her lover!"

"But I tell you that Charlie is good—noble—splendid!" I cried, as if reiteration would strengthen my words—"the best—yes, the very of men!"

"The very best of men," he dryly answered, "would hardly be guilty of prompting a young, infatuated girl to deceive a sister who loved her, a guardian who sought only her well-being——"

"Now you are turning my own words to arrows against me. I wish I had not told you."

His face changed at once.

"Don't say that. You and I must not quarrel, Miss Wynne—neither about your lover nor about anybody else. If I have grieved you, forgive me."

After that we spoke but little. He did not find the conversation pleasant, and I was too weary and exhausted to wish to pursue it. Nobody came near us; nobody disturbed us. I curled myself up on a corner of the wooden bench, and after a little while Paddy's light began to fade from my sight—so did Mr. Chester's pale, severe face. The world and its troubles fled from me. I slept.

By-and-by somebody moved me to an easier position, drew my head to his shoulder, and passed an arm around me to keep me firm on my hard seat. I was in the midst of an ugly, confused dream, when Mr. Chester's voice brought me back to the realities of Paddy's shanty.

"I am sorry to disturb you," he said; "but a train has arrived; it is time to be moving."

He aroused my benumbed faculties by walking me up and down the place a few times, and then we stepped out together into the darkness—splashed off together over the wet, brown field.

"But for you, what should I have done to-night?" said I, humbly.

* * * * * * *

Behold me, somewhere in the wee, sma' hours, standing, limp and draggled, at Letty's door, while Mr. Chester pulls the bell with right good will.

We are a long time waking my somnolent relatives; but finally Fred appears in a picturesque déshabille, and starts back in profound amazement at sight of the pair soliciting entrance at that unearthly hour.

"Hulloa! What, in the name of heaven—— Why, Nan! Bless me! where did you come from?"

"Oh, Fred! such a dreadful time as I have had!" groaned I, and I stepped into the hall; and, while he was fumbling about to light the gas, I communicated to him my story. At its close I looked around for Mr. Chester, but he had disappeared.

"He said 'Good-night,'" remarked Fred, "but you did not hear him. Lives opposite, you know. Superb, is not he? I'll step over and thank him after breakfast."

"Fred, you never mean to say that *he* is Letty's neighbor—the—the—bachelor of whom she was speaking to me?"

"The same."

"Oh, impossible! She talked of him as if he was an ordinary mortal."

"That was her little game, most likely. Women are deep—dreadfully deep."

Then Letty appeared, and I went over the story again, telling her of everything but my intended elopement. That confession, which had fallen almost involuntarily from my lips in Paddy's shanty, now hung fire. I determined to wait, and see what the coming day would bring forth.

Home to W—— I went at an early hour, and without catching so much as a glimpse of the neighbor across the way. All day I wandered about the house, staring out into the wet evergreens that lined the avenues, and up at the leaden, rainy sky, waiting for tidings of Charlie Kerr. Was he very, very angry? Why did he not come, and let me explain all.

In the late afternoon a letter was brought me. I opened it with shaking hands. My heart misgave me before I had read a line. It was as follows:

"False, faithless girl! You have broken your word, wrung my heart, betrayed my trust, and now I am done with you. You will never look on my face more. The woman who cannot hold to a man in evil as well as good report is not worth having. I have sinned more for your sake than for my own. Farewell. Make haste to forget me—as I shall you. C. K."

I stood, stunned, bewildered, turning the sheet in my hand. What did he mean? What strange words were these about evil report, and of having sinned for my sake? He gave me up—cast me off without waiting for explanations! I flung the bitter, cruel letter from me, and sank into a chair.

The room grew dark. Presently the door opened, and my guardian entered. Miserable as I was, I could not but notice how grim, and haggard, and altogether strange he looked. He had just come from the train, evidently, for he was dripping wet. In his hand he held a yellow envelope. He flung it into my lap. It was the telegram which I had sent Charley Kerr from ——.

"Hulloa!" he cried, with a forced cheerfulness. "So you are here, safe, at last, midget! I met Fred in town, and received from him a history of your adventures."

"Did you?" I quavered. "Somewhat serious, were they not?"

"Ay; and I thought you safe at Letty's all the while. Nan, look me in the face. By the Lord! ill-tidings travel fast, indeed! Somebody has already told you!"

"Told me what?" I cried, in querulous pain, snatching up the telegram. "Guardy, where did you get this?"

His old eyes flashed fire.

The officers of the bank gave it to me. I don't ask what it means; I don't want to know; but from my soul, Nan, I'm sorry for you. That scoundrel—that villain—your lover and my nephew (God help us both!)—has stolen fifty thousand dollars from the bank—bonds placed there for safe-keeping—and fled, Heaven only knows where—gone, the thief!—gone, and left a good name covered with disgrace!"

Why should I dwell upon that time—the blackest, the bitterest that I ever knew? He had meant, no doubt, to make me the sharer of his flight and his booty alike; but, through the agency of one little blunder, Heaven had ordered it otherwise for me, What passed in my heart, as I reviewed the matter, I need not here tell.

Do not think that I forgot him all at once. A woman, once loving, can seldom do that, let her brazen idol show his clay-feet as he may. Month after month went by. One June night, when the roses were swaying in clouds on the piazzas, and I sat steeping my senses in their fragrance, a step came up the walk of evergreens, and I looked and saw Mr. Chester.

It was no unusual sight, for of late he had become a constant visitor at what Letty called our suburban snuggery. His face was as sharply cut, his eyes as gray and speculative as on the night when I first saw them. Faithfully, too, had he kept the secret of my attempted elopement even in the midst of all the excitement following Charlie Kerr's flight.

"Nan," he murmured, as he hung over my garden-chair there in the shadow of the roses, "did I take good care of you that night?"

"Excellent. Have I not told you so hundreds of times?"

"Insatiate being that I am, I am greedy to hear it again. It emboldens me to ask you, now that your sorrow is spent—now that you begin to be happy once more—to entrust yourself to me for all time, Nan."

A moon rose out of the East, grand and calm, and touched his face with its white light, and shone upon me through the roses.

"I am not good enough for you," I answered, humbly—"for you, so famous, so noble, so infinitely superior to other men ——"

"Hold!" He took my face in his two hands, and looked down in it with proud, pleading eyes.

"You are the one thing which I hold precious in the whole world—the pearl of price, for the possession of which I would gladly barter all else that I have. Will not this suffice you?"

"What! After all that you know of my past?"

"I care nothing for your past—it is the future which I ask you to give to my keeping."

"Take it, then," said I; and, though no other words were spoken, my heart went, a free gift, with the two hands which I placed silently in his.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CUP.

THIS costly example of olden taste is in the possession of Colonel Gwatkin, whose mother (a niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds) obtained it from her sister, who married the Marquis of Thomond, in whose family it had been preserved for a long period of time. The cup is of silver gilt; the rim around the cover is engraved with an arabesque, and bears traces of colored enamels and stones which have decorated the leaves and flowers of which it consists. This is the only piece of engraved work upon the cup; for the cover, sides, and knob are completely covered with precious stones, many hundreds in number, secured in separate cells and ranged closely together in rows entirely round the vessel. These stones are amethysts of various tints, the interstices of the setting of each being filled with small turquoises, which are, in some instances, as minute as seed pearls, to allow every part of the cup to be incrusted with jewels. The knob on the top of the cover and the three upon which it stands are similarly covered with jewels. Those which form the feet unscrew; a hollow tube affixed to the bottom of the cup passes partially through each, and a screw, the head of which contains an amethyst, fits into this tube from beneath and completely conceals the mode of securing them. A false bottom of thin silver is held on by these screws, and covers a cypher; the letters being "E. R.," conjoined in a scroll characteristic of the reign of the sovereign whose ownership has thus been carefully stamped upon it.

The weight of the cup is considerable; it holds about half a pint. It exhibits more barbaric magnificence than real taste, yet is characteristic of the time in which it was made.

In the reign of Elizabeth a superstitious belief in the hidden virtues of precious stones was current, which gave them a value independent of their rarity and beauty. The amethyst, in particular, was believed to possess the power of repelling intoxication, and it therefore became a fitting incrustation for the cup of a female sovereign; hence this gift was liberally decorated with so valued a stone.

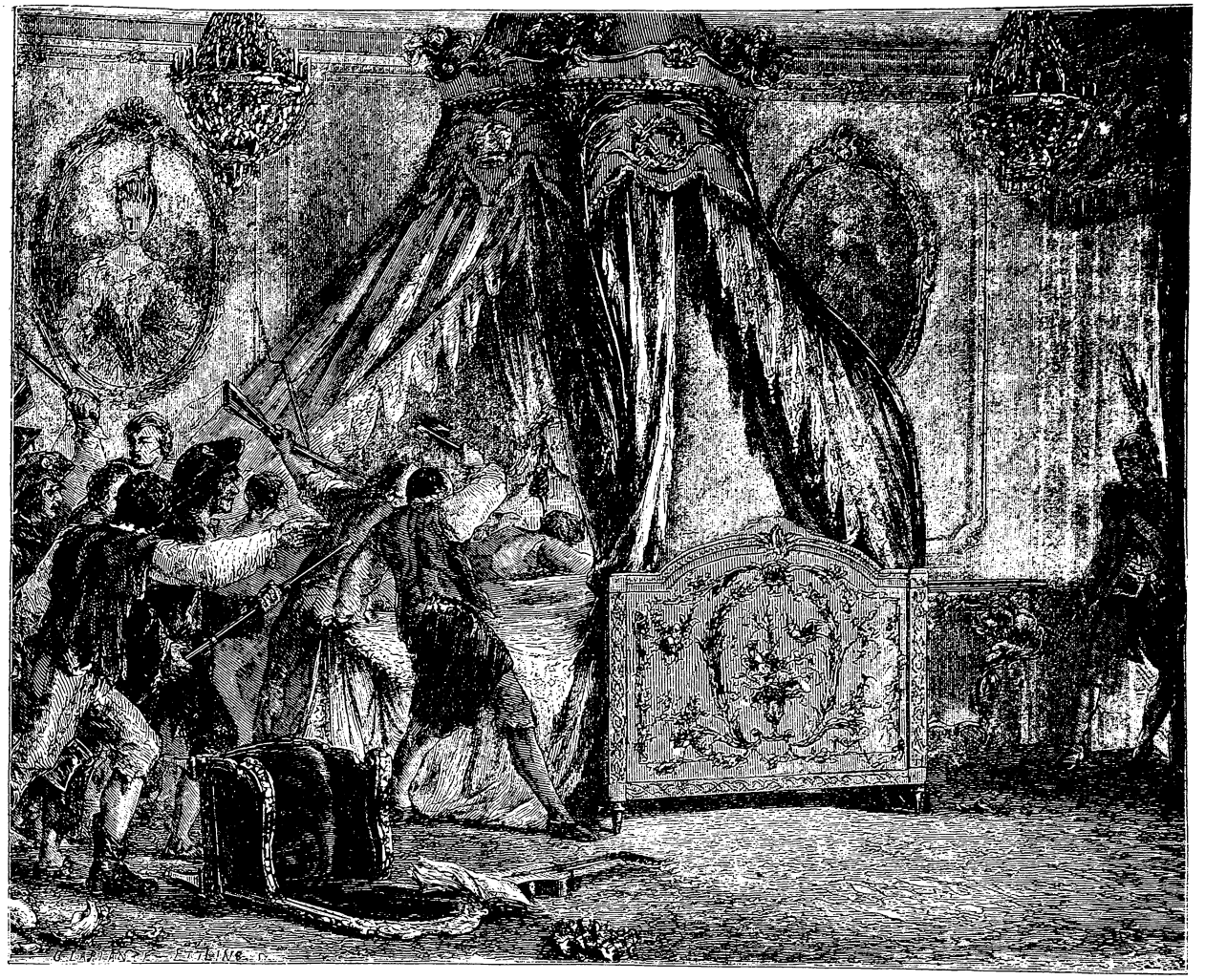
The belief in the medical and magical virtues of precious stones was a doctrine much inculcated by the Arabian naturalists, who believed that the amethyst prevented inebriation, and the turquoise strengthened the eyes and was a remedy against poison; and it was from the East that we obtained our belief in their hidden efficacy. During the time of Elizabeth it is not likely that much faith was placed in such mysticism; but the affectation which characterized her court might have induced the maker of this cup to resort to the quaint conceit of an older faith, to render his work the more acceptable.

A RELIC OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.

MEMENTOES of persons who played prominent parts in the events of the last century are usually regarded by matter-of-fact Yankees with much distrust.

In the case of a watch, however, that came, some time ago, into the possession of J. F. Klarenaar, Esq., of Louisville, Ky., there are historical memoranda to prove its antiquity, and investing it with rare value as a relic.

MARIE ANTOINETTE, QUEEN OF FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 666.



THE MOB INVADING THE BED-CHAMBER OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.—SEE PAGE 666.

Sometime about the year 1812 or 1813, while traveling in a coach and six through Holland, on a visit to the Hague, Napoleon passed through the fortress of Nemwegen. A procession was formed, and many of the soldiers who had served under the Emperor in his campaigns turned out as a guard of honor. While approaching the quay on the River Waal, the horses attached to the imperial carriage became unmanageable, the vehicle was run on the verge of a precipice, and was on the point of turning over, when, with a reckless disregard for his own life, one Wilhelm Behnen dashed through the crowd and between the frightened horses and the brink, and succeeded in arresting them.

Napoleon alighted from his carriage and inquired his rescuer's name, at the same time offering him, as a recognition of his service, a commission in the army, but Mr. Behnen declined the offer. The Emperor then asked him why he had endangered his own life to save him, and was so well pleased with the answer, that he took his watch from a pocket and presented it to him.

Mr. Behnen afterward kept the post-haus, or post-office, at the village of Elten, and at his death the watch fell to the possession of Theodore Goris, an uncle of Mr. Klarenaar, where it remained until his mother visited Germany. On her return to America she brought the trophy home with her as a present to her son from his uncle. Since this remarkable watch has been in this country it has been shown to numerous connoisseurs and collectors of articles of *vértu*.

The works are set in a gold urn, on the face of which is the dial, and above it is the balance-wheel, pivoted on a small dial. This pretty mechanical arrangement is inclosed in crystals on both sides, but protected on the back by a gold shell, like an ordinary watch.

A CURIOUS NEW ZEALAND PLANT.

In presenting our readers with an engraving of a most interesting and curious plant, known to botanists as "vegetable sheep," we are indebted to the Curator of the Museum at the Royal Gardens, Kew, for his courtesy in supplying us with the following valuable account of it:

"The plant which bears this peculiar appellation is a near botanical relative of that 'modest crimson-tipped flower,' our common daisy, as well as to the Michaelmas daisy, dandelion, etc. In short, it belongs to a group of plants numbering about a thousand species, and very widely distributed in all parts of the globe.

"This group, or natural order, is called by botanists the *Compositæ*, from the composite nature of its flowers, for what is popularly called a flower in this family of plants is, in fact, an indefinite number of small flowers arranged in one head on a fleshy or succulent disk, called a receptacle. The sunflower, which is likewise a member of the same family, offers a good example of a composite flower, inasmuch as its parts being on a large scale, a microscope is necessary to examine them.

"The receptacle is that part which, after the flowers have died off, is seen studded with little black appendages called

seeds, but each of which is in reality an individual fruit, perfect in itself, and called an *achene*. Each of these so-called seeds, during the flowering of the plant, had a perfect flower attached to it, the organs of which, in the course of nature, performed their functions, and produced and ripened the fruit. These small, distinct flowers are called florets, and the florets are often of a distinct shape; as, for instance, the 'crimson-tipped' petals on the circumference of the daisy are larger and more spreading than those in the centre Hence, those on the outside of the circle are called florets of the ray, and those in the centre florets of the disk.

"Though these characters are more easily distinguishable in small plants, as the sunflower and daisy, they are, nevertheless, present in the sheep plant, and similar tufty growing plants of the same order.

"To look at these tufts as they grow, or even at the specimen in the Kew Museum, the plants appear as much unlike daisies, or anything approaching to daisies, or even to plant life, as it is possible to be.

"The tufts or masses vary considerably in size, some being so large that in the distance, up the mountains, the shepherds are frequently deceived by them, mistaking them for sheep that have strayed from the flock. Nor is this deception dispelled by a nearer approach, the shaggy appearance being very like the woolly coat of sheep. The shape of the masses is somewhat varied; but they are mostly of such an irregular spherical form as to be easily mistaken for a sheep when that animal is partly curled up in a reclining posture.

"Upon a closer examination of these tufts, it will be seen that the whole mass is divided into numerous small tufts, or knobs, irregular in form, and varying in size, but averaging from the sixteenth to a quarter of an inch in diameter. Each of these little knobs is an entire and individual plant, containing leaves and flowers, both of which are, of course, microscopically minute, and are hidden and densely compacted together by the numerous woolly or velvety hairs with which they are covered. The flowers, though so minute, are in compound heads, like the daisy, though the florets do not exceed ten in number.

"Thus we see that the extraordinary woolly appearance of these singular plants is due to the large development of glandular hairs, which so cover the leaves as to hide both them and the flowers, so that one of these tufts is made up of a multitude of individual plants, so compacted together by the hairs on the leaves as to give an idea at first sight, and in the distance, of its being a veritable sheep, and even upon closer examination it might be taken for a mass of sponge, or, perhaps, some huge fungus.

"The scientific name of the plant is *Raoulia eximia*, being given in honor of Raoul, a French naval surgeon."

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

By Henry Barton Baker,
Author of "Mazarin," "Richelieu," etc.

There are two names in the queenly record of history which are always fresh in sorrow, and appeal directly to the human heart. Mary, Queen of Scots, and Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, are inseparably united as they flow down the stream of time, and will, doubtless, draw tears for all generations.

Marie Antoinette was the youngest daughter of the Emperor Joseph of Austria, and the famous Maria Theresa, and was born in Vienna, November 2d, 1755. As though to mark her life with a symbol of misfortune, the day of her birth was that of the appalling earthquake at Lisbon. On the 16th of May, 1770, the beautiful daughter of Maria Theresa was married to the French dauphin, and, as though to emphasize the evil portent of her earthquake birth, the nuptial day was distinguished by one of the most frightful storms that ever devastated France.

From Strasburg to Compiègne her progress had been marked by one continuous *fête;* her eyes have looked upon naught but smiling faces, holiday attire, and roadways strewed with flowers; no harsher sounds have rung in her ears than the peal of the bells or the *feu de joie*, while every breeze has wafted shouts of welcome and words of devotion. At Compiègne she has been met by Louis XV. and her future husband, and by them has been conducted, amid even greater rejoicings, to Versailles. Happy bride, to be the object of so much homage; happier bridegroom, to be the possessor of so much loveliness! Surely Fortune had emptied her cornucopia over the cradle of both! Where is the seer whose eyes can penetrate the depths of the future and see the shadowy form of the "Red Mokanna" stalking behind her—the glittering ax hovering above her neck—the hour when the poorest outcast, whose bed is the stones, and whose meal is the crust out of the gutter, would not change places with the beauteous Queen of France? "Call no one happy until he has passed over the last day of his life," wisely said the old Greek.

Magnificent are the wedding preparations at Versailles! The morning has been fine and bright, but, while the wedding-party is gathering, dark, threatening clouds begin to sail across the sky; the growl of the thunder is heard, and large drops of rain patter upon the leaves. Darker and darker grow the heavens, and down comes the storm in all its fury. Out of the black clouds descend sheets of water; the streets of Versailles, of Paris, are foaming rivers. The blackness of night, broken only by the blaze of the lightning, enshrouds the day; the thunder crashes and rolls and echoes and re-echoes, drowning the voice of the priest, blanching the cheeks of the bride, and striking terror to the hearts of the fine ladies and gentlemen who attend upon her. But the storm passes away, and the sun shines brightly again when the wedding *cortége* comes forth. At night the park and gardens are lit up by four millions of lamps. Looking at those myriads of lights shining and twinkling and clustering among the dark, shadowy foliage, one might fancy that the heavens have fallen, and that all the stars had lodged among the trees and shrubs. To add to the illusion, a bouquet of three thousand rockets ascends, filling the air with a gorgeous shower of meteors.

On the 30th of May the rejoicings are brought to an end by a splendid illumination and pyrotechnic display in Paris. It is doomed to be a black memory in many a household. The sight is magnificent, and every street is thronged with people and ablaze with light. The crowd is all *gaieté de cœur*, as only a French crowd can be. But all of an instant the spell is broken by cries, not of joy, but of anguish—of screams, not of laughter, but of terror. The Place de Louis Quinze is seen to be enveloped in flames. A grand *pièce de feu d'artifice* has taken fire accidentally and ignited its fixtures. The place is crowded with carriages; the horses take fright; madly breaking from control they plunge among the crowd, trampling down the people at every step. The human mass sways, surges, falls back upon itself, and is seized with delirious panic. Groans, yells, shrieks, imprecations, clash and mingle with the laughter that yet reverberates in the air. There is a purposeless rush, a frantic effort to get—no one knows whither. Some houses are being rebuilt; the foundations, open and encumbered with *débris*, gape like huge pits; into these fall men, women, and children, until they are filled with a writhing mass of human suffering, and over this road of flesh tramples the flying crowd, breaking arms, legs, and crushing to death. Men draw their swords and pierce their way through the swaying human wall that encompasses them; others hang on to the

carriages until the occupants, fierce with "Nature's first law," cut them down or slash off their clinging hands; some cast themselves into the Seine, others into the ditches of the Tuileries, where they are smothered in the ooze and slime. Artificial scaffoldings, erected for spectators, give way and precipitate their crowds and their beams upon the struggling wretches beneath, crushing them like egg-shells. Robbers pounce like vultures upon the helpless, and strip them of their valuables; in their savage haste chopping off fingers to secure the rings, tearing the earrings through the women's ears. The illuminations light up a charnel-house, and serve as torches for those who seek and bear away the dying and the dead. The wails of wives, husbands, fathers, the cries of children and the groans of the sufferers, penetrate even to the nuptial chamber. Overwhelmed with grief and horror, the dauphin and dauphine send their whole income for the year to the relief of the unfortunate families who lost their relations on that disastrous day.

On the 10th of May, 1774, died Louis XV. When the announcement of this event was made to the dauphin, his wife cried "God guide and protect us, we are too young to govern."

Let us call upon Madame Vigée Lebrun to paint us a portrait of this beautiful creature: "Tall, admirably proportioned, fully developed but not stout, superb arms, hands and feet small and perfectly formed. She had the finest carriage of any woman in France, carrying her head with a majesty that instantly marked the sovereign even in the midst of her court, yet without that majesty in any way detracting from the sweetness and pleasantness of her aspect. It is very difficult to give an idea of so much sweetness and nobleness combined. Her features were not regular. She inherited from her family the long, oval, narrow countenance peculiar to it. Her blue eyes were not large, but they were soft and brilliant; nose good, well-chiseled; her mouth not too large, although her lips were rather full. But the great beauty of her face was her complexion. I have never seen any like it, any so exquisitely transparent. The last time I went to Fontainebleau I saw her in full costume, covered with diamonds, and as the sun shone upon her she looked truly dazzling. Her head, supported by her lovely swan-like neck, gave her in walking so majestic and imposing an air that she looked like a goddess in the midst of her nymphs."

We will now take from Madame de Campan an amusing description of the etiquette observed at the toilet of the young queen: "The princess's toilet was a masterpiece of etiquette; everything done on the occasion was in a prescribed form. Both the lady of honor and the tirewoman usually attended and officiated, assisted by the first *femme de chambre* and two inferior attendants. The tirewoman put on the petticoat, and handed the gown to the queen. The lady of honor poured out the water for her hands, and put on her body linen. When a princess of the royal family happened to be present while the queen was dressing, the lady of honor yielded to her the latter act of office; but still did not yield it directly to the princess of the blood. In such a case the lady of honor was accustomed to present the linen to the chief lady in waiting, who, in her turn, handed it to the princess of the blood. Each of these ladies observed these rules scrupulously, as affecting her rights. One Winter's day it happened that the queen, who was entirely undressed, was just going to put on her body linen; I held it ready unfolded for her; the lady of honor came in, slipped off her gloves, and took it; a rustling was heard at the door; it was opened, and in came the Duchesse d'Orléans. She took her gloves off, and came forward to take the garment; but as it would have been wrong in the lady of honor to hand it to her, she gave it to me, and I handed it to the princess. A further noise—it was the Countess de Provence; the Duchess d'Orléans handed her the linen. All this time the queen kept her arms crossed upon her bosom, and appeared to feel cold. Madame observed her uncomfortable situation, and merely laying down her handkerchief, without taking off her gloves, she put on the linen, and, in doing so, knocked the queen's cap off. The queen laughed to conceal her impatience; but not until she had muttered several times, 'How disagreeable! how tiresome!'"

From her accession to the throne to the very day on which she laid her head on the block, Marie Antoinette was the subject of many outrageous calumnies. Perhaps the most atrocious was that of the "Diamond Necklace."

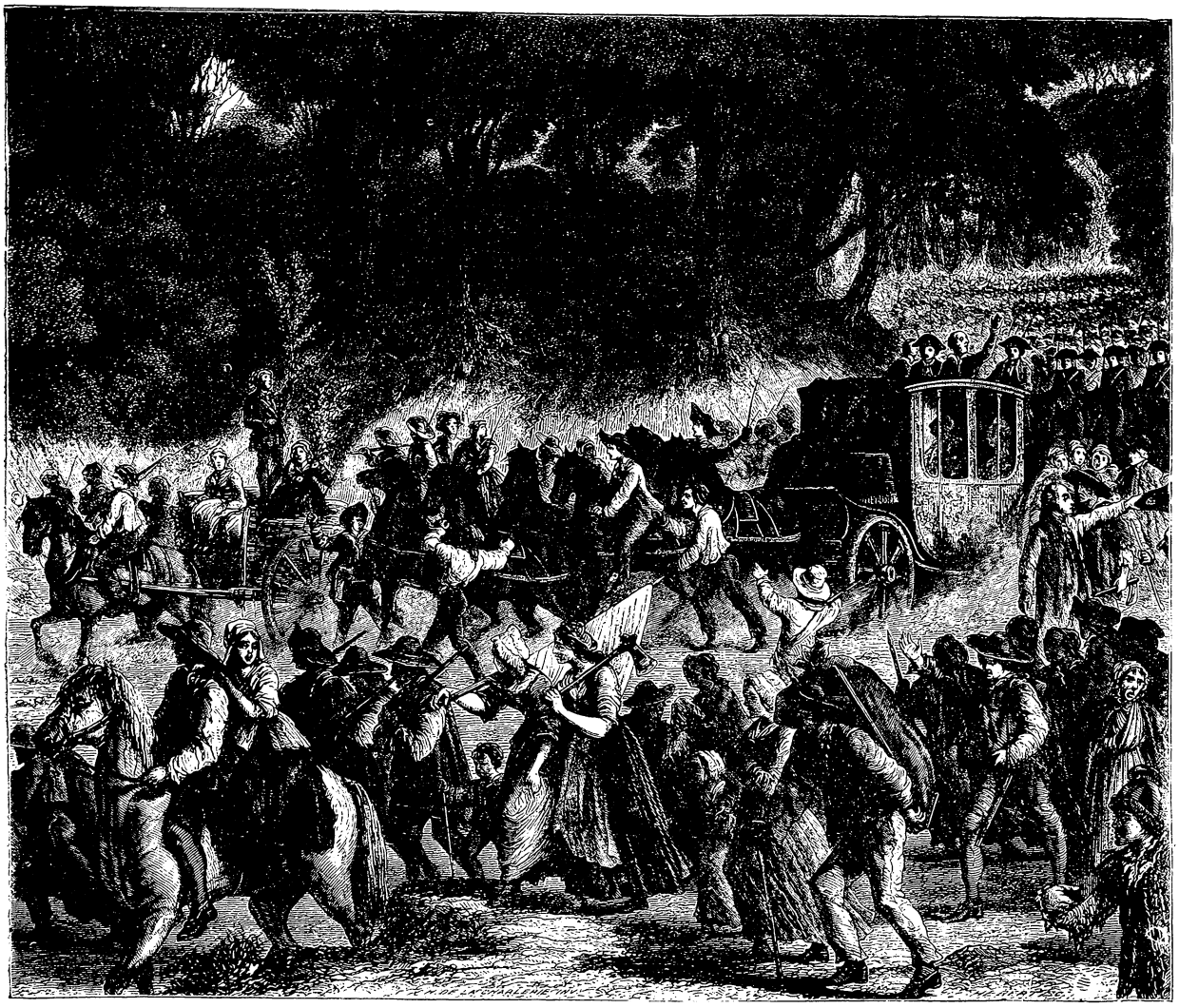
Now that Time has dispelled the illusions of party and personal malice, the facts appear to be these:

Cardinal de Rohan, at once a *roué* and a dupe, cherished a guilty passion for the queen, which was known to several about the court. Among these was the Countess de la Motte, who conceived the idea that she might realise a fortune out of his criminal weakness. From the judicial proceedings taken at the time, it would seem that the Countess de la Motte, who was one of the ladies employed about the person of the queen, privately informed the cardinal that his passion was not so hopeless as he imagined, for that she had heard the queen speak of him with great tenderness. She also persuaded him that the queen had set her heart upon the magnificent diamond necklace which had been made for Madame de Barry by order of Louis XV., but which, owing to the death of that king, was still in the hands of the jeweler. The cost of this necklace was fixed at four hundred thousand dollars. The low state of the royal finances rendered it impossible for Marie Antoinette to pay for it, but the scheming countess proposed that if the cardinal would guarantee the payment of this sum, upon the queen giving him a written acknowledgment, the jeweler, M. Bochmer, would deliver up the precious necklace. Seeing how completely this would throw the object of his passion into his power, the cardinal eagerly consented. To delude him still more the countess told him that at her solicitation the queen would meet him in the park of Versailles, the next evening. La Motte then bribed a courtesan, named Gay d'Oliva, who resembled Marie Antoinette in height and figure very much, to personate her. The night was dark and the cardinal was on the spot. A veiled figure made its appearance—the enraptured cardinal sank on his knee, and passionately kissed the hand so graciously extended to him. At this minute the Countess de la Motte rushed forward, to say that some one was approaching. The veiled figure immediately fled, but in its flight dropped a rose, murmuring, "You know what that means!"

On the 1st of February, 1786, Bochmer delivered the necklace to the cardinal, who sent it ostensibly to the queen by a page in royal livery. It is needless to add that the precious ornament was never given to the queen, but was appropriated by Madame de la Motte, who, while she was disposing of the jewels piecemeal, amused the deluded cardinal with imaginary messages from Marie Antoinette.

At last the jeweler called on the cardinal to redeem his guarantee. Then the bubble burst. The countess, the cardinal, and several others were arrested, and tried. After a long trial the chief actor in this conspiracy, Madame de la Motte, was sentenced to imprisonment for life, and to be branded with V——. The others were acquitted, but the cardinal was banished.

It was said at the time that the plot was the suggestion of the Duc d'Orléans, but this idea probably originated in the well-known antipathy existing between the high-spirited woman and the unprincipled man of the world, who so soon perished after his brother and his sovereign. The gossip of the day also implicated that notorious charlatan, Cagliostre, in the scheme; but the settled opinion now is that the



MARIE ANTOINETTE AND LOUIS XVI. CONDUCTED BACK TO PARIS.—SEE PAGE 666.

Countess de La Motte was the sole person responsible for the scandal, and that it had its origin in greed.

On the 21st January, 1781, the dauphin was born, an event which was celebrated with the wildest rejoicings. On that day eleven years afterward, Louis XVI. perished on the scaffold.

But the long arrears of misgovernment, which had been accumulating for ages, was about to give the restless spirits of conquest and designing demagogues their long cherished opportunity of climbing to unbridled power on the ruins of the monarchy; and, taking advantage of the public distress, these men inflamed the passions of the mob till law and order were trampled in the dust.

To meet this tempest of discontent and revolution, there were a weak and frivolous king, who would have made a much better locksmith than monarch—a capricious woman, who labored under the disadvantage of being an Austrian—a corrupt clergy, and an effete aristocracy. These offered a very feeble barrier to the loosened passions of a people which had been brutalized by generations of oppression.

It was but natural that the daughter of Maria Theresa should cling to royal prerogative. She was strongly opposed to the convocation of the States-General. Wiser than king or ministers, she perceived the extreme danger of such a step in the then fermenting condition of the country.

At the approach of danger all weakness and frivolity were eliminated from her character; no more masquerades, no more games at romps, no more coquetry, but every inch a queen; fearless in the defence of her rights, dauntless to the menaces of her enemies; patient to endure, a devoted wife, a loving, tender mother—in a word, a *true woman!* Each day her trials grew more bitter, and each day her nature grew more noble. Each day some beloved friend swelled the tide of emigration, now constantly flowing from the shores of France, until she stood alone with husband and children. In vain did her brother and her family urge her to seek shelter in Austria. Her answer was ever the same. "My duty keeps me at my husband's side to share his danger. I will never quit him with life."

It has been asserted that her rash and haughty counsels precipitated the conflict between the king and people, or, to speak more precisely, established order and the demagogues. Some contend that, had the weak-minded king acted with the vigor she had recommended, the National Assembly would have been checked in the beginning; but Carlyle well observes that it was beyond the power of any man, however vast his genius, to have stayed the storm.

Nevertheless, it is well known that the queen had far more daring than her husband. Mirabeau said of her:

"You do not know the queen. She has prodigious strength of mind. She has the courage of a man!"

On the 5th of October a wild, furious mob, chiefly composed of women, marched to Versailles, clamoring for food and for the return of the royal family to Paris. After slaughtering one or two soldiers, they were in some way appeased and fed, and encamped for the night about the

grounds and out-houses of the palace. But at dawn next morning a fancied insult aroused their slumbering ferocity. About six o'clock an attendant, besmeared with blood, rushes into the queen's chamber, entreating her to fly—the mob are close at hand. The royal family and their attendants have taken shelter in the Œil de Bœuf, waiting the assassination that now seems inevitable. She has only time to throw on a dressing-gown and fly by another door, when, with yells and curses, the ruffians trample upon the attendant and rush into the chamber. Foaming with rage at the escape of their prey, they slash and cut the bed to atoms with their swords and knives as they would have done her body. With clubs and hammers they dash out the brains of the guards who attempt to stay their progress. Suddenly the galloping of horses is heard without; it is Lafayette, who has just been aroused from his bed at the Hôtel de Noailles, hard by. In a few moments the murderers are driven out of the palace; but they are not dispersed, they gather in the grounds, and howl for the queen to appear before them. In the hope of quelling them by gentle means, the whole of the royal family, children and all, appeared upon the balcony. But their cries redoubled.

"The queen, the queen! we do not want the children!" they shout.

Ready to immolate herself to save those who are dear to her, by a quick movement she thrust back the king and the children into the room, and, calmly contemptuous of death, faces alone the infuriated rabble, presenting, as it were, her head to the blow. For an instant the wild beasts are awed by her sublime courage, and, to complete the impression, at that moment Lafayette steps out upon the balcony and respectfully raises her hand to his lips. A shout of applause rings through the air. But the mob insist upon the return of the king and queen to Paris. So Lafayette escorts them, and the assassins cut off the heads of the soldiers they have murdered, and, sticking them upon pikes, bear the ghastly emblems of fidelity beside the carriage all the way, sometimes thrusting them through the windows. But they cannot shake the firmness of the heroic queen. Through the whole of this terrible day, until eleven o'clock at night, she has to endure every insult that a foul-mouthed mob can utter; but calm and dignified, with not one quiver of weakness, she endures all, driving the hatred of her persecutors beyond all bounds by her very heroism.

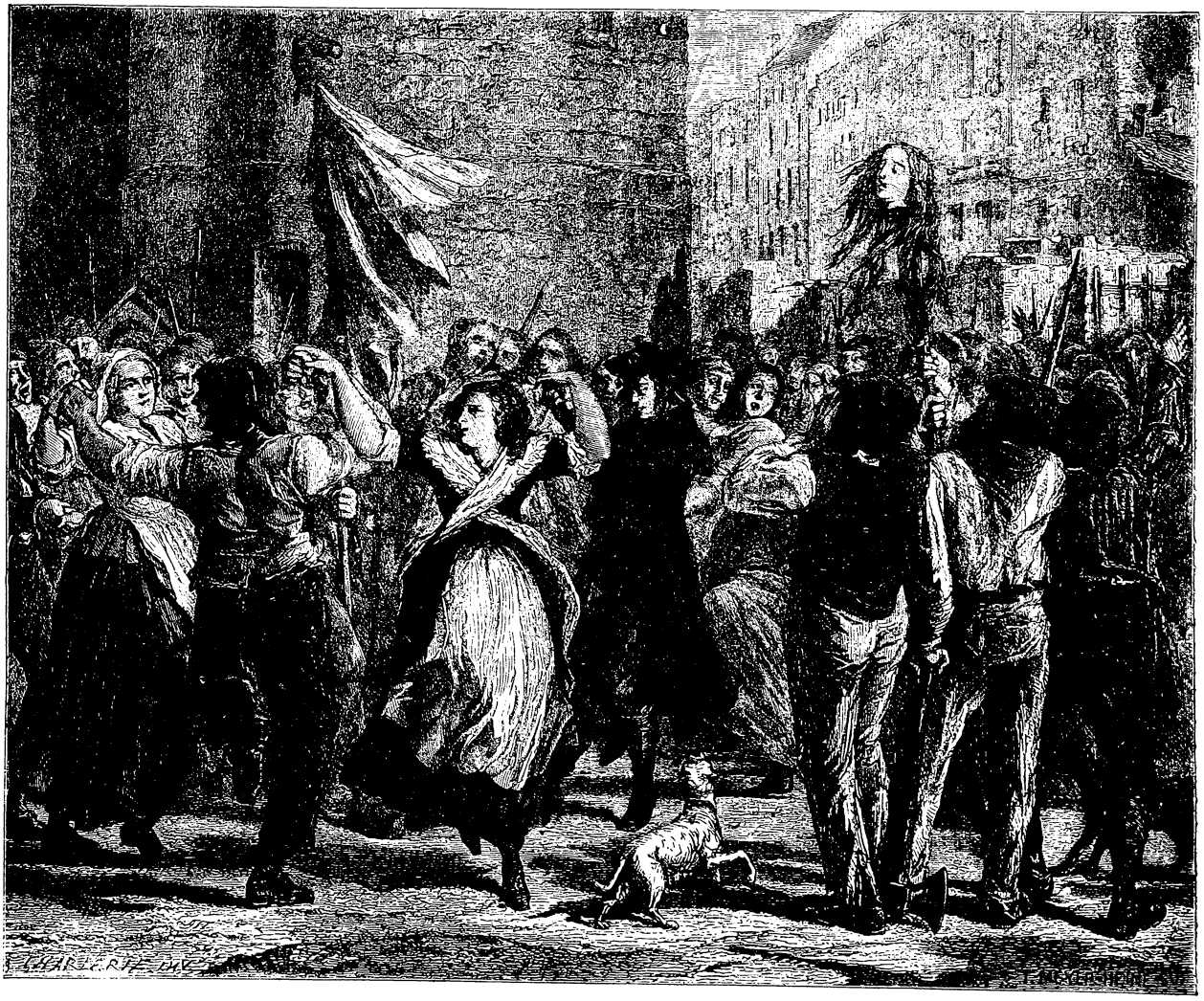
The Assembly would not countenance assassination, so they sent judges to receive her deposition upon the affair of the 6th of October; but, above the pettiness of revenge, she answered to all their queries:

"I saw all; I knew all; and I have forgotten all!"

A noble reply—a severe reproof. Each day a mob came to her apartments to insult and threaten her. When one of the ministers wished to close the doors against them, she answered:

"No; we have still the courage to endure!"

She had not only the courage to endure, but the sublimer courage to return good for evil. Even during this time she sent money to the Hospital of St. Cloud, and expended



THE HEAD OF THE PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE PARADED BEFORE THE PRISON OF QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE.

40,000 francs in redeeming the pledges of the poor from the Mont de Piété. Her time was chiefly occupied in educating her children; surrounded by spies, every action of her life, every word that she uttered, was bruited abroad and twisted and tortured into treason against the people: the reception of a few friends was stigmatised as a licentious orgie. Not even her bedchamber was sacred from intrusion; the door was never allowed to be closed, and sentinels during the night were only separated from her by a screen.

She wrote almost all day, and spent a part of the night in reading; her courage supported her physical strength; her temper was not at all soured by misfortune, and she was never seen in an ill-humor for a moment. And yet she was represented to the people as being absolutely furious whenever the rights of the crown were in any way called in question.*

But there still beat French hearts that could feel for the sufferings of this noble woman, as the following touching story will testify:

"It was four o'clock in the afternoon" (Madame Campan *loquitur*); "the guard was not set, there was scarcely anybody at St. Cloud that day, and I was reading to the queen, who was at work in a room the balcony of which overhung the courtyard. The windows were closed, yet we heard a murmur from a great number of voices, which seemed to articulate stifled sounds. The queen desired me to go and see what it was; I raised the muslin curtain, and perceived more than fifty people beneath the balcony; this group consisted of women, young and old, perfectly well-dressed in the country costume, old chevaliers of St. Louis, young Knights of Malta, and a few ecclesiastics. I told the queen that it was probably an assemblage of the people of the neighborhood who wished to see her. She rose, opened the window, and appeared upon the balcony; immediately all these worthy people said to her, in an undertone: 'Courage, madame! Good Frenchmen suffer for you and with you; they pray for you; Heaven will hear their prayers; we love you, we respect you, we will continue to venerate our virtuous king.' The queen burst into tears and held her handkerchief to her eyes. 'Poor queen, she weeps!' said the women and young girls; but the dread of exposing her majesty, and even the persons who showed so much affection for her, prompted me to take her hand and prevail upon her to retire into her room; and raising my eyes, I gave them to understand that my conduct was dictated by prudence. They understood me, for I heard them say: 'That lady is right'; and, afterward: 'Farewell, madame,' from several of them; and all this in an accent of feeling so genuine and so mournful, that I am affected at their recollection, even after a lapse of twenty years."

Offers of succor were sent to the king, and she urged him to place himself at the head of his army and cut his way to the German frontiers, where the *émigrés*, backed by the forces of Austria, awaited him. Vigorously executed, the scheme must have succeeded. But, oppressed by his fatal weakness and indecision, dreading to follow in the steps of Charles I., whose fate was ever before his eyes, he could not be induced to act. At last, after long importunity, she prevailed upon him to try the chances of escape. Then came the flight, and the arrest at Varennes. Even in that fatal hour decision would have saved him. De Choiseul and De Gougelat came up with their soldiers; the queen urged him to authorize those officers to force their passage to the frontier, but he persisted in relying upon the good feeling of the people, and hesitated until the arrival of Lafayette's troops snatched away the opportunity. The journey back to Paris occupied eight days. The heat was terrible, the dust stifling. Confined in a close carriage, the sufferings of herself and children were indescribable. Streaming with perspiration, fouled with dust, parching with thirst, the small quantity of air admitted by the windows kept back more than half the time by the heads of horrible wretches who looked in to mock and curse. At Près de Saint Ménéhould, an old servant who came to pay his homage to fallen royalty was slain before her eyes, his body cut in pieces and carried as a trophy with the *cortége*.

"The first time I saw her majesty, after the unfortunate catastrophe of the Varennes journey, I found her getting out of bed. Her features were not very much altered; but after the first kind words she uttered to me, she took off her cap and desired me to observe the effect which grief had produced upon her hair. It became in one single night as white as that of a woman of seventy. Her majesty showed me a ring she had just had mounted for the Princess de Lamballe; it contained a lock of her whitened hair, with the inscription, '*Bleached by sorrow.*'"*

It is the last day of the monarchy—the fatal 10th of August. There is the queen, in the darkness of the night, listening with blanched cheeks to the terrible clang of the tocsin until it mingles with the stir of the gathering multitude. An awful night of tears and agony. But with the rising sun comes resolution—the king must be roused from his lethargy—a defence must be made. Alas, at the last moment, Louis resolves to seek the protection of the Convention. The brave Swiss guards are left in charge of the Tuileries. The mob gibe at the sentinels, as they pace up and down the terrace above them, and drag some down with boat-hooks. But all is endured without retaliation, until a ruffian dashes out a soldier's brains. They are roused at last, and fire a terrible volley among the surging mass beneath; it falls back for a moment, then, rallied by the fierce "Marseillaise," dashes forward with demoniac howls, to be again driven back by the leaden hail. These sounds penetrate to the Hall of Convention, where Louis and his family have to be iron-screened against mob-fury. They do not stir his sluggish blood or quicken his heart to resolution; on the contrary, he sends to command the Swiss to cease firing. He has not the energy to strike one blow in defence of wife, children, or crown. He deserves to lose it, and his head in it. What brave man can sympathize with such a sluggard? Paralysed by the command, the guards cease firing, and the next moment the wolves are upon them, stabbing, crushing, rending—soldiers, servants, male and female, in one indiscriminate butchery. During three days, sometimes fourteen hours at a stretch, have the royal family to endure insufferable heat, fetid atmosphere, and cruel insults in that crowded hall. At the end of that time the deposition of the king is pronounced, and all are consigned as prisoners to the Temple.

A little time after the separation from her child, Marie Antoinette was consigned to a dungeon of the Conciergerie. Richard, the *concierge*, and his wife had hearts in their bodies, and endeavored to alleviate her sufferings by some acts of kindness; these being discovered they were placed under arrest. Another jailor, who dared to solicit for her the loan of a cotton blanket, was threatened with the guillotine. To the outrage of all decency, two gendarmes were stationed in her cell night and day. She was almost naked, for her gown and stockings rotted and fell to pieces with the damp.

But the end of all was at hand—her trial and death. No one could be found bold enough to defend her, and the tribunal was itself obliged to appoint the mockery of a counsel. It is on a dull October morning that she is conducted from the Conciergerie through the dark winding passages of the ancient monastery in which the trials are held. The

* Madame Campan.

* Madame Campan.

Hall of Convention is large and gloomy, with sparse and narrow windows, through the dusty panes of which the dull, yellow wintry light without creeps sluggishly. A few dimly-lit lanterns are scattered here and there, but the atmosphere is heavy and foggy, and half the Hall is indistinct and full of shadows.

On the lower benches sit the butchers with their blood-stained aprons, and long sharp knives gleaming in their belts. Above them sit the *tricoteuses*—terrible as the Parcæ weaving the weft of fate; some have cards in their hands, upon which, by the prick of a pin, they count the votes for and against as they are declared from the Tribune. Everywhere are scattered scowling faces eager for the blood of the unhappy prisoner.

From without come the murmurs of the savage crowd, threatening death to every deputy who dares to vote against the condemnation of "*l'Autrichienne*"; and as the doors open and shut, the stir and the fierce cries surge heavily into the court. The trial lasts three days. On the last day the proceedings begin at noon and last until four the next morning. All these hours the Queen of France stands in this fetid stifling atmosphere, without aught passing her lips. Burning with thirst, she begs for a drink of water; no one dares to stir, lest he should be marked as a *suspect*. Faint and exhausted, she asks a second time, and then an officer of gendarmes, in whose heart a spark of humanity yet lingers, puts a cup of water into her eager, trembling hands. A howl of disapprobation follows the act. He will be dismissed, but history will immortalise him.

The indictments brought against her are numerous, some absurd; for instance, one is the number of shoes she has worn out! The money she has distributed in charity is charged against her as bribes to buy over the people.* To all, her answers are calm, simple, and concise, until Hébert accuses her of having corrupted her own child. At that horrible accusation a shudder runs through the court. She is silent, but the muscles of her face quiver. The question is pressed, and then, with a heaving breast, she turns upon the ruffian with sublime indignation, crying, "If I have not answered, it is because nature itself revolts against such an accusation brought against a mother. I appeal to all mothers who are here—is it possible?" A murmur runs through the court—even the furies' of the guillotine are softened by that pathetic appeal.† Calmly she listens to the sentence of death, and leaves the court without a murmur. It strikes four as she is conducted back to her cell.

A few hours more, and the tumbril conveys her to the Place de la Révolution. There, facing the gardens of the Tuileries, the guillotine raises its grisly head; and there, facing that palace, whither she had been conducted by a king amidst the acclamations of a nation, surrounded by adoring nobles who would have risked their lives a thousand times to win a smile from her lips, consort to the heir of the most splendid throne in Christendom, young, dazzlingly beautiful, brilliant in jewels, buoyant with happiness, knowing sorrow only as a name, a prematurely aged woman with white hair, a pallid worn face furrowed by tears, attired in filthy tatters, lays her weary head beneath the knife amidst the obscene songs, the execrations of the vilest of the human race; and the body of her who for thirty-five years had reposed upon velvet and satin is cast into a ditch and consumed with quicklime.

* A similar accusation was brought against the king—the only one that broke down his firmness. His eyes filled with tears and his voice quivered with emotion at this vile misrepresentation of acts of pure charity.

† When, some months afterwards, Robespierre sent Hébert to the guillotine, one of the accusations he brought against him was, that by injudicious charges he had made "the widow Capet" interesting!

The character of Marie Antoinette was extraordinarily contradictory, even for a woman. It presents two utterly distinct phases. For thirty-three years she was vain, coquettish, satirical, passionate, haughty, recklessly gay, ardently fond of pleasure, and hoydenishly full of animal spirits. During the four last years of her life, the sublimest of heroines. For if heroism be the power of endurance, the sublime attribute of the soul which raises it above the ills of life—if it be the fortitude to bear the very extremity of cruelty and insult with calmness and dignity, unsullied by impotent rage or vengeful feelings, then Marie Antoinette was the most heroic of women. The faults of her youth were the exotic blossoms of her training and early associations; the virtues of her last days were the natural fruits of her soul. She was coquettish, because she was beautiful beyond her sex. Reared in the faith of the divine right of kings, she clung hard to prerogative. A heart full of fire, gayety, and animal spirits led her into many indiscretions, but no *guilt*. In her days of tribulation never was mother more tender, more loving, more devoted; never was wife more true, more faithful unto death; never was woman more sublimely courageous; never was Christian more long-suffering, more forgiving of injuries.

THE WANDERING JEW.

Of the many myths which diverge from every little incident of Our Saviour's career, the legend of Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, is certainly the most striking and widely distributed. According to the old ballad, in Percy's collection:

> He hath past through many a foreign place;
> Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
> Greece, Syria, and great Thrace,
> And throughout all Hungaria.

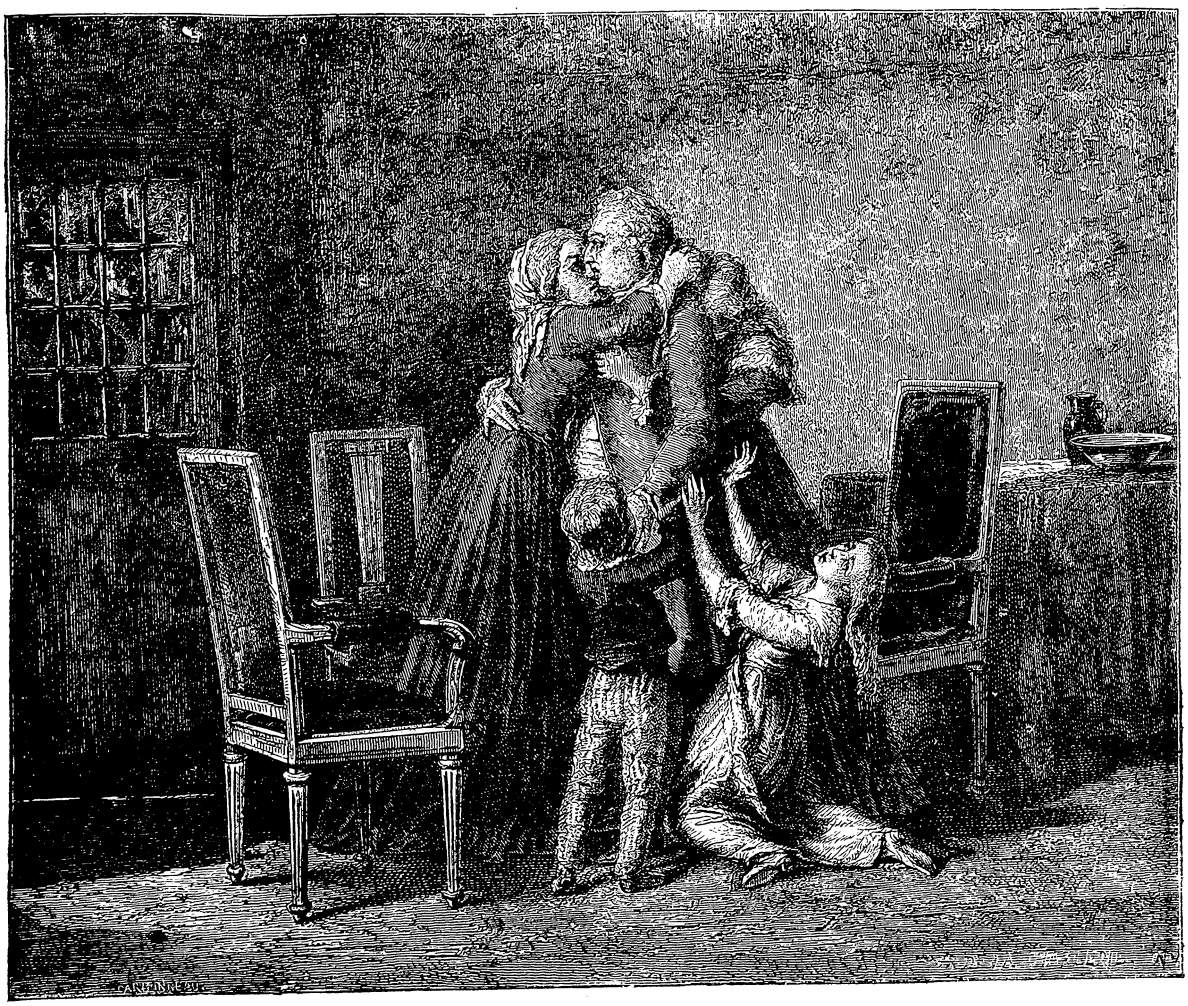
All the nations of the Seven Champions have it in some shape or other, and it is amusing to note the way in which the story adapts itself to the exigencies of time and place. In Germany, where he appeared A. D., 1547, he was a kind of polyglot errant, battling professors and divines with the accumulated learning of fifteen centuries. In Paris, he heralded the advent of Cagliostro and Mesmer, cured diseases, and astounded the *salons* by his prodigious stories. He remembered seeing Nero standing on a hill to enjoy the flames of his capital; and was a particular crony of Mahomet's father at Ormus. It was here, too, he anticipated the coming scepticism, by declaring, from personal experience, that all history was a tissue of lies. In Italy the myth has become interwoven with the national art here. When he came to Venice, he brought with him a fine cabinet of choice pictures, including his own portrait by Titian, taken some two centuries before. In England John Bull has endowed him with the commercial spirit of his stationary brethren, and, to complete his certificate of naturalization, made him always thirsty! But the Jew of Quarter Sessions' Reports, who is always getting into scrapes, is not the Jew of the rural popular legends; in which he is invariably represented as a purely benevolent being, whose crime has been long since expiated by his cruel punishment, and therefore entitled to the help of every good Christian. When on the weary way to Golgotha, Christ fainting, and overcome under the burden of the cross, asked him, as he was standing at his door, for a cup of water to cool his parched throat, he spurned the supplication, and bade him on the faster. "I go," said the Saviour, "but thou shalt thirst, and tarry till I come." And ever since then, by day and night, through the long centuries, he has been doomed to wander about the earth, ever craving for water, and ever expecting the day of judgment which shall end his toils.

Sometimes, during the cold Winter nights, the lonely cottager will be awoke by a plaintive demand for "Water, good Christian! water for the love of God!" And if he looks out into the moonlight, he will see a venerable old man in antique raiment, with gray flowing beard and a tall staff, who beseeches his charity with the most earnest gesture. Woe to the churl who refuses him water or shelter. If, on the contrary, you treat him well, and refrain from indelicate inquiries respecting his age—on which point he is very touchy—his visit is sure to bring good luck. Perhaps years afterwards, when you are on your death-bed, he may happen to be passing; and if he *should*, you are safe; for three knocks with his staff will make you hale, and he never forgets any kindnesses. Many stories are current of his wonderful cures.

In the *Athenæum*, No. 2036, it is ingeniously remarked: "When it is remembered that these Wandering Jews were received at great men's tables, and were kept as guests as long as they had any wild story to tell (they all grew old till they were a hundred, and then began again, at the age at which Christ found them) it is simply astonishing that we do not hear more of these clever and erratic parasites." The writer then relates the last on the mysterious roll.

"From the year 1818 (perhaps earlier) to about 1830, a handsomely-featured Jew, in semi-Eastern costume, fair-haired, bare-headed, his eyes intently fixed on a little ancient book he held in both hands, might be seen gliding through the streets of London, but was never seen to issue from or to enter a house, or to pause upon his way. He was popularly known as 'The Wandering Jew,' but there was something so dignified and anxious in his look, that he was never known to suffer the slightest molestation. Young and old looked silently on him as he passed, and shook their heads pitifully when he had gone by. He disappeared, was seen again in London some ten years later, still young, fair-haired, bare-headed, his eyes bent on his book, his feet going steadily forward as he went straight on; and men again whispered as he glided through our streets for the last time, 'The Wandering Jew!' There were many who believed that he was the very man to whom had been uttered the awful words, 'Tarry thou till I come!'"

Roger of Wendover, a monk of St. Albans, and Matthew Paris, a Benedictine monk of Chigny and likewise of St. Albans, give the oldest traditions of the Wandering Jew. According to Menzel ("History of German Poetry") the whole tradition is but an allegory, symbolizing heathenism. M. Lacroix suggests that it represents the Hebrew race dispersed and wandering throughout the earth, but not destroyed. In Germany, the tradition of the Wandering Jew became connected with John Bultadæus, a real person, said to have been at Antwerp in the thirteenth century, again in the fifteenth, and a third time in the sixteenth, with every appearance of age and decrepitude. His last recorded apparition was at Brussels, in April, 1774. Southey, in his "Curse of Kebama," and Croly, in his "Salathiel," trace the course of the Wandering Jew, but in violation of the whole legend; and Eugene Sue adopted the name as the title of one of his most immoral novels ("Le Juif Errant"), though the Jew scarcely figures at all in the work. ("Wheeler's Noted Names of Fiction.")



LOUIS XVI. PARTING FROM MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER CHILDREN.—SEE PAGE 666.

THE INFANT PRODIGY AND THE ENVIOUS YOUTH.

THE PINK COUNTESS.

By Joaquin Miller.

Chapter XXVIII.

THE OLD ADMIRAL PROPOSES.

IT was ten o'clock, and the boat from Colico at the head of Lake Como, which brought down the hosts of tourists from the Engardine and other places of resort in the Swiss Alps, was whistling off the little wharf.

The arrival and departure of this boat were the events of the day. This Bellagio was the great half-way place between the Alps and Milan. Everybody stopped here at least a day to rest; many stopped months. But it was on this boat that travelers came who had been in the Tyrol or the Alps, and it was on this boat that tourists took passage for the nearest point on the railroad, which was at Como, who wished to visit France, England, America.

Hence the coming and going of this boat was a great event; and there was meeting, and greeting, and good-by, and all that, all the time, from the moment the people began to land till she had taken on her load of down-passengers and pushed off into the lake for the edge of the plains of Lombardy.

The artist, wishing to forget for a moment the task before him and the fortunes and misfortunes that lay hidden away from him in the folds of the next few hours, stood out on the great balcony of the hotel that looked over the lake, and watched the coming and going of the people, the excitement, the embraces, the farewells, the hurry and bustle about the boat, which had just arrived and was about to depart.

There was a man being carried on the boat in a litter.

"Poor fellow!" sighed the artist; "he has come to Italy for health and found death. He will never live to see old England again; the long ride through the hot towns of France will kill him."

A carriage was driving tardily down the short road to the wharf.

The boat whistled, a bell rang, the rope was cast loose, the boat pushed off. Then a lady was seen to rise up excitedly in the carriage, call out in terror, wave her handkerchief, and call to the boat. She had been left behind.

The lady sank back in the carriage, and then a little boy put his arms around her neck, and they wept together. He moved on the other seat soon, and the crowd—which had hidden the carriage and all but the face of the lady—now melted away, and the artist started with amazement. It was the lady in pink, the Countess Edna!

He hastened down-stairs as soon as he could catch up his hat and cane, and was on his way to her side before he took a second thought. This man was not accustomed to take a second thought when he found any one in trouble. Had he reflected here, he might have been less demonstrative, but it is doubtful if he had deviated the least bit in his course, or in any of his conduct which followed his meeting with this woman in this unfortunate condition, at this most inopportune time.

Her little hand was fluttering with excitement as it reached to receive him.

"We have been left. My poor father is gone, and gone only with that miserable Italian servant to attend him."

"And, dear lady, how could you allow them to separate you?"

"There is something wrong; there has been all the time. I tell you some one is at the bottom of this. I suspected it this morning. I told the proprietor of the Hôtel Grande Bellagio."

"And you were at the Grande Bellagio? Why, I am there also."

"I know it, I know it. We only arrived last night—rested all night, and were trying to push on to England, for father is ill indeed, and wants to go home to his native land. Yes, I heard you were there, but as we had only sickness and concern to tell you about, I did not care to trouble you. But as I was saying, I told the proprietor of the hotel that these servants were up to mischief, and would either get my little boy away from me or leave my poor father behind."

She leaned her head over to the artist and whispered:

"I promised to not leave Italy, but I must. I must get my father to England. I cannot remain here without him, and then it is not right that he should travel the long and dreadful journey without me."

"Well, well! It is too bad. But you can't sit here in the hot sun. Now what is to be done? Tell me what I can do and I will be glad to do it."

"When can I go on?"

"Not till the evening boat. Your father by that time will be in Milan."

"Merciful Heaven!" sighed the lady, and she put up her little, helpless, baby hands, as if to hide her eyes from the sight of the admiral before her.

"I am rough but honest," said a great voice, and a man in many jewels came forward and put out his hand to the countess, which somehow she felt compelled to take. "Yes, I am a rough but honest sailor, and I have come upon the ground to help you,"

"Can you help me, Murietta? Will you, will anyone, help me and get me out of the clutches of these treacherous men that seem to hold my very life in their hands?"

"Countess!" thundered the old man, coming forward and stroking his chin and pulling his long gray moustache right and left, "I can help you, and I will help you."

"Only let me get to my father, get to England. I will give you money—heaps of money."

"Good! Now we will get on; now we will understand each other," said she man, lifting his hat and laying his hand on his heart.

"Get back to the hotel," said Murietta, "and out of the sun, or you will be ill, and then make such arrangements as you can to join your father. He will certainly await you in Milan and telegraph you from the first station."

The old admiral stood there, as if waiting to take possession of the countess so soon as the artist stepped aside.

"Will you please sit by me? Take a seat here," she said, as her little pink hand drew back the rose and pink and silks at her side nervously, as if she was frightened almost to death at the bold attitude of the admiral.

The artist stepped into the carriage, ordered the man, who was evidently in the pay of the admiral from the glances they exchanged, to drive back to the hotel, and sitting there as the carriage turned up the hill, he saw the doctor and the old admiral talking together in that loud and belligerent voice and manner common only among low and treacherous Italians.

The lady returned to her apartments, and the proprietor of the hotel smiled as she entered again, as if he had really done a good piece of business by detaining her.

"Now let us see what is to be done," said Murietta, cheerfully, as he sat down opposite her in her saloon, and saw how terribly she had been worn by her trials and troubles in the Tyrol, and how she was now shaken up by this new trouble.

"Think it out, Mr. Murietta, and tell me what to do and how to do it. I do not know. Father could give the directions and I could take care of him, and that is the way we managed it. But here I am with my little boy, quite broken down myself, and quite at the mercy of these wretches that surround me."

Murietta knew perfectly well that the case was just about as bad as it could be, but he pretended to laugh at it all, and assured her that she would be able to get off by the evening boat and join her father at Milan that night. Thus it was agreed to wait for the evening boat, since nothing else could be done, and then Murietta went out and down in the walk of trees by the water.

"Now, sir, I am a plain, blunt man. One word with you."

The artist attempted to pass on down the narrow walk of yew-wood, but the great monster of a man still stood before him.

"I have a proposition to make. You are a friend of the countess; she will do just as you tell her. Now, sir, you wish to serve her. She wishes to get out of Italy with her father."

"Yes, and will get out of Italy with her father, without either your assistance or mine. And now do you stand aside or I——"

"Do it! Please to do it, and I will put you in prison and take possession of the countess myself, body and soul."

"You insufferable old villain! What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. I carry my heart in my hand. I am a rough but honest man. And now, sir, since you will not oblige me by knocking me down, you will, perhaps, listen to my proposition. It is this." Then the old admiral stopped a moment, sighed, reflected a time, and then went on. "I have not lived the most regular life, I admit. I was born a gentleman, a poor Italian prince. Youthful indiscretions drove me to the sea. My brothers usurped my title and small estate. I have been a very unfortunate man, but now I have saved money, and am getting old and wish to retire."

"Then, old man, why not reform and retire, and leave off persecuting a helpless woman and a dying man?"

"Because—because I cannot leave that woman. Because I love her!"

Murietta clutched him by the throat for a second, but let go and pushed him from him.

"Please to choke me, sir. Please to do it, and I will lock you up and have the field for myself, and get damages for the assault besides. But listen to me. You are a man of the clouds. I am a practical man, I am at the head of the Brothers of the Altar. We are a host. I am at the head of a little army. You see what I can do. I knew the countess must come this way. There are but two roads out of the Tyrol. I came here with my men. I waited. You see what I have done. I have sent her old father off alone, in charge of one of my men. She cannot leave Italy without my consent. Now, sir, her weak and silly husband, the count, who dares not disobey a word of my commands, is and will remain in Rome till I give him leave to come away. Now I wish to get out of all these meshes of orders and associations that are no longer either creditable or pleasant. I swear to God that I will reform. I wish to go to America, and there settle down and end my days in peace. The countess can take me with her. Go to her—tell her to take me with her out of the country. I can escape under the pretence that I am still watching her, for you see I too am watched as well as others, and watched by my own men. Tell her to take me and I will treat her honorably. I will never say an impure word to her now, but will win her love by devotion to her interest and her pleasures. Tell her that if she refuses me this she shall not leave Italy. No! her boy will be taken here, her father there, and she will be so tormented that she will wish a thousand times that she had taken even the vilest of my propositions."

Murietta had stood there with his arms folded up and doubled in, lest he should be tempted to strike this monster

and thereby only involve the countess in deeper trouble. Then as the man finished he turned away without a word and went down the other end of the walk.

"You will not serve the countess, then, by delivering my proposition?" The artist did not answer or look around.

"Well, then," thundered the man down the avenue of dark wood, "her blood and the blood of her father and her child be on your hands!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

KIDNAPPING.

IT was nearly evening, and the countess was walking in the little wood by the lake waiting the arrival of the boat. She was quite ready for her departure. Murietta had done what little there was to do, so as to put everything beyond the reach of accident, and now, all ready to step into the boat, she was walking up and down in the little avenue on the edge of the lake. The child had wandered off, only a few steps, to the edge of the vineyard.

A man, a bare-headed man with enormous ears and a red face, came up out of the grape vines, spoke to Giuseppe, the courier who had charge of the child, and then darting forward caught it under his arm, and turned to fly. There was a struggle and a scream, and the thief stumbled and fell there as he looked back, for Murietta was upon him.

The kidnapper dropped the child and escaped into the field of vines. The little thing was terribly frightened and fearfully bruised about the head. Life seemed extinct.

The boat came and went, but the countess sat all the time by a little bedside with her hands wrung together, and weeping through her falling hair as if her heart would break.

Who should stand by her side at such a time? This man, who had waited for this present hour saw it go by. He saw his promise broken, as he sat there alone with the lady and the little black-eyed villain of a doctor, whom they had called in as the only person present bearing the name of doctor, and watched with the little unconscious child whose life flickered like a dying lamp on the edge of eternity, and did not speak of Annette even to himself.

The little sufferer sat up in the morning and spoke to its mother. The danger was over, and the little doctor once more, in the good favor in which his skill had placed him, tried to approach Murietta on a subject uppermost in his mind.

Italians advance directly upon nothing. If they wish to talk about paradise they begin about purgatory.

The doctor stood before Murietta washing his hands in the morning sunlight on the little balcony before the lady's parlor.

"The old gentleman, her father," he began, "will not stop long in Milan. It is too hot. Besides he is dying, and dying men are never satisfied anywhere. If he lives he will push on to England at once. But then he will die when he comes to the end of the journey by the great sea, for the excitement of travel will be over. There will be a reaction, and then the man will die."

He stopped talking, stopped washing his hands, and waited for the artist to answer. But he did not answer. He lifted his face up toward the little pine-topped mountain and a house there with a balcony looking down on the two lakes, but did not speak.

The low-browed, black-eyed Italian doctor began again to wash his hands, and to wag his tongue. This time he moved a little nearer to the subject of his thoughts.

"The admiral wishes to get out of Italy, I think," said the doctor cautiously, and washing his hands very slowly. "You see, he has got all the money, and he intends to keep it. He got at least a hundred thousand francs from the countess when she left Rome; and here! just look at my clothes. Not a centime! No, sir! not a sou did I get out of all that sum! I have followed him, sir. He intends to try to cross the border. He lingers about the edge of Italy with the pretence that he must follow the countess, and keep her from revealing the secrets of the Order of the Brothers of the Altar."

"Well! well!" said Murietta, sharply, as he turned upon the man, for he was not in a mood for diplomacy, "come to the point. What do you propose? What do you want?"

"Signor, I want money. If I cannot get what is really mine from the admiral; if he persists in keeping me in rags and wretchedness, I shall enter the service of some one who will be more just and generous. Ay! even enter the service of the State of Italy!"

"Very well, I certainly have no use for knaves. Enter the service of the State, or the State prisons, for aught I care;" and Murietta turned back to the countess who had just re-entered the saloon.

"I have just dismissed Giuseppe and my maid," she began. "I have paid them off and paid their wages to Rome. They were in a league against me, and I am certain were in the pay of the old admiral. Now I am a little more free," she said, coming forward and half smiling at some remark of the little invalid, who was sitting up in bed and playing with a lot of toys.

"Dismissed them both? And how, then, do you expect to get on your journey?" exclaimed Murietta, for he knew full well that these dismissed servants would now make mischief.

"Well!" exclaimed the lady, sharply, "I could not get on my journey with them. If I do not get on without them, I shall be no worse off. I cannot afford to have brigands and kidnappers by my side at such a time, for I know there is no law in Italy that will protect me from them, with my husband on their side."

CHAPTER XXX.

A BOAT-RACE ON LAKE COMO.

"THESE men, whoever they may be, who float that barge and fly that banner, must now assist this woman. I have done all I can do. I have sacrificed everything, and achieved nothing. I am not a patient man. I shall now go to older and abler heads, and tell them just how this lady is situated. I will get up a feeling among her countrymen in her favor that will bear her right along lightly and safely over all this sea of trouble."

So musing, the man passed through the gate, stepped into a boat, and drove with double oarsmen across the lake to Menagio.

He met a party of young Americans under the trees before the half-primitive house known as the Victoria Hotel. He told them at once the story of this unfortunate lady, and, all the time leaving his own name out, asked them what should be done.

"Wal," answered the Yankee spokesman, "send for her husband, let her send for her husband. Or else go down to Rome with the courier. If she has been with him through all the Alps, she can certainly go the ten days' ride to Rome with him, and not hurt herself. As for her father, I reckon the old man is of age, and can take care of himself."

"Yes," said another sovereign from the great Republic

"let her go down to Rome, where her home is. Let her go to her husband if he won't come to her. If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, let Mohammed go to the mountain. They say she's about half-crazy anyhow, and a fellow don't like to get mixed up with a crazy woman; bad enough when they are in their senses."

"And so you have heard something about this poor lady already?" inquired Murietta.

"Heard about her! Wall now, I reckon we have; guess everybody has. It's the talk all over the lake. You see she's got a fellow with her that's about as crazy as she is, and that makes the thing a great deal worse. If she'd pitch him into the lake, and give some other fellow the full sweep, she might get on. But I guess she'd better go back to her husband, the Italian count."

"Why, what do you mean, sir? Do you know this lady?" said Murietta, excitedly, as he rose up from the iron seat under the pine-tree.

"No, no, not at all," answered the other, quietly. "Only I've heard a great deal about her to-day, and they say she's got a sort of a painter, or a fiddler, or something of that kind."

Murietta had stepped rapidly down into his boat as the man began to drawl out this speech and reveal to him the current stories that the cunning Italians had set afloat and made the gossip of the lake, and, lifting his hat, did not wish to hear its conclusion.

His boat touched at Cadanabia as the craft with the broad canvas and canopies, with its bands of music and pleasure-party, drew in to the shore. He had resolved to make one more appeal to simple manhood.

As the gay party stepped ashore he was delighted to see a face here that he had met in Rome. It was that of McCrary, an Irish porter of San Francisco, and the millionaire who had purchased the new antiquities in Rome.

The Irishman extended his hand with a voluble welcome to Como, and a pressing invitation to the artist to remain and make one of his party at dinner.

"Yis, yis, ye must remain wid me and dine, and meet the Prince of Lodi. That is the Prince of Lodi, a walking wid my wife into the hotel."

The Irishman pointed with his thumb over his shoulder and stooped his back as he did so, as if he was bearing a trunk on his back upstairs.

And then he went on to talk about this wonderful Prince of Lodi in the most garrulous way, and about every other word was sandwiched in between "the Prince of Lodi."

A wonderful boy was this young Prince of Lodi. The Irishman was full of anecdotes and adventures of and concerning this Prince of Lodi. Not that he had ever been in war, or even in the saddle or out of Italy, or even long out of the hands of his nurse, but still a wonderful man was this Prince of Lodi.

"I will present ye."

"No, do not disturb him."

"But he will not mind," urged the Irishman, who perhaps for the first time had found himself the companion of a prince, and was quite carried away; "he will not mind it in the least."

"Look here! Mr. McCrary, I am busy," said Murietta, nervously. "I have a matter on my mind and hand, and have come to see you about it, and at once. Hang your prince! What harm have I done that I must be bored by this idiotic and stripling prince? What good has he done that he has a right to my time? Why, he is a helpless toy. I am weary with toil in the world. I am covered with the scars of battle, and yet you would make this man my companion and my equal, and condemn me to tolerate him. Now, come! Here is a matter worthy of the attention and the strong arm of a prince of nature. Will you assist me?"

"Wid all me heart, barrin' your poor opinion o' the Prince of Lodi."

"Spoken like a brave, warm-hearted Irishman," cried the artist, reaching his hand. "Now, sir, here is a work that the most chivalrous knight ought to be proud to strike a blow to promote."

"And ez it a Californy gold-mine? or an oil-well?" asked the shrewd ex-porter.

"It is a lady in trouble," replied Murietta, soberly. And then he proceeded to tell the whole story of the day and the day before to the Irishman, as they sat on an iron seat under the shade of the great sycamore-trees by the lake.

"Come now," said Murietta, as he concluded, "you sail the largest craft on this lake that carries the American colors."

"Yis, yis, I carries the flag o' my country; but what has that to do wi' the countess?"

"Only this. She is an American—you are an American. Since these Italians are so clannish against strangers in the land, let Americans be a little clannish, too, and stand by each other. This woman will have her child taken from her to-morrow morning. That child will not be taken to Rome, I am certain, but will be carried off to some hiding-place by these brigands in disguise, and kept there till ransomed by her money. Now, sir, what I ask is this. Send your boat and your men under your flag, and take that lady and her child to Como to-night."

The Irishman rose up, stooped, picked up a pebble, pitched it into the lake, and then turned to the artist and laughed in his face.

"Take her to Como," pleaded Murietta. "From Como to Milan—it is but one hour—and at Milan she will be under the protection of the American consul, and even the British vice-consul will not see her separated from her child. Nay, there is not one Englishman in the ten outside of a shop-keeper but would put his shoulder to the wheel and see her through it all, if he saw this case and understood it as I see and understand it."

"The Prince of Lodi——" began the Irishman.

"Will you, can you assist the countess to get to Milan to-night?"

"The Prince of Lodi——"

"Hang the Prince of Lodi!" cried the artist, furious at the thought of having to entreat this vulgar fellow to do the simplest service for a lady in trouble; "will you do this or not?"

The Irishman shook his head, stooped, picked up another pebble, tossed it into the lake, and then said he thought it would hardly pay.

"No. You are right, it will not pay," answered Murietta, as he entered his boat in despair, and now pushed off with the prow toward the Grande Hotel Bellagio. "I forgot," he continued, talking to himself, "it really will not pay him. He is only a porter still; I mistook him for a gentleman."

"You have left me all alone all day. You knew how lonely I was here, and yet here I have been left without a friend—left with that terrible little monster of a doctor, who would poison us all for a penny."

The countess was bitter in her reproaches. The poor, spoilt child! She had never been so alone before. She did not even have her keepers about her now.

"I have got another doctor," she said, leaning over the balcony and looking down at a fine young fellow leading the little child in a walk slowly up and down the avenue of trees by the lake. "Here, take this roll of money and go find the other doctor and pay him off."

The beautiful woman was severe and imperious, but Muri-

etta had too much on his mind to heed anything she said or did. He had resolved now to see her through this peril at every hazard. The insinuations, the sneers, and the cold caution of those to whom he had appealed had maddened him. He was now desperate with this resolution, and heeded nothing but that which either facilitated or retarded his contemplated enterprise. He therefore took the money as if he had been a courier or sort of upper servant, and went down, found the doctor, paid him liberally, and came back.

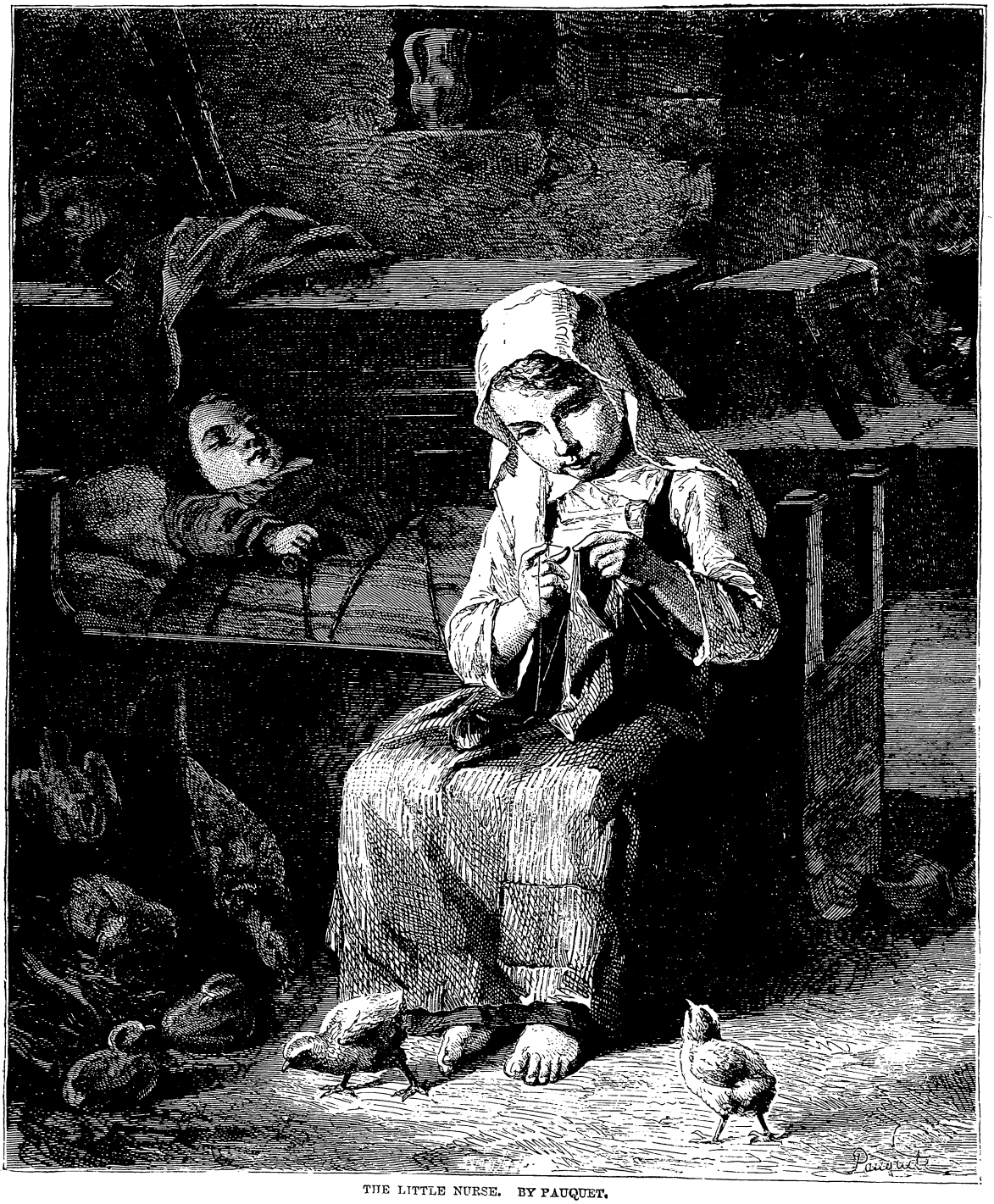
The lady had just received a telegram from her father. He was at the Royal Hotel, Milan.

Poor lady! She walked the floor, half-wild again. Yet she did not dream of the greater trouble that now encompassed her, and Murietta did not dare to tell her. He feared she would break quite down under it, and he did not see the good that would come of reciting the unpleasant truths.

Giuseppe did not put in an appearance at the Grand Hotel that day. He was a coward, every inch of him, and the recollection of the little encounter in the anti-camera of the palace in Rome no doubt had something to do with keeping him aloof from the presence of Murietta. "I like the looks of that new doctor," said Murietta to the countess, attempting to divert her thoughts.

"He is a gentleman," she answered, as she came up and looked down and threw a kiss to the little one at his side; "he is a born gentleman, the only one I have seen in all this place. I should have died but for him to-day."

The artist felt the bitter taunt, but only went down and



THE LITTLE NURSE. BY PAUQUET.

joined the little party in the walk. Then the countess came down, and as they stood there by the lake the boat from up at Colico with the travelers from the Alps and the Tyrol came and discharged her load of tourists for Bellagio, and took in her load for France, England, and America.

"Oh, why can I not go, too?" cried the countess, as she saw the boat push off. "Why did you not tell me to get ready to go? I could get into the boat, go to Como, drive to the station, take a ticket, and be in Milan with my father before morning. I can do it. I will go and get the very next——"

The old admiral was walking up and down through the cypress avenue on the hill-side above them, and as the lady saw him she stopped suddenly and bowed her head, and hid her face in her hands, and, trembling, sank into a seat. She knew too well that this man was her keeper, and that while he lived and was free she must remain a prisoner.

The young doctor was greatly affected. He also now saw that something was certainly wrong here, and he, though a Frenchman just from school, had lived long enough in Italy to make a pretty shrewd guess at the cause of the trouble.

"I must get away from here, and soon, or I shall go mad," said the countess, lifting up her face and looking through the cypress avenue for the cause of her terror, as a woman always will when she has been frightened.

"Lady, I am arranging to go to-night," said the artist.

"To-night! Can we go to-night? Oh, let us go to-night, now! Come, let us go!"

"Soft, soft; mind what you say. These very trees have ears. The old admiral is on the watch. He has sworn that you shall not go without taking him."

The lady looked at him with her great eyes wide open, and helpless as any babe. He had seen fit to tell her this much in order to put her on her guard, and make her the more cautious in getting away. But more than this he did not tell her.

The sun went down, and the party retired to prepare for the departure. The young doctor kept the child constantly by his side, for he had been engaged by the countess to remain with her, unless called away by a case of most urgent necessity. As he was a young man and a stranger, it was not likely that that event would happen for a long time.

It was ten o'clock at night. Fire-rockets and Roman candles were going off in every direction. It was like a great battle-field. These vulgar hotel-keepers, forgetting that people came there for peace and rest, took this means of advertising their respective houses. There were persons who remonstrated with the long-nosed, shrewd Swiss fellow who kept the Grande Bellagio, but it did no good. Every evening at eight, and from eight to ten, the whole garden and groves and hill-side were ablaze with these intolerable fireworks.

"I wish to take the countess and her child out of this noise for an hour," said Murietta to the proprietor. "Is there not a place around the forks of the lake, on the other side of the little pine-topped mountain, where there are no hotels with rockets and fireworks?"

The man answered that there was, and also told the artist that on the other side of the little mountain there was a famous echo that the countess would certainly be pleased to hear.

"Give me a boat with four oarsmen, and the best young men to be found, for the countess has been sorely tried, and must have some diversion."

The man promised the boat should soon be ready, and also that he should have the best men in Bellagio to pull him and his party around the mountain; and the artist withdrew to his room.

He rolled up a picture that was there, with his face averted. He did not look at it. He did not dare to. He rolled it up tight, tied it, and then, taking up his brush, wrote on the back of it this one word, "Rubicon."

Then he went down and stood by the side of the countess on the balcony. The doctor and his little charge were watching the lights with great pleasure and interest from another balcony within call. The artist left the countess a moment, stepped to the doctor, whispered in his ear, after making sure that no spies were at that moment watching them, and then went back to the countess.

"It is all right. He will be with us as far as Como. He does not know all the trouble that surrounds us; you do not know, perhaps I do not know, and, after all, it is not best to know. But we are off in half an hour, and you must not say one word till safe away on the water."

"Safe away! Oh, Heaven! And you will see me through it all?"

"I will see you through it all, God helping me," the man said, with a trembling voice, for his face was lifted to the hill and the house in the pines where his heart should be left for ever behind him.

"Murietta," said the lady, "I know what it costs you to go away with me to Milan."

"Do you know?" he asked, looking in her beautiful, childish, and helpless face. "Do you know what it costs me?"

"Ah, yes. I know what it costs you to leave here and go with me down to hot and dusty Milan. I know you want to stay in Como for a month still, and to rest here and be quiet. Instead of that, you must go down just in the flush of the season to dull, dusty Milan, and all only to oblige me. You see I know what it costs you. I appreciate what you are about to do, and Heaven will reward you, for I cannot."

"Oh, woman! woman! woman!" sighed Murietta, as he once more, and for the last time, lifted his face to the house hidden away among the pines and ruins on the woody little mountain. "And you fancy you really do know what it is costing me to go to Milan!"

"All ready, signor."

"Very good. Say that we will be there presently," said Murietta to the man. And the man bowed low and withdrew.

"No, no; leave that," whispered the artist to the countess, as she began to throw her shawl over her shoulders. "Leave everything just as it is in the room. Touch nothing. Take nothing with you. It is too sultry at this hour for shawls and wraps, and however much you may need them to-night, they must be left behind. This is a desperate game, and it must be played reckless of cost."

The party entered the boat and pushed off and drove hard for half an hour up the lake and around the little high pine-topped mountain with its nose pushed into the forks.

"What a beautiful night for a ride to Como!" exclaimed the countess, as if in a spirit of banter.

"Beautiful!" answered Murietta; "but you would get very weary of it before you rode that distance."

"Would I, though! Not half so weary as you, my dear artist."

"Try it and see."

"Try it and see! Do you dare me?"

"Well, I think I can endure almost as much boat-riding on Lake Como as the fair countess—that is all."

"Captain, how much to Como and back, and without touching land all the way down, or stopping to rest, or doing anything by which my friend the artist can find other diversion than sitting in the boat?"

It was indeed a dangerous enterprise. Two people of this party were attempting to deceive Italians. That is a hard thing to do.

The captain of the boat spoke to his fellows in the *patois*

of the country, and then he answered, politely, "Fifty francs, Senora Countess, at night, with four oars."

"But you would get out as we neared the hotel, would you not?" she said, turning to Murietta with a well-assumed air of banter.

"Try me, and see. I think I can sit here certainly as long as your ladyship."

"Oh! I will not give you a chance to leave us. You shall not even be in hail of Bellagio again till we return from Como."

"Captain! Como!" cried the beautiful woman, half rising with excitement, and acting her part with a skill that amazed Murietta.

"It will be fifty francs, Senora Countess, and the sum that we were to have for the excursion besides."

"You shall have it; and *bona mana* besides."

The Italian boatman bowed and smiled in acknowledgment, and the little craft spun around and the prow was pointed down the water toward the plains of Lombardy.

It was a moment of intense anxiety as they came opposite Bellagio and glided on their way down through the still, warm water of the lake. What, if the wily Italians suspected something, and should make some excuse to pull in—to get their coats, a little wine—anything?

No; the boat did not veer from its course. Not an oar lost a note. The tall, handsome, half-Greek boatmen kept time, and they shot ahead with a speed that was surprising.

The artist sat silent, and with folded hands. He had not slept for the past two nights, but even now his brain was at work, and he was wide awake and watchful; he had done what he knew to be his duty. Yet, sitting there, he knew that on the morrow men and women would couple his name with that of the countess in a way that would cover his head with shame. He had sacrificed all—everything. He had sacrificed more to serve this woman by his side, to help her through a trouble, than most men ever possess. He had counted down his good name, broken his idol, left his heart, with all his broken hopes, on the pine and vine-clad hill at Bellagio.

Yet, for all this that he had done, he, sitting there with folded hands, knew perfectly well there could, among men, be but one reward—the reward of a ruined name. He was not regretting anything now; he was simply sitting there looking back at the ugly fact, and sometimes asking himself if he could not have done otherwise, and all the time answering that he could not have done otherwise and had his own self-respect.

This, then, was the outlook. He had lost the world's good opinion, but had retained his own. After all, if he had been compelled, at any time of his stormy and troubled life, from the date of his discretion, to choose which should be sacrificed and which retained, the world's good will or his own, he never would have hesitated or had two opinions for a moment. He had been driven to the wall here, and had been compelled to choose. He had made his choice, and did not regret it. Yet it was so hard, so very hard, to leave her, and disgraced! He was thinking that if he had died then it had been so very much better. She then would perhaps have thought of him at least with respect; now, she would never think of him but with shame.

And this is all for woman—to aid a woman who will forever be a stranger to me, in soul and body, because she, like the world, will never understand me; and she is bearing me away from my love.

"She is bearing me away from this one woman—the One Fair Woman—of my life! The light that I have followed, the lady I saw on the mountain of fire, and in whose path I strewed roses. This boat is bearing me from her presence, and in eternal disgrace."

It was a sultry evening. Away down the long narrow lake there was a great waterfall plunging down from the high, savage mountain into a little bay, to the left of the weary oarsmen.

They asked permission to rest a moment in the cooling spray; and the kind countess, who was now light-hearted and full of hope, cheerfully allowed the boat to lie still, and rock and rest at will.

The bold, strong boatmen soon pushed on again, for a wind was springing up ahead, and the fair face of the lake began to grow wrinkled, as if getting up a storm.

The air was chill now as the wind blew in, and the doctor took off his cloak and folded it around the countess and her child.

Murietta sat there silent and still. His pliable and easy nature had at last been intensified, and now he was as a man of iron.

There was a sound of oars. A man leaned over the boat and listened. The artist drew a pistol, cocked it, and said, "Pull! pull for your lives! Double pay if you reach Como before them!" And then he lifted the shining steel to the moon, "Death if you do not!"

"Is it—oh! is it—the admiral?" asked the countess.

The doctor looked terrified, and tapped the plank in the boat with his boot, and sat very restless in his seat.

Singularly enough, the captain and his men only smiled with pleasure at the lifted pistol and the promised double pay. These fellows had seen runaway affairs before. They now leaned to their oars, and entered into it with heart and soul. They thought this was a love affair, and laughed to see how cleverly it had been managed, for Como has long been famous for its many adventures in this field. These fellows supposed the artist was stealing the countess, and they liked his dash and daring, and particularly liked the promise of double pay.

Notwithstanding the promise of the proprietor of the Grande Hotel that the boat and the men should be the best on the lake, this was now doubtful, for the pursuers were gaining at every stroke. They were now almost within a pistol-shot.

The doctor crouched down, so as not to catch the wind, and the countess, with her child in her arms, lay almost flat on the seat, while Murietta turned his face to the boat that followed, took another pistol from his side, and calmly waited results.

"You will take notice, captain, and all of you, that the doctor here, and the countess, have no hand in this matter. It is all my own affair. If any of these men are killed who come after me, remember it is I, and I alone, who do it," said the artist, with an iron expression in his voice, as he lifted a pistol toward the pursuers.

It was breaking day at last, and the boats began to leave the little towns along the edge of the water, and put out on the lake, for business or pleasure, and cross to other towns.

They were now nearing the city of Como. The boat that followed hailed, but had no answer. Murietta sat silent as a man of stone, waiting his opportunity to send the admiral into eternity. He had endured quite enough. He was now desperate. His heart was really set on the death of this man. His mind was full of murder!

It is a sad but a true confession that this man, the artist, sitting there with his half-hidden pistol, was really wishing that the boat was only a little closer, so that he could send the bullet to his heart with perfect precision. He had determined to kill him, and to kill him with his own hand. Having once made up his mind to this, he was impatient for the moment to come.

It was unfortunate that the doctor was in the boat. Every pound of weight was now telling against our party. The men were bold, strong fellows, and, no doubt, faithful enough, but they had been on the water at least an hour [illegible]

pursuers had taken their oars. Besides, when the admiral determined to make chase, he had the pick of the best and swiftest boats in Bellagio.

The Italians were pulling indeed for life. They had seen how settled and determined was the artist, and they knew that blood must flow if they were overtaken. For very good reasons they wished to avoid anything serious, and were, therefore, making the best possible use of their strength.

The pursuers were dangerously close. They could almost pierce the boat of the countess with a pike. The artist had been too anxious to kill this old admiral; his mind had been too determinedly set on murder to exhibit his pistol as he drew near. He even held it low down in the edge of the boat, as a sportsman holds his gun out of sight when coy game is coming near. He was only waiting for a dead-centre shot to the heart.

There was a boat putting sharp across the lake in front and at right angles. It was driving straight across their course. It whistled, but our boatmen did not heed. Closer and closer they drew together. The steamer and the little boat were closing in, bow to bow.

Once, twice, thrice, the steamer whistled, but the Italians were desperate. To stop then would be to give themselves over to the pursuers.

"Stop, in the name of the law!" cried an officer in the pursuer's boat, as he held up a paper.

Murietta lifted a pistol in each hand, and half rose. "I will shoot the first man who dares to slacken for a second!"

"But the boat! the boat! the steamer!" cried the terrified captain.

"On! and under her! On, I say!"

The men sprang to the work as if they had been springs of steel.

Right under the prow they shot, with barely room for their oars, and as they came out and darted on from the other side—on over the swelling waves, and shot for the shore, there was a shout of admiration from the steamer's deck, and a waving of handkerchiefs from fair hands, that showed how the reckless deed had been appreciated, even by those who had been about to run them down.

As they touched the shore and climbed into a carriage, they looked back, but the boat of the pursuers was not to be distinguished. Other craft were crossing the lake, and perhaps it was confounded with them.

Then, as they drove further away, and up the little sloping hill toward Milan, they saw that the steamer had turned about on the lake and was lying there quite still. It was not yet fairly dawn, and they dashed away toward Milan in doubt of what had become of the admiral or his men. The countess wondered why the vessel had stopped in the middle of the lake and was resting there. Perhaps she was picking up the pursuers, who had fallen under her wheels.

Chapter XXXI.

IN MILAN.

It is one hour from Como to Milan by rail, or more; but you can drive to it in three hours. The railroad is not so direct as the carriage-road. It is a lonesome ride through a bare and not over fertile land, considering that it is the plain of Lombardy. There was no train for two hours, and they took a carriage.

You pass through a dozen or two poor, tumble-down towns, all with one long street, and all paved with cobble-stones, over which your carriage bumps and thumps in the most agonizing manner you can imagine.

The wondering doctor had been left with the delighted boatmen, who were wild with delight at their accidental [illegible] their trebled pay; and the countess held her child in her lap and sat looking with her great brown eyes at Murietta, who scarcely spoke the whole weary way to the gates of the city of the plain.

There lay Milan. A wall of five miles girdle, and wide enough for a small army to march abreast upon. This wall is the great drive of the great city. It is called the Bastion, and is planted with double rows of great trees. This was built by the Spaniards centuries ago.

In the centre of this city stands a little mountain of marble, in a low and uncomely site. This mountain of marble is topped by a forest of barren and boughless pines, and all are as white as if wrapped in perpetual rime and snow.

If you wish to see and enjoy the great cathedral of Milan, keep away from it. At all events, never enter it. It is a lonesome place inside. It is so large you may get lost. And the famous silver bishops and popes are not solid silver. Tap them with your finger, and you will find them hollow and as thin as tin—as thin and hollow, in fact, as if they were still alive and striding up time, professing Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Down-stairs, for five francs, they will show you the black and ugly bones of a good man, who deserves a better fate than this foul exhibition of his decaying corpse. And that is about all there is to be seen inside, save the cunning frescoes away up in the arches overhead, and some stained windows. There is nothing here to compensate you for the disappointment you feel on entering, after you have contemplated the beauty and airy proportions from without.

Climb to the top of this awful edifice, and you will find that the figure of a mountain with a forest is not altogether inappropriate. You will find a garden of flowers there, all of marble. In fact, every plant of Italy, even to the most common vegetables of the garden, are chiseled out and set up there for you to walk through and admire.

There is something more here on those little spires, and in this marble garden of plants and flowers, than all that. On one of these spires is a hen and her nest. It is made very beautiful, singular as it may seem, and is much admired.

Away yonder, in an obscure corner, looking down into the crowded street, stands a statue of Adam. He is leaning on his mattock, and seems very weary of life. His face is a blended face of Christ and of Cain. It is the best of all the thousands of statues here.

Our little party of three reached the Hotel Royal, and in the heart of Milan at last, worn and exhausted.

The countess had been so overcome by the agony and intense excitement of the past few days that she had to be borne from the carriage to her room.

There lay Milan in the middle of the great plain, teeming in yellow corn, and covered with fruit and flowers and vines, and literally steaming in the intense heat. It was intolerable. The old father of the countess had pushed on the next day for England, leaving kind messages and most urgent letters for her to follow at once, for he was dying, and he could not live a day longer in Milan.

It was impossible for our party to move that evening, eager as they were to leave the burning town, Italy—everything—while all seemed clear and open for the flight. The countess was prostrated, and must remain till to-morrow.

They rested. Yet, long before the countess had opened her eyes, the artist was, next morning, down in the court of the old palace, which was now converted into a hotel, quietly arranging for the departure. He sometimes felt certain that the end was not yet. Where was the count? What had become of the doctor with the retreating moustache and low brow? And had the admiral and his crew of followers really perished? Certainly not, else the event had been chronicled in the journals of Milan. The artist looked

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE.—FROM A PAINTING BY BECKWITH.

them eagerly through. He found no tidings there; nothing to tell him the fate of those who had followed that fearful night of the flight from Como.

Then, if the old admiral was not dead, he was alive. If alive, he would be upon the track of the countess, and that soon, again. That big chin of his would brook no delay, or hesitate at nothing. It had the iron energy of an engine, and the man was now moved with a sort of desperation and hate that must find vent either in the capture of the countess or the death of Murietta.

The sun was just rising in sultry Milan. It was but a few minutes' walk to the great cathedral, where there was room and place to breathe in the great open space surrounding it.

The artist stood on the steps in the fresh morning shade cast by the great marble edifice, and had not yet entered the cathedral. The people were as thick in Milan, even at this early hour, as in a Roman carnival. You could hardly move along. Standing there on the marble steps, Murietta could scarcely see the ground for the moving masses of people. Italy is so very, very populous.

There was a heavy hand laid on his shoulder. The artist started, for he was still nervous from the excitement of the past few days, and backed against the wall.

"Shake hands. Come! let us be friends. I carry my heart in my hand. I am a rough but honest man, and you will yet live to see it. Take it! Take my hand, it is the olive-branch of peace. I offer it to you now for the last time. Will you not take my hand?"

Murietta had backed close against the wall, and the old admiral stood there reaching out his hand and offering him his friendship. The artist only shook his head, and looked the old monster hard in the face.

"Very well, very well. But you shall remember this. I will bring this back to your mind some day, and in a way and in a place that you little suspect."

Then the old admiral, black with passion, pulled at his long gray moustache, and twirled it about his finger.

At last he began again, standing all the time boldly before Murietta as if to prevent his escape, and pulling mercilessly at his long grey moustache with his stained fingers. "If I prove to you that I really want to leave Italy, and that it is necessary for me to leave Italy, and to leave in the company of the countess, and if I take the place of courier, or even of a common servant, will you not advise her to take me? Think, think, before you answer. She must get on if she ever sees her father alive again. You see what I have done, and you know what I can do. It was only an accident that pulled you through at Como. Now, sir, if you wish to serve this lady, if you really are the bold, chivalrous, and disinterested friend that you profess to be, take me with you. I will go as a common servant. Nay, more, I will pay you to let me go with you; to go in disguise. Come! I can prove to you that I am, at least, honest in this matter. I must leave Italy. I knew you would come to the cathedral. I have stood here all night waiting for you. I offer you my hand once more. Is it war or is it peace?"

Murietta was not the least part of a politic man. He had stood there pushed back against the wall with this old villain's vile breath in his face as long as he could bear it. He stepped forward, pushed him aside, and returned to the hotel.

All over the city were posted great red posters, headed with this tempting announcement: "Fifty thousand francs reward!" People were reading these posters eagerly. They had just been put up. They were still wet and warped from the fresh paste. The artist stopped and read one of them at the portal of the hotel as he returned. It was a reward offered for the arrest and conviction of forgers of Italian [redacted] the English clerk of the hotel, who had seen the artist reading this bill, "they should have made the reward at least a half a million. Italy is full of it. Look there! The prettiest forged paper you ever saw. It is really better than the original, finer than the genuine. That is the way we detect it."

"There is a gentleman waiting to see you, sir, and he says his business is urgent," said a boy with a silver plate in his hand to the artist as he passed on up to his rooms.

It was the black and low-browed doctor. He was dressed up now, and looking very smart. His fee for healing had healed his threadbare dress, and but for his villainous face he might now have been quite presentable.

He stood bowing before the artist, twirling his hat in his hand, and looking nervously around him as if he half suspected he was watched.

"You wish to get rid of the admiral," began the visitor, twirling his hat faster than ever.

"And you propose to poison him for me, you dog; is that what you are here for this morning?"

"No, no, no. Really, signori, you do me a great wrong. Nothing of the kind. I told you I should leave the service of the admiral, and enter the service of my country."

"Well, go on, get done with what you have to say, and then get out of my sight, and soon."

"Well, signori. If I was to have the admiral locked up in the prison at Milan, so that he would never again be free, how much money would you pay me?"

"Not a sou. Is that all you have to say?"

"No, signori, not quite all." The hat twirled in the nervous hands faster than ever.

"Well, you had better go. If you must betray your friends you must take them to some other market. I am a poor man. Besides that, I would not bribe you; nor could I trust you if I should."

"But will signori listen one moment more? You have seen the immense reward that is offered. Good! You have noticed the stained finger-ends of the admiral. Good! Signori, listen to me. All the plates for printing Italian money were made in America, with few exceptions. Why? because this new Italy could not trust her own men. She was afraid if these plates were made at home that there would be duplicates made also. Very good. These plates were made abroad, and duplicates were made notwithstanding the suspicions of the new Italy."

"Well, this is very tiresome; and what has it all to do with locking up the admiral?" asked the artist, very impatiently.

"Ah! that now is the point, that is the pith of it. The admiral is a miser. He is worth a million. He has loads of money, and he has starved me for years. I want my revenge. He pretends to despise me. I will show him! I will show him!"

"Come, fellow, come to this point you speak of. What is it you propose?"

"Signori, I come to you. I say, give me twenty—ten—five thousand francs. Give me that sum, and I will lock up the admiral, and you can go on your ways uninterrupted. You refuse. Very good. You will not give me money. No matter. I will have that which is dearer to an Italian than money, or fame, or estate. I will have revenge! Revenge, signori! Revenge! Revenge!"

Murietta beckoned the man to the door. He did not move, and the artist stepped to the bell.

"One moment, signori. The Government offers fifty thousand francs. But I do not like the Government. I therefore ask you but five thousand francs. You refuse a single sou. Very good. I accept the offer of the Government. I turn State's evidence. The admiral will follow you no further. Signori, I wish you a very good-day."

The black-eyed, narrow-browed, doctor bowed himself

out, and the artist stood there alone, wondering what the fellow really meant.

Fifty thousand francs reward! The old admiral worth a million! Counterfeit currency! The stains on the admiral's fingers! His eagerness to get away in the company of respectable travelers, if even in disguise! Putting this and that together, the artist began to feel pretty certain that there was really something in the wind, and that the mission of the dark-browed doctor that morning meant something more than to beg for money.

Chapter XXXII.

A VERY UNFORTUNATE MAN.

THE countess could not leave her bed all that day. Still there was hope that if no further trouble was encountered they could leave sultry Milan the day following.

It was nearly midnight when the doctor, walking between two officers, called to see Murietta. The Italian's face was black and red and white by turns. He was wrinkling his brows with all his might.

"It is not me, Signori Murietta, that is a prisoner. It is not me. It is the admiral. And it is all as I told you it should be. You can leave Italy to-morrow, but the admiral will never leave Italy. Revenge. Ho, ho! Revenge, and fifty thousand francs! No, no, no, I am not a prisoner at all. These officers are not sent with me till I find bail to appear on the trial. But I will appear. Do not fear that. Even if I do not find bail I can walk about with these officers, my friends, and be quite happy till the day of trial. You would see the prisoner in the morning? Good. A little present, Signor Murietta, and one of the officers will lead you to the prison in the morning."

"And the admiral is really under lock and key? A big man with a big chin?" continued the artist to one of the officers.

"A big man with a big chin and a long gray moustache," answered the officer, politely. "He made flight and fight also. He leapt over the bastion at last, and then he swam the canal, and at last, when brought to bay, he fought like a wolf."

The artist took a long breath of relief. He walked to the window, looked out, and felt a sense of satisfaction that he had not known for days. There was even a smile on his face as he handed the officers each a real Italian note. After all, this man was very human, and perhaps enjoyed this almost as much as the revengeful Italian. Yet his was an unselfish satisfaction. This meant the freedom of the countess and the end of her persecutions.

I will have a few hours to spare in the morning before the express leaves for Paris, and I want one of you to come and take me to the old admiral in prison," said the artist, as he opened the door and wished his tall visitors good-night.

They bowed all the way downstairs, and promised to call at sharp ten in the morning.

You cannot tear up the heart by the roots and let it die like a flower, try as you might. Murietta had so often and so devoutly wished he could, for his heart was all the time turning back to Como, and hovering there like a lost bird of night over the pine and vine-covered mountain that rose up in the forks of the beautiful lake.

He was an older man now. He looked in the glass next morning as he stood waiting for his promised visitor to lead him to the prison, and there saw that a tinge of frost was on his temples. Snow had fallen here in the terrible storm of the heart in the days just past, snow that only the wings of death should brush away.

How sober this man was now! He was as a monk that had renounced the world. Yet for all that he could not keep his heart in Milan, do what he might.

A savage sense of duty, an iron independence, and a pretty clear sense of what was right at the bottom of things, no matter what the world might say, had led him into terrible straits. However, these same qualities will lead a man through to the pure white light and up to the shining hills of heaven. You have only to persevere. The straight road, even though it be out of the great highway and popular road of life, will lead you finally to the right place, though you be *torn* by briers and *set upon* by wild beasts in the new way. The only danger in the whole matter is that you may get discouraged and attempt to turn back or reach the high road, when in the midst of briars and beasts, instead of pushing ahead.

At ten o'clock the artist stood before the prison. And such a prison!

With the most splendid edifice that Christianity has ever reared, Milan has under its very shadow, as it were, the worst prison that the barbarian ever built.

The city has been destroyed time and again. More than once it has been leveled to the ground. Yet this old, ugly, massive heap of stones crouching down there under the bastion has never been touched save by time. It crouches down there, as if it were ashamed of its own ugliness. The light of the sun refuses to touch it.

How the old ruin groaned as the great doors swung open! Chains, and bolts, and great rusty rings in the iron-bound windows and in the black stone floors. The place was damp and even cold. It was more terrible than the tomb.

At last they came to the narrow stone coffin where the admiral was confined. It was a miserable little cell, but better than many of the others, for this one really had a window.

The daylight came in at this window, but timidly. It came in as if it was afraid—was not used to the place, and was very doubtful about the propriety of being there at all.

There was a row of stout rusty bars, drawn up like a file of grenadiers on guard, across this window, through which the sunlight stole into the prison. And it did not pass unchallenged, for a number of busy spiders were very busy mending a broken web that had run right across the front of this file of iron grenadiers, as if to shut out the light altogether.

The admiral sat there on a stone bench, with his head bowed down toward the door, and his hands dragged down between his legs by the weight of the rusty chains. Or more properly, one hand was drawn down, for but one hand and one foot were bound in irons. He lifted his eyes, but did not lift his head as the artist and officer entered.

"I am a very unfortunate man."

He said these words very slowly, and one at a time, and as if to himself. They came out of his throat as if jerked out one at a time by fishhooks, and from very deep down.

He moved his hands as he spoke, and the chains clinked and chimed in between the words, as sometimes do the bells between the braying of the mules in the Sierras.

"I am a very unfortunate man."

The old audacity was gone. The dash and dare-devil character which this man had assumed and played—and played very well—for perhaps half a century, had quite forsaken him now. He was now drawing from his true nature and he found that, once thoroughly caught in the coils, he was the veriest coward alive.

Prick a child's balloon, and you can hold it between your thumb and finger.

The old admiral sat there on the stone bench with his head down, and he kept picking at and rubbing the ends of his stained fingers, as if he found them burning him now.

He was utterly overcome, and could only keep rubbing and picking his fingers, and still slowly repeating his brief but mournful story, "I am a very unfortunate man."

"Well, admiral, I have come to see you, to make sure that you were here, and now, finding you, I must say good-by."

The sun kept hesitating and hanging about the iron row of sentinels up in the narrow window, and the spiders kept busily weaving at the broken web. What had broken that web? There was the mark of a man's hand on the high window-sill, in the dust. A link of the chain had touched there also. One of the iron sentinels had the rust rubbed off about his waist. It was the middle sentinel. The rust on these bars was scaling off like the bark of a tree. A chain had certainly been passed around the rusty waist of this iron guardian. What had the admiral been doing at that window all the night? He certainly could not have hoped to escape through it. It was not large enough to admit half his body through.

It was very pitiful. The conquered old man was utterly crushed. His utterly forlorn and helpless state touched the heart of the artist.

"Can I do anything for you to make you more comfortable here?"

"Nothing, nothing, nothing! It is all over! They have betrayed me at the last moment. And now that you are kind enough to come to see me," said the prisoner, for the first time lifting his head, "I wish to say to you that I was perfectly sincere in what I proposed. I really wished to get away and live a better life."

The old man's throat was dry and his voice was husky.

"They will not let me have any wine. They have taken away all my money, and no one comes near me now or sends me a glass to refresh my bruised and broken body and mind."

"Bring a flask of wine and a case of cigars, and keep the change for your trouble." Murietta handed a red Italian note to an officer as he said this. The officer soon returned with a large flask, a glass, and a case of cigars.

The admiral took up the glass, tilted the flagon, filled the glass to the brim, and drank it off at a draught. He drank like an American, and not at all like an Italian, for the latter only tastes his wine and never drinks it.

He filled the glass again as before, and emptied it as before. Then taking a cigar, he drew a long breath, looked up and about his cell, up at the busy spiders in their conspiracy to keep out the last bit of daylight, then taking a light which the officer had brought him, he began to resume the old devilish look and air of audacity.

"You have saved my life, sir, and I thank you. You are, after all, a very kind-hearted man," said the prisoner, from behind a cloud of smoke, as he again emptied the glass. "Now, sir, look here! I am a blunt but honest man. Ah! you smile at this. You seem to think you have heard it before. No matter. Some day you will come this way in your journeys through the world, and you will find my tombstone and grave, and above the dust of the old admiral you will write, "Rough but honest."

The old nature was rising under the flask of wine which he had entirely emptied. He kept the cigar burning like a furnace. It was nearly up to his gray and grizzly moustache. He filled his glass again, and glancing up at the window, with its row of rusty sentinels and the busy spiders, he said, as he again looked at Murietta:

"Your health, Signori Murietta, and a pleasant journey to Paris, and a long and a pleasant life with the countess."

Murietta bit his lips but said nothing.

"You may find trouble at Turin," continued the old admiral, as if he again held matters in his hand and was about to dictate terms of surrender. "Yes, you may find trouble at Turin, for the Prince Trawaska is stationed there with Giuseppe. You see, the Order cannot allow so wealthy a lady as this to leave the country. Besides, there are certain Catholics interested in keeping this little boy in the folds of the Church."

"Trawaska and the knavish courier at Turin?"

"Yes, yes; I do not mind telling you and doing you any service in my power, since they all have deserted me, and some of them have betrayed me. If they hear of my arrest and confession, however, they will be the last to trouble you. But, if not, they will still go on under my orders given last night, and will surely intercept you before you touch the line of France."

The man again emptied his glass and then blew the last of his cigar through his gray and unkempt moustache.

The artist stepped up to take his leave of the old man, and offered his hand.

"You triumph, now!" said the admiral. "You triumph at last! But it was not my fault. If men had been true to me, I should have landed you in hell." And the then terrible man laughed a terrible laugh, that sounded as if it came up from the abode of the damned.

The artist said good-by, and was going. The old admiral arose and said, looking down at the chain about his leg, with that perfect Italian politeness, and a bow that was courtly and elegant, "You will excuse me for not seeing you to the door."

"Certainly, admiral."

"Signor Murietta," called out the prisoner.

"Well!" answered the artist, turning back.

"I will not ask you for money, but I must ask you one little favor, since my friends do not come near me, and I am almost dead from pain and trouble."

"What can I do?"

"A little more wine. And, Signor Murietta, you wear a rich, red sash about your waist."

"Well?"

"Will you not give me that sash as a keepsake? I will wear it as long as I live."

The artist hastily unwound the sash, stepped back, handed it to the man, and then leaving a note with the officer for another flagon, hurried away to the light of the sun.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

VIS-A-VIS WITH TWO MONKS.

SEATS in the express train had been taken by the little party for Paris, without the least ripple of trouble.

The countess had received a telegram from England. Her father had reached the shore of the great sea that lay between him and his home. But he was dying.

"For the first time in five years," said the lady, as the train shot away over the fertile fields of Lombardy and over the battle-field of Magenta—"for the first time in five years, I feel like a free woman. I am no longer watched."

She did not know the fate of the old admiral. She still fancied he might be at the bottom of Lake Como, and thought all their troubles over. Yet she was not cheerful, but unusually sad.

As they neared Turin, and looked up at the little Campo Santo on the hill, with its tombstones and monuments shining in the setting sun, she suddenly turned to Murietta and said;

"It seems to me, if Count Edna, my husband, were here, and going home with me, I should be almost perfectly happy."

Murietta looked out at the white tombstones, as they shot past, tapped the butt of a pistol, just visible under his waistcoat, and said to himself, wondering, "Oh, woman, woman, woman! you are certainly past finding out."

It was raining at Turin, and dark, as they changed cars for the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

"You will remain here in this *coupé*, you and your little boy together, and you will remain locked up. It is just big enough for you two. I will have a seat in the car adjoining. I entreat you, do not move," said Murietta; "we may have trouble yet."

He turned, and two monks with immense cowls were looking over his shoulder at the countess and her little boy.

He stepped into his adjoining car, after handing the conductor a liberal present, and took his seat. The monks instantly followed and sat together opposite.

Around the rocky spurs of the Alps, under arches, over bridges that those perfect Italian engineers have made for the world to wonder at, and the line of France was near at hand.

The monks whispered together. In half an hour they would be at the station, where you are expected to show your passport, or bribe the officer. This latter is, perhaps, the most common, as well as the most convenient way. The little boy had no passport. As the monks whispered together, one of the cowls was tossed off by a sudden lurch of the car, and the large red ears of the wearer were uncovered.

Murietta caught his breath, but said nothing. By a sort of inspiration, he then at once knew that these monks were Prince Trawaska and the courier Giuseppe, and he knew that the last struggle would be made at the little mountain-town where you are expected to pay or show a passport.

"I am sick of this pistol-practice; it is getting monotonous. But come, my little iron bull-dogs, you may have to bark at these men, and bite—and bite even to the death."

He cautiously drew his hands under his cloak, and drew his pistols around where they could be pulled in an instant.

"Trawaska!"

The man in the monk's cowl and gown sprung up, only to find a pistol pointed into his face.

"Sit down, sir. There, that will do. Your hands behind your back. There, fasten them there. Lock your fingers in together behind the back of your neck. There! so! The moment a hand comes down, you die!"

"Giuseppe!"

Giuseppe did the same without being told in words. He understood the signs.

"There! you will both keep your hands in that position till we pass this station. I will see about your passports. Fifty francs will settle the whole matter. No, no! Take care; take care, there! You see, I should be perfectly delighted to kill you both. It would sound so well to have the name of a Polish prince and an Italian colonel mixed up in matter of this kind. Child-stealing, eh! A valiant business, indeed! And then, an Italian colonel to be found in the car in monk's clothes, with a bullet through his head. How would it sound, Trawaska? Just let me kill you to see what a sensation it would produce. Or even let me just mention the matter to the next officer we meet, either civil or military. Let me turn you over to him in your monk's clothes! Bah! my brave men! An Italian colonel and a Polish prince have obtained leave of absence to go child-stealing in monks' clothes. Soft, there!"

The men were trembling in their seats, and suffering from their painful positions.

"Come, we will vary this a little. Here is another pistol; one for each of you. Yes, it hurts you, I know, to hold your hands there; it affects the spine finally, and stupefies you. If you were to take your hands down now you would find them helpless; the blood and the strength is gone out of them. Take down your hands and try them, Giuseppe, if you like; you will find them as useless as the hands of the dead man you hid away in the dark vault at Rome."

The train stopped for an instant, and a man ran along on the rail at the side of the cars, taking money and glancing up at passports, or old letters and the like, which men saw fit to hold up for a second, still folded, before his face.

Murietta stood at the window, looking back over his shoulder at the two motionless men that sat there his prisoners. A pistol was in his right hand, and held down behind him.

He drew a fifty-franc note from his vest pocket with his left hand and held it out to the officer.

"These good fathers do not need passports. The lady and the little boy are my friends, and go to England in my charge. Take this, and drink our healths and a happy voyage."

The officer smiled, bowed, put his finger to his lip, and hurried on.

In less than an hour they stopped once more. They were now in France. The two men were pale and helpless.

"Now you can get out and go about your business; or would you prefer to be handed over to these French gentlemen in this garb?"

Murietta stepped out on the platform as the train was about to move off, and the two men, with great effort, followed him. Then, turning about, he returned to the car and took his seat alone as it shot out of the station, and left the two men standing there on the platform alone in the dark.

Chapter XXXIV.

In the Blessed Isles.

THE work was done. Nothing was now required but time and patience to complete the journey which had been begun and carried thus far under such fearful difficulties.

They reached England, and found the old father there waiting for his child.

He put out his hand to his daughter, and said, faintly:

"I am waiting here—I am waiting to cross the great sea and go home."

The countess, pale now with travel and trouble, turned to Murietta, for her heart was bleeding at sight of this.

"Oh!" said she, "it is not the great sea that he will cross to go home; it is the dark river of death."

And so it was. Still talking of home, and rest, and peace, under the cool trees on the other side of the great sea, he folded his hands and died.

And now the poor, beautiful, but broken-hearted woman was more alone than ever before. She fell down and wished to die and be buried, and be at rest from it all. Then for many days she was very, very ill, and was wild and out of her mind with a fever.

Murietta watched with her then, and did all that a brother could do—all that a father could do, for now he was, indeed, old. He was as cold at heart almost as the old man he had just seen borne to his grave.

While he watched by the bedside of the countess, and

when she was almost recovered again, he received a package of papers from the consul at Milan.

There was one, an illustrated paper, with a frightful picture. It was the picture of a man—a large man—hanging by his neck to the bars of his cell. A cord—a rich red silk sash—the paper stated, had been passed around the middle bar, and by this the man had hung himself, and was found dead the second day after his imprisonment.

The old admiral, the founder of the Order of the Brothers of the Altar, was dead. Murietta shuddered as he thought of the red sash, and then remembered how that once on the banks of the Tiber the countess had shuddered at the sight of it, and said that it looked like blood. Carlton had said, "That man will be hanged!" The prophecy had been fulfilled.

During her illness the countess had spoken more than once about her husband. Would he come to her? Could he come to her? Then she would begin to talk about the admiral, and say that it was impossible, and that he loved his clannish companions better than his family.

Murietta had noted this, and had not been idle. But now that he knew the admiral was no more, he at once decided what to do, and acted accordingly.

Soon the countess was able to be wheeled into her parlor. She seemed more beautiful than ever, yet more sad than ever. Murietta tried in vain to rouse her and call her spirits back again to the beautiful things of the world. I was no use.

One day she was standing by the window with her little boy as the artist entered. She was nearly well now, and he, still weary, still worn from strife and trouble and thought, had come to say good-bye, for he wanted to get away, to be alone—to go up into the mountains and pray, as it were.

"I have written to the count," she began, smiling sadly, "and—and I have written him a long letter to-day. Perhaps you had better read it."

"*I* read your letter, lady!"

"Well, no, not that. But you understand how things are better than I do, and perhaps you might dispose of the letter." Then she hesitated, drooped her great brown eyes, liffed them up again, and said, "At all events, I want you to send him some money. Send him plenty of money. Send it at once—by telegraph—to-day—now."

"Lady, I have sent him money. All the time that you have been ill you spoke of it, and he has not been left in want."

The brown eyes were again on the carpet, and then looking up and opening them very wide, she asked:

"Do you not think he would like to see his family?"

"Certainly I do."

"But no, no, no; he cannot come. That oath, that order, that terrible man, the admiral. Ah! I shall go mad at last!"

"As for the old admiral, he will trouble you no more. He is dead," answered the artist, solemnly.

She clasped her little hands, and (shall it be told?) said "Thank God!"

She held her head down a long time in thought and in tears. At last, looking up, she said:

"You will send for Count Edna for me at once. Send at once—send by telegraph and say he is needed here. Say anything, only so that he leaves that country and comes to me, to a Christian land."

"Lady, I have already sent for him."

"What! Have you?"

"I sent for him days ago, and have had answers, and he is on his way to join you."

"Heaven is merciful! And when will he arrive?"

"This evening—this hour."

She sank in a chair, and hid her face in her hands as if in prayer. Murietta stood up before her, and was very pale. Her delicate foot tapped nervously on the floor in the old way, as she looked up, half-smiling through her tears, and with a brighter face than she had shown for a long, long time.

"I have come to say good-bye, for I am going away. I shall return now to my work, and busy myself once more with creatures of imagination."

Her little fingers were winding themselves up in the tassels of her crape shawl. At last she put out her round, soft, baby hand. She looked down into her lap with her great brown eyes, half hidden under the drooping lashes, and said:

"Good-bye."

Murietta did not speak. He leaned forward, bowed above the beautiful woman, kissed her tenderly on the fair brow—kissed her for the first and the last time—and was gone.

He had done what he had conceived to be his duty. He had done this at a countless cost. What she thought of it now was another matter. What the world thought of it was nothing to him now. He left her with her husband, and went on his way alone. He was satisfied with himself, and that was his recompense.

* * * * * * *

Murietta had returned to Italy. Fair Italy! With all its faults, the fairest land upon earth. Gentle Italians—with all their follies, the only real artists—saving the exceptions—in all the world.

He felt that he was in disgrace in the great cities, and kept well away. He had a studio in Perugia, and worked there very faithfully. He was a silent man, and as abstemious as a monk. His hair was turning gray, and yet his heart was warm to the poor and the distressed about, and people came to understand that this man hiding away among them, and who was growing prematurely old, had a history.

There was a beautiful picture of a beautiful woman in his studio, and the Italian artists, who sometimes came to visit him, often stood before it with silent admiration. This was the picture of a lady looking back over her shoulder. On the back of this picture was the one word, "Rubicon."

The artist had been here nearly a year alone and quiet, and, in a measure, contentedly at work. Two people climbed up to the lofty studio, with its windows looking out on the Upper Tiber. He did not look up from his work. He supposed them some other artists who had more leisure than he, and that they knew how to make themselves at home. He went on with his work. He was dreaming.

And this man was dreaming now of Annette, the One Fair Woman. In fact, it would have been difficult to find a moment in his life now when he was not dreaming of her, and her only. The world took no part of his time or attention. He thought only of this beautiful real ideal, and went on with his work.

There was a rustle of silk, and a soft hand touched his own. He turned his eyes, and then he dropped his brush. He could not realize it at first, but stood gazing into the face of the wonderful being before him, and mute and quite overcome.

Then he thought it was a vision, for he had been thinking of her, but there was the dreamy old general behind her, and he was looking at a picture on the wall close by.

"This is the picture, Annette, that was promised you, I know."

"You see, Mr. Murietta, we have come after my picture. And will you not shake hands? Will you not speak to us?"

How gentle, how like a dream she was, yet how matchless and magnificent! All the man's life came tiding back to his veins again, and the blood mounted to his face in confusion.

He did not reach his hand to her. He could not speak. He was stopping to pick up his brush.

"No, no," she said, laughing pleasantly at his confusion; "let your brush lie there on the floor. Let it lie there for a time, at least, and let us shake hands over the dead year that is gone.

He reached his hand, and looking in her face said, earnestly:

"Beautiful woman, is it best to reach hands over the gulf that rolls between us? You see I am satisfied here—tranquil at least—half content. Why shall I suffer myself to return again to the rack and torture? Fate decided against me at Como. I accepted the verdict."

"At Como you were a simpleton." The lady laughed, and he looked puzzled. "You are the veriest child in the world. Why did you not come to me with that poor lady's misfortune instead of running to strangers? Do you not know that I would have been proud to assist you through it all?"

"And then you know all and understand all?"

He looked in her face as he spoke, and holding her hand, drew her close to his breast, and called her his own in a whisper, and she did not shrink away, but held her head and listened to what he chose to say.

"No, do not think women blind," she said at last. "Men do not deceive women as often as they suppose, either for good or evil. I understand you better than you understand yourself. Had you flinched from your duty to that lady when she needed your help, I should have hated you, my hero."

THE END.

EXPLANATION OF THE WATER-CURE.

ABOUT three-fourths of the weight of the human body consists of water; and as it is constantly being thrown off by the skin, lungs, and kidneys, it requires to be continually renewed, and water is therefore an essential alimentary principle, and more necessary to our existence than even solid food. In the few observations we have to make on liquid aliments, we shall not, however, enter into the various uses of water, but only advert to the effect which an increased employment of water produces, by its solvent power, in augmenting the wearing away of the tissues, thereby increasing the quantity of the secretions, and either diminishing the weight of the body, if more food be not taken, or improving the appetite, by which a supply is created to obviate the increased waste. The experiments made by Dr. Boker, of Bonn, on himself, have not only shown this, but have likewise afforded a reasonable explanation of the cold-water system of treatment, which is undoubtedly of use in some chronic diseases, where an evacuating and renovating action (waste and renewal of the tissues of the body) is required in conjunction with hygienic bracing treatment. Since the use of a quantity of water beyond what is required for the performance of the functions, and what the feeling of thirst prompts us to take, has this remarkable power of accelerating the waste of the tissues and of causing their removal by increased excretion, whilst at the same time the digestive functions are quickened, it is easy to understand that the nutrition of the whole system must be improved; and it is not, therefore, surprising that not only dyspeptic disorders, but others arising from inactive habits and such causes as impair the activity of the excreting organs, should be greatly benefited by the abundant use of cold water, and by the bathing, the regulated diet, the exercise, and pure bracing air, with which this mode of treatment is conjoined.

MONEY is a useful servant but a tyrannical master.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

THE Countess Bertha sat in pride,
Her lovely daughter at her side;
Behind her oaken chair of state
The ladies of her castle wait.
"What sounds are those?" the countess cried;
When thus her little page replied:
"An aged minstrel, lady, waits
Your pleasure at the castle gates.
So weak he seems, he scarce can bear
His harp against the mountain air.
And with him is a little girl,
About whose head the breezes whirl
In mazy folds each golden curl."
"Go, trusty page of mine, and bring
The girl and minstrel to this hall,
And we will hear him play and sing—
The high-born ever heed the call
Of Song and Sorrow."

Forthwith hies
The page, and soon they stand before
The countess on the hall's broad floor.
Delight came from the young girl's eyes
As she beheld the gorgeous room,
Tempered to a stately gloom,
Through the golden pageantries
Of painted windows, which flashed through
On the curious tapestries,
All the splendors of the skies.
"Bear to them both some cake and wine,"
The countess said, "Oh, page of mine,
And then we'll hear the minstrel's might
In songs of sorrow, love or fight."

THE ARMS OF THE DOUGLASES.

THIS house, which is one of the most celebrated in Europe, is in all probability of Norman origin, although tradition assigns to it a more remote antiquity. It is said that *Solvathius*, one of those early Scottish kings whose existence is problematical, having been nearly routed by Donald Bene of the Isles, was enabled to restore the battle and gain the victory by the assistance of a stranger chieftain, who came up with his forces. On asking for him after the fight, and inquiring his name, the bystanders pointed out to him one whom they called in their Gaelic speech, "Sholto dhu glas," or "Sholto the black or swarthy-colored man," and as the king, mistaking these latter words for a family name, constantly applied them to Sholto, they were at last actually converted into a surname. Possibly the savage man cinctured, which forms the dexter supporter of the family, may refer to this swarthy-colored man.

The ancient coat of the Douglases was, azure, three stars, (or mullets) argent; but their present paternal coat is—Argent, a man's heart gules, ensigned with an imperial crown proper, on a chief azure three stars of the first. The heart and crown were added from the following circumstance: Some time before his death, King Robert Bruce made a vow to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but having been continually prevented by the cares of his kingdom and the frequent attacks of the English, and finding himself at last seized by a fatal malady, he called to him the Lord James of Douglas, one of the firmest and oldest of his friends and supporters, and said to him:

"Thou knowest how that the grave cares of my realm and the malice of my southern enemies have hindered me from journeying to Christ's sepulchre, which of all things I most heartily desired to do. Now, since my time of departure is nigh, and I know that with the eyes of the flesh I never may behold that which I most craved to see, I pray and command thee, as my friend and liegeman, that when I

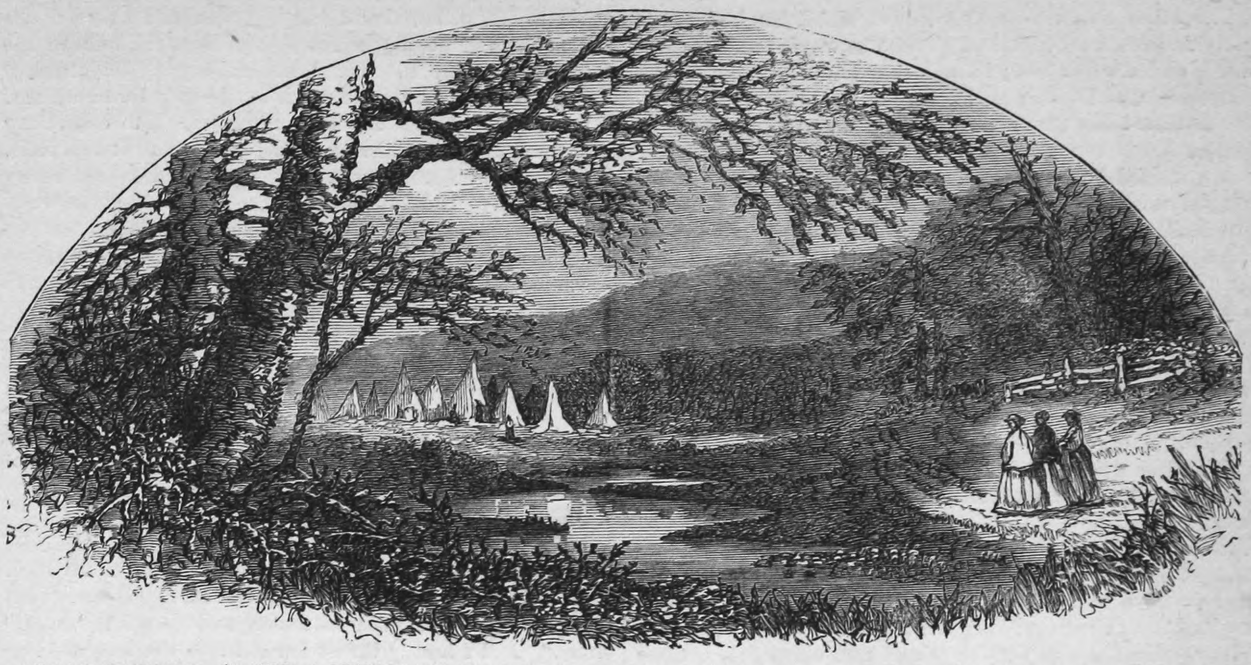
am dead thou take my heart from my bosom, and, putting it into a casket, or take such order as shall seem good to thee for its safe keeping, so carry it with thee into Palestine, and there bury it by that blessed tomb to which, when alive, it might not attain."

To this dying request of his king and friend Lord James assented, and accordingly, when the heart embalmed and placed in a casket, set out, attended by a body of trusty knights, for the Holy Land. On his way, however, having been driven on the coast of Spain by stress of weather, he, at the request of the Spaniards, who were then at war with the Moors, went with his comrades to their assistance. When the battle was joined, and infidels pressed so hard upon the Christians, that the latter began to give way, upon which Douglas, the more to encourage his little band, who were in the foremost rank, threw the casket with the heart of Bruce into the midst of the Moors. The Scots charged with redoubled fury in order to rescue their monarch's heart, and Douglas was unhorsed and slain in the *mêlée*. The rescued casket was carried to Palestine by some of his surviving companions, and his family, to record the charge intrusted to him, and his glorious death while fighting against the unbelievers, assumed the crowned heart as part of their armorial bearings.

THE POWER OF LOVE.—SEE PAGE 687.

The supporters of the arms of Douglas stand within a pale of wood wreathed for a compartment, which is said to have been taken in memory of a former exploit of the said Lord James while he was only Sir James Douglas. Having heard that a strong body of English were entangled in Jedburg forest, he went after them with all the forces he could collect, and succeeded, without alarming them, in shutting up every approach to the place in which they were encamped so closely with stakes and palisades, that it became impossible for them either to advance or retreat. The story does not inform us whether they were forced to surrender at discretion, or whether they preferred starvation to death at the hands of one so merciless as the good Lord James. The mullets in the more ancient coat of this family most probably refer to those predatory exploits which, by the dwellers on both sides of the border, were held to be not merely profitable, but honorable also.

Man's intellect has indeed great power over all outward things. This we are not disposed to question. In these days, more especially, we all take far too much pride in it, and make presumptuous boast of it—nay, are apt to fall down and worship it, as the one great miracle-worker, the true mover of mountains. But, powerful as it may be, omnipotent as we may deem it to be, over the world around us, over the outward fields of nature, there is one region where our hearts and consciences tell us—sometimes in half-muttered whispers, sometimes in cries of anguish and agony—that it is almost powerless; and that region is the dim, visionary, passion-haunted one with. in our own breasts. We all know but too well—every one whose life has not flowed away in listless inanity—every one who has ever struggled against the evil within him, must have felt but too deeply that our intellectual convictions, clear and strong as they may have been, have never of themselves been able to shake the foundations of a single sin, to subdue a single vice, to root out a single evil habit. Ever since that severing of the heart from the intellect, which took place when man gave himself up to the lust of godless knowledge, the Passions have made mock at the Understanding, whenever it has attempted to control them, and have only flattered and pampered it, when it was content to wear their livery, and to drudge in their service; while the Will has lifted up its head against the Understanding in haughty defiance and scorn. Moreover, this lesson, which we learn from our own grievous experience, is confirmed by all the evidence of history; where, in example after example, we see how vain and impotent the enlightening of the understanding has been to elevate and purify man's moral being; and how, unless that enlightenment has been working together with other healthier powers, and been kept in check by them, its operation on the character of nations has rather been to weaken and dissipate their energies, to crumble the primitive rock into sand.



AN HOUR OF TERROR.—"AFTER A LENGTHY AND SOMEWHAT TIRESOME WALK, WE CAME IN SIGHT OF THE ENCAMPMENT. IT WAS A MOST PICTURESQUE SIGHT—THE WHITE TENTS DOTTING THE DUN-BROWN EARTH."

AN HOUR OF TERROR; OR, MADGE'S FORTUNE.

"COME, Madge, and you, too, May. We are going to a gipsy encampment, only two miles from here, and we want you to join us."

The words were addressed to my pretty girlish sister and I. We were twins, but Madge was the handsomest and merriest, and her blue eyes sparkled and danced with anticipated delight, as our mutual friend, Sadie Selwyn, rushed (I can use no other words to express her impetuous entrance) into our cozy sitting-room.

"You see brother Dick came home and told me, last night," Sadie continued, hardly pausing for breath, "and this morning I started out, and Daisy Brent, and her cousin Minnie, and Lu Payne, have promised to go, if you will both go. Now, do say yes, and begin to get ready;" and Sadie looked coaxingly into my face, for she had Madge's consent in her bright bewitching face, all dimpled with smiles at her friend's impetuous outburst.

"Sadie, something here warns me not to go," and I pointed to my heart as I spoke. Had I received a warning?

"Ha, ha!" and Sadie's gay laugh caused me to smile. "Is the dear girl afraid of losing her heart to a jetty-eyed gip? Well, we won't let her, if she'll only go. We'll say to the naughty fellow: 'Go way, and don't let our pretty May see you, because she don't want to fall in love with you!' Oh! May, do go! We'll have our fortunes told, and it will be such fun!"

And my gay friend put her arm caressingly around my waist, and looked so sweetly coaxing, that I consented, and in a short time we were ready—all of us as merry and mischievous a party as ever made the woods ring.

After a lengthy and somewhat tiresome walk, we came in sight of the encampment. It was a most picturesque sight—the white tents dotting the dun-brown earth (for it was the first week in October, and Nature had donned her autumnal robes); the various and gorgeous hues of the leaves that lay thick on the ground; the forms, tall and lithe, dressed in gay and many-hued dresses, the men having gorgeous scarfs knotted around their heads in the style of the Italian brigands.

We paused in admiration, a short distance from them, to take in the truly beautiful landscape, but a loud laugh from merry Sadie caught their attention, and at first they seemed to be angry, by their loud gesticulations and angry voices; but a small girl, of seventeen, soon came forth from one of the tents, and directing her black eyes toward us, invited us to come nearer. We were emboldened at the glimpse we had of them to go nearer, when the girl addressed us in the gipsy dialect. We, of course, could not understand her; when, with a light ringing laugh, she spoke to us in English.

"Will the pretty ladies have their fortunes told? Yes! yes, the pretty ladies will! Cross my palm with silver, Sky-eyes!" and she addressed Madge, who, eager and merry, placed a silver half-dollar in the small brown palm.

And then such a fortune as we listened to—of "how a beautiful man, tall and dark, was coming across the sea to woo and win the pretty lady, and take her back to his splendid home; and the pretty lady will be so happy." And the young gipsy's brown palms went together ecstatically, while Madge's white hand fell to her side, and she burst out into a peal of rich laughter.

"Oh, thank you, for my fortune, Black-eyes! If it comes true, I'll appoint you a rich living on my future husband's estate. But now tell my friends' fortune; you first, Daisy, Lu next, then Sadie, and lastly, my other self, May."

The bold black eyes of the gipsy glanced round the group, and singled out myself. Something in the eager eyes of a tall swarthy, but splendid fellow, arrested my attention from the fortune-teller while she was engaged in telling my sister's fortune; and now, as I was addressed, I started and shivered, and could find no reason for my folly.

"No, let Sadie have hers told," and I laughed, trying to shake off the terror—for terror it was that came over me.

The fortune-teller frowned, but in an instant laughed scornfully.

"The pretty lady fears to have her fortune told!"

This taunt had the desired effect. I instantly held out my hand, and listened to a lengthy and somewhat terrible future predicted for me.

The other girls had good fortunes, and I laughed at the petty malice of the girl, and glanced to where the tall gipsy stood, and saw him not; indeed, they had all disappeared as if by magic, and with a grand wave of the little brown hand, our fortune-teller was soon out of sight, and into one of the camps.

We started for home, and on our way met a gipsy lad of ten; my sister stopped him, attracted by his great beauty (for Madge was an artist, and went half crazy over a beautiful face and form), and untying a crimson and orange silken scarf from her white throat, fastened it picturesquely around the boy's jetty curls. He kissed her hand in passionate gratitude, and ran gayly off.

We soon reached home, all gay and happy save myself; and the girls laughingly asserted that "May had really lost her heart to that tall, splendid gipsy, and it was no wonder indeed."

But they were mistaken; a strange terror had taken possession of my heart, and it was many days ere I could shake it off.

Two months after our frolic, we were invited to a large fancy-dress ball at a friend of mamma's—Mrs. Orancliffe's—and we were half wild with joy, for it was to be our first appearance in society. My sister's dress, of cerulean blue velvet, trimmed with white lace and rare old pearls, became her exquisitely, while I fancied that my corn-colored *crêpe* became me equally well.

Arrived at the rooms of Mrs. Orancliffe (our hostess), we were soon introduced to a friend of hers—a tall, handsome man, dressed in the costume of Louis XIV. He was unmasked, and a more magnificent specimen of manly beauty it was never my fortune to behold. Such starry eyes, such coal-black satiny hair, such white gleaming teeth, such a rich creamy complexion! Oh! I was fairly enraptured with him! I looked at Madge. She was suffused with blushes, and I plainly saw was deep in love at first sight.

Benita Madrure was Madge's constant attendant that night, and many nights after; and I soon saw my sister bend to every wish of her foreign lover's. I beheld her form quiver as he approached, saw the beautiful blue eyes droop in maiden bashfulness, and noted the deep carmine on brow and cheek. Surely this was love; and I wondered not at it, for I had half lost my heart to him when I first beheld him.

Mrs. Orancliffe, when questioned by my mother as to "Senor Madrure's standing," said that he brought her a letter of introduction from a dear friend of hers in Italy. This letter spoke of him as being wealthy and distinguished. And my mother breathed a deep sigh of relief at the intelligence, and gave an earnest assent to the senor's proposal for Madge's hand that night, and in a few weeks the marriage was to be solemnized with great pomp, and my sister was to leave me for years—perhaps forever. I shivered at the thought, for we loved each other with an almost idolatrous love. Again that unknown terror seized me.

I was seated alone in the parlor (for mother had long ago retired to rest, and Madge also—at least I fancied she had). I loved dearly to play on the piano when all was quiet around me; and so I went in the parlor, and turned the gas but half on—for this dim light was another of my whims. As I sat idly running my fingers over the instrument, I thought of the gipsy's prophecy, and smiled as I said to myself:

"For once a gipsy spoke the truth. Dear little Madge's fortune has come true."

In thinking this over, my fingers had unconsciously lain idle, and a sound as of some one moving startled me into the present position of affairs.

It was after one, I learned on consulting my watch, a tiny *bijou* of green and gold enamel, that mamma had given me but a few days before. I placed it in my belt, and, turning again to the piano, almost lost my sense and reason at the sight of an eye peering cautiously out from the folds of the satin damask curtain. For an instant only my brain reeled, and I almost fell from the music-stool—only for an instant. I ran my fingers again over the instrument, to collect my scattered senses, and form some scheme to outwit this thief, burglar, or whatever it was. My hands had several costly rings on them, and I imagined the robber counting the costs of them. Suddenly a footstep outside the door made me jump in spite of myself. I turned toward the window, and saw a knife gleam for just one second. Then it disappeared as the door opened to give ingress to my sister.

"What, not yet gone to rest?" was my eager query as I met her loving smile. "Why, mamma has gone long ago, and I thought you had also." And I laughed, not knowing what else to do.

"No, but I'm going now. Do hurry up, dear; I'm so sleepy; and I want to see you as much as possible before—before——"

She hesitated.

"Before you are married. Eh, Madge?" I finished for her, all the time in agony for her safety as well as my own. "There, do go now," and I sprang up and kissed her. "Let me finish just this little *canzonette*, and then I'll run upstairs." And I hastily thrust her out into the hall, and she immediately came back again.

"No. I'll wait here for you. I'll be as quiet as a mouse." Then, with a little shiver: "I don't like to go up alone, May; and I won't." And she half pouted.

It was an hour of terror to me, for the moments seemed to drag by as hours, it was so terrible for me to remain, almost crazed, with my cherished and willful sister to share the unknown danger.

Something must be done, and quickly. I remembered on mamma's dressing-table lay a loaded revolver that she kept there—more to frighten herself with than aught else, though she said "It was well to be prepared for burglars." To reach that was my one hope. In that "our lives" were held.

I looked at Madge, then controlled my feelings sufficiently to say:

"Madge, did you take that sweet *canzonette* and leave it in mamma's room?"

"Oh, yes! How stupid I am! I'll run and get it," was her quick answer. "I was fixing my hair, I remember, and left it on the toilet-stand."

"No; I'll go, and then we'll go to bed;" and I yawned sleepily.

In an instant I flew across the hall to mamma's room, and snatched up the revolver, and like a flash I was back again by my sister's side, only to find her crouching low down, with terror showing plainly in her face as well as in her attitude.

"See there!" she whispered, and pointed spasmodically to the bay-window, whose curtains were swaying gently.

I glanced forward, caught the gleam of those eyes, saw the flash of steel, and, raising the revolver steadily in the range of his eyes, fired. A groan and a fall, and we both screamed. Mamma and the servants were soon in the room, and they went to raise the dark form from the window recess. One glance into the pallid face, and I groaned aloud.

"God help us! It is the senor!"

And it was, in truth, my sister's betrothed. And—horror of horrors!—it came to me then, the dreadful truth, that the "tall gipsy and Senor Madrure were one and the same."

I looked at my sister, who was bending over the prostrate form lying now on the sofa. She was showering kisses on the white lips and face, caring nothing for any one but the man she so wildly and passionately loved.

Medical skill was called in, and, after a long illness, he recovered from the wound he received from my hands—

recovered, a changed and penitent man, acknowledging the imposture he had practised, and his intended crime.

For months my beautiful sister was almost an imbecile; but after awhile she became more herself. She was sought after by many, but she could never love again. The wealth of her young affection had been given to an unworthy object, and life could never wear a roseate glow for her.

It was a long time ere I recovered from that "hour of terror" and its results. But I have been a happy wife and mother many years, and, as I look up to the pale, sad-eyed woman by my side, I sigh for the wreck there, caused by Madge's Fortune.

REGNIER AND VESINS.

Vesins was a Catholic, of an austere character, but of the utmost bravery. Just before he was killed in the battle of Cahors, he had performed an act of rare generosity, considering the bigotry of that time. His bravery, degenerating sometimes into ferocity, had made him numerous enemies; among these was a gentleman named Régnier, of mild and polished character. Their neighbors and friends had exerted themselves in vain to reconcile them. Régnier was a Huguenot and Vesins a Catholic.

Whilst the cities of France were being stained with the blood of the Huguenots, Régnier retired to Cahors for safety. But the king had made Vesins governor of that city, and Régnier was living in daily expectation of being sacrificed to the vengeance of his enemy, when his door was broken open, and he saw Vesins, with a drawn sword in his hand, and with the appearance of furious rage, enter, followed by two armed soldiers. Régnier, believing his death certain, fell upon his knees and implored the mercy of Heaven. Vesins, in a menacing voice, ordered him to get up, follow him, and mount a horse that was standing at the door. Régnier left the city with his enemy, who conducted him as far as Guienne without stopping, and without speaking a single word to him. They arrived together at the château of Régnier, where Vesins, without alighting from his horse, said to him:

"I had it in my power, as thou mayest see, to profit by the opportunity I have been so long in search of; but I should have been ashamed to avenge myself thus on a man so brave as thou art; the peril must be equal when our quarrel is settled; and it is on that account I have spared thy life. Thou shalt always find me as disposed to terminate our differences in a manner suitable to a gentleman, as thou hast found me prompt to deliver thee from an inevitable death."

"I have no longer, my dear Vesins," replied Régnier, "either resolution, strength, or courage against you. Your kindness has extinguished the heat of my enmity; it is destroyed by your generosity, which I can never forget. I will henceforward follow you whithersoever you go; I will be always ready to employ in your service the life you have given me, and the little bravery you attributed to me."

Régnier wished to embrace his benefactor; but Vesins, preserving all the asperity of his character, said:

"It is thy business to see whether thou art my friend or my enemy; I only saved thy life to put thee in a condition to make a choice."

Without waiting for a reply, he put spurs to his horse, leaving Régnier, stupefied with this strange adventure, to wonder at the greatness of soul and generosity of him whom he had considered as his most cruel enemy.

LE CHATEAU D'HEIDELBERG.

The City of Heidelberg was called by the Romans Myrtiletum, and is celebrated for its famous Tun, which was once the largest receptacle for wine in the world. Its celebrated Château we give on page 696. Heidelberg is the city of the Grand Duchy of Baden, on the Lower Rhine, and has a population of about fifteen thousand persons. It is also famous for its university, which was founded by the Elector Rupert I. in the fourteenth century. In 1384 the Emperor Wenceslas signed in the Château the celebrated union of Heidelberg, by which the different leagues of German cities were united in one.

THE BLIND GIRL'S STRATAGEM; OR, THE CODICIL.

Chapter I.

JOB PENTHORNE, my father, was the schoolmaster of the quiet, obscure village of Essex, and I was his only child. To say that he was much respected would only convey a faint idea of the real esteem in which he was held by both rich and poor. That I should love him very deeply was only natural, for I never remember hearing an angry word from him. Even in his gravest moments he would contrive to muster up a sunny smile for me, although I have thought since what a plague I must frequently have been to him, and how many faults he must have had to pardon in me.

Essex was a pleasant village, cozily sheltered under a range of sloping hills. Our cottage stood solitary and alone, some little distance from the old gray church, with a pretty flower-garden in front. An abundance of roses and honeysuckle grew round the doorway, and went clambering over the windows, filling the air with a delicious perfume. Swallows built their nests under the thatched roof, and birds twittered in the great apple-tree which stood in the middle of the garden. Serenity prevailed, but there was a charm even of sweeter peace within that humble abode.

At length, however, a great change came, startling and sudden. My father was stricken down with paralysis, the school was closed, and through many weary months he lay prostrate and helpless. It was a bitter time for all of us, and my mother seemed to feel the blow with unusual severity. Her step grew daily heavier, and the lines in her smooth face perceptibly gathered into deepening furrows.

The Summer was gently waning into Autumn, the sun was slowly sinking down the western heavens, and the first faint shadows of twilight came creeping silently into the sick-chamber. With them, too, came the noiseless shadow of death. Tranquilly as a young child falling into a peaceful slumber, my father's spirit glided to its eternal home; and the cheerful face that had never been darkened by a forbidden frown toward me was fixed in its last smile. A week later, as I turned from his silent grave, I felt that new and solemn duties opened before me. My father's lingering illness had swept away all that his frugal industry had scraped together; and when the expenses of the funeral had been defrayed, my mother and I were almost penniless. Murmurings and repinings I knew were useless. The cross had fallen on my shoulders, and I must bear it with a brave and self-reliant trust.

I had been taught the art of lace-making, more with a view to fill up my leisure time than as a means of livelihood. The employment was not a very lucrative one; still, by assiduous application, I could earn sufficient to procure many of those small comforts we had been accustomed to in my father's lifetime. At this period I was about eighteen, and, except the remarkable brightness and fullness of my eyes, and the profusion of brown hair that

hung in abundant curls round my neck, I possessed no peculiar traits of beauty. Indeed, I believe that by most people I was considered a plain girl. There was, however, one in the village who appeared to be of a different opinion. What my thoughts of him were in that far-off time I cannot now define; I well remember, though, that whenever Andrew Glenford came to sit an hour with us, his presence seemed to fall like a fresh burst of light, and his hearty voice seemed to ring with a silvery sound in my ears. There was a marked refinement in his nature, and a truthful manliness in his character that went straight to the heart at once. When a child, he lost his father, and had been brought up solely by his mother.

It appeared that Miss Heyrick's marriage with Martin Glenford, the miller of Essex, had severed every link that bound her to her father's home; and, after her husband's death, Squire Heyrick, who owned the best farms in the neighborhood, still kept his heart relentlessly steeled against her. Those who knew him intimately called him eccentric; he might have been so, but I thought him very wicked.

The only fault the squire could trace in Martin Glenford was his poverty, and when he discovered that, although he had previously encouraged his advances toward his daughter, he immediately forbade him ever again to cross his threshold. But it was too late; to uproot the love he had once smiled upon had outgrown his strength, and on his own conscience lay the sin of his child's disobedience.

At length, after fighting the battle of life singly and nobly by herself for twelve anxious years, Mrs. Glenford was laid beside her husband in the peaceful churchyard, and soon after the doors of Andrew's home were closed against him. I always admired him for the dauntless courage with which he bore up against his hard fate; and though a strange pang struck to my heart when he told me he had entered Farmer Woodthorpe's service as a common plow-boy, yet I felt proud to see how modestly he bent his head to the storm.

Nearly every evening through the Summer and Winter Andrew would take his seat in the arm-chair beside the hearth. It was in the long Winter nights that I first became conscious of a growing weakness in my eyes, and when I looked at them in the glass, I perceived a bright, tremulous glitter in the pupils, which I had never noticed before. Then a dimness, as if a thin film was forming over them, veiled out distant objects or rendered them obscure. I kept the painful knowledge fast locked in my own breast for many months, hoping, trusting, that when the nights shortened, and I could pursue my toil entirely in the daylight, the old strength would return to them. Vain hope—vain trust! The bright Summer flooded our little room with its rosy light, yet my eyes received no gleam from its radiance, but darker and darker the misty shadow closed over them.

A glimmering beam from the fading sunlight was stealing noiselessly across the window-sill; the cawing of the rooks in the old elm-trees that grew in the green lane, and overshadowed the churchyard, intermingled with the vocal music of the birds, filled the drowsy air, as, pausing in my work, my ear caught the sound of a footstep walking along the garden pathway. Presently the cottage-door opened, and Andrew Glenford entered the room. My wearied fingers trembled a little, and I felt conscious that a tingling blush was suffusing my cheeks as he fixed his eyes upon me in thoughtful silence. After looking at me for a minute or more, he placed a basket which he held in his hand on the table, and taking from it a nosegay of fresh-gathered flowers, said:

REGNIER AND VESINS.—SEE PAGE 691.

"There, Eleanor, I cut them for you myself."

I tried to speak my gratitude, but my tongue remained perversely silent. I tried to repay his kindness with a smile, but a tear rolled down my cheek, and dropped amongst the flowers. He went back to his basket, and handing it to my mother, said:

"Here are some plums and a few peaches for you, Mrs. Penthorne. Mrs. Woodthorpe gave me permission to gather them."

"Thank you, Andrew," smiled my mother; "leave them on the table, and take your old seat in the arm-chair. I am glad to find you are so happy and thoroughly comfortable at the farm."

"Oh yes," he said, in a cheery manner; "and I think the farmer has taken a fancy to me; he is going to raise my wages at Michaelmas."

"You are a good, deserving lad, Andrew," said my mother; "and I am as proud of you as if you were my own son. I am sure, too, that Eleanor loves you as much as though you were her brother. You must be frugal and put your money in the bank; then, by-and-by, when you have saved a nice lump, you will be able to turn it to good account."

"That is what I intend to do," replied Andrew, in a tone of honest pride. "It would be a dreary prospect if I thought I should have to spend my days at the plow.

No; I'll have a bit of land of my own yet, and a stack or two of wheat, or my name is not Andrew Glenford. But there," he laughed, "I have boasted quite enough about myself."

"Nay, Andrew," said my mother, "you are no boaster."

He came to my side then, and bent his face close to mine, noticing, as I thought, the painful habit I had contracted of half-closing my eyes.

"Your eyes are still weak, Eleanor," he said, in a subdued voice.

"They will be better soon, I trust," I said, as a suppressed sigh escaped me. "Doctor Lintfold has examined them, and he says they will be as strong as ever if I follow his prescription."

"Yes," said my mother; "but he has forbidden her to work, and says that his medicines will be of no avail unless she has entire rest."

"There is no necessity for that, mother," I replied, although my conscience inwardly reproached me for falsehood.

"There is," persisted my mother, "though you will not acknowledge it. You only perceive the stern necessity of my wants."

Andrew stepped back a pace or two, and stood with his eyes fixed upon the two bright rows of buttons in his waistcoat, as though he was holding an important consultation with them. At length he said, "Eleanor, there is no doubt you must get well. A month or two of rest may do wonders; don't shake your head, and don't be offended at the offer I am about to make you. Promise me that."

I felt my heart beating very audibly, as I answered, "No Andrew, not offended."

"Well," said he, "I have saved a little money, and I wish you to make use of it. You can repay me when you are strong enough to begin work again, and you can give me interest, too, if you like. It will afford me so much real pleasure, Eleanor, to know that even in the smallest way I have been enabled to release you from the drudgery that is wearing out your health."

His kindness touched me deeply, but my pride rebelled against his offer, and I resolutely answered "No."

"And why?" he asked, "there is nothing wrong in it."

"I think there is, Andrew," I replied, very decidedly; "to take your little stock of money, without a certain prospect of repayment, would be a crime in my estimation. But I do not require your proffered aid. If it be the will of Heaven that my affliction should increase, I have still a little fund of my own to fall back upon."

My mother seemed sorely puzzled at my answer, as though she fancied I was indulging in some wild dream, and well she might; the many sacrificings and pinchings we had been put to since my father's death, the trifling vanities of a new ribbon or a smarter shawl which had been so cheerfully renounced, came into her doubting mind, and her dear wise head shook with a severe solemnity. It was true, though, notwithstanding. Every week a trifling sum had been abstracted from my earnings, and secretly hidden away. An inward foreboding had crept into my heart that a darker hour than any that we had yet experienced would one day overshadow us, and I prepared myself to meet it.

Andrew remained silent; what his thoughts were I do not know. He dropped the subject, however, at once, and never recurred to it again. After a lengthened pause he said, "It is growing quite dusky, Eleanor; will you come with me in the garden?—the tulip-bed wants thinning."

A perfect Eden was that tiny patch of garden, thanks to Andrew's careful pruning and grafting and planting. The little summer-house, too, embowered amongst lilacs and fuchsias, and overrun with roses and clematis, was delightful. Beside it murmured a narrow stream, that ran scampering through woods and glades, until it widened miles away into a stately river.

By the time Andrew had culled the weeds from the different flower-beds, darkness had fallen, and, after exchanging "Good-nights," he took his departure.

On the following evening I looked for him at his customary hour, and felt a sickening fear at my heart as I watched the deepening shadows fall into the room without his presence.

It was toward noon on the third day when I heard his well-known footstep on the garden-walk. Before I had time to recover from my surprise he was standing in the room, not in his usual working-garb, but in his well-kept suit of mourning, which I had never known him to wear except on Sabbath-days. As I lifted my dull gaze to the bright sunburnt face, and caught its expression of grave excitement, my heart throbbed with a trembling fear. My mother was the first to speak.

"Andrew," she said, in a quaking voice, "not at the farm?"

"No," he replied, quite cheerily; "I have left the farm."

"Left the farm, poor lad!" exclaimed my mother, fairly taken aback.

"Oh," he laughed, as if enjoying my mother's bewilderment, "I have parted very good friends with the farmer and his wife. And as for Susan Woodthorpe, her eyes looked as though she had been peeling onions when I went to say good-by to her."

Susan Woodthorpe! It was the first time that I had felt an inward sting when he mentioned her name; not that I did not feel sure of Andrew's love as if he had uttered all the vows that man ever spoke. Besides, I had too profound a faith in my own worth, and was too proud to dread his inconstancy; yet a sort of dread came over me even to hear her name, especially from his lips.

"Whatever will you do, Andrew?" inquired my mother.

He gave a quiet laugh, and sat down in the arm-chair. After a pause he said, "There is such a thing as conscience, after all."

"Conscience!" stared my mother; "what has conscience to do with your leaving the farm?"

"A good deal, I fancy," he replied, with the smallest tinge of sarcasm in his voice. However, not to keep you longer in suspense, you shall know all about it. I was sheafing barley in the holm field two days since, when chancing to turn my head, I saw a face peering at me over the fence. Whose do you think it was?"

My mother lost herself for a minute or two in a maze of wild conjecture, and then despairingly gave up the puzzling question.

"It was my grandfather, Squire Heyrick," he replied.

"Squire Heyrick!" we exclaimed, simultaneously.

"'Who are you?' he asked, in a gruffish voice, that nettled me a little, for I thought he might have found time to have solved that question many years ago.

"'I am one of Mr. Woodthorpe's laborers,' I replied.

"'I am not blind, booby!' he shouted out at the top of his voice. 'What is your name?"

"'My name, Squire Heyrick, is Andrew Glenford,' I answered.

"'Then,' said he, 'throw down that sheaf of barley, Andrew Glenford, and come with me.' He saw that I hesitated, so he squeezed a sort of half-grin into his face, and added, 'There isn't a man on old Woodthorpe's land that wouldn't give his best limb for half the fortune that is waiting for you, if you have the wit to look before your nose.'

"I looked before my nose at once, and sprang over the fence. He walked on in silence, and I followed, still looking before my nose, until I found myself in the library at

the manor-house, with my grandfather seated opposite to me, and my eyes fixed in a broad stare on his fat, purple face.

"'You are my grandson,' he began. 'Don't interrupt me, but hear me out; I am not going into the past, so don't you name it. You know the Cherry Farm. It has been held by Matthew Dunstead, until every acre of land about it is either under a blight or choked with weeds. But I know the soil, and if any man goes to work in a sensible manner he can make it grow what he likes. Here is the lease of it for twenty years. The stock can be had at a fair valuation, and the purchase-money may stand over. I only require a nominal rent. I offer the lease to you. Will you have it? Yes or no?'

"'Yes,' I promptly answered.

"'There it is, then,' he said, as he placed the lease in my hands. 'You can take possession of it to-day, if you like. Come to me in six months and tell me how you are getting on.'

"He opened the library door at once, wished me good-morning, and closed it with a bang. I walked straight over to Cherry Farm, and took possession."

My poor mother's tongue wandered into such a silvery stream of congratulation that I began to fear it would never find its way back into its old sober trim.

"And what did Farmer Woodthorpe say to your good fortune?" she inquired, with a mild flourish.

"Well, to say the truth," replied Andrew, "he has puzzled me even more than my grandfather. 'You will need some cash to start with,' said he; 'laborers can't wait for wages till crops are in the market. I will lend you five hundred dollars on your note of hand.'"

"Well, that was kind," exclaimed my mother.

A strange suspicion took possession of my mind. Farmer Woodthorpe was reputed to be a shrewd, calculating man, and one whose benevolence was far from being proverbial in the village. That he had some hidden motive for his seeming generosity I felt assured. I lost myself a thousand times in the solution of the problem, and the only answer I could get from my musing thoughts was "his daughter Susan."

My reverie was broken by Andrew coming unexpectedly to my side, and, laying his hand on my toiling fingers, said:

"Eleanor, you are pleased, I am sure, at this unexpected change in my fortune."

"More than pleased, Andrew," I replied, still keeping my face bent down on my work; "most proud, most happy."

He took my hand in his own, and with a fervent pressure, whispered, "Your eyes will soon have a chance to rest now, Eleanor."

My heart seemed throbbing in my throat, and a dizzying rush of blood swept across my brain. His love had never been spoken, and yet I knew he loved me, and never till that moment did I feel how insuperable a barrier was growing up between us.

"My sight is stronger now than I have felt it for a long time, thank you, Andrew," I said, in a cold, almost harsh tone, and I drew my hand from his and pursued my work.

He returned to his seat, and sat musing for some minutes. At length he rose abruptly, and referring to his watch, said, "I have to meet Farmer Woodthorpe at three o'clock. He made me promise to drive him and Susan over to Cherry Farm, as he wishes to look over the stock."

Susan's name again! Another stab at my jealous heart.

Andrew lingered a short time in conversation with my mother, and as he left us, said, in his usual cheerful voice, "Good-by, Eleanor, I shall have better news for you than ever when I come again."

I worked on through the afternoon with an acute pain in my eyes, and long before the sun went down I was compelled to throw aside my task, and seek relief in rest.

The next morning, when I returned to my toil, a shadowy mist seemed to darken my vision, and a sharp, pricking sensation in the pupils of my eyes pained and bewildered me. I could no longer see my work, and the thought of that appeared to increase the agony.

Days passed on without one comforting voice save my mother's; six weary days, and no form crossed our threshold except Doctor Lintfold's. Had Andrew's brighter prospects darkened me in his memory? Had Susan Woodthorpe's gold purchased the love I felt assured was mine? Six weary days, and my malady had increased with every hour, until I stood upon the verge of total blindness.

I was seated at the window overlooking the little garden, with my head bowed amongst the roses, musing over the past. My mother had been wandering amongst a number of our air-built castles, and had selected one as my particular habitation, which she designated by the modest name of Cherry Farm. Not liking to disturb her pleasant visions, I suffered her to dream on, and yet I felt a sort of inward self-reproach, for my own heart too fatally told me that I never could be Andrew Glenford's wife; but the kind soul looked into the future, and saw a world full of Summer and joy, whilst I saw only gloom and affliction.

Suddenly the little hand-gate leading from the lane into the garden creaked on its hinges, and the next moment my painful reverie was broken by my mother's exclamation of "It is Andrew! he is come at last."

With an irresistible impulse, I sprang from my chair to meet and welcome him, but as his form darkened the threshold I shrank back as if I were about to commit a sin.

"Why, Andrew," cried my mother, "what a stranger you are! We feared you were ill."

"You have missed me, then?" he asked, in his old homely way. "And Eleanor, too?"

"Oh, yes, A drew, I have missed you," I replied, in quite a careless tone; "and so have the flowers. But we must expect your absence now, and learn to bear it."

"Eleanor," said he, losing all at once his cheerfulness, "this little break in our old life has not been caused by any willfulness, by any change of mine. Since I saw you last I have been working almost night and day, toiling harder than I have ever done before. The farm was a complete wilderness of stones and briars. Matthew Dunstead had suffered everything to run to waste. However, I have done a trifle toward putting the place in order."

"Ah!" cried my mother, with a sage shake of her dear, wise head, "you'll be a great man one day."

"I have no wish to be a great man, Mrs. Penthorne," he replied, laughingly; "I have only one ambition," he said, and his hand stole into mine with a truthful, fervent pressure. "Need I tell you, Eleanor, that which you must have known long since. I have had but one hope in the past, and that was that I could one day build a home where you could be its mistress. That day has come earlier than my wildest dreams imagined, and now I am here to ask you to become my wife."

I turned my head aside from his truthful face, and tried hard to close my heart against the happiness his words promised.

"I have loved you, Eleanor, since we were boy and girl together," he continued; "but was too poor to ask you to share my humble lot. Now Providence has sent me unlooked-for prosperity, and I wish you and your mother to exchange this old home for a happier one, if I can make it so, at Cherry Farm."

"Ah, Andrew!" sighed my mother, "I am old and

wrinkled now, but it seems but yesterday since I heard words like those spoken to myself."

The recollection of her own fresh, hopeful youth started before her.

My reply was on my lips, and although I felt conscious that my answer would leave a hopeless void in my future life, still I did not shrink from uttering it. I placed my sacrifice on the stern shrine of duty—with regret, perhaps, but not with reluctance.

"I thank you, Andrew," I said, as I lifted my filmy eyes to his face. "I shall always remember with gratitude your generous, honest words, and I will answer them as I think an honest girl should do. The last few days, which have been so full of promise and hope to you, have been the reverse to me. My malady has assumed a graver aspect. Dr. Lintfold told me only yesterday that I was threatened with total blindness."

"No, no!" cried Andrew, as he caught me to his breast, and bent his clear, penetrating gaze into my eyes.

"Yes, Andrew," I continued; "look well into my eyes, and see for yourself the misty film that has gathered over them. You are quite near me, and yet I see you only as through a thick vail. I have been compelled to cease from my labor; and my mother's face, the green fields, and the sunshine are quickly fading away into gloom and darkness. A wife should be a helpmate, not a useless burden. Ask yourself, then, whether I, who now stand upon the very threshold of blindness, and who, possibly, within the next few days, may be unable to cross our little garden-walk without a hand to guide me; ask your own calm judgment, not your passion or your love, whether I am fit to become your wife? No, Andrew, it is beyond my power to accept your offer."

"And you reject me?" he half interrogated, in a voice of deep emotion.

"Yes," was my unwavering, firm reply; "I reject you, Andrew, because my consent would bring sorrow, may be ruin, to you."

He pressed his hand to his forehead, and remained standing in deep thought for some moments. At length he asked, in quivering, half-doubtful accents:

"Do you love me, Eleanor?"

"If otherwise," said I—"if I loved you less than woman should love the man in whose keeping she would joyfully trust the weal or woe of her life—think you I should have spoken to you as I have?"

"But, my dear child," said my mother, "you ought not to despair. Dr. Lintfold said your case was by no means hopeless."

"Did he say that?" cried Andrew, eagerly.

"He did say that, certainly," I replied; "but——"

"But what?" he interrupted. "Is it time you require? I can wait submissively and patiently for the happy hour of your recovery. But tell me all Dr. Lintfold has said about your case."

"He told me that my malady required peculiar treatment, and greater skill than he possessed, to master it."

"And did he say where you could obtain it?" asked Andrew.

"Yes," I replied, "at the Hospital for the Blind, in New York, and where, he also stated, should my recovery become impossible, a trade would be taught me, by which I could still earn a livelihood for myself and mother. The doctor kindly offered to obtain for me an admission; but I cannot go—I cannot tear myself from my dear mother, and leave her here in lonely solitude. This cottage, too, where I was born, and where I have passed so many peaceful days, is so dear to me; and to separate myself from every little joy, and take up my abode with strangers—perhaps to die amongst them—would be a trial more than I could bear."

There was a long, painful silence, broken at intervals by my mother's fretful sighs. At length Andrew said, "There is great wisdom in the doctor's advice, dear Eleanor, and if you reflect calmly, you will perceive it. If you love me—and I do not doubt it—you will follow his advice. Do not fear for your mother; she will doubtless miss your companionship, but if a son's watchfulness and care can be any compensation, it will not be withheld. Let me hear you say that you will go."

"Mother!" I cried, with a bewildering look toward her. She held her arms out, and I hid my weeping face in her bosom.

"I can bear it, my child," she murmured—"bear any grief without a sigh, if I can only see the light restored to your dear eyes."

"Then I will bear it, too," I said, resignedly. "Yes, Andrew, I will go."

"When?" he asked.

"To-morrow morning," I replied.

"One boon more precious than all, Eleanor," he said, as he took my hand; "should the darkness of one long night be destined to fall across your life, promise me that when this ordeal is over, you will accept me as your light, your guide, your husband."

"No, Andrew, I cannot," I replied. "But if I return with this heavy affliction removed, and your heart still clings to its old love, then I will be yours till death."

Chapter II.

ARRIVING, under the care of good Dr. Lintfold's housekeeper, safely at the asylum, ere many hours elapsed I was taken to the physician's consulting-room. He assured me there was hope, if I would resign myself to a lingering treatment. His words inspired me with new courage, a new trust, and with the prospect of a crown to sustain me, I felt that I could endure my cross.

I pass over the painful operation, and the dreary weeks, now gleaming with hope, now chilled with despair, that followed it. At length my sense of pain slowly diminished, and then my sight came back, tremulous and uncertain at first, but gradually gathering its former strength and vigor. At the end of six weary, patient months, I was presented with my discharge, and the next day I journeyed back to Essex.

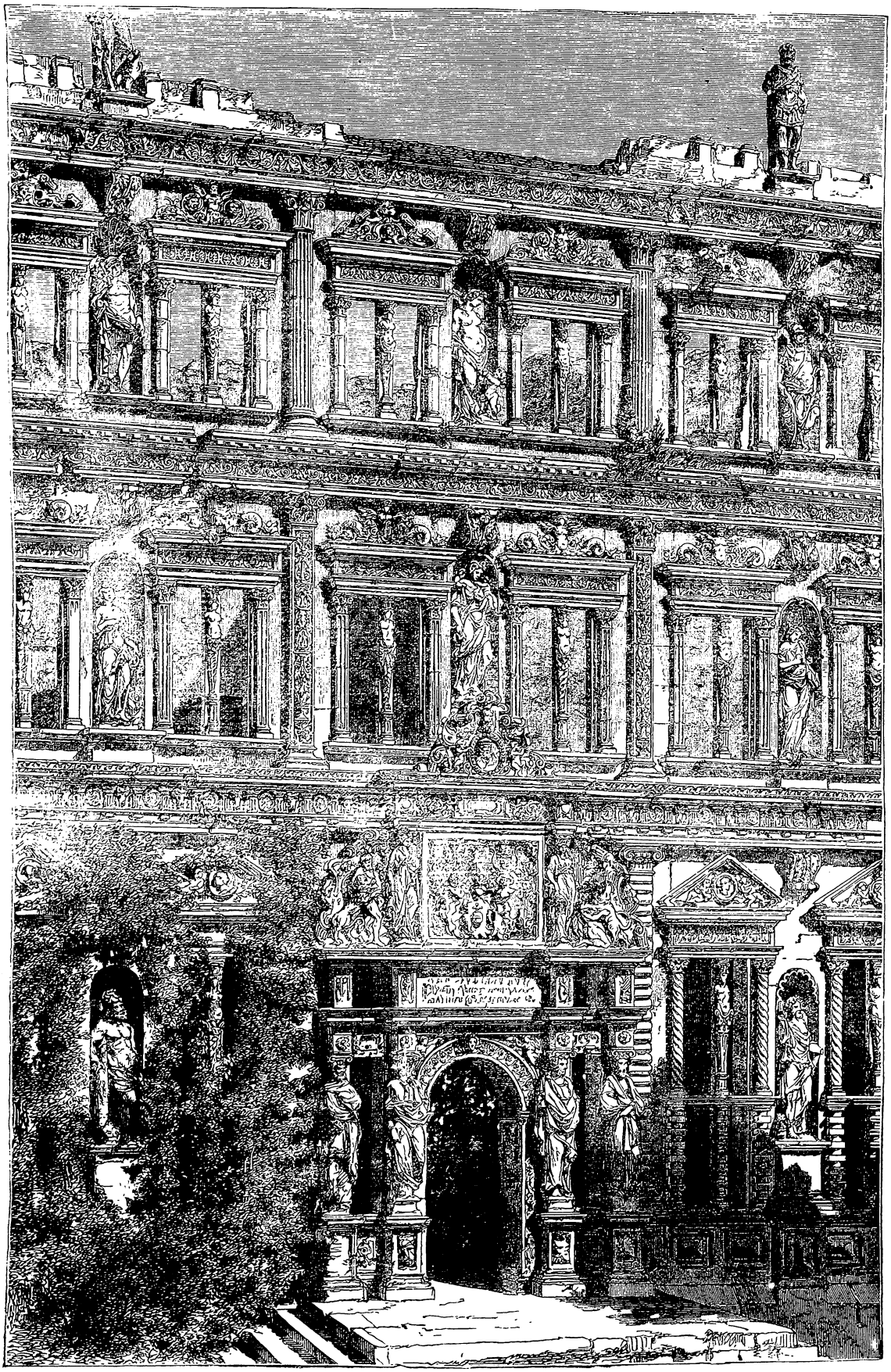
The May sunshine was playing among the elms and glimmering on the gray towers of the church as I alighted from the coach at the end of the green lane. The rooks were swinging and cawing high up in the branches of the trees, and the young birds were twittering in the hedgerows. My dismissal from the asylum had come so sudden that I had been unable to forward any intelligence of it to my mother. As I neared the cottage my heart thrilled with a wild joy, and as the dear, familiar spots came upon me I grew blind again with tears. I passed swiftly through the garden, entered by the dear old cottage-door, and the next moment my mother's arms were entwined around my neck, and my cheeks were wet with her tears.

"Look at me, my dear child," she sobbed, hysterically; "can you see my furrowed face?"

"Yes, mother," I smiled; "thank Heaven, my sight is quite restored."

"Oh, yes, she cried, drawing my face to hers, "your sweet blue eyes are as clear and bright as our running stream."

"True, dear mother," I said; "but I fear it will be some



LE CHATEAU D'HEIDELBERG.—SEE PAGE 691.

THE BLIND GIRL'S STRATAGEM.—"'THERE, ELEANOR, I CUT THEM FOR YOU MYSELF.'"—SEE PAGE 691.

time yet before I can resume my old employment. The physician told me that for months to come rest would be more necessary than ever, and desired me more than all to wear a deep green shade over my eyes. Any continuous glare of light, he said, might prove fatal. You do not know how deeply, next to Heaven, my thanks are due to him; he has been so tender, so patient. And you, dear mother, how have you borne my weary absence?"

"In ceaseless prayers for this happy moment," she replied.

"And Andrew?" I asked.

"You have not forgotten him," she said, in a tone so peculiar that I felt a sudden chill at my heart.

"Forgotten him!" I exclaimed; "forgotten Andrew, mother?"

"No, no, I did not think you had," she said.

"Mother," I cried, almost impatiently, "there is something you fear to tell me. Don't keep it from me; I can endure it as I have endured all my sufferings, meekly and in obedience to my Maker."

"His grandfather, Squire Heyrick, is dead," she replied.

That was not the secret, I felt assured; still, I remained silent, and she continued:

"Died on New Year's Day, quite suddenly; so I suppose your marriage will have to be postponed."

"Is that all, mother?" I asked, after a long pause.

"It must be right that I should tell you," she said, reluctantly; "but the poor boy is in great trouble."

"Andrew in trouble!" I exclaimed. "What trouble?"

"He has been improving the farm, planning, and building, until he has turned it into a perfect Paradise," she replied, "and now his creditors have come down upon him like so many hawks upon a sparrow. They will not give him time to get his crops to market; and the most exacting amongst them is his old master, Farmer Woodthorpe, who, after encouraging him in his imprudent outlay, threatens to seize the farm, unless——"

My brain felt stunned by the prophetic fear that crossed it, still I quelled every outward show of the misery which came stealing into my senses, and said, quite passively:

"Go on, mother. Unless what?"

"Unless he consents to marry Susan Woodthorpe," she replied.

I felt conscious that my lips were moving, and yet I was powerless to utter a single word.

"Oh, Eleanor, don't look so pale, don't tremble so, my child," entreated my mother, as she nestled my head upon her bosom. "You need not fear for Andrew's truth; his heart is faithful to you still, and ever will be."

"How do you know that, mother?" I asked, with a reawakened joy in my voice.

"Because he told me so," she replied; "told me he would make any sacrifice, work through all his life as a common laborer, rather than break his word."

"Did he say that, mother?" I asked, proudly.

"He did," she answered. "Ah! if you knew his real worth, you would never doubt him for a moment."

"Mother," I said, firmly, "I have not doubted him. But it would be a mean requital for his kindness were I selfishly to accept the sacrifice he is ready to make. In saving him from a life of poverty and toil I shall spare my own conscience from a ceaseless reproach. He must marry Susan Woodthorpe."

"He never will," was my mother's emphatic rejoinder. "Besides, could you break your promise to him? I was a witness to it, Eleanor; remember that."

"Mother!" I cried, impatiently, "would you wish your child to be a drag—an encumbrance—on the man who loves her?"

"No, no, Eleanor, I could not wish that; not with Andrew, especially," she replied. "It would break my heart to see it."

"He must be released from his plight to me, and in such a manner that he can hold his own conscience blameless," said I. "He must be kept in ignorance of my recovery; the deep shade which I am enjoined to wear over my eyes will

THE BLIND GIRL'S STRATAGEM.—"'BLIND THAT I MIGHT SAVE YOU, MY SIGHT RESTORED TO SAVE YOU STILL.'"

assist the pardonable deception. You, I know, will preserve the secret."

"I do not like deceit, Eleanor, in anything," said my mother, gravely.

"Nor I," was my reply; "but what answer can I give to Andrew when he claims the fulfilment of my promise?"

"The truth," said my mother.

"I tell you, mother, I will not marry him to make him a beggar," I cried; "to see his brave, manly heart ground daily down at the miserable wheel of penury. No; prosperity lies before him; and Heaven forbid that my shadow should fall across his path to impede him."

My decided tones quieted, but by no means removed, my dear mother's scruples, and I clearly foresaw that with myself alone must rest the responsibility of the device I resolved to resort to.

We sat together, conversing over the many incidents which had befallen each of us—Andrew included—in the interval of my absence, until the twilight deepened into night.

In spite of our mutual sadness, we strove to assume a cheerfulness, and chatted on until the familiar old clock warned us it was long past bedtime. Amongst the topics of our conversation was one which, though apparently of slight importance, nevertheless clung persistently to my mind long after. It appeared that in accordance with Squire Heyrick's last request, the reading of his will was to be postponed for six months after his decease. That he had always borne the reputation of being an eccentric man I knew, and a sort of silent comfort nestled at my heart that, probably, some generous glimmer toward his grandson might yet be waiting to peep through that eccentricity.

At noon next day Andrew came. I was seated in the shadowy corner by the hearth, with my green shade drawn deep over my eyes, when he entered the room. I felt a wild gush of joy at my heart as his manly form stood once more before me, and it was only by a constrained effort that I could keep back my swelling tears.

"Eleanor home!" he cried; "home, and I not know it?"

"Is not that Andrew's voice?" I asked, drooping my face still lower, and stretching forth my hand.

"Yes," he said, as he came and pressed it to his lips. "Do you not see me, Eleanor?"

"No, Andrew," I sighed, with my face bent lower still.

"Not recovered! not well?" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"If so, why need I wear this shade?" I inquired.

His strong frame quivered and shook like an aspen leaf, as he nervously tightened his grasp round my fingers.

"Eleanor," he at length said, "men have been tempting me with serpents' tongues to be false to my vows. The bailiffs are at this moment in possession of Cherry Farm, because I would not cover the name I took spotless from my dead mother with a falsehood. Let the first words I hear from your lips assure me that I am still treasured in your memory."

"As a friend, a brother, Andrew, you ever will be, but nothing more," I said, coldly, although I felt as if my heart would burst.

"Friend! brother!" he cried, dropping my hand and starting from me, "and not as husband? Have you forgotten your promise?"

"No, Andrew," I said, in the same frigid, measured strain, "I can recite it word for word. 'If I return with this heavy affliction removed, and your heart then clings to its old love, I will be yours.' Judge for yourself whether the affliction is removed. Go, Andrew; you are free. Marry where duty bids you; and may you be happy in your choice!"

"And this is the end!" he cried, almost fiercely. "The woman whose image I have treasured for years in my heart, whose voice has sounded a hopeful music in my memory, whose smile has been as the fresh burst of Spring to the earth, bids me now be happy in another's choice!"

"It is best so," I said, meekly. "A life of hopeless penury stares you in the face if you lose the farm; and were you to marry me, the heavier burden of a helpless wife would crush you down."

"I doubt if you ever loved me; I doubt if you ever knew what real love means," he cried, passionately, "or you could never speak so bitterly."

"Think so, believe so, Andrew," I replied, resignedly.

"Even that poor thought," I inwardly mused, "may give him a gleam of comfort."

There was an evident struggle between his pride and love as he stood for some minutes silently looking through the window. At length he walked to the door, and opened it. Pausing on the threshold he said, "When you hear the bells from the old steeple yonder ringing out my wedding peal, it will be too late to try and heal the wound you have made today. It is not too late now, Eleanor."

I stifled the wail of bitter anguish that arose to my lips, and soon after, I heard his slow, heavy footstep on the garden-walk. Then the gate opened and closed, and he was gone.

"Eleanor," cried my mother, reproachfully, while the tears ran down her furrowed cheeks, "may Heaven pardon you this sin!"

"He will be saved, mother," I replied, calmly. That one thought has sustained me, hitherto; it shall sustain me to the end."

"What end?" she inquired.

"His marriage with Susan Woodthorpe," I replied, with a feeble attempt to smile; "and when that is over, and if I then grow faint, and need strength, shall I not find it in my mother's love?"

The peaceful kiss that she left upon my cheek assured me that I should.

Andrew came no more; but before the week was out, busy Rumor came blowing her trumpet in our ears. Everything was settled, so the kind gossips told us. Andrew and Susan Woodthorpe were to be married at midsummer, and, as a consequence, the old farmer had stopped the arrest on Cherry Farm, whilst Andrew's other creditors had agreed to give him time.

A month passed by, and we had fallen into our old habits at the cottage, I at limited intervals resuming my lacework, and my mother her knitting. We seldom spoke of Andrew; there seemed to be a tacit understanding between us that his name should be as little mentioned as possible.

On the last evening in June the declining daylight had compelled me to relinquish my employment, and I was walking with my mother up and down the garden pathway. The air was cheerful with the vocal music of the happy birds, and fragrant with the breath of Summer flowers. Nature seemed reveling in her most joyous garb; the trees and shrubs were in their fullest foliage, while the glitter of the setting sun seemed to surround them with a golden lustre. Never since my return had I felt such a consciousness of perfect happiness; whether it was borrowed from the peaceful scene around, or whether it ushered in the dawn of a lasting joy, I could not then discern. But I kept it, and clung to it with gratitude.

The twilight was deepening, and we were about to return indoors, when a strange voice calling my mother's name arrested our attention. Standing at the wicket-gate was Mr. Blandford, the village attorney.

"Is that your daughter, Eleanor, Mrs. Penthorne!" he inquired. "If so, I wish to speak with her."

I drew the shade over my eyes, and stepped to the gate.

"I had some business at the parsonage, so I thought I would just call and name it to you," continued Mr. Bland-

ford. "You must be at the manor-house at twelve o'clock to-morrow. Squire Heyrick's will is to be opened, and your name is mentioned.'

"My name mentioned!" I exclaimed; "about what?"

"Woman-like, curious and prying; you would make splendid lawyers," he laughingly said. "How should I know? Squire Heyrick was famous for his eccentricity; he may have left you half his fortune!"

"Half his fortune!" I cried.

"Or he may have left you a silver toothpick and his blessing," he continued. "But don't neglect; twelve to-morrow."

Before I could find another questioning word the lawyer was half-way through the lane, and out of sight.

Oh, the suspense of that long night! Shall I ever forget it? The crowding fancies and visionary castles that came into my excited brain. And Andrew? If I could but throw aside the hateful mask and show him my true heart, I felt that I could bless Squire Heyrick's memory to my latest breath. My dear mother insisted that I was the destined heiress of half his fortune, and in her simple vanity selected a bewildering array of new gowns and bonnets, all of gorgeous hues, in which she was to appear at church on different Sundays, until I slyly whispered "toothpick," when down they tumbled from their imaginary pegs. The birds were piping their gay songs to the dawn as I awoke from my dreamy, restless slumber, and I thought the hands on the old clock never revolved so slowly as on that Summer morning.

At length they pointed to eleven, and my mother and I set out for the manor-house. Arrived there, I was conducted to the dining-room, while my mother retired in company with the housekeeper.

As I drew back my green shade a little and looked round, I discovered that I was alone. Rows of polished oaken tables occupied the centre of the room, and high-backed chairs, decorated with quaint carvings, were placed for the expected guests. The oaken paneling was overhung with portraits of the Heyrick family, and amongst them was one of Andrew's mother, painted in her fresh girlhood. She was much changed when I knew her, although even to the last she still preserved much of the same soft, delicate beauty, which the limner's art had transferred to the canvas. I fancied there was a sad, reproachful look in her full dark eyes, and I instinctively drew my shade over my forehead and averted my face.

Approaching footsteps met my ears, and the next moment the door opened, and a tall, portly man walked with a pompous air into the room. He was dressed in a glossy suit of new black. His gloveless hands were bony and red, and his long, lean chin was half hidden under the folds of a white neckerchief. His eyes were concealed behind a pair of huge gold-rimmed spectacles, which faintly suggested the idea as he came suddenly into the sombre shadow of the room that I was encountering a pair of gig lamps. He gave an important cough, placed his hat on a side table, drew his gold repeater from his fob, and held it admiringly at arm's-length for a couple of minutes.

"I like punctuality," he growled, as he dropped his body into the only easy chair in the room; "and so do you, madame, I perceive that. A pity everybody else is not of the same mind." I made no answer, and after a pause he resumed, "Related to the defunct?" I still sat motionless and silent, and after another brief interval he growled aloud, "Deaf, I suppose. Deaf and blind, too evidently. What can she expect to get? Why cannot she go into an almshouse and die quietly?"

Then came a hum of voices and a bustling sound of footsteps, and again the door opened. The first who entered the room was the solicitor, Mr. Blandford, and crowding behind him came a motley throng of the great squire's relatives. The last who passed into the apartment was Andrew Glenford. I saw his glance travel over the gathered faces until it finally rested in a surprised blank stare on me. He came to me at once, and touching me on the shoulder, said "Eleanor, you here!"

"Yes, Andrew," I said, quietly; "I was told last night by Mr. Blandford that my name was mentioned in your grandfather's will, and that my presence would be necessary."

"Eleanor," he said, impressively, "whatever fortune falls to your share, I shall hail it with a thousand times more joy than any that may fall to me."

"Thank you, Andrew," I replied.

"Good-morning, Mr. Midgetts," interrupted the lawyer, directing a smile to the portly spectacled gentleman in the easy chair. Mr. Midgetts stretched his lean chin from his neckerchief and returned a supercilious nod to Mr. Blandford.

"There is a vacant chair here, Mr. Midgetts," smiled the lawyer, nothing daunted, as he pointed to a seat in close proximity to his own.

Mr. Midgetts rose from his half-recumbent posture, and strode with an air of increased dignity to the proffered seat.

Mr. Blandford whispered a few words to his clerk, who at once drew from his blue bag a ponderous volume bound in calf, and fastened with huge silver clasps.

The lawyer gave a preliminary cough as he opened the will with a sharp rustle, and the whispering hubbub of voices sunk into a profound and refreshing stillness. After a few trifling bequests and legacies to some old servants and friends, my own name sounded from the lawyer's lips, and sent my heart into a wild flutter.

"'To Eleanor Penthorne,'" the lawyer began.

"Who?" snarled Mr. Midgetts; "who is she? There is no such name in the Heyrick family that I am aware of."

"Silence, sir!" growled a dismal voice at the lower end of the table.

"I must beg that the company, out of respect to the dead man's memory, if prompted by no other feeling, will suppress their remarks until I have finished reading the will," said Mr. Blandford, with solemn severity. "'To Eleanor Penthorne, spinster, daughter of the late Job Penthorne, schoolmaster of Leighburne, who I am told is nearly blind, and to whom, I am likewise told, my grandson, Andrew Glenford, is about to be married, I give and bequeath the lands, outhouses, dwelling-house, and all the appurtenances thereto belonging, known as Cherry Farm, situated in Essex, N. Y., and at present held under a lease by my aforesaid grandson, Andrew Glenford. To the aforesaid Eleanor Penthorne, and her heirs forever, I bequeath it.'"

"Eleanor," said Andrew, turning his face with a joyous smile to me, "I fervently congratulate you."

"What is the size of Cherry Farm?" growled Mr. Midgetts, uneasily.

"It comprises about four hundred acres of the most fertile land in the county," replied Mr. Blandford.

Mr. Midgetts gave an audible groan, and lowered his spectacles to the tip of his nose.

"'To my grandson,'" continued Mr. Blandford, "'Andrew Glenford, farmer, of Cherry Farm, in Essex, N. Y., I give and bequeath——'"

"Ah! he comes in for the lot, I suppose!" again growled the dismal voice at the extremity of the table.

"Really, my good man, this is monstrous," remarked the lawyer, frowningly.

"So I say," was the stoic rejoinder of the dismal voice.

"'I give and bequeath,'" resumed Mr. Blandford, with imperturbable gravity, "'my large folio Bible, bound in calf, and fastened with silver clasps, which I herewith enjoin may be delivered to him at once, and I religiously command him to read it night and morning throughout his life.'

"There, Mr. Glenford, is your grandfather's bequest, and I strongly recommend you to follow his injunctions," smiled the lawyer, as he placed the book in Andrew's hands.

"There, Eleanor," said Andrew, placing the book on my lap, "there is my legacy. You cannot congratulate me, I suppose?"

He turned from me with a tremulous sigh, and his head sank, bowed between his clasped hands, never raising it again until the ceremony was over.

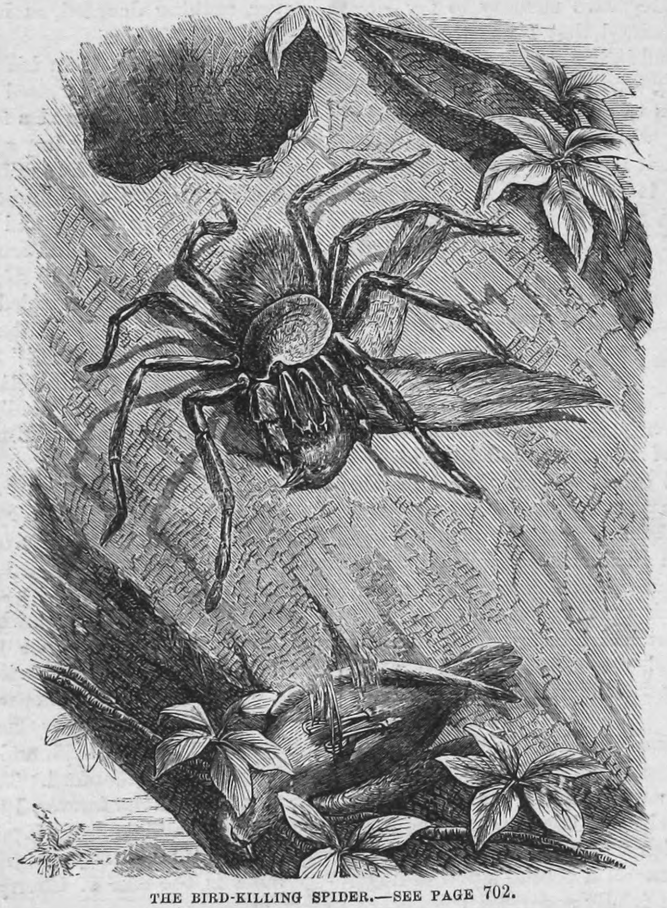
"'To Jonas Hedges,'" resumed the lawyer.

"That's me!" shouted the dismal voice.

"'Who asserts that he married a third cousin of my late wife, I give and bequeath the annual sum of fifty dollars, conditionally that he goes to church twice every Sunday.'"

"Why, the stingy old cormorant!" growled Jonas.

There was a number of similar eccentric legacies named in the will, to which I paid but slight attention. My fingers had mechanically unclasped the Bible, and I was carelessly turning over the leaves, when suddenly my eyes became riveted to a slip of paper, gummed carefully to the margin of one of the pages. As I perused the writing on the paper, the letters seemed to dance before my eyes, and it was some minutes before I could calmly scrutinize it. When I had finished I became lost in deep thought.



THE BIRD-KILLING SPIDER.—SEE PAGE 702.

"To Marmaduke Midgetts, Esquire,'" resumed the lawyer, and the name seemed to boom through my brain with an ominous sound, "'my nearest male cousin, who is reputed to be as rich as he is mean, and who once sent me a faded full-length portrait of himself in oil, which, as it was about the ugliest specimen of humanity I had ever seen, I put to the most excellent service by hanging it as a scare-crow in my orchard—to the aforesaid Marmaduke Midgetts, Esquire, I give and bequeath the whole of my landed property, money in the funds, dwelling-houses, including the manor estate, household furniture, plate, etc., etc., together with everything wheresoever and whatsoever I may die possessed of, save and except the before-named legacies and bequests, constituting him hereby my sole executor and residuary legatee.' There, sir," said Mr. Blandford, smilingly, "I trust you are satisfied; and I sincerely wish you joy."

A babel of voices rose in disappointed fury, hurling wrathful imprecations on the head of Mr. Midgetts, but he was not a man to be easily daunted.

"Come," he vociferated, "this house is mine. I will have you all arrested for felony, and trespass, if you remain here five minutes longer.

Andrew was the first to move from his seat. Mr. Midgetts measured him through his spectacles, as he turned with a dejected air to leave the room.

"Stay," cried Mr. Midgetts; "I am going to perform a foolish act for once. I am not prone to that sort of thing, so don't seek at any future time to impose on me."

"I do not understand you, sir," said Andrew.

"No airs, young man," snapped out Mr. Midgetts, "they don't become your position. Squire Heyrick was your grandfather, and I am in ignorance of the many grievous faults you may have committed in his eyes. But he was a just man, as his will testifies. Out of respect to the relationship between us, I will purchase your legacy. Not that I require a Bible—I have got that book in every shape and form—still, I always like to see something for my money. If you like to part with it I will give you five hundred dollars for it."

"Five hundred dollars for that Bible!" ejaculated Andrew Glenford.

"Stuff! Do you take me for a fool?" snarled Mr. Midgetts. "Can't you see I am prompted by a fit of generosity. Only, as I said before, I like to see something for my money. Snap the bargain at once, or in another minute I button up my pocket forever!"

"Refuse it, Andrew," I said, eagerly.

"Refuse it, Eleanor—refuse five hundred dollars!" cried Andrew.

"Who said refuse it?" shouted Mr. Midgetts, glaring fiercely round him. "Show me the benighted individual who would be guilty of such stupendous folly!"

"I am that person," I replied calmly.

"You, madame," he sniffed out. "Allow me, Mr. Blandford, to observe," he continued, addressing the lawyer, "that I profess a profound esteem for the memory of the late squire, yet if one proof more than another was required that his eccentricity at times bordered on lunacy, it would be forthcoming in the clause which bequeaths to this simple-minded female four hundred acres of the best land in the county."

I tore off my shade, rose from my chair, and opening the Bible, pointed to the written document I had discovered amongst its leaves.

"Perhaps I can supply you with a further proof, sir," I observed, with a proud smile.

Andrew started back with a blank stare of amazement, his gaze transfixed on my clear, full eyes.

"A further proof!" gasped Mr. Midgetts. "Oh, no! we require no further proof."

"You and I hold different opinions upon that point, sir," I replied, with a frigid smile. "Andrew Glenford, this Bible is your grandfather's legacy; this document, if I err not, which you see gummed to the margin of this page, is his final will and testament."

"Eleanor, your eyes!" exclaimed Andrew; "I see but them, and I thought that you were blind?"

"Blind, that I might save you," I replied; "my sight restored to save you still. But read!"

He took the Bible and perused the paper. Oh! the bright expression of joy that came like a flood of sunlight into every lineament of his features as his gaze traveled over the writing. When he had finished he placed the Bible in Mr. Blandford's hands, and requested that gentleman to read the document aloud. He did so. It was a codicil to his last will, revoking the final clause therein,

"It is a forgery!" he groaned.

"It is duly attested by two witnesses, and signed by the deceased's own hand," was the lawyer's quiet rejoinder.

"I shall dispute it," cried Mr. Midgetts, savagely; "the man was a lunatic, incapable of making a proper will."

"In that case," smiled the lawyer, "Mr. Glenford would still be heir-at-law."

Mr. Midgetts made a snap at his under lip, and reveled in a fierce enjoyment of the delicate morsel.

THE "ECCE HOMO" OF GUERCINO.—SEE PAGE 702.

and declaring Andrew Glenford to be the sole inheritor of the whole of his vast wealth, together with all his estates, real and personal, to which was added the estate of Cherry Farm, on condition that he married Eleanor Penthorne within twelve months from the date of the will. As Mr. Blandford reached the concluding words, a simultaneous cheer broke from every lip except Mr. Midgetts, who sat cold, wriggling, and gasping, like a new-landed fish.

"Eleanor," said Andrew, "there can be no bar to your promise now. You will be mine to death."

"Impossible," I sighed; "you are pledged to another. Your word is given. Forget me."

"Pledged to another?" he asked, in surprise. "To whom?"

"To Susan Woodthorpe," I replied. "I have heard it all."

"You have heard falsely, then, Eleanor," he said, in a tone of wounded pride. "When Farmer Woodthorpe found that nothing could change my heart's deep abiding love for you, he relented, removed the bailiffs from the farm, and consented to give me time. I have had but one hope, one joy in life, and that was to call you wife."

"Can you forgive me, Andrew?" I asked.

"Forgive what?" he smiled, "your own self-sacrifice, your own crushing of your womanly affection for my advantage? Your true motives come before me now, and in their light I see a new beauty in your love, a fadeless happiness in the future."

It seemed like a sweet dream as he placed his arm round my waist and gathered me to his generous breast. A ringing cheer from the assembled guests startled me into a blushing consciousness of where I stood.

I have been Andrew Glenford's wife some years now; and the truthfulness of his manly face is stamped upon the features of four laughing children. May it also remain indelibly impressed upon their hearts!

BIRD-KILLING SPIDER.

Mr. Bates, in a walk in the neighborhood of Cameta, in Pará—noted for its "Brazil nuts"—chanced to verify a fact relating to the habits of a large hairy spider of the genius mygale, in a manner worth recording. It was the bird-killing spider, or one very closely allied to it; the individual was nearly two inches in length of body, but the legs expanded seven inches, and the entire body and legs were covered with coarse gray and reddish hairs. Mr. Bates tells us that he was attracted by a movement of the monster on a tree-trunk; it was close beneath a deep crevice in a tree, across which was stretched a dense white web. The lower part of the web was broken, and two small birds, finches, were entangled in the pieces. One of these was quite dead; the other lay under the body of the spider, not quite dead; and was smeared with the filthy liquor or saliva exuded by the monster. Mr. Bates drove away the spider, and took the birds, but the second one soon died.

"The fact of a species of mygale sallying forth at night, mounting trees, and sucking the eggs and young of humming-birds, has been recorded long ago by Madame Merian and Palisot de Beauvois; but in the absence of any confirmation it has come to be discredited. From the way the fact has been related, it would appear that it had been merely derived from the report of the natives, and had not been witnessed by the narrators. Count Langsdorff, in his 'Expedition into the Interior of Brazil,' states that he totally disbelieved the story."

Mr. Bates found the circumstances to be quite a novelty to the inhabitants hereabout. The mygales are quite common insects; some species make their cells under stones, others form artistical tunnels in the earth, and some build their dens in the thatch of the houses. The natives call them crab-spiders.

The hairs with which they are clothed come off when touched, and cause a peculiar and almost maddening irritation; the first specimen that Mr. Bates killed and prepared was handled incautiously, and he suffered terribly for three days afterward, not, he thinks, owing to any poisonous quality residing in the hairs, but to their being short and hard, and thus getting into the fine creases of the skin. Some mygales are of immense size; one day, Mr. Bates saw the children belonging to an Indian family with one of these huge spiders secured by a cord round the waist, by which they were leading it about the house as they would a dog.

The existence of any bird-killing spider has been disbelieved; but Mr. Bates's evidence establishes the fact of the spider killing, if not devouring, the bird. He adds that the number of spiders ornamented with showy colors is somewhat remarkable. Some double themselves up at the base of leaf-stalks, so as to resemble flower-buds, and thus deceive the insects on which they prey.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Where break with angry motion
The foam-crown'd waves of ocean,
On the rocks of Marblehead,
Stands the Lighthouse, white and dreary,
Sadly, lonely, and as weary
As the tombstone on the dead!

Where the white-winged snow-gales clatter
Along the coast, and shatter
The ice-fields into foam.
Still it stands there: ever throwing
Light to guide the sailor going
In before the storm.

In the tranquil nights of Summer,
When all earth is wrapt in slumber,
As the shroud around the dead—
Still it stands there: ever watching
For the fishermen approaching
The shores of Marblehead.

Though 'tis ever full of sadness,
And though ne'er a ray of gladness
Ever falls upon that shore,
Yet we love, above to wander,
By that Lighthouse, and to ponder
On the dear ones gone before.

Yes, it stands there, ever keeping
Watch above the sailors, sleeping
'Neath the waves on ocean's bed;
'Tis the tombstone of the sailors,
Who are resting from their labors
Till the sea gives up its dead.

THE "ECCE HOMO" OF GUERCINO.

In the centre of the grand square of Turin, near the Palazzo Real, rises majestically the old palace erected in 1416 by Amadeus VIII., Duke of Savoy. It is one of the finest architectural works of Turin, although, perhaps, too elaborate and profuse in point of ornamentation. This palace, or, we should rather say, fortress, the residence of the Dukes of Savoy, was afterward inhabited by the Duchess of Nemours, the wife of Charles Emanuel II., who built the fine façade and magnificent double staircase. In gratitude for these improvements, the building has since been called the Palace of Madama.

The eighteen rooms on the first floor, together with the grand hall or senate chamber, were dedicated by Charles Albert, to a public gallery of the royal collection of paintings, which thus, thanks to his munificence, became a national gallery, formally opened on the 3d of September, 1832.

The painting which we have selected for illustration is among the finest in the gallery. It occupies a prominent position in the room called after Raphael, and is by an artist who has allied art with inspiration, John Francis Barbieri de Cento, surnamed Guercino, because he squinted.

Standing before a window, opening doubtless upon some square filled with rabble, a weather-beaten soldier, with the face of a hangman, clutching a stick in his muscular hand, displays to the gaze of the populace his august victim, from whose wounded, bleeding form he ironically tears the vail. The halo around the celestial head throws into shadow the ignoble figure which by contrast seems all the more brutal and debased. Nothing can be more natural than this design,

which owes much of its eloquence to simplicity. We admire in the painting, the work of an independent genius, which has voluntarily yielded to the severe and fecund discipline of the Florentine school, while borrowing at the same time from Titian and Veronese, their life and brilliancy of color.

This painting was the last which Charles Albert donated to his gallery. Although the Palace of Madama possesses a dozen works by the same artist, and although all are fine, the "Ecce Homo" commands the most attention, and is the most frequently copied.

"SIGHTS THAT I HAVE SEEN."

THE Rev. Mr. Dutens, in 1811, published a work with the above title, whence the following are extracts:

"I have seen a king imprisoned by his son—Victor, King of Sardinia, in 1782; five emperors massacred—Peter III., John VI., Paul I., Emperors of Russia; Selim III., in July, 1803, and Mustapha IV., November 17th, 1808, Emperors of Constantinople; five kings assassinated—Joseph, King of Portugal; Louis XV., Louis XVI., and Louis XVII., Kings of France; Gustavus III., King of Sweden, in 1792; six kings deposed—Stanislaus Poniatowski, King of Poland; the King of Sardinia, December 10th, 1788; Ferdinand IV., King of Naples; Charles IV.; Ferdinand VII., King of Spain, May, 1808; and Gustavus IV.; five republics annihilated—Holland, Sweden, Venice, Genoa, and Lucca; a great kingdom effaced from the map of Europe—the kingdom of Poland; I have seen England lose in eight years half North America, after possessing it for more than a century. I have seen her (verifying the sentiment of an ancient, that the empire of the sea gives that of the land) take the Cape of Good Hope and the island of Ceylon from the Dutch; Malta, Egypt, and several colonies, from the French. I have seen her dictate the law to the King of Denmark at Copenhagen, and carry her victorious arms into the most remote parts of the world. I have seen this same England, in 1780, resist the combined efforts of Europe, of America, and of the Northern powers, who formed an armed neutrality against her maritime dominions; I have seen her, in the revolutionary war, often destitute of allies and alone, opposing the enormous power of France, of Italy, of Denmark, and of Russia—after the treaty of Luneville. I have seen the son of an English gentleman go out to India, as writer to a mercantile company (but quitting this service when very young to embrace the military life), afterwards rising to the head of the army, dethrone a powerful prince in the East, place another on his throne, conquer a part of Hindostan, and raise the British dominions in that quarter to its present pre-eminence—Lord Clive, from 1747 to 1767.

"I have seen what has no example in history: a little Corsican gentleman conquer Italy; force the Emperor of Germany to make a disgraceful peace—the peace of Campo Formio, on the 17th of October, 1797; preliminaries were signed April 17th, 1797, at Leoben; take Malta in two days; Egypt in a month; return from thence, and place himself on the throne of the Bourbons, and all in less than four years (from May, 1796, to November, 1799).

"I have seen him transport his army and artillery in the midst of Winter over the most difficult pass of the Alps, and in a single battle—at Marengo, on the 14th of June, 1800, after having passed the Great St. Bernard; decide at once the fate of Germany and of Italy. I have seen the same Corsican gentleman order the Pope to Paris, in 1804, to crown him Emperor of the French, and afterwards depose this same Pope, and deprive him of the temporal possessions which his ancestors had enjoyed for more than one thousand years—in December, 1809.

"I have seen him declare himself King of Italy. I have seen him braving a formidable league which was directed against him, march to Vienna, and even into Hungary, in six weeks; give the law three times to the Emperor of Germany—by the treaties of Campo Formio, 1797; of Luneville, 9th of February, 1801; and of Vienna, 14th of October, 1809; compel him to abdicate the Imperial crown of the Cæsars, deprive him of a part of his dominions; force the Emperor of Russia twice to retire—at Austerlitz, the 2nd of December, 1805, and by the peace of Tilsit, the 8th of July, 1807; and soon after oblige him to march to his assistance against the Emperor of Austria.

"I have seen him destroy the power of the King of Prussia in fifteen days, and strike all Europe with dismay; I have seen him dethrone five kings—the Kings of France, of Naples, and Sardinia, and two Kings of Spain, Charles IV. and Ferdinand VII.; and create eight others—the Kings of Etruria, of Italy, of Naples, of Holland, of Bavaria, of Wurtemberg, of Saxony, and of Westphalia; annex Holland to France—the 15th of December, 1809, the day of the most ceremonious and extraordinary divorce which is mentioned in history; dictate to Spain as if it were one of his provinces, employ her forces as his own, and at last take possession of the whole kingdom. In short, I have seen him extend his dominion farther than that of Charlemagne, and find nothing could resist his ambition but the King of Great Britain; sometimes alone against the whole host of European power, and sometimes with the troops of the Continent in his pay."

JENNER, AND THE DISCOVERY OF VACCINATION.

MORE than fifty years before Jenner commenced the inquiries which led to his great discovery, an immense benefit had been conferred on mankind by the introduction into England of the system of inoculation, or ingrafting, as it was then called, which consisted in communicating the small-pox itself to the patient almost in the same way as the cow-pox is communicated under Jenner's system. It is difficult now to imagine the ravages committed by this fearful disease before these great discoveries.

In Russia alone the small-pox is said to have swept away two millions of lives in a single year.

In the family of an English nobleman, Lord Petre, during the last century, eighteen individuals were found to have died of this complaint during twenty-seven years.

So fatal was the disease that it was found at the small-pox hospital, where the most careful treatment was resorted to, that one in seven at least of the patients died under it, while a large proportion were in some way permanently afflicted by its destructive influence.

In the London Asylum for the Indigent Blind, it was stated that three-fourths of the objects there relieved had lost their sight through small-pox.

Inoculation had long been resorted to as a preventive in Eastern countries, and was introduced into England by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in 1721, after her return from Turkey, whither she had accompanied her husband, then Ambassador from Great Britain. It is said that a similar practice had prevailed in some counties of England, under the singular name of "buying the small-pox"; but it was at least considered so strange in London, that even after this remarkable lady had boldly tried it upon her two children, none but criminals, induced by an offer of pardon, could at first be found to submit to it.

It was in August, 1721, that Dr. Maitland, in the presence of several eminent physicians and surgeons, performed this experiment upon three women and three men, all of whom had been condemned to death. The fact that these persons

JENNER, AND THE DISCOVERY OF VACCINATION. SEE PAGE 703.

were found to receive the disease in a comparatively mild form—all of them recovering in a short time—led to further experiments; and in the following year, the Princess of Wales, afterward Queen Caroline, wife of George II., determined that her two children, the Princesses Amelia and Caroline, should undergo the operation. All these trials having proved remarkably successful, the practice began to extend; but a number of cases soon afterward terminating fatally, it received a serious check, and never became general.

According to Jenner's own account, it was some time before the year 1776, and therefore probably while he was practising as a surgeon and apothecary in his native village of Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, that he first began his inquiries into the nature of cow-pox; but, long before this, his attention had been called to the subject of the supposed effect of cow-pox in giving immunity from the more dangerous disease.

Jenner, who was the son of the Vicar of Berkeley, had been apprenticed to a surgeon named Ludlow, at Sudbury, a little village near Bristol; and it was here that he was one day called upon to give medical advice to a young countrywoman, who, doubtless, filled the place of dairymaid at a farm in the neighborhood.

Having casually mentioned in her presence the subject of small-pox, the young woman immediately remarked, "I can't take that disease, for I have had cow-pox."

Further inquiry showed that this was a popular notion in that part of the country; and although it was regarded by the medical profession as only a vulgar belief, it was too suggestive to be lost sight of by the surgeon's apprentice. He well knew that an eruption, chiefly showing itself on the hands of dairymaids who had milked cows similarly disordered, had attracted attention forty or fifty years before; and when he had settled down to practice as a country apothecary, he noticed that among those whom he was called on to inoculate in farm-houses, many resisted every effort to give them the small-pox.

These patients, he found, had all been accustomed to milk cows, and had undergone the disease called cow-pox. His path, however, was still beset with difficulties. Few sympathized with him in an inquiry into what appeared to be merely an idle notion of the ignorant; and most persons regarded the idea of communicating to a human being a disease peculiar to a brute, as revolting, or even impious.

Even the great John Hunter, in whose house Jenner, when a young man, had resided two years, paid little attention to the suggestion; and at a country medical club, of which Jenner was a member, the members denounced the whole topic as a nuisance, and sportively threatened to expel the orator if he continued to harass them with his importunate discourse upon his favorite notion.

These obstacles, however, would have been trifling, if the subject itself had not been complex and intricate. He found, to his bitter disappointment, that numbers of those who seemed to have undergone the cow-pox, nevertheless, or inoculation under the old system introduced by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, suffered from the small-pox just the same as if no disease had been communicated to them from the cow; and all the medical practitioners in the country around him assured him that the cow-pox could not be relied on as a preventive.

"This, for a while," says Jenner, "damped, but did not extinguish, my ardor."

Patient inquiry gradually led him to the truth, that the virus of the cow-pox underwent progressive changes, in the latter of which it had so lost its specific property that, although it was capable of powerfully affecting the human body, it afforded no protection from the attacks of the more serious disease.

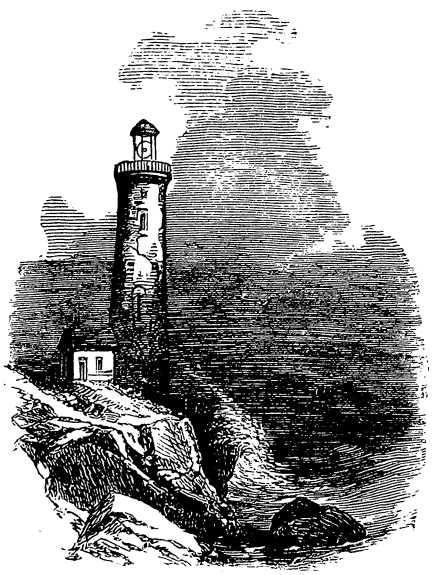
Jenner's task was now simple. During his investigations into the nature of casual small-pox, he was naturally struck with the idea that it might be practicable to propagate the disease by inoculation, first from the cow, and finally from one human being to another. He anxiously waited for some time for an opportunity of putting this theory to the test.

The first person ever vaccinated was a lad of eight years old, named James Phipps, in whose arm was inserted some of the virus, taken from the arm of a young woman who had accidentally become infected while milking a cow. On inoculating the same lad some months afterward, Jenner found, to his great joy, that no effect could be produced—that, in fact, it was impossible to communicate to his patient the small-pox.

"While the vaccine discovery was progressive," says the great and good Jenner, "the joy I felt at the prospect before me of being the instrument destined to take away from the world one of its greatest calamities, blended with the fond hope of enjoying independence and domestic peace and happiness, were often so excessive that, in pursuing my favorite subject among the meadows, I have sometimes found myself in a kind of reverie. It is pleasant to me to recollect that those reflections always ended in devout acknowledgments to that Being from whom this and all other blessings flow."

Jenner published the account of his discovery in 1798. In spite of ridicule and opposition from many of the medical profession, and of fanatical denunciations from the ignorant, it rapidly made its way throughout the civilized world.

In 1802, Jenner, who had thrown open his secret to the world, received from Parliament a vote of £10,000. In 1806, an additional grant of £20,000 was made to this great benefactor of mankind, and he had the happiness of living to see the notion of the poor dairymaid of Sudbury accepted throughout the civilized world.



THE LIGHTHOUSE.—SEE PAGE 702.

THE DEATH OF DIDO.—FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY GUERCINO.

A WOMAN'S WAR.

By the Author of "Repented at Leisure," "Lady Gwendoline's Dream," "Redeemed by Love," Etc., Etc.

Chapter VII.

(Continued.)

SUCH a face! He had seen something like it in the grand old Florentine galleries—dark, tender, bewitching, with the most dainty and exquisite coloring, Large dark liquid eyes, with a purple shade round them which added to the richness of the coloring; a white forehead, round which the dark hair clustered in ripples; a mouth like a rose, so tender and sweet—it was the loveliest face ever seen out of a picture! Allan stood still and looked on in wonder. Who was this lovely lady, and whence had she come? Suddenly he saw her raise her white hands, as though in distress. That decided him—he crossed the opening and went to her. He raised his hat and stood, despite the cold, bare-headed before her.

"I hope there has been no accident," he said.

Immediately one of the little ones clung to his arm.

"Mr. Estcourt, don't you know me? I am Maud Davenant."

And then he knew that the two little girls were Lady Davenant's children. But who was the lady with the picturesque Spanish face?

"I should think there has been an accident!" cried Miss Maud, in an injured voice. "Helen fell down, and Miss Avenel ran to help her, and she has bruised her arm dreadfully. See, it is cut—it is bleeding!"

The dark eyes were raised to his, and their glance stirred his honest kindly heart as it had never been stirred before.

"I am Lady Davenant's governess," said a rich clear voice—"that is, I am the governess of Lady Davenant's children."

"Which is not quite the same thing," he observed, with a quiet smile.

"Not quite," she agreed. "I am afraid I have met with a slight injury. Helena was running too fast, and fell, and I went to raise her. I did not see a low branch which projected from a tree, and it has run into my arm, giving me something like a sword-wound."

Looking down, he saw that the handkerchief she had bound round it was covered with crimson spots.

"I am Mr. Estcourt," he said—"one of Lady Davenant's guests; will you let me see your arm?"

He wondered, as he looked at it, if there was another arm in all the world so beautiful; it was round and white, with the blue veins clearly marked—an arm worthy of a Venus.

In the middle was a terrible wound; the sharp end of a broken branch seemed to have run into the limb and to have torn it.

"It is a painful wound, I am sure," he said, "but not dangerous. Let me bind it for you."

He took a white handkerchief from his pocket and bound the arm with the utmost gentleness and care; yet, careful though he was, he felt his patient tremble with pain, and noticed the rich color fade from her face.

"That is the best I can do for you," he said.

"You are very kind," she returned, but her eyes drooped before the passionate admiration that she read in his.

"Was the little one hurt too?" he asked. "You were bending over when I saw you first."

The child raised a smiling face to his.

"Miss Avenel thought I was hurt, but I was not."

Then, relieved about the child, he turned to the young girl; she had grown very pale, and he thought, as he looked at her, that her face was like that of some beautiful chiseled statue.

"I must do something to help you, Miss Avenel," he said; "I fear that you are in great pain."

"It would be useless to deny it," she admitted; "still I do not think you can help me—I must return to the house."

"Shall I go and fetch a carriage to drive you home?" he asked.

She smiled, and he saw the faint tinge of bitterness in the smile. She thought to herself that his idea of Lady Davenant must be a strange one, if he imagined her governess dared take such a liberty.

"I can walk very well," she replied; "I am sorry to have given you so much trouble already."

"Trouble!" he repeated. "Why, I was never so pleased in all my life—that is, of course, I am sorry you were and are in pain; but I was pleased to be of use to you. If you will walk home, Miss Avenel, allow me to walk with you."

She did not say "No"—it was scarcely to be expected she should, for the handsome face smiling into her own wore such an expression of admiration that she would have been more than human to resist it. The two little ones walked together, and Allan kept by Miss Avenel.

He never forgot that walk while he lived. Years afterward he could have told every detail of it—the white ground, the dark-blue wintry sky, the bare, leafless trees with the hoar-frost fringing them, the distant hills all covered with snow, the evergreens, each with their white burden, the cold, clear, bracing air, and gleams of wintry sunshine. He felt neither the cold nor the Winter wind. The sweet face by his side seemed suddenly to have shed a warmth and subtle brightness over his life. He was never to know cold and solitude again. His heart was warm within him—it thrilled at every word she spoke.

"I am sorry the distance was not greater," he said, when they reached the Priory; and she looked up at him with laughing eyes.

"So am I," she said; and then he was obliged to leave her.

Chapter VIII.

"I have heard of a man's imagination taking fire," said Allan Estcourt to himself. "I think that is what has happened to me."

For Miss Avenel's face had bewitched him; that dark, tender Spanish face, with its glorious coloring, left him no repose. If he closed his eyes to sleep, it was there; if he slept, it was present in his dreams; if he opened a book, it looked up at him from the page. It rose between him and the blue heavens; gaze where he would, it was there. He was like a man that was haunted, possessed.

"I must see her again," he thought; "perhaps then she would not haunt me so."

But how was he to see her? A governess in a nobleman's family was not easily accessible. He thought of many schemes, but none of them pleased him. Fortune was kind to him. He chanced one afternoon to be in the drawing-room with Lady Davenant alone; they were looking at some illustrations, one of which her ladyship thought she would like to have copied. As it was Christmas-time, they were about to have charades and tableaux. Lady Davenant saw a costume in one of the engravings which pleased her very much.

"That, with a few alterations," she said, "is just what we require."

But the engraving was in a valuable book, one which Lady Davenant felt quite sure her husband would not be pleased to see in careless hands.

"I will have it copied," she said, "and the alterations can be made at the same time."

Lady Davenant rang the bell and sent for Miss Avenel. In the briefest possible manner she introduced her young governess to Mr. Estcourt, and did not deign to listen when he said something about having met Miss Avenel before. It was a matter of no moment to her, but Miss Avenel seemed resolved that her ladyship should know and understand.

"Mr. Estcourt is the gentleman who was kind enough to help me on the day I hurt my arm so severely."

"I trust it is better," said Allan.

"It is very painful still," she replied.

And then Lady Davenant, seeing that she could not ignore the young girl altogether, murmured something about "having forgotten," and proceeded to business. She explained what she wanted, and the young governess seemed to grasp the idea at once. She took pencil and paper; almost before Lady Davenant had finished her explanations, the sketch was begun. Allan purposely withdrew to the other end of the room. He wanted to watch Miss Avenel—to take in every detail of her dark, picturesque loveliness. He took up a book, and, while to all appearance looking over it, he observed her.

He had seen her before in out-of-door dress. He thought her even more beautiful in the plain black silk, with the delicate lace at the throat and falling over the white wrists. Every line of her superb figure was shown in the tightly-fitting dress—every graceful curve, every beautiful line. As Allan watched her, his whole heart seemed to go out from him and cleave to her.

Lady Davenant interrupted the sketcher every now and then to make some suggestion, which the girl received with well-bred grace.

"A governess!" thought Allan. "Why, she ought to be a princess!"

After a few minutes there came a summons for Lady Davenant. Sir Charles wanted to speak to her about some decorations. In a very helpless way she looked round the room. It was not etiquette to leave the governess and the visitor together, but what could she do? Sir Charles was good-nature itself, but he was imperative, and did not like to be kept waiting—his well-trained wife knew that. What could she do? It would be too pointed to send Miss Avenel away. Her ladyship looked again. The dark Spanish head and picturesque face of the governess were bent over the drawing. Allan was industriously reading. What could it matter? In all probability they would not exchange a word.

Lady Davenant murmured some few words of apology, and retired. Allen drew a deep breath of relief—his suspense had been great. At last he was alone with her! His heart throbbed with happiness. The next moment he was by her side.

"Miss Avenel," he said, "pray look up at me. Leave that sketch for a few minutes; I want to speak to you."

She laid down the pencil and looked up; there was a gleam of amusement in the dark eyes, and just a gleam of something in his which made her heart beat.

"You are very impatient, Mr. Estcourt," she said.

"I am—pray forgive me; but you do not know—you cannot know—how I have longed to see you. I have prayed for this opportunity — now that it has come, let me use it."

The white fingers trembled and the beautiful face grew crimson.

"I have so much to say to you," he cried, impetuously. "Do you know, Miss Avenel, that your face has never been out of my mind since I met you the other morning? I have never forgotten you for one moment. You are not angry with me?" he continued. "I have been, as it were, in a fever, and this slakes my thirst. I have longed to look at you once more; and now that I see you, I am wondering how I can ever let you pass from my sight again. Miss Avenel—hark!—I hear her ladyship returning—if I could see you in any other way, I would not make my present request—but will you let me accompany you in some of your walks? I must see you and talk to you, or I shall go mad."

His earnestness was beginning to tell upon her.

"I cannot," she replied; "I have the children with me always."

"I must see you—why are you so cruel to me? I have watched, longed, prayed for this—and now you will give me no hope. You are cruel to me."

"I am not cruel," she returned; "but what else can I do? I have no moment of time that is my own."

"If you had, would you give it to me?"

"Yes," she replied, with a deep blush. "You are so impetuous, Mr. Estcourt; you force one to reveal the truth."

"It is happy truth for me," he said. "I heard Lady Davenant saying, the other day, that the children were sent from the school-room to the nursery every evening at six. Is it so?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Then at six you are free? Oh, Miss Avenel, be kind to me! I would go to Lady Davenant and ask permission to see you; but I know she would object. If your mother were here, I would ask her."

"What is it that you wish me to do?" she said, gently.

"I want you to meet me, and give me an opportunity of speaking to you. Will you? Six o'clock is not late; and it is only natural that you should want some fresh air after teaching all day."

"Six o'clock is late in Winter," she remarked.

"Never mind—do promise me. Walk over the lawn, toward the park, and, if I meet you, do not be angry with me."

"Would you like your own sister to do so?" she asked.

He looked down on the bright face so frankly raised to his.

"Yes, I should, if I had one, and she were asked in the same manner. Miss Avenel, be good to me. If you only knew how I have thought of you!"

"I should like to say 'Yes,' but I must not," she returned.

"You are cruel. Why do you refuse me? If you can think of any other plan, I shall be only too happy. I would insist upon seeing you here, but it might lead to discomfort for you."

"I should imagine so. Fancy Lady Davenant's dismay!"

"Miss Avenel, do promise me."

He took her hand in his, and bent over it. His handsome face was flushed and eager, his eyes seemed to entreat her.

"I will be there," she replied, hurriedly; and before there was time to utter another word Lady Davenant was at the door.

She looked round quickly as she entered. Allen sat still, with the same book in his hand—her ladyship fortunately was not near enough to see that it was upside down. Miss Avenel was busy sketching.

"I thought I heard voices," said her ladyship. Allan looked up calmly.

"Very probably," he admitted. "Miss Avenel, I see, has quite a talent for sketching—you will be pleased with her copy."

"I hope it will not make Miss Avenel vain to hear you say so," observed her ladyship; and the young governess raised her face with a proud flush, but made no reply.

Allan Estcourt had been haunted before, but matters were worse now; he knew that he loved Miss Avenel with all the power of his heart and soul—that she would be the one great love of his life. That was why she haunted him—why he thought of her, dreamed of her, could not for one moment forget her. He loved her, and, if she would but listen to his pleading, he would ask her to be his wife.

He could not tell how the hours passed until six o'clock came and he went out; his whole soul seemed wrapped in suspense, for he intended that very evening to tell Miss Avenel the story of his passionate love.

Chapter IX.

"MR. ESTCOURT, you frighten me—you are so impetuous, so quick, I do not know what to say!"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Avenel; impetuosity was always a failing of mine, but I did not mean to evince it to you. You see it is not quite my fault. I am obliged to say in a few minutes that which it often takes other men whole months to say."

She smiled, and he took courage from the smile.

"I only want you to understand and believe that I love you with my whole heart and mind."

"You love me!" she repeated. "Why, Mr. Estcourt, you cannot be serious. You have seen me only twice. How can you love me?"

I do not know how I can, but I am quite sure I do. I grant that I have seen you only twice, but what does that matter? I could not love you better if I had seen you twice ten thousand times."

"It is so sudden," she murmured.

"Miss Avenel, how many times did Romeo see Juliet before he loved her with a love that was his doom? Only once. Do you imagine love to be the result of long acquaintanceship, of many meetings, of long interviews? I do not."

"You overwhelm me with so many words," she returned, "it is difficult for me to remember what I believe."

"I wish you would let me teach you. I know just what you ought to believe, and what you ought to say. I tell you that loving you was my fate. See, standing here in this thick shade, I can remember how the Winter sun shone upon the snow the morning that I first met you. I can see the scarlet gleam of the holly-berries, the bare branches of the chestnuts. I was walking along, carelessly singing some snatch of operatic song, thinking as little of love and lovers as at this moment I am thinking of Sanscrit—as heedless of any dawn of a new life as a child. Suddenly, amid the snow and the trees, I saw the shining of a beautiful face; and my life, as I gazed at it, grew complete. I cannot describe the sweet, strange sensation; it was as though I had suddenly found the other half of my own soul—as though my existence, in that one moment, had grown complete. Do not laugh at me," he continued, his voice trembling with emotion; "but I could have raised my hat from my head, and have thanked Heaven that I had met my fate. Nay, listen to me; be patient. I loved you in that moment—your beautiful face seemed to warm my heart, my soul seemed

to leave me and cling to you. Now, do you doubt that I love you?"

"I do not doubt," she replied, dreamily; "but I fear."

"Why need you fear? If I had never seen you again, your face would still have remained distinct from all the world to me. I should have thought of it, dreamed of it, longed for it; it would have been to me the dearest vision ever given to man; it would have shone down upon me from the gleaming heavens—it would have smiled up at me from the blooming flowers. I should have remembered it even in death."

She trembled at the passionate eagerness of his words. He continued:

"If I had lost sight of you from that moment—if I had never seen you again—I should have gone through life dissatisfied and discontented, as one whose existence is only half complete. Do you hear me—do you believe me, Miss Avenel?"

"Yes, but your words frighten me. I must go in now. Suppose I should be missed?"

"I will bear the blame. You must not leave me. If you were to leave me now I should go mad with suspense. Before you go you must promise to like me a little. Do you remember those lines of Browning's:

'Escape me?
Never,
Beloved!
While I am I, and you are you,
So long as the world contains us both,
Me the loving and you the loth,
While the one eludes
Must the other pursue.'

You are my fate—fly, and I must pursue. You escape, and I must follow—you are my destiny. You cannot elude me."

"You seem to take possession of me as though I were a conquered kingdom," she said, trying to smile, but feeling sure this eager, impetuous lover of hers would make her promise anything he chose.

"Miss Avenel—it seems absurd to address you formally—tell me your Christian name. I wonder if, looking at you, I could guess it?"

She raised her beautiful dark face with its gleams of tender light.

"Yes," she said.

"You ought to have the name of some fragrant flower—something that whispers of the glowing South."

"My name is Margarita," she said.

"'Margarita'—ah, well, it suits you! It is a proud, stately name, with something provoking and alluring about it. Margarita! You ought to be standing on a balcony in Venice, with the moon shining on the waters, and lighting that crown of dusky hair. Sweet Margarita! It is not an English name."

"I inherit it from some Spanish ancestress," she explained.

"I am not surprised; I thought there was something of the fire and poetry of the South in you. Margarita, do you believe that I love you?"

"I am beginning to believe it," she replied.

"And I want you to return my love, and to promise to be my wife."

The dark gray shadows of the Winter night did not prevent his seeing how pale she grew.

"Your wife!" she repeated. "Do you really love me so well?"

"I do. I think if you gave me only the faintest hope that some day or other you would learn to love me, I should be half-bewildered with joy."

"But, Mr. Estcourt, how sudden you are—how rash! You have seen me only twice, and you ask me to be your wife!"

"This is our third interview, Margarita, and I have told you that love has no knowledge of time—it takes no count of it."

She was still gazing at him with unutterable wonder.

"Besides, you know nothing of me," she said; "I might be unworthy of your love."

"Ah, no, sweet. Nature makes no such errors; on your face she has written truth, goodness, purity, all nobility. I can read her handwriting."

"But I have faults," said the girl, "and very grave ones."

"I shall love you in spite of them, and love even them for your sake, Margarita. Will you not say that you like me?"

"I am half afraid," she replied, slowly.

"Afraid of what, dear?" he asked, gently.

"Afraid of myself. I have never loved anyone since my mother died; I loved her—I will not, for I cannot, tell you how dearly. And I have a brother John far away in India. I love him; but I have never loved anyone else."

"So much the better for me, sweet."

"But you do not understand; I am afraid of my own power of loving. I tell you that, with my Southern nature, I have some of the Southern tenacity and power of loving."

"So much the better for me," he repeated.

"Love will not be a pastime with me, as it is with some," she said; "it will be the heart of my life, it will occupy all my thoughts, all my ideas—everything else will be sacrificed to it, concentrated upon it."

"That is how all noble women love, Margarita," he remarked, gently.

"You have so much to give," she continued. "You have title, wealth, position—at least you will have them some day. I have nothing but my heart and my love; I give my life with them, and, if I should give them in vain, what have I left? Nothing but desolation and death."

"You will not give them in vain, Margarita, if you give them to me. I want your love—nothing else. If you had the dowry of a queen, I should not care for your wealth. I want your love, sweet—and you fear to give it to me!"

They were walking down a sheltered path that led to the park. It was not quite dark; it was one of those Winter evenings when a dull gray twilight seemed to linger long, and the snow prevented night's shrouding the earth with her mantle—a strange gray twilight, through which they could see the pale golden stars gleaming in the night-skies. The wind moaned through the tall trees.

If Margarita Avenel had been a princess instead of a governess, Allan could not have treated her with greater deference or greater respect as he walked by her side. Even in his most passionate pleading he did not presume to touch her hand. His chivalrous respect was the most delicate flattery he could have paid her, and she felt it deeply. Suddenly he turned to her.

"I cannot tell you, Margarita," he said, "how grieved I am to be compelled to ask you to meet me in this fashion. I wish it could be avoided, but I might as well ask Lady Davenant to meet me on the summit of Mont Blanc as ask her permission to see you in the house. I know that; so that you will let me see you here again."

"I will think of it," she returned.

"I know you want to go—I the pursuer, you the pursued—I the loving, you the loth."

But, when the dark eyes were raised to his, something in their shining light told him she was not perhaps entirely loth.

"Before you go, sweet, let me plead my cause quite plainly to you. You say that I shall have wealth, title, and position. I shall have them in the days to come; and I

THE LITTLE BOTHER. BY THOMAS FAED.

shall have no keener pleasure, no greater pride, than to lay them at your feet."

"But I am only a poor governess," she said.

"You are my queen! It will be my lot some day to be Lord Rylestone of Walton Court—to be wealthy and honored, sweet. Will you share that wealth, those honors, with me?"

"I cannot tell you now," she answered; "your proposal is so sudden that it seems like a dream."

"You will let me prove that dream to be a beautiful bewildering reality," he said, promptly. "Ah, Margarita, never before have I felt so happy in the thought of being rich! I have never cared one half so much for the future that is to be mine as now when I hope that you will share it with me."

She looked up at him with the light of a sudden thought in her eyes.

"Mr. Estcourt, suppose that in the course of time I did what you asked, and we were married, would not the world say it was a most unsuitable marriage for you?"

"I am perfectly indifferent as to anything the world might say," he replied.

"But, as Lord Rylestone of Walton Court, you could marry one of the noblest women in England—could you not?"

"So I should if I married you, Margarita."

"But you know what I mean. You could marry a high-born, wealthy lady, could you not?"

"If I am ever so happy, so honored, as to marry you, I shall marry the fairest, noblest, and loveliest lady in all the land."

"But there is something absurd in the idea of a governess who has to work so hard for her daily bread becoming Lady Rylestone," she persisted.

"There is something much more absurd in the idea of a beautiful, winsome lady like yourself having to teach," he returned, "than in the idea of your becoming Lady Rylestone, Margarita. Give me one word of hope *now*, love."

The dressing-bell for dinner was ringing, and he knew that he had not another minute to spare. The clear, clanging sound came over the bare tree-tops and brought him back to the every-day world.

"Give me one word of comfort," he cried, passionately, "before you go." He took one of her white, soft hands in his, and held it tightly. "I know how difficult it will be to see you," he said; "but I can write. You have free access to the library, have you not?"

"Yes," she replied; "because of my calling, I suppose. I am allowed to go there when I like."

"The people in the house do not seem very fond of reading. I noticed to-day a very beautiful edition of "Sir Charles Grandison"—it is in three volumes, and stands on the lowest shelf near the door. Will you let the first volume be our post-office? I will put my letters there for you, and you will give me an answer, even if it be only one word. If we use no names, there can be no fear of discovery. Even should a letter be found, people will think it is only some old forgotten copy. You will write me one line—will you not?"

"Yes, if you really wish it so much," she replied.

"Thank you. I am as proud and happy as though I had won a kingdom. Oh, Margarita, shall I ever win you? I would serve three times seven years for you. I think this of you, dear—it is told in your beautiful face—that, if I were a king, and asked you to share my crown, you would not unless you loved me."

"No, I would not," she acknowledged.

"And I think, if you loved me, dear, you would give up all for my sake—you would share sickness, poverty, or any other sorrow with me."

"I would," she responded, simply. "If I loved you, it would be with the whole force of my heart."

"Then Heaven grant I may win your love, Margarita! How sweet your name is, dear! It is like the echo of a song; it is like the faint sweet music of a dream. 'Margarita Avenel!' Was there ever such a combination of letters? I shall hear it in every sound."

"It is time you went in, Mr. Estcourt. Think of Lady Davenant's horror if you are late for dinner!"

He had forgotten.

"Yes, I must go. Good-night, sweet Margarita—to become some day, I hope, my own Margarita!"

His chivalrous reverence for her was so great that he did not even touch with his lips the white hands he held in his own. When he left her it seemed to him that he left the very light of his life behind him, and Margarita hastened to the solitude of her own room, there to think over all she had heard.

She dared own to herself, now that she was alone, how dearly she loved him—this handsome man, whose love had fallen over her life like a golden light from heaven. She was young—not yet twenty—and her life had been strangely free from trouble, but it had also been quite devoid of pleasure. She had lived with her mother in the pretty little village of Grassmead, where she had received such a training as fitted her afterwards to accept a superior engagement as governess. She was accomplished; she painted with no mean skill, she spoke French and German perfectly. She had a singularly sweet and rich soprano voice; it was well cultivated, and her musical ability was of the highest order.

The Avenels were of good family, but their fortune had vanished. The widowed lady was left with an income just sufficient for her to live and to bring up her children upon; but the life annuity died with her. She wisely determined to give them a fortune in their education.

With her daughter Margarita she succeeded perfectly; and some influential friends of her late husband interested themselves in her boy's career; gave him an excellent education, and found for him a remunerative appointment in India. Margarita was only sixteen when her mother died. That was the only real trouble of her life—and it had been a great one. She was seventeen when she found herself launched on the wide world, with her fate in her own hands. Her wonderful beauty and fascination were against her; her accomplishments, her excellent education, were all outbalanced by her dark, bewitching face. Ladies with brothers or growing sons were afraid of her.

A beautiful governess! It was an anomaly—a thing to be dreaded; so, despite her high-class references, Miss Avenel grew almost heart-sick as she lost one chance after another. One lady—the Countess of Lumlee—was very frank with her.

"Your French is perfect," she said; "your music superior to that of most teachers; your terms and everything else suits me. But I tell you honestly, I have sons at home—and you are too pretty."

"I cannot help that," observed Margarita, wistfully.

"No, you cannot help it; but I should advise you to choose some other profession."

Time after time she met with the same rebuff. "I cannot help having a face different from that of others," she said to herself, in despair. "I did not wish to be beautiful."

The time was coming when she would rejoice in her beauty—but it was not yet.

Then Lady Davenant was in want of a governess—the girl's lovely face was not detrimental in this case. Sir Charles never flirted; there were neither sons nor brothers—only two little girls—and Lady Davenant was rather pleased that her governess should be beautiful and accomplished

than otherwise: so Margarita Avenel wrote to her brother in far-off India, and told him, with innocent pride and joy, how happy she was in the bright prospect opening out to her. She went to Laston Priory, and had lived there nearly two years when Allan saw and loved her.

They had been two quiet uneventful years; nothing had happened to her—no great sorrow, no great joy—and she had the keenest powers for feeling both. She was quick, ardent, impetuous. She acted upon impulse, and did not always wait to consider whether her impulses were prudent or not. She was keenly sensitive. She had it in her to reach the height of happiness, or to sink to the depths of despair; and to one so ardent, so impetuous, the quiet monotony of her life was almost terrible.

There would surely be a brighter future for her; the sun was shining on some soft heights. Passionate longing for happiness, ardent power of loving, keen susceptibility of enjoyment, had not been given to her for nothing. In the far-off time, where the sunshine waited for her, all would come right.

But in her wildest dreams she had never pictured happiness so intense as this. She was frightened at it; she dared not think of it. She could not believe it true that she, an obscure governess, should win the love of this grand young hero, for whom the ladies of the great world manœuvred in vain. It was marvelous. She had reason to say that she was afraid.

He was so handsome, so noble, so far above her. He was like the heroes of fiction and song of whom she loved to read. He was so chivalrous, so gallant, so like what she could imagine the knights of old to have been. And he loved her—loved her at first sight—with a love that was to last his life. She asked herself if she could be dreaming—if it could be true—if it could be possible. The thought of his wordly position did not touch her so deeply. It was rather with a sense of wonder that she realized that in time the hardworking, unknown governess might be Lady Rylestone of Walton Court. It was not of that she thought, but of the hero himself—the man who prayed so earnestly for her love.

"I am frightened at myself," she thought. "If I open my heart to this wondrous love, this wondrous happiness, I can never cast it out again; it will be there while my heart beats, either for my happiness or for my misery—my life-long delight, or my life-long torture."

She knew enough of herself to understand that it must be life or death to her; therefore she hesitated to yield herself to the sweet, subtle influence—she hesitated to let herself respond to the love that was lavished upon her.

But now he had almost conquered her. Why should she hesitate? Why should she shut herself out from this sweet, bright heaven? Why refuse to take the great happiness offered to her?

"He loves me," she thought; "he will never—he never can—love anyone else as he loves me."

"She would wait just a few days longer, and then she would tell him that she loved him. For she did. Her heart grew warm, her face flushed, as she remembered him, as she thought of his words she knew in her heart that she cared for him—ah, well, perhaps quite as much as he cared for her.

She never forgot the day on which she had her first love-letter. The receipt of a letter was a rare event with her; at long intervals she received one from her brother. But this was a love-letter full of passionate pleading, of sweet words, of tender expressions—a letter that brought happy tears to her eyes. She read it over and over again, until every word was impressed on her memory. She slept with it under her pillow; and then, some hours after she had received it, she went, tremoling and half frightened, to the first volume of "Sir Charles Grandison," there to deposit an answer. Allan smiled as he read it—it was so simple, so naïve, and yet so eloquent.

The days passed on, and it seemed to him that he wore his heart away in fervent persuasions. He wrote to her every day—he told her all his thoughts. No woman was ever more chivalrously wooed. And then, at rare intervals, he saw her. Sometimes he overtook her when she was out with the children, and then he could not say much. There were one or two happy interviews stolen in the library.

Once or twice she was asked into the drawing-room; and once there was a children's party—and he danced with her.

Each of these meetings was deeply impressed on his mind: he loved her more and more dearly, for she was timid and coy. He could not win any word or promise from her, until one day, when she fancied he looked tired and ill, she chanced to meet him in one of the corridors, and told him so.

"You are right, Margarita," he said—"I am very unhappy—all through you, it seems to me. You will never care for me—and I am beginning to despair."

That same evening he found a little note. It contained but few lines, but those few changed the whole current of his life. "Dear Allan," it said, "do not be unhappy. I do care for you. I love you—I must not tell you how much."

Chapter X.

He could not see her for many days after that. She avoided him more than ever. He wrote rapturous letters of thanks to her, and she wrote kindly enough to him in return, but he could not see her. It was only by the craftiest stratagem on his part that this was accomplished.

Lady Davenant was rigidly particular about attendance at church. Every Sunday morning the whole household, including visitors, children, and servants, drove over to Laston Church, leaving only one or two domestics to attend to the house. Worldly and irregular-living people considered that one of the drawbacks in visiting the Priory was that Lady Davenant never relaxed her rule. Whether it was liked or disliked, it was always expected that all should go.

But one Saturday evening Allen chanced, quite accidentally, to overhear Lady Davenant say that little Maud had a severe cold, and that she must remain at home with her governess.

"I shall remain also," he thought; but he did not reveal his intention until it was time to start, and then he went to Sir Charles and told him he was not going.

"Why not?" asked the hospitable baronet.

"I have an important reason for remaining at home," said Allan.

"Love-letters to write?" interrogated Sir Charles, quite unconscious how nearly he struck the mark. "Well, you will have to make peace with Lady Davenant afterward. She will most probably give you a lecture, for she likes to see us all good boys."

It so happened that Lady Davenant did not notice Allan's absence until the whole party were seated in church, and then it was too late to do anything. Mentally, her ladyship called him idle and indifferent. She had not the faintest idea of the real state of the case.

Allan watched them depart in a fever of impatience. He knew that there were only two or three servants left in the house, and that they were engaged in the servants' office

He had resolved upon a bold step. He would go to the school-room and ask for Miss Avenel. If, at the very worst, it should become known, he was quite indifferent. In that case he would boldly tell them all that he wished Miss Avenel to be his wife.

So he went and knocked at the school-room door. It was opened by Margarita herself. He could not doubt but that she loved him when he saw the sudden flush of joy, the light that came into her beautiful eyes, the smile of welcome that parted her beautiful lips. And then she seemed suddenly to recollect herself, and she placed her finger on her lips in token of silence.

"Hush!" she whispered. "Poor Maud is really ill, and she has just fallen asleep."

Without one word, he took her hand and led her from the room, gently closing the door.

"I do not wish to wake the child," he said, gently, "but I am determined to speak to you."

"If you are determined, you must," she returned; "but I cannot talk to you here. I will accompany you to the library. I shall hear then if Maud cries for me."

"I hope Maud will enjoy the blessing of a long, deep slumber," he said, laughingly, as they entered the library. "Ah, Margarita—sweet, coy Margarita—I have caught you at last!"

"Mr. Estcourt," she said, gravely, "how is it that you are not gone to church?"

"I remained at home purposely so see you. Ah, Margarita, you thought you could escape me—you thought you could evade me! Why are you so cruel to me? Since you wrote that one precious little note you have never looked at me, you have never spoken to me · you have spurned me as though I were your worst enemy instead of your husband that is to be. Why is it?"

"I do not know, she replied, trying to hide her burning face from him.

"Nor do I know; but it must not occur again. See, I have had to brave Lady Davenant's displeasure in order to have a few minutes with you. Margarita, how am I to thank you for that letter? Did you mean what you wrote? Is it true?"

She was silent for some minutes, then she raised her eyes bravely to his face.

"Yes," she replied; "every word is true."

"And at last you love me with your whole heart?"

"Yes. Oh, do not make me say any more!"

"But I shall; I am too happy to be quite generous. I want you, dear, to lay both your hands in mine and promise to be my wife."

Her dark eyes raised to his were full of wistful pleading.

"Oh, Allan," she cried, passionately, "will you never repent it? Are you quite sure that the time will never come when you will repent having ever loved and married me?"

"I am quite sure of it," he answered. "But I know that I shall repent my whole life long unless you do become my wife."

"It would kill me," she said, again, "if in the years to come I should find out that having married me had been injurious to you, that you repented it, that your love for me stood in the way of your worldly interests. Oh, Allan, I could not bear that and live!"

"What a foolish, sensitive child it is!" he said, tenderly. "I cannot repent, Margarita, of what will be to me the crowning joy of my life. Why do you say this? You have owned that you love me."

"I do love you; but, Allan, true love is full of self-sacrifice. Rather than stand in your way—than stand between you and your wordly interests—I would let my love kill me."

"I believe it, Margarita, you cannot come between me and my interests, as you call it. I am my own master; I am free to choose my wife as I will; I have no one to consult."

"But Lord Rylestone," she said, quietly, "might not like such a marriage for you."

"My dear Margarita, you wish me to fight shadows. Lord Rylestone can have nothing to say in the matter of my marriage. I alone am responsible to myself for myself. Do believe me, sweet. Fling your scruples and fears to the winds—lay your hand in mine, and say, 'I promise to be your wife, Allan.'"

"If I do say it, I shall mean it thoroughly," she said.

"That is right. You cannot be too deeply in earnest for me."

She was silent for a few minutes—perhaps life held no more solemn interval for her—and then her face grew pale even to the lips, and she laid her hands in his.

"I promise to be your wife, Allan," she said, gently, "and to love you while I live."

How he thanked her! How he blessed her! He was like a man whose senses were wrapped in some great ecstasy. And then he bent over her.

"I may kiss the face of my promised wife," he said; and she raised her face to his. He saw that on it there was a light pure and radiant as though it shone clear from heaven.

"This is our betrothal, Margarita," he said, softly. "Now for all time you are mine."

They stood silent for some minutes, and then he said:

"When shall I speak to Lady Davenant?"

"Not yet," she replied. "Allan, I would so much rather that she did not know while I am here. I perceive all the incongruities of our marriage myself, but I could not bear to be told of them by another. Lady Davenant is very proud. She believes so entirely in what she calls her 'order,' and she would be so severe, so hard, that she would make me miserable."

"Then I will say nothing to her until you have left, Margarita; but you must go at once, dear. I cannot have my promised wife working in this fashion.'

"I will go whenever you like," she responded.

Allan took from his finger a ring with one diamond—a beautiful, flashing gem.

"Margarita," he said, "this must be our betrothal ring. I will bring you another later on, but now you will take this." He placed the ring on her finger, and then he kissed her. "Now you belong to me," he added; "and nothing but death can part us."

And then they heard the voice of little Maud crying, and Miss Avenel hurried away. The child looked up at her with wondering eyes.

"Where have you been, Miss Avenel?" she inquired. "How bright your face is! And your eyes shine like stars! What have you been doing?"

"I have been very happy, dear," was Margarita's quiet reply, as she knelt by the child's side.

"What is that shining on your hand?" she asked.

Margarita smiled.

"That is a pledge of future happiness to me," she answered; and the little one raised her eyes wonderingly to the beautiful face.

"I do not understand," she said, quietly; and those were the last intelligible words that Maud spoke for many long days. A violent attack of fever seized her, and placed her life in deadly danger.

CHAPTER XI.

By the sudden illness of little Maud, all Allan's plans were disarranged. He had wished Margarita to leave at once. He would have found her a home with a distant relative

THE HEN AND CHICKENS—THE DEFENSE. BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

of his—Mrs. Ferguson—and have married her from there, but this was rendered impossible now, for the child clung to her so that she could not leave her. The only rest she ever had came to her in Margarita's arms. The burning head seemed to find cool repose on Margarita's breast. The little hot hands would cling to her—the burning eyes follow her from one part of the room to the other. How could she think of herself—of her own happy love, of leaving, of the bright future awaiting her? How could she think of it all when the little one who loved her lay between life and death?

All the visitors departed from the Priory when the nature of the child's illness became known—all except Allan Estcourt, he declared that the child's ailment did not release him, that he would stay and keep Sir Charles from growing quite lonely. He did remain until the pale snowdrops began to appear, and then he was compelled to return to London.

But he did not take his departure until Miss Avenel and her little charge had gone by Lady Davenant's desire to Torquay. There was one gleam of comfort; he could write to Margarita there as often as he liked—there would be no one to remark upon the number of his letters. He did not go down to see her, because she asked him not to do so until the child had quite recovered. So during the months of March and April Margarita remained at the seaside, happy beyond words, beyond measure, in Allan's love—so happy that as she passed along the streets and roads people looked at the lovely radiant face, and wondered at the light shining on it.

It was nearly the end of May before the doctor thought it safe for little Maud to return to her own home, and even then Margarita decided upon waiting some time longer—if only a week or two—for she knew the child could not endure to be parted from her.

But Allan grew impatient; it was at Christmas that she had promised to be his wife, and now it was June. He wrote to her on the tenth of June, and told her he should give her but one week longer, and then she must really tell Lady Davenant that she was going to leave her. He revealed all his plans to her—how she was to go to Mrs. Ferguson's, and how from there they would be married.

Before he received an answer, Lord Ryleston's illness, death, and funeral happened. And then came his great and bitter disappointment. Instead of being able to take his beautiful Margarita to Walton Court, and lavish on her every luxury that money could purchase, he was a poor man, unable to live at the court at all. Nay, he knew further that his means did not justify him in marrying—that he ought not to marry; for, live carefully as he might, he would have as much as he could possibly do to pay off his debts in a couple of years.

He read and re-read Margarita's letter—he knew the faithful heart so well then that no dawn of fear arose in his heart. She would love him poor just as well as rich—perhaps even more.

But what was he to do about marrying her? It would be the height of folly to take her to Mrs. Ferguson's, and to be at the expense of a brilliant wedding such as he had intended. But Margarita was leaving Laston Priory; it was not to be expected that Lady Davenant would again disarrange her plans by asking her to stay, and, if she took another situation, why, he might not be able to see her at all.

After long consideration, he decided upon asking her to meet him; he could tell her then what had happened far better than he could write. If he could pass one hour with her, he could say more in that time than he could set down in a hundred letters. So he wrote to her, and said that he had something very important to communicate to her. He did not care to go to Laston Priory, as she was not willing for Lady Davenant to be confided in; but he would go to the town of Laston, and, if she would walk through the Laston woods early on the morning of the thirteenth of June, he would meet her there, and tell her all that he had to say.

It was a fair, bright morning, and the clock had not struck six when he started for Laston woods; the sun shone, the birds were singing, seeming to outvie each other in the beauty and length of their song; the wild roses were blooming on the hedges, the wild thyme reared its head amid the grass, the newly-mown hay lay in the meadows, the chestnut-trees were all in bloom, the dew lay shining underfoot. He saw her waiting for him by the little stile that led to the woods, the sun shining on her beautiful face, touching with gold the thick coils of dusky hair, and his heart seemed to go out to her.

"My darling!" he said, as he met the clasp of her tender hands. "Why, Margarita, you have grown lovelier!"

She made him no answer; her love, like her happiness, was too great for words. She let her hands lie still in his warm, firm grasp, while he whispered sweetest words of welcome to her. Presently he looked around.

"Margarita," he said, smilingly, "do you know that this is the first time we have met in the sunlight, amongst dew and flowers and shining blossoms? We have always met before in the cold and the snow."

"I remember," she replied.

With a bright smile he threw back his handsome head.

"I do not see how any man could be more blessed than I am. I have June sunshine, June roses, and you."

He did not certainly just then look like a ruined man. She had never seen him brighter or more sanguine.

"I have so much to talk over with you," he said; "but, before I begin, raise those dark, sweet eyes of yours to mine, and say you are glad to see me."

"You know that I am."

"Say so, and then I shall be quite sure."

She said it—and how earnestly she meant it he knew by the expression of her face and the light in her eyes—and then she looked at him again with a shy happy look.

"You are no longer Allan Estcourt," she said. "You are Lord Rylestone now."

No answering smile came to his lips.

"My darling Margarita," he said, "the title is full of mortification for me. I would give anything to be Allan Estcourt again.

"Why?" she asked, in amazement.

"That is just what I have come to tell you. Let me find you a place here amongst the clustering harebells, where you can sit at your ease and listen while I tell you my story. When I asked you to marry me, Margarita, I was happy in thinking of the wealth that would be mine, because I meant to lavish it all on you, sweet—to purchase shining gems and rich dresses for you—to give you everything that a woman's heart most desires. I valued it for that, and not for any selfish reason—that I swear to you."

"I am quite sure of it," she returned.

"Then you can picture to yourself my agony of disappointment when I found that the wealth I wanted for your sweet sake was not, and never could be, mine."

She looked up at him with wondering eyes.

"But you are Lord Rylestone?" she interrogated.

"Yes, that is the unfair, the unjust, part of it. I am Lord Rylestone, but I have nothing to keep up my title or position with."

"But you have Walton?" she said.

"Yes, I have Walton; but I cannot afford to live there. I will explain to you, Margarita. The barony of Rylestone was once a very wealthy one; but its wealth has dwindled

and dwindled, through the extravagance of some and the lly or misfortune of others, until the entailed property ields an income of only one thousand pounds a year. Of course Walton Court goes with it."

"But a thousand a year is a great deal," she observed.

"It is not half sufficient to keep up such a place as the Court," he said, sighing. "You understand, then, Margarita —I am left with the title of Baron Rylestone of Rylestone and Walton Court, with an income of one thousand a year—about the most absurd position in which a man was ever placed. The Rylestones have always had money which was not entailed, but which it has always been the custom to bequeath from father to son. The late Lord Bernard Rylestone had a fortune of fifteen thousand per annum, quite independent of the Rylestone property. Some of it came to him from his mother, who was a wealthy heiress, and some from his godfather, who was a millionaire. On this fifteen thousand per annum he lived in great state at Walton. He kept up a princely establishment—he made me a splendid allowance; and I always most implicitly believed that, when I succeeded to Walton Court, that money would be mine."

"And it is not?" she interrogated, quietly.

"No, it is not; it is all left to the late Lord Rylestone's niece, Miss Adelaide Cameron. She is his heiress; and for your sake, my sweet Margarita, it is a bitter disappointment to me."

She sat silent for some few minutes, and then she looked at him.

"Allan," she said, quietly, "it is Miss Cameron, Lord Rylestone's heiress, that you ought to marry, and not myself."

He seized her hands with a passionate grasp, an angry flush on his face.

"How can you say that to me, Margarita? What right have you to be so cruel, because I have lost the late lord's money? Is that any reason why I must lose my love also? Marry Miss Cameron! Why, Margarita, the only comfort to me through it all has been that I had you!"

"I mean that it would be wisest for you to do that; you would have the money then."

Sitting at her feet, looking into her face, he wondered that the idea should have occurred to her.

"I know you love me now," she said, softly, "and I would give my life to make you happy; but see how helpless I am. I have no money. What could I do to assist you?"

"You can marry me," he replied.

"But why did the late lord do this?" asked Margarita. "If he always led you to believe that you would be his heir, why did he leave the money to some one else?"

"He must have thought his niece had the best claim upon it," he replied; but there was something constrained in his voice and manner; his ordinary frankness and careless candor were wanting.

"Allan," she said, "are you quite sure that you are telling me the whole truth—that you are not keeping anything from me?"

He was startled by the question, she looked at him with such tender, pleading eyes.

"Tell me all," she entreated; "do not keep anything from me."

He thought for some little time before answering her question. Of one thing he felt quite sure—and that was that, if Margarita once knew the conditions of the will, she would never marry him. She would consider herself as standing in his light, and she would absolutely refuse to join her lot with his. He was as certain of it as though he heard her say it. Passionately as he loved her, if once she had an idea of all he sacrificed in marrying her, she would hide herself from him, and he would never see her again. She had said as much to him before. At any rate, the truth must be kept from her until after they were married, and then it would not matter. Still, although he did not intend to tell her the truth, he could not sully his lips with a lie.

"What can I be keeping from you, Margarita?" he replied, evasively. "I tell you the honest truth—Lord Rylestone has left his fortune to his niece. She is the daughter of his own sister; so that it cannot be wondered at. The only ground of complaint I have is this—I think he ought to have told me. He should have given me some warning of his intentions, and then I should have been prepared for them."

"Yes, it was very cruel. What will you do, Allan?"

"That is the very thing about which I have come to speak to you, Margarita. Our interests are one now, and you must advise me."

She smiled at the idea. He, a brilliant man of the world; she, an obscure governess—how could she advise him?

"I cannot live at Walton. I must either shut it up or let it. I think of doing the latter. It will be a great humiliation and a great mortification; still, the proceeds of the letting will be useful to me."

"It is cruelly hard for you," she said, "after expecting all your life to live there."

"It is hardest for your sake, Margarita. I wanted my beautiful wife to be mistress there."

"Ah, Allan, you know that any place where you may live will be an earthly Paradise for me. I do not want a princely mansion, or a retinue of servants, or jewels, or fine dresses—I want only you."

"Then you are quite sure," he said, "that you do not love me any the less for my poverty?"

"I am sure that I love you a great deal better. I could not help feeling great awe for Lord Ryleston, of Walton Court, but for my dear, disappointed Allan I feel nothing but the most devoted love."

"I ought to thank Heaven for the gift of such noble love," he said—"the love of a true woman. Then it makes no difference to you, Margarita?"

"Only the difference I have told you of. I love you ten thousand times better, disappointed and seeking comfort as you are now, than I should if you were at the very height of prosperity."

"You will be Lady Rylestone still," he observed, sadly, "but not mistress of the home I loved; you cannot live as one in your position should live."

"I shall be with you. Do you not see, Allan, that riches are comparative, after all? You despise a thousand a year; to one brought up like yourself it is nothing, to me it seems boundless wealth. I cannot tell you how I grieve for you, Allan, how I sympathize with you—not for my own sake at all, but for yours. I am full of burning indignation against those who have disappointed you. If your kinsman were not dead, I should dare to say what I think of him. Being dead, I will say nothing. But this interloper—this girl who has come between you and your fortune—who has in some measure blighted your life—I detest her."

He looked up quickly, remembering how unwilling Adelaide had been to take the money.

"It was not her fault," he said, quickly. "She did not want the money, Margarita."

"Nevertheless I detest her, because your life is spoiled through her. Oh, Allan, if I had been in her place, I should have given the money back to you again!"

"She would have done so had the law permitted her, but it will not. She cannot give it to me; she is compelled to take it and to spend it."

"What did you tell me her name was, Allan?"

"Adelaide Cameron," he replied; and she repeated it after him.

"Adelaide Cameron, Lord Rylestone's heiress. Have you seen her often? Do you know her well?"

"I have met her only once, and then we did not spend much time together."

"Is she beautiful?" asked Margarita.

"Yes," he replied, "she is a lovely blonde."

He saw a whole world of meaning in the dark troubled eyes.

"Oh, Allan," she said, after a time, "it is I who have spoiled your life! After all, if you had never seen me, you might have married Miss Cameron."

"I am quite sure that I never should have done so," he returned, gently; and then he told her it was cruel and unkind to say such things to him—that by this time she ought to believe the greatest happiness of his life was centred in her; and she listened, happy in the belief.

While the wind stirred the harebells and wooed the wild roses, he told her all the story of his debts, the money left to him, and how he hoped to add to his income by obtaining some post under Government. She listened like one in a dream.

"There is only one thing that really troubles me, Margarita, and that is about yourself. I had hoped so much that I could have carried out all my plans for you. Darling, you are sorry for me, I know."

Yet he knew she could add nothing to his knowledge.

"Will you do something that shall take away all my disappointment—turn my sorrow into joy—make me almost bless the day whereon I lost my fortune? Will you do that?"

"I will," she replied, earnestly.

"Then leave Laston as soon as you can, and be my wife."

"But that would increase your difficulties," she said, after a time.

"No, it would not. See, Margarita, I am lost just now, and distracted. I do not quite know what to do with myself. My life all seems scattered. If you will do what I ask, it will be my redemption."

"But it is so soon," she said.

"That does not matter; no one need know. Oh, Margarita, you say you love me, yet you refuse me this one prayer!"

"I do not refuse it, Allan; if you really desire it, I will accede to your wishes; but think first whether it will not add to your troubles instead of lessening them."

"A thousand times 'No!' You can give me peace, help, comfort, happiness, such as I believe never fell to man's lot before. Remember all that you were to that little sick child—you will be more than that to me."

"I will try," she said, gravely.

"I used to dream, Margarita, in the bright Spring hours, of our wedding—of all the pomp and splendor that should attend it, of the jewels I should bring to you. I used to picture you as the most beautiful bride man ever loved; and then I used to dream how I would take you to Walton Court, and of the welcome that awaited you there. Now all my dreams have vanished except this one, that no one living will have a fairer or more loving wife. Margarita, another dream comes to me, fair as this June morning itself—a dream wherein there is neither pomp nor splendor, only peace and love. In my dream I see a little home, and you the mistress of it; I see you and myself together, husband and wife, living in a world of our own, knowing only our own, knowing only our love and heaven, forgetting the mercenary money-loving world, happy as those bright-winged butterflies there hovering round the roses, happy as birds safe in the shelter of green trees. Will you make such a home for me, my darling?"

"I will," she replied, in a low voice, "whenever you wish."

"I am sure it would be by far the most prudent plan. I shall have such a safe refuge and haven of rest then, and we can keep our secret until it seems wiser to reveal it. You leave at the end of August, Margarita?"

"Yes," she replied. "I cannot well leave before."

"Then suppose that I make this arrangement. On the day you leave here come to London; we will be married by special license; and meantime I will busy myself in finding the loveliest little home for you that ever poet dreamed of. Are you willing, my darling?"

"I will do anything that pleases you best," she replied.

"And I think that, as you have no friends, and I have no friends, whom we can consult, we will keep our marriage quite a secret until things are more prosperous, and I can put you in a position suitable to your rank."

"I am willing," she observed. "It does not matter in the least to me."

"I have a reason of my own which makes me dislike having my marriage made public until two years have passed by; after that interval I shall be indifferent as to who knows it.

She thought this reason had something to do with money, so did not ask him about it; but in after years she remembered the words, and knew what they meant.

And then it was arranged that it should be as he said.

"When we have been married a few months," he went on, "and I have in some measure forgotten my disappointment, I shall not rest until I get some lucrative engagement. I shall be sure to succeed. And then, when I can put my wife in a position worthy of her, I will introduce her to a world which will be proud of her. But I shall need the spur of rest, happiness, and love. On what day shall you leave here, Margarita?"

"On the twenty-fourth of August," she replied.

"Then we will be married on the twenty-fifth. I shall not even remember that I am a ruined man when I think of that."

And then it was time to separate. With a smile she looked up into the handsome face of her lover.

"I shall not even tell my brother," she said. "No one shall know. It will be like living in a fairy-land of our own, married, all unknown to the world."

Never a doubt came to them on that bright June morning. He thought it far wiser to marry so that he might have the comfort of her sweet presence, the knowledge of her dear love, to help him; and she thought it wiser because she could help him to bear the bitter disappointment that, do as he would, must cloud his whole life.

No doubt came to them—they were young, loving, and sanguine; there was no fear of the future that was to be so dark to them. They parted with smiles, kisses, and tears, telling each other it was not for long—it would not be long until the twenty-fifth of August came. The wild roses nodded, the harebells stirred faintly, the Summer wind whispered sweetly, the birds seemed to sing of hope and of love that was never to die.

So they parted; and Margarita Avenel, as she watched the tall figure of her lover disappear amid the trees, raised her face to the Summer skies, and prayed that she might love him as no wife had ever loved her husband before.

"Some people live for many things," she said to herself; "I will live only for him." And with fatal earnestness of purpose she afterward kept her word.

Once or twice that day Lady Davenant looked at her governess, wondering at the lofty expression, the clear light on the beautiful face—the light of holy and noble resolve.

Chapter XII.

It was a source of pleasant distraction to Allan Estcourt, the making a home for the young girl he loved so dearly. It kept him from brooding over his troubles—it gave him constant and cheerful occupation. For many reasons he would fain have lived in London, but prudence told him that would not do—the expense would be too great. If he lived where he was known, he must live according to his position. As he did not wish to acknowledge his marriage for two years, it would be better for his wife and himself to live amongst strangers.

He decided at last upon a little village standing in the very heart of the green Surrey Hills—a village called Marpeth. Just outside the place stood a pretty villa half hidden by trees, and from the grounds that surrounded it there was a most enchanting view of one of the loveliest landscapes in England. The villa pleased him. He took it, and furnished it with everything he deemed most suitable to his beautiful wife; and there he said to himself the happiest years of his life should be passed.

It was a different home from Walton Court; but, as he watched it day by day, he grew to love it as he had never loved the Court. He was determined to have some peace of mind there—the first month of his married life should not be harassed by debts. He had at first resolved not to touch the allowance of two thousand pounds per annum left to him for two years by the late lord, but pride yielded to expediency; he had no difficulty in anticipating it, and, when he had paid his debts—the three thousand pounds that had weighed so heavily upon him—with the remainder he furnished the little villa at Marpeth, and provided for the expenses of his marriage. There still remained to him Walton Court and his thousand per annum.

"I am not a ruined man yet," he thought, "and fate may have something in store for me, just as it had when I met Margarita so suddenly."

He was living then in rooms near his club, and all his letters were sent to him at the club. He found one there one morning from Madame de Valmy, asking him how he was, and expressing some little wish to hear of or from him. Madame had written that letter unknown to her charge, and Allan hastened to answer it; he also wrote a short note to Adelaide—a simple, friendly letter—hoping that she liked Brighton, and that she found herself better. How was he to know what happiness that letter gave to the young heiress—how she read it over and over again—how she kissed it as though it had been some living thing—how she wondered to herself, with burning blushes and shining eyes, if he were really beginning to like her, even ever so little!

She answered it; and, if Adelaide Cameron excelled in one thing more than another, it was in the art of letter-writing. All the poetry, the genius that was innate in her seemed to find vent in her letters; they were gems of eloquence, of poetry, and of wit. Lord Rylestone reading this, her first letter to him, wondered.

"What a beautiful mind she must have!" he thought. "I have never read a letter like this;" and he acknowledged the receipt of it in the hope of hearing from her again.

As he wrote he felt tempted to-tell her his love-story; she was so sweet, so womanly, so gracious, he longed to ask her to be a friend to his young wife. But then he remembered Margarita had said she should detest her; and it would be awkward if they should not like each other. Besides, from Adelaide Margarita might learn what he had so carefully kept from her—the secret of the will. So he decided that it was better to be silent, and his story remained untold.

Adelaide, after a short interval, replied to his letter, and gradually a regular correspondence was begun between them. Charming were those letters of hers—charming as a new poem—and he kept them for the pleasure of reading them over again, not for any great affection he had for the writer, but because they were so beautiful in themselves. The will was alluded to only once, and by Miss Cameron, who said that it was a great relief to her to find the "secret of the will" still unknown—carelessly written words that afterward brought forth bitter fruit.

The 25th of August came at last, and Lord Rylestone, who had counted the hours, hastened to meet his bride.

It was surely the quietest wedding ever known. Allan had once pictured his marriage as a grand ceremony, performed either in the stately London church, or at Rylestone. The reality was a quiet wedding in one of the gloomy city churches; he had purposely chosen it, because he thought himself more sure there of not being known.

He took a cab, went to the railway-station, and there met Margarita. And then in silent happiness they drove to the gloomy, dusty city church.

"You have brought no witnesses with you," said the clergyman. "Never mind," he added, kindly; "I will send for my housekeeper and the clerk."

So the brilliant train of bridesmaids and friends that Allan had seen in his dream was exchanged for the grim reality of a stout, elderly housekeeper and a white-haired clerk.

It did not matter. The beautiful words of the solemn service, the vows that were to bind the two principals until death, were none the less effective because they were spoken in a dull city church—the bride was none the less lovely because there was no one to admire her except her husband.

The marriage was over—Margarita Avenel was Lady Rylestone. The overworked clergyman looked surprised at the handsome fee that Lord Rylestone put into his hand; the housekeeper thought it a lovely day, and the clerk rubbed his hands in unutterable content.

"I should like such a wedding as that every day," he said—"that is something like one! No show, no string of carriages, no crowds of friends, but a fee to gladden a poor man's heart! Long life to them!"

"Long life to them!" joined in the housekeeper; while the clergyman in the vestry was looking solemnly at the names inscribed in his register.

"It is strange," he said to himself—"very strange, and I do not think I quite like it; but it is safe and legal—that is one comfort."

Allan and Margarita were married. Adelaide Cameron might safely consider herself Lord Rylestone's heiress now—there was no likelihood of Allan's ever touching the late lord's money. They were married; and, with his wife's lovely face smiling into his own, Lord Rylestone thought the world well lost for love. They went at once to the pretty little villa-home that he had prepared with such care for her.

A slight difficulty presented itself to him on the road.

"Margarita," he said, "an idea has occurred to me. We are going into fairyland, are we not, to live for a time untroubled by the world?"

"Yes, that has been our dream," she replied.

"We must be practical even in our dreams. We have neither valet nor maid to betray our secret; but, if we wish to keep it, we must not be known as Lord and Lady Rylestone."

"No," she replied, laughingly, "that will never do."

"Estcourt is not an uncommon name—there are several different families. Suppose we style ourselves Mr. and Mrs. Estcourt?"

"I am perfectly willing; but, Allan, you said we should be away from the world."

"So we shall, dear; but then we must live. There are the tradesmen, and we shall have letters of some kind; and then we have two servants. We had better keep to Estcourt, I think."

While she lived Margarita Rylestone never forgot that coming home—the beautiful August evening, when it seemed as though every tree, every flower, every bird, was doing its best to welcome her.

Allan felt greater pride and pleasure in showing her the pretty little house that he himself had prepared for her than he would perhaps have felt in showing her the grandeurs of Walton Court. And then, when she had partaken of some dinner, and had admired everything that he had prepared and purchased for her, he asked her to go out with him into the picturesque little garden that was shaded with trees.

"Margarita," he said presently to her, "it appears like a dream to me that you are my wife. I have loved you so dearly, I have longed for the comfort of your presence so utterly, that I cannot realize, I cannot grasp, my own great happiness."

They watched the sun set and the moon rise; they watched the golden stars gleam out in the darkening sky; they watched the line of lights die slowly away in the far distance.

"I think the stars never looked so beautiful as they do to-night," said Lord Rylestone.

Margarita raised her dark eyes to them.

"No, they are all gold to-night; but, Allan, they look like eyes—eyes from heaven watching us. Ah, dear, how many happy lovers have they looked upon—how many broken hearts? Will the time ever come that, watching them, we shall think of this night, and wish our wedding-day had never been?"

"No," he replied, "never. Those eyes from heaven will watch over us, and see that we love each other more and more dearly every day; and they will shine over our graves, Margarita, when our hearts will be one in heaven."

So from the golden stars no warning came, and Lord Rylestone and his young wife were happy because the future was a sealed book to them.

Chapter XIII.

MADAME DE VALMY congratulated herself that her charge was looking better; the apathy and half-despair that had seemed to take possession of her had passed away, the beautiful face had regained some of its lost color. Nor was madame blind to the cause. Of course the Brighton sea-breezes were very bracing; still, though they might restore the lost color to a face, they could not bring peace to a disturbed mind, nor rest to an aching heart. Both these were now come to Adelaide Cameron. But madame knew it was neither the salt breezes, nor the sunshine, nor the bracing air of the downs, nor the pleasant promenades, nor the strolling on the pier that wrought the wonder, but the letters Adelaide received from Lord Rylestone.

Margarita Avenel had resisted her love for a time, fearing to open her heart to it lest it should prove a delusion and a snare—lest, risking all her life, her happiness, on this one great love, it should fail. It had seemed to her too impossible to be real. That this handsome young hero should love her, and love her so dearly as to make her his wife, seemed to her most wonderful. In her humility she quite overlooked her own great gifts, her rare beauty, her genius, her passionate power of loving. But she had opened her heart to her love at last, and it had become her life.

Adelaide had loved Allan from the first moment she had seen him, better than all the world beside. She was proud, sensitive to the last degree, refined even beyond the generality of women. The love that might have been a calm, deep affection became in her case a tumult, a torrent, half of shame, of wounded pride, of despair. The reading of the will had seemed to brand her with a red-hot iron—it made a passion and a tragedy of what had been a kindly, warm, true liking. All the emotion of which she was capable, all the fear, the hope, the sorrow, that had been lying dormant in her heart, were aroused now, and were imbued with love.

She had given up wondering why Allen put her so quietly out of his life; she said to herself that he was a proud man, and that it was not likely he would brook interference in the matter of love or marriage. He could not have done otherwise than put her quietly out of his life as though she did not concern him. But Adelaide had a hope, a sweet, silent hope, which she told to no one. It had come to her like a sunbeam from heaven, and she had brooded over it in her heart until it had become part of her life. The hope was this: As the late Lord Rylestone's heiress, Allan would not dream of wooing her for the sake of possessing the late lord's money. He would never marry her but for her own sake. He might do both. He might learn to love her because he found her fair and true. And on this hope she rested the happiness of a lifetime.

There was no foundation for it, except that at first Lord Rylestone had not thought of writing to her, and now he wrote often. She did not imagine that his sole motive for writing was that he wished her to feel quite at ease about her fortune, and not to suspect that he felt any ill-will toward her for having deprived him of it. Also, he had a sincere wish to become her friend. He had seen that she felt her position deeply, and he desired to make her happier in it. These were the sole reasons why he wrote to her; in addition, her letters had a great charm for him, he was able to appreciate everything that was poetical and beautiful. He never dreamt that she would set more importance upon his letters than they justly deserved, or he would never have written them.

So day by day Adelaide grew happier and more hopeful. She had ceased to fear that he hated her. "If he disliked me, as I thought," she said to herself, "he would never write to me at all." And madame did not require to be over-shrewd to see that after every letter the dainty rose-bloom deepened on the beautiful proud face. Her charge's smile became brighter, and there was even times when madame heard sweet snatches of song from her lips.

The first time that madame heard her really laugh aloud she said to herself, "*Bon*—that will do; no fear of a broken heart after such a laugh as that;" and she mentally blamed Lord Rylestone because he did not show more anxiety to win this fair young girl for his own.

If at that particular period of her life Adelaide Cameron had mixed more with the world, her thoughts and ideas would have undergone some modification; as it was, with fatal fidelity, with fatal tenacity, they were fixed upon Lord Rylestone. He was the one image upon which she meditated by night and by day. She smiled at times to herself.

"How is it possible to concentrate one's thoughts?" she said to herself. "I wonder if ever the time will come when I shall think of other things?"

She had quite determined to live at Walton.

"If I go elsewhere," she thought, "and he should leave England, there will be no interest in common between us; but, if I go to Walton, home and myself will always be side by side in his mind—I shall have a hundred interests in common with him."

She pleased herself with the idea of going there.

"I will spend a fortune upon the place," she said to herself; "I will improve it, beautify it, take such care of it that he will be obliged to own I have cared for no other interest but his."

She amused herself by thinking what she would do and how she would do it; and then one day she said to madame:

"I have quite decided, Madame de Valmy, to live at Walton—at least for a time."

And madame, with praiseworthy self-possession, responded:

"I am glad to hear it. I think it is the wisest thing you could do."

On the very day the brief conversation took place Lord Lylestone was married.

It was some time before Adelaide wrote to him to announce her decision; her letter, addressed to Lord Rylestone, was sent to the club, and from the club it was forwarded to Mr. Estcourt, Woodbine Villa, Marpeth."

Lord Rylestone read it through, and then laid it down with a deep sigh of relief.

"I am thankful," he said; "that will save me an immense deal of truble."

His wife's dark, tender eyes were raised to his.

"What is it, Allan?" asked Margarita.

"Miss Cameron, Lord Rylestone's heiress, has taken Walton Court off my hands. She is going to be my tenant."

A faint flush crept over the fair face. Margarita could not tell why, but she had something like a dread of, a misgiving about, Miss Cameron—a fear too vague for words.

"I wish you would not call her Lord Rylestone's heiress, Allan," she said, gently; "it startles me. I always think you are speaking of yourself."

Her husband laughed.

"The difficulty about my heiress would be that I should have nothing to leave her," he returned.

"Why are you pleased that Miss Cameron should go to Walton?" asked Margarita.

"I can hardly tell you, darling; but I am pleased. In the first place, it is her home, in one sense; and, as I cannot live there, it seems to me most sensible that she should. Moreover, I think she will take more care of the place than a stranger would. That is all. No, I have another reason yet. Miss Cameron's going there will save me the trouble of looking for an eligible tenant. Now you know all the sources of my satisfaction."

She passed her arm caressingly round his neck.

"Allan," she said, "do you think that it is impossible for us to live there?"

"I do, my darling. We cannot live there yet—not for years. Some day I hope to take my sweet wife to the home where she ought to be now; but it cannot be yet."

"Do you like Miss Cameron, Allan?" she asked next, bending her glowing face over his.

"What a question! Yes, I like her; she is very fair, gracious, and high-bred—a thorough aristocrat."

"If you had married her, you would be at Walton now," she said, regretfully.

Lord Rylestone grew slightly impatient.

"I think it unkind of you, Margarita, always to talk in that strain. Surely you know I married my own love—the woman I love better than all the world beside, more dearly than my own life. Why do you wound me by saying such things?"

She kissed his broad brow where the chestnut curls clustered—she kissed his handsome lips.

"That is so like women," he said. "First they wound, and then they cure."

She was standing now by his side, her white hands caressing the thick clusters of his hair.

"I do not think, Allan, you can ever guess or imagine what I feel. I know you love me—I know best how well I love you; but I feel as though I had stepped in between you and the better part of your life—the brighter part of your existence. You cannot understand; I shall only make you impatient. Your love for me has cost you much; you have sacrificed everything to it."

"Would you talk to me in this way if I had not missed the fortune, Margarita?"

"No," she replied, slowly, "perhaps not."

"If you and I, dear, were seated now in my favorite room—the long drawing-room at Walton—would you say one word about my love having cost me dear?"

"No," she answered, "I think not."

"Then you need not say one word now. If I had never seen you, if you had never been born, I should have had just the same destiny—I should have missed the money."

"But, if you had not loved me, you might have loved Miss Cameron," she persisted.

"No, dear; I would rather have slaved, begged, or starved than have married any girl for her money; the very thought of such a thing would have been detestable to me. Sweet wife, believe me, I have crowned my life in marrying you; earth did not hold for me such another gift as your love.

She was obliged to be silent, content; but in her heart there was a fear, a presentiment, about Miss Cameron which she could not explain. She had a vague idea that there was something connected with the money which she did not know or understand. Her husband always seemed to avoid the subject. If she asked any questions, he answered them briefly. She pondered the matter long and anxiously. What could it mean?

All his life, Allan, her husband, had expected to be the heir of Lord Rylestone. He had been brought up and encouraged in habits of lavish expenditure. He had always anticipated the fortune. He had expected it even up to the day of the late lord's death. Why had he not inherited it? What had intervened? Why should this young girl have suddenly appeared and deprived him of it?

The more Margarita thought about the subject, the more perplexed she became. It might have been better if she had heard the whole truth then, instead of finding it out for herself as she did afterward; while Lord Rylestone could not endure to see his wife's beautiful face shadowed by even a passing thought.

(To be continued.)

ALL to whom want is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themselves obliged to learn the sage maxims of our parsimonious ancestors, and attain the salutary arts of contracting expense; for *without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be poor.* The mere power of saving what is already in our hands must be of easy acquisition to every mind; and as the example of Lord Bacon may show that the highest intellect cannot safely neglect it, a thousand instances every day prove that the humblest may practice it with success.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE GREAT CATARACTS OF THE ZAMBESI, OR VICTORIA FALLS, AFRICA, AND OF THE ZIGZAG CHASM BELOW THE FALLS BY WHICH THE RIVER ESCAPES.

MOSIOATUNYA (VICTORIA FALLS), SOUTHERN AFRICA.

By A. H. Guernsey.

The Falls of Mosioatunya, ("Sounding Smoke,") on the Zambesi River, in the interior of Southern Africa, may fairly dispute the supremacy with those of Niagara, which, in some respects, they certainly surpass. They were first seen by any white man, in 1855, by Dr. Livingstone, who had been some years before informed by the natives of their existence and approximate location. On his great journey across the continent, he turned aside to visit them. He, however, remained there only two days, and made only a hasty and partial examination of them. From his imperfect description a very inadequate picture was made, which appears in his "Missionary Travels." He visited them again in 1860, accompanied by his brother, Charles Livingstone, and Dr. Kirke. He remained there about a week, and made a more careful examination of the falls. He sent home a hasty sketch, from which a drawing was made, attempting to give a view of the falls as they would appear from a balloon. This is reproduced in his "Expedition to the Zambesi," published in 1865. While Livingstone was there, Mr. Baldwin, an English hunter, reached the falls from the other direction; he gives scarcely a page of his "African Hunting" to a description. In 1862, Mr. Baines, an English artist residing in South Africa, visited the falls, accompanied by Mr. Chapman and Mr. Barry. They remained there about a fortnight. Mr. Baines made a tolerable survey, took numerous photographic views, and made many drawings and sketches, from which he produced half a score of large paintings, representing the falls as seen from various points. These are as yet the only pictures which give anything approaching an adequate idea of Mosioatunya. In 1863, Sir Richard Glyn and his brother, while on a hunting excursion, went to the falls. We are not aware that he has published any account of his visit. Since that time they have been visited by about as many others. In all, they have been seen by about a score of Europeans.

DOCTOR DAVID LIVINGSTONE, THE CELEBRATED AFRICAN EXPLORER.

The Falls of Mosioatunya are situated in about latitude 17 deg. 55 min. S., nearly in the centre of South Africa—that is, of the portion of continent lying south of the equator, and about 700 miles from the eastern coast. To reach them from the nearest African port, requires a journey of nearly 1,000 miles, which can, at present, hardly be accomplished in less than three months, or six months in going and returning, requiring a considerable party of natives to carry food and other necessaries. The route lies hundreds of miles away from those of present African explorers and travelers. Dr. Livingstone, whose object, as he expresses it, "was not to discover objects of nine days' wonder, but to note the climate, the natural productions, the local diseases, the natives and their relations to the rest of the world," devotes less than a score of pages in both of his works to these falls. Mr. Baines has put forth a much fuller account, and it is not probable that anything considerable will, for many years, be added to our present somewhat scanty store of information respecting Mosioatunya.

The Zambesi, which, under several names, crosses nearly the whole breadth of the African Continent from northwest to southeast, will rank among the great rivers of the globe. Its entire length is about 1,500 miles. Its width just above the falls is considerably more than a mile. For about 70 miles below the falls, it runs through a precipitous ravine only a few hundred feet in width. Emerging from this into the low country, it resumes its former width, with a depth, at low water, sufficient for a steamer of moderate draught, interrupted, however, by several difficult rapids. It discharges itself into the Indian Ocean by several mouths, the main channel constantly shifting and being impeded by sand-bars. It is not unlikely that the time will come when the Zambesi will form an important means of access to the vast, fertile, and healthy region of the interior of Southern Africa.

It is probable that at a period geologically modern, but far antedating all human recorded history, the greater part of Southern Africa was an inland sea, larger than all the great lakes of North America put together. This occupied an elevated plateau, slightly depressed toward the centre, with a rim usually of moderate height surrounding it on all sides. In the course of ages this rim was broken th ough in various places on the eastern and western sides, and through these fissures, which now constitute the channels of several rivers, the great basin was slowly drained. Of the ancient inland sea little remains except the shallow lagoon which we call Lake Ngami, near the former centre. After the drainage of the basin, the Zambesi appears to have flowed for many leagues over a bed of solid basalt, only here and there lightly covered with soil. Then, by some mighty convulsion of nature, this solid basalt was rent asunder directly across the course of the river, forming a deep zig-zag chasm, down which the river plunged, and through which it continued its course for fully fifty miles. The conformation of this chasm constitutes the distinguishing features of the Mosioatunya Falls. The diagram on page 722 exhibits the formation of this chasm in the immediate vicinity of the cataract.

The course of the river is here almost due north and south, and at the falls its width is something more than 1,900 yards, or about one mile and an eighth; a little above it spreads out to about twice that width of perfectly smooth water, dotted here and there by low wooded islands. Directly across the bed of the river is the head of the fissure, running from west to east. Its width at the narrowest place, near the centre, is 75 yards, and about twice as much at the widest part. Its depth, as partly measured and partly estimated by Livingstone, is 360 ft.; but the more accurate measurements of Mr. Baines showed it to be fully 400 ft.—about two and a half times that of the gorge of Niagara, at the falls. Both faces are absolutely perpendicular clear to the bottom. The lower, or southern, boundary of the chasm is a perpendicular wall of black basalt, at one point hardly wide enough for a man to walk along, but expanding in either direction until it reaches a breadth of about 450 ft. The absolute height of this rocky wall is fully twice as great as its average width at the base. About two-thirds of the distance from its western end this wall, here about 200 ft. thick,

is cut through from top to bottom, forming an outlet for the water. From here the chasm runs at the same depth for about 1,200 yards, almost parallel with its former course. It then bends by an abrupt turn to the east for about 1,000 yards, when it again turns equally abruptly to the west for about 800 yards; and then again, somewhat less abruptly, to the northeast, at an angle of about 40 deg. with its original direction. Beyond this its course has not been explored, but Livingstone thinks it pursues a similar zig-zag course for many leagues beyond. The whole region as yet visited, which cannot be more than a mile in a straight line south from the cataract, is a flat rock with a slightly irregular surface, the cope of each of the five precipices dividing the zig-zags of the chasm being level with the bed of the river above the falls; and there being no elevations near, there is no one point from which any considerable portion of the chasm can be seen at a single view. It is altogether unique in its character, the only one with which we are acquainted at all resembling it being that of Trenton Falls, at Paterson, N. J. Here the smooth Passaic plunges into a narrow rift in the head-rock directly athwart its course, the rift again bending back at a sharp angle almost parallel with its original course, and again turns nearly an opposite direction. But, instead of the two turns of the Passaic, the Zambesi has four, at much sharper angles, the channel being fully ten times as long, and eight times as deep, and the quantity of water probably twenty times as great.

It is hard to imagine by what action of physical force this singular rift through hundreds of feet of solid rock has been produced. It is easy to understand the mode in which the gorge at Niagara has been slowly formed. At the present site of the falls there is, commencing from the top, a stratum of hard gray sandstone about 80 ft. thick, resting upon a stratum of loose shale of the same thickness, which, in turn, rests upon a stratum of reddish sandstone, forming the bottom of the channel below the falls. The shale when exposed to the action of the elements becomes rapidly disintegrated, so that it can be easily dug away with a pickaxe and shovel, and falls out by its own weight, leaving an overhanging mass of the sandstone. When the weight of this overhanging mass becomes too great, it falls down by its own unsupported weight into the chasm below. Table Rock, which, twenty years ago, formed so striking a feature of Niagara, has in this manner disappeared, and it is only a question of a few years as to the time when the gray sandstone which forms the roof of the Cave of the Winds, and over which the water of the Horseshoe Fall now pours, will in like manner fall away. The Falls of Niagara are continually receding, changing not only their position but their form. Sometimes for a number of years these alterations are scarcely perceptible; then a noticeable change may take place in an instant. The earliest known description and delineation of Niagara is that of Father Hennepin in 1678—two centuries ago, lacking two years. His picture and description would scarcely be recognised now as one of Niagara, except from its locality, height, and vast volume of water. The difference between an accurate picture of the Falls to-day and one taken thirty years ago, or even half that time, is very noticeable.

Nothing of this kind can ever have happened at Mosioatunya. That great zig-zag rift must have been cloven at a blow. During the ages since when the waters which have flowed over their level basaltic bed first sank into the newly-opened chasm, scarcely a perceptible change can have taken place. Now and then a rock has been detached from the face of the precipices and fallen into the chasm; the lip of the cataract has been a little abraded, but the opposite sides of the chasm throughout its whole length correspond so closely that they would almost fit to one another if they could be brought together. No part of the gorge has been formed by the action of the river itself, not even the opening through the first wall, for the sides of this are as perpendicular as any other portion. It is evident that the basalt cannot have been forced up in a molten state, and the rent caused by its contraction in cooling. If the dislocation were caused by a slow elevation, as though one should fracture a long narrow slip of glass, by pushing from below while the ends were firmly held down, it is not conceivable how the fracture should have taken this zig-zag shape, leaving such long narrow pieces projecting from the unbroken mass on either side, as shown in the diagram. If one were to take a thick sheet of paper, holding one end in each hand, and give a sudden pull sufficiently strong to partially pull it asunder, the rent might assume something of this shape provided the sheet were not of homogeneous texture, but a little weaker in one part than another; but we cannot conceive in what manner such a force could have been applied to a stratum of solid basalt hundreds, perhaps thousands, of feet in thickness. For the present, at least, we must consider the mode of the formation of the chasm of Mosioatunya an unsolved problem.

No civilized man has seen these falls except in the dry season, when the water was at its lowest. It is not then sufficient to form a continuous cataract over the entire length of the edge of the chasm. But the indications are that in the wet season the floor rises from ten to sixteen feet, and then the water, in volume probably not less than that of Niagara, will pour over in a continuous sheet from end to end, interrupted only by two small islands, like Goat and Luna Islands, at Niagara, rising at the very brink of the

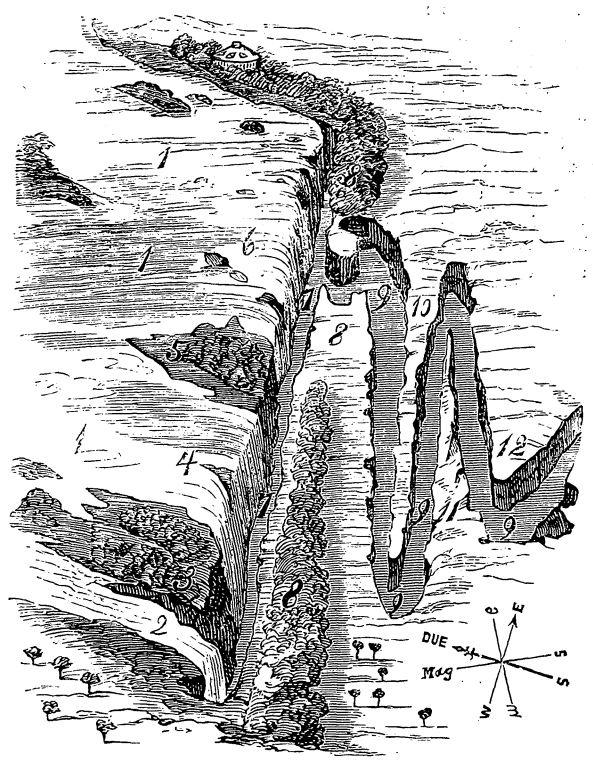


DIAGRAM OF THE FALLS OF MOSIOATUNYA.

1 The Zambesi above the Falls, nearly 6,000 feet wide. 2. The small western fall, "Leaping Water." 3. Boaruka Island. 4. The great western or main fall, 2,700 feet wide. 5. Garden Island. 6. The eastern fall, 2,500 feet wide, broken into separate cataracts. 7. The chasm, 6,000 feet long, 400 feet deep, and from 225 to 450 feet wide. 8. The southern wall of the chasm, broken through to form an outlet for the water. 9. The zig-zag gorge, 400 feet deep, with perpendicular sides. 10. The first eastern promontory. 11. The western promontory, somewhat broken down at its extremity. 12. The second eastern promontory, beyond which the course of the gorge has not been explored.

chasm, which divide the whole into three separate falls, all of the same height—about 400 ft. The first of these, called by Mr. Baines, "The Leaping Waters," at the western extremity, is a little more than 100 ft. wide. Separated from this by the wooded islet of Boaruka, is the great western or main fall, about 2,700 ft., a little more than half a mile wide, broken about midway by a projecting rock. Then comes Garden Island, so called by Livingstone, on account of his having planted a little garden there on his first hurried visit. Beyond, and eastward of Garden Island, is the eastern fall, something more than half a mile broad. When Livingstone was there the river was at its very lowest ebb, and a considerable part of the bed at this portion was dry, the water descending in a score of separate falls. When Baines was there the water was apparently somewhat higher; but his picture of that portion of the cataract which can be seen from the second promontory through the rift in the wall, represents the fall as considerably broken.

At high flood it may be presumed that the falling water has the appearance of that of the Canadian fall at Niagara; but as actually seen it more resembles that of the American fall, only having more than twice as far to descend it is far more broken up into spray. Charles Livingstone, the only man, we suppose, who has ever seen both Niagara and Mosioatunya, says: "The whole body of water in the great western fall rolls clean over quite unbroken; but after a descent of a few feet the entire mass suddenly becomes like a huge sheet of driven snow. Pieces of water leap off from it in the form of comets, with tails streaming behind, till the whole snowy sheet becomes myriads of rushing, leaping, aqueous comets, each with a train of pure white vapor, racing down till lost in clouds of spray, a peculiarity which I had not observed at Niagara." This vast mass of water plunging down into so deep and narrow a chasm carries with it a large amount of air, which, condensed by the pressure, rebounds by its own elasticity and rushes up loaded with vapor. This sometimes, as shown in Livingstone's sketch, assumes the form of eight or ten distinct columns. Mr. Baines in one of his pictures shows these at sunrise condensed into one, looking like a huge wheat-sheaf rising, as measured by the sextant, to a height of eight hundred feet above the top of the cataract, its spreading palm-like top swaying gently hither and thither in the breeze. This column is not dispersed like smoke, but condensed into drops descends, almost upon the spot whence it rose, in the form of perpetual rain; which clothes the tops of the adjacent cliffs, for a few rods, with a lush vegetation of moisture-loving plants. Beyond the reach of this perennial rain the rocks are thinly overgrown with mimosas and other vegetation, which require little moisture. This smoke-like column, which, according to Mr. Baines, has been seen from a distance of more than fifty miles, conjoined with the loud noise of the falls, has given rise to the poetic name Mosi-oa-tunya, literally "Smoke-there-sounds," by which the Makololos, who have recently taken partial possession of the region, designate the cataract. The ancient name was Seongo or Congwe, signifying, according to Livingstone, "The Rainbow" or "The Place of Rainbows," from the double, triple, or even quadruple concentric rainbows which form a striking characteristic of the scene. For these names Livingstone, with more than questionable taste, proposes to substitute "Victoria Falls," in honor of the Queen of England—a change which we trust will not be adopted.

The water which falls into the chasm along its whole length of more than a mile finds its exit only through the vent in the southern wall, at about one third of the distance from the eastern end. This outlet is not more than 70 or 80 yards wide. To this only outlet the water rushes from both directions, forming a whirlpool. Escaped from this, the waters glide with apparent smoothness through the narrow, zig-zag channel, presenting an appearance like those of Niagara as they emerge from the whirlpool some three miles below the cataract. "I use the word 'glide,'" says Livingstone, "wishing to convey the idea that the river, although so torn, tossed, and buffeted in the fall chasm, slips round the points of the promontories with a resistless flow, unbroken save by a peculiar churning, eddying motion. This gives the impression that the cliff must be prodigiously deep to allow all the waters poured into it to pass so untumultuously away."

Above the falls, until within half a mile of their brink, the water is perfectly still and quiet. Here commence the rapids, but so comparatively gentle are they, that the natives descend in their long, narrow canoes down to Garden Island, on the verge of the chasm, and projecting a little into it, from the edge of which one can lean forward and look sheer down to the very bottom of the abyss. They also reascend the rapids by rowing and poleing, with little apparent danger, although the ascent and descent require a quick eye, firm hand, and dexterous management of the frail canoe. Every one of the travelers who has visited the falls has made the trip to the island. The clumsy hippopotamus is often seen disporting in the rapids. These ungainly beasts destroyed the little garden planted upon the island by Dr. Livingstone. Upon one of the trees are his initials, cut by his own hand on the day of his discovery of the falls, the only memorial of the kind made by him in all his long African journeys.

Niagara is the only cataract between which and Mosioatunya any fair comparison can be instituted. The American falls have the great advantage over the African that there are innumerable points from which almost the whole can be taken in at a glance, although every view presents some striking features peculiar to itself. The innumerable aspects of the fall from the top of the banks on either side of the gorge, and from their feet, made accessible by artificial aid, are known all the world over by pictures and photographs. Mosioatunya can be seen only by piecemeal. It is only by mentally combining the separate features, by the aid of the bird's-eye diagram drawn up in perspective from actual surveys and measurements, all the while bearing in mind the immense depth of the narrow gorge, that one can gain anything approaching an adequate conception of the falls as a whole. Thousands of men and women every year descend to the bottom of the Niagara gorge, and look up to the descending mass of water, or bathe their brows in the seething whirlpool. No living man or beast has ever descended a score of yards down the gorge of Mosioatunya, or stood upon the edge of its resistless waters. A striking, to to our minds the most striking, view of Niagara is not seen by one in five hundred of the visitors to the falls. It is obtained from the top of the high wooded bluff on the Canadian bank, about a mile above the cataract. This is far finer than the one from either of the observatories. From this point one looks down along the whirling rapids over the plunge, and down the two miles of the gorge until it is hidden by the bend near the whirlpool. The eye takes in at a glance the picturesque curve of the entire fall. The outline is almost precisely that of a delicate human ear, the Canadian fall forming the upper lobe, the American fall the lower one, while the smooth basin answers to the orifice of the ear. The outline of the Mosioatunya cataract is almost a straight line, although enough broken at points to preserve it from monotony. The picture in Livingstone's "Missionary Travels" presents, after all, little more than a gigantic mill-dam. The rapids above the falls, and the beautiful islands which stud them, which form so picturesque a feature of Niagara, are almost entirely wanting at Mosioatunya; but the lack of these may be considered to be made up for by the magnificent vapory

column of which Niagara has only a feeble representative. Niagara would certainly lose if the rapids were taken away, and then 50 feet of descent added to the 160 of the cataract itself. So we could well spare 50 of the 400 feet of the perpendicular descent of Mosioatunya if we could slope it back into a rapid of a mile or two. Except during the three months of the year when the Zambesi is at its flood, the volume of water is far exceeded by the scarcely varying flow of Niagara; and at no time can Mosioatunya present the solid green mass of water which plunges over the Horse-shoe Fall at Niagara. At flood time the two main cataracts more nearly resemble the American Falls of Niagara, only they are two or three times as broad and high. We think the cataract itself of Niagara more magnificent than that of Mosioatunya; while the immense gorge of Mosioatunya is more impressive than that of Niagara. Charles Livingstone, the only man who has ever seen both the American and the African cataract, and neither of them but partially, gives the preference to Mosioatunya; but to whichever of them the first place should be accorded, there can be no question that the second place of all upon the globe must be assigned to the other. But while around one, civilization is gradually clustering, the other reigns in almost uninhabited solitude.

THE CAT THAT SAVED THE BABY.

"A CIRCUMSTANCE happened in my own neighborhood a few years ago," says Mr. Palmer, "the truth of which I cannot doubt, as it was related to me by a person who was a spectator of the occurrence. The mistress of the house was sitting by the fire, when the cat came to her, and looking up in her face, mewed most piteously. At first, being engaged, she paid no attention to it; but the cat was not to be discouraged by this neglect; she continued her cries, going toward the door, and then returning to the lady in the greatest agitation. These actions were so often repeated, and in such an expressive manner, that she felt curious to know the cause of such uneasiness, though she was reluctant to leave her seat till the cat, extending her claws, *pulled her by the apron.* She could no longer resist the importunity of the distressed animal. She rose and followed her conductor into the small wash-house, where some tubs, partly filled with water, were standing, into one of which the child, nearly two years old, had fallen, and was in danger of drowning. This intelligent cat saved the child's life, and in this instance showed a degree of attachment superior to that commonly observed in her kind. Yet, on the removal of the family some time afterward, she could not be retained in their new habitation; but, in spite of their precaution, returned to her former abode."

A curious instance this of love of home overruling the love of persons in an animal possessed of a fine perception of the relation subsisting between her and her mistress.

THE CAT THAT SAVED THE BABY.—"THOUGH SHE WAS RELUCTANT TO LEAVE HER SEAT, STILL THE CAT PULLED HER BY THE APRON."

NOTHING is more unpleasing than to find that offense has been received where none was intended, and that pain has been given to those who were not guilty of any provocation. As the great end of society is mutual beneficence, a good man is always uneasy when he finds himself acting in opposition to the purposes of life; because, though his conscience may easily acquit him of *malice prepense*, of settled hatred, or contrivances of mischief, yet he seldom can be certain that he has not failed by negligence or indolence, that he has not been hindered from consulting the common interest by too much regard to his own ease, or too much indifference to the happiness of others. The worst of all is that it is difficult, often impossible, to appease the angry feelings inadvertently aroused.

A VASE OF GOLD.—"A PUFF OF WREATHING SMOKE, AN EXPLOSION, AND THE DEATH-BOLT, HIDDEN IN THE VASE OF GOLD, HAD PIERCED HER BRAIN."

A VASE OF GOLD.

THE old Greer mansion of Hawkeshome stood high above the sea. The ocean-winds beat upon it, and the white curling waves leapt about it; but, unstirred and haughty as the proverbial Greer pride, it stood frowning upon the surrounding landscape.

The race were English.

Hawkeshome had been built after the old ancestral home in England, where the Greers had lived in wealth and pride for centuries. The old family mansion had been burned and pillaged in the reign of King Oliver; but the American Hawkeshome, with its solid masonry and old trees, twisted by the sea-winds, seemed as aged and stable as its ancestral model.

Here generations of the family had lived and died. Here, at the time my story opens, dwelt Professor Saville Greer, Llewellyn, his son, and Raphaella, his little daughter. The lovely mother had long since crossed the dark river. The little girl was supplied with a governess—a quiet, pale-faced girl—Celeste Grey. Plain, unpretending, she seemed at first sight almost out of place in that abode of vaulted roofs and art-rich panels, with grace and luxury at every side; but the dead mother had known the spirit that hid in that small breast—pure, great for sacrifice, sweet with love. She had, as it were, breathed an inspiration, and said:

"For my sake, treat Celeste Grey as a daughter and sister. I trust all the future of my little child to her—my motherless daughter whom I must leave."

So, for five years she had dwelt with them, homeless but for that stately roof—appreciated, cherished by the proud Greers, who were said to care for no living thing but their own blue-blooded kin.

But, necessarily, Celeste Grey's life was a lonely one. The old professor was devoted to scientific pursuits, and spent the most of his time in his laboratory. His mind was abstracted, his manner reserved. If aroused from his silent habit, he was paternal, kind; but it was generally understood in the family that demands upon the attention, and intrusion upon the time, of the professor were not desired. He lived the life of a recluse.

The care of the vast Greer property had been early left to the care of his son Llewellyn.

A frank, mercurial, ardent spirit, with a brow of light, a heart of courage, Llewellyn Greer was the personification of the better family qualities. Generations of culture and cool blood had established his brave, bright Apollo aspect. An unusual executive ability rendered him master of the situation early made his by the distaste of his father for business transactions and the duties of wealth. Though much absent from home, he was, to all practical effects, the master of Hawkeshome.

Celeste, therefore, was left alone with her little charge—Rae, they called her—a beautiful child, eight or nine years old.

But only a child. A bright, sensitive thing, with eyes of angelic innocence, and a smile of willful naughtiness; a

witch, a sprite, a pet; the pride of her father, the plaything of her brother. To Celeste was left the formation of this child's character. Faithful, patient heart! Safely had the mother trusted in Celeste Grey.

On this Winter of which I write, Hawkeshome was unusually quiet. Llewellyn was away—abroad on a three months stay in London. With him the cheer of the house was gone. Rae's piano and the almost noiseless passing of the soft-footed servants were the only sounds of the great, rich, silent mansion.

At a window Celeste could hear the lashing of the tempestuous sea. Far away it spread, tossing its white caps, salt and cold. The gulls piped over. Distant sails seemed shivering and fleeing before the blasts.

Celeste went to the library one day, for a book. The old professor looked up from his manuscripts.

"My dear, I hope Llewellyn will not think of returning until the Spring opens."

The winds whistled vindictively about the towers of Hawkeshome. It seemed eloquent with menace to Celeste at that moment.

"I hope not," she murmured, in response.

She went up to her chamber. Llewellyn's dog, Marquise, who always attached himself to her in his master's absence, lay stretched on the crimson rug before the fire. He rose, went to the window, looked out over the stormy water, and whined.

Rae, curled up on a lounge, with a book of fairy tales, looked up.

"He is afraid something will happen to Llewellyn," she said, in a soft, grave tone, peculiar to her at times.

It was the otherwise unspoken fear of the household.

But at last they had a letter from him that he should not embark until the last of April.

An absence of two months longer than was expected.

Celeste Grey's gentle lips turned white with disappointment. And yet she did not know her own heart. She was lonely, she thought; the dismal weather oppressed her, when the tears *would* come. As she wore her pale face, old Temperance Darrah, the housekeeper—the only one who suspected her secret—looked at her sharply.

"Always love, love, when one is young," she muttered. She was a strange, silent old creature, but faithful to her master's family.

Celeste had a vision one night. It was not a dream; it was a single face which appeared and haunted her after she was awake and had risen—a woman's face, young, ruby-lipped, broad-lidded, with trailing, vine-like hair, and polished, voluptuous shoulders.

"No human being was ever so beautiful," she said to herself, and then turned to the mirror of her dressing-table with an earnest look. Her reflection gazed back at her with intentness—pale, plain. No, that earnest face had little beauty.

"I should love to be beautiful," murmured Celeste.

The Winter broke at last. The sea glittered in the April sunshine. The marshes took on a faint green. Gay carriage-loads of pleasure-seekers rolled across the beach. Rae begged to bathe in the surf, which was not yet warm enough. Celeste eagerly examined the newspapers, looking for the arrival of the *Europa*.

At length it was announced.

But that night there came, also, a secret messenger to Hawkeshome. The icy fingers of Death touched the pulsations of Professor Greer's heart as he slept, and in the morning the household looked upon the still form and pallid cheek, appalled!

The sole daughter of the house clung, scared, silent, and appealing, to Celeste. It was her first understood experience with death. She had been too young to understand when she lost her mother. Celeste wept with her, and the house of death awaited the coming of Llewellyn Greer.

Marquise, the old hound, after sniffing at the cold hand of the master of Hawkeshome, and looking into face after face of the distressed family, disappeared.

He waited all night at the railroad station, ten miles distant, and came back in the carriage with his master. The news did not meet Llewellyn until his arrival there. He had telegraphed to them from New York of the train he would take.

The telegram had been addressed to his father. He arrived to learn of that father's lifelessness.

The awed and agitated servant told him blunderingly. The young man faced him sternly.

"Bob, what are you talking about? You are drunk!"

"Swear to hebben I ain't, sah! It's true enuf! Marse Saville's gone to his Almighty rest, and de family's all waitin' fur you to come home, an' tell 'em what to do."

Llewellyn saw the tears in the eyes of the white-headed old servitor. The shock was so great that he turned physically sick, and, falling among the cushions of the carriage, silently motioned for Bob to drive homeward.

Pushing away the trembling dog which fawned upon him, he alighted at the door, held open by another half-frightened servant.

As soon as he stepped forth in the hall, they all crowded about him—men, women and children. But, for the first time, they saw him utterly unmanned. Taking his little sister in his arms, he bowed his face upon her golden hair, and wept. For the great Greer love was strong as the Greer pride.

By-and-by he obtained command of himself. The duties

A VASE OF GOLD.—"'FLORE, YOU DID LOVE ME!'"

of the situation were assumed; and on the following day all that was mortal of Professor Greer was laid in the family resting-place.

Little Rae's grief was so deep, for her years, that Celeste gave her unceasing attention. She left her sleeping, at last, and stole down into the dim library. A white Minerva gleamed in a corner; there was a glimmer of gold along the book-shelves; the air was scented with the faint fragrance of Russia leather. Face downward on a sofa lay Llewellyn Greer.

She spoke his name. He sprang up.

He drew her to the sofa. As the child had done, he twined his arms around her, pressed his cheek against hers. With unutterable tenderness she comforted him. Such griefs were old to her. All, to the last one, of *her* household gods had been laid low. She knew by heart such sorrow. Tenderly as a sister she pressed her cool palms upon Llewellyn's throbbing temples—soothed, with her pure magnetism, the strain of excited feeling. By-and-by the clock struck eleven. Llewellyn sat up.

"Dear little Celeste, what a comfort you have ever been to us all!"

A soft light from an alabaster globe in the hall stole in on them.

"But you are looking ill and tired. I must not keep you up," he added.

"But, Llewellyn, you must not lie here grieving all night."

"No; I will retire."

He looked down at her fondly, and let her go.

She slept sweetly that night. A sense of peace hung over her when she arose and stood before the mirror of her dressing-room, brushing out her long hair.

There came a little rap at the door—Temperance Darrah's little rap.

"Come in!" called Celeste.

"Thought I would come up and see if you were sick, Miss Grey," said the old creature.

"No; I am very well," Celeste answered.

Mrs. Darrah gathered up some soiled towels—pushed the *jardiniére* of tulips into the sunlight—caught the reflection of Celeste's face in the glass.

"Thought you *might* be—up so late last night."

Something in the tone brought a sudden red to Celeste's cheek. She turned about, fixed a surprised, questioning look through the vail of her hair, upon her visitor. Old Temperance looked back, meaningly.

"What do you mean?" asked Celeste. "What do you mean, Mrs. Darrah?"

"Well, Miss Grey, I don't expect any thanks for what I'm going to say—not me. I expect you'll be angry with me; but I think it's my duty to warn you, 'cause I'm old and you're young, and don't know much of the evil of this world. You was sitting alone with young Mr. Llewellyn last night till past eleven o'clock. Now, I know you are a good, innocent girl—too good to *think* of harm, unless others would swear to it; but 'tain't every one believes in human natur' as I do; and I must—I *must* warn you, Miss Grey, that you can't go on living in this way with Mr. Llewellyn, now his father's dead. You'll lose your character. 'Tain't proper!"

"But—but," stammered Celeste, "this is my *home!* I have no other. The professor has been dear as a father to me; and there's Rae——"

"Yes; but you ain't her sister, and you ain't Mr. Llewellyn's sister; and I've my thoughts about your loving him as a sister. Now, you needn't turn so white, or blush, either—folks can't help the voice of natur'; I don't cast no blame on you for that, and I *can* keep a still tongue; but there'll have to be a change made, if your good is taken care of. And, now, if you're a sensible girl, as I think, and will listen to the caution of a well-meaning old woman, you will bear me no ill-will, but just take care of yourself, though I should miss you out of the house sadly—I should, indeed, my dear."

Celeste could not speak for the beating of her heart and the choking of her throat. She turned silently to the mirror, mechanically arranging her hair, and Mrs. Darrah slipped out.

When Celeste came down, Llewellyn had had an early breakfast, and driven away on business to the next town. Little Rae, exhausted by grief, still slept.

The Spring sunshine came softly in at the windows, all the bright, luxurious house was beautiful, but Celeste wandered in the rich rooms with a sick heart. Every familiar and perfect object tortured her; her heart ached with dread and terror and unspeakable misery, and so the wretched morning passed.

They had told her that Llewellyn would not be back until night. She longed for his coming, and yet, dreaded to see him. What should she say to him? Where was she to go? And then, with a throb of wild joy, she realized that he would never, never consent to her leaving Hawkeshome—she felt that she was dear to him, dearer than she dared acknowledge; the remembrance of his voice, his caressing hold, upon the previous night, thrilled her heart with a momentary warmth and comfort. Yes, he must know what old Temperance had said; but that he would wish her to go, she did not for a moment believe. But then came the conviction that Llewellyn Greer, unmanned by grief, was not the one to appeal to—to take counsel with.

"*Should* I go away now, that there may be no tempting when he comes, and is kind, sad, and needing me?" she murmured, pressing her face against a pane, and looking off over the mocking, bright waters.

Everything without was so bright and glad!

Suddenly a hand was laid upon her shoulder. She glanced up. Llewellyn Greer looked steadily down into her face.

"They have been talking to you, the fools!" he said. "Celeste, you are looking wretchedly. What is the matter? Tell me the truth."

She tried to speak; the words stopped in her throat.

"I know," he said. "I thought, and came home, though I had business which might have detained me until night. Celeste, I can only say one thing; will you stay here as my wife?"

A rush of blinding emotion made her giddy. She sank into the cushioned armchair beside her, and buried her face in her little hands.

"For I cannot let you go, dear Celeste."

He bent close, and kissed those little hands. Ah! so tender, so good, so beautiful! No wonder she worshiped him.

But she looked up at last, heavy-eyed, with quivering lips.

"No; don't say that, Llewellyn. Because I am old and poor and plain—only a governess. And you are—a Greer, the noblest one of a proud family. Your father would wish me dead if he knew you said such words to me. Is there not some other way we can plan it? For I *do* not wish to go!"

Her face fell into her hands again. Her voice had broken upon the last word, and sobs shook her delicate form from head to foot.

"Celeste, it is I who am not fit for you," was his only answer,

He held her in his arms, and kissed all of her face that was not hid. Lovely little heart—the temptation was too great. She yielded inch by inch—clung to him at last, giving kiss for kiss.

"Only a year older than I. That is not very venerable, Celeste," he said, with a smile.

HOUSE-TOPS IN A TARTAR VILLAGE.—SEE PAGE 731.

The engagement was to be kept secret for the present, and a plan to fulfill this purpose was made.

Llewellyn was to send for an aunt in the South, Mrs. Walford, a widow.

"Aunt Heloise has been twice married—first to a Deslonde, of Baltimore. She has one child, whom I have never seen—a daughter, I believe," said Llewellyn. "They will readily come here, for the sake of relationship, the sea-air, and change."

A letter was sent. Without delay, the Walfords arrived at Hawkeshome.

Mrs. Heloise had all the worst qualities of the Greers. She was brilliant, arrogant, suave, selfish. She dressed like a queen, and had a temper like a spoiled child. With all this, she was a good housekeeper, for the servants were afraid of her, and dared not disobey.

She instantly took the reins at Hawkeshome, and drove all before her.

Flore, her daughter, was beautiful, elegant, just seventeen years old. Quiet, with almond-shaped eyes, and an indolent smile.

"Isn't she beautiful?" asked Llewellyn, coming to Celeste in the window that night, his eyes full of surprised delight.

"Your cousin—yes." Then she added, softly: "I wish I were pretty, Llewellyn."

"*You?*" with a look of surprise. "It would *spoil* you!" and he laughed aloud, kissed her lightly, and went back to the others.

He was much more with them than with her, since it was necessarily part of the programme they had worked out.

Still, as time passed, Mrs. Walford found occasion to say:

"My dear Llewellyn, you treat Rae's governess with marked consideration."

"I was not aware that my attentions were observable," was the careless answer.

"A very plain girl. I am fond of pretty servants—it is one of my idiosyncrasies," observed the lady.

"We value Celeste for her worth, and her devotion to Rae," replied Llewellyn.

"Homely people generally are very good," returned Mrs. Walford. "Flore is going down on the rocks to see the sunset. Will you take her shawl, Llewellyn?"

He sprang up, and Celeste, still sitting at the window, saw the two going over the illumined rocks. For one little moment she regretted her stipulation—that the engagement should be held secret.

"No, it is better not to be stared at—commented on. I am just as happy," though Flore's laugh came back, enticingly. "By-and-by——"

Rae had come to the foot-stool at her feet, and fallen asleep, with her head in her lap, before the two figures came sauntering over the rocks in the purple twilight. But there was light enough for her to mark thoughtfully how perfectly suited to each other the young, graceful, patrician figures were. She had never observed this before, though they had been much together.

But Celeste Grey had no fear, because she believed that Llewellyn Greer loved her. For years she had been dear to him. The pretty face of his cousin pleased his fancy—nothing more.

She rolled Rae's curls over her fingers, still looking out into the fragrant night, all quiet save the waves lapping the cliffs unceasingly. Suddenly—on the rocks—she saw a man's figure.

A young man—heated, perhaps, by the ascent, for he was fanning himself with his straw hat. His form was youthful, elegant. He leaned negligently against a tree—one of the wind-twisted old trees peculiar to the spot—and Celeste thought she could see that the head was Byronic, the hair black and curling.

Soon she awoke Rae, and led her to her nurse. Then she slipped out on the wide south stone terrace. Llewellyn would find her out for a little moment's talk. To say good-night—to retail some little happening of the day in confidence—to ask softly if she were happy—to put a loving hand again on her silken hair.

But before he came a faint, silvery whistle stole through the darkness. Then a white dress rustled softly past her, glimmered on the terrace-steps, disappeared among the trees.

"Who was that?" asked Llewellyn, suddenly, at her side.

"I do not know. Perhaps it was a servant."

"It may be that it was; but—but I thought I observed the perfume that Flore uses. And now, little one, how has the day gone?"

Celeste hardly knew the name of intrigue. How should she guess the truth — that the waiting stranger was Flore's lover, nephew to her mother—Gaspard Deslonde—and forbidden her. A young, reckless Southerner. Mrs. Walford had gladly come North to separate Flore from him. All her ambition for this world—or the next—was centred in her daughter.

Celeste spent one happy hour with Llewellyn Greer. How long it was before she knew another!

Flore Walford, like most people, dreaded her mother's furious temper. She was frightened when, standing at her chamber-window, on her return from her walk with Llewellyn—her cousin—she heard Gaspard Deslonde's signal-call, and knew that he had followed her from The Limes to Hawkeshome. She rushed down to meet him, and, trembling with excitement, met his glad, glittering eyes.

"My darling!" snatching her in his arms, and rapturously kissing her.

"Oh, but, Gaspard, you should not have come here! And you have a cigar, too! Pray put it out, or mamma will see it—and my white dress! Let us go further away from the house. Why *did* you come here, Gaspard?"

"Why? Because I love you, my beautiful."

"But mamma, if she finds it out, will be dreadful. She will storm at me—beat me, almost. And you must give up hoping anything of me, Gaspard. Mamma never will allow me to speak to you if she can help it."

He knew she was in earnest, for she trembled with agitation.

"It's chilly here—I must not stay," she murmured.

"And you will go without a kiss, a word of love?" he cried, passionately. "Flore, you *did* love me! Those evenings last Summer——"

"Yes, yes!" she answered, nervously. "But I didn't think. And there is no use in caring now. I can't marry you. Mamma always conquers me. I might as well do as she wants me to, first as last. Oh, Gaspard, don't look at me so! You break my heart!" and then she burst out crying, in the darkness.

It was midnight before she stole back into the house, exhausted with emotion.

Early the next morning, Mrs. Walford's standing quarrel with old Temperance Darrah broke out at some new provocation, fancied or real, and Flore's pale face and languid movements escaped her mother's notice. But Celeste observed that Flore's exquisite cheeks had a soft pallor, and that she ate little breakfast. Yet she saw it only to watch wistfully that beautiful face, and to wish for a little, only a little, of that perfection of contour.

A TAME PANTHER MAKING TOO FREE.—SEE PAGE 731.

That evening Mrs. Walford called Flore into her dressing-room.

"Shut the door, my dear, and lock it," not observing her daughter's quick breath. "I hope the walls haven't ears, as they say. You may do my hair to-night, instead of Rosa. Flore, I want to talk with you. What do you think of Hawkeshome?"

Flore's first thought was that her meeting with Deslonde had been detected. She slipped behind her mother's chair, threading out her black braids with slim, unsteady fingers. But her secret was undiscovered. Mrs. Walford's thoughts were on another track.

"Superb, isn't it?—the old place. You never saw anything like it, did you, Flore?—though The Limes is pronounced a fine estate. But this is like the old English home of my ancestors. And Llewellyn is wealthy. I may as well tell you, my dear, that we are *not*. Your father's habits—well, they made bad work of my property. We have only the place, our home, and if war comes, as is threatened, we shall be absolute beggars. How do you like your cousin Llewellyn?"

"He is nicer than any one who comes to see us at The Limes."

"Certainly he is. I am glad you have sense enough to see it, Flore, since he is worth several hundred thousand dollars, and can keep his wife like a princess."

The cool, pink dressing-room was full of the scent of rose-water. Flore's marvelous eyes looked thoughtful as her mother could desire.

"There must be a mistress here, of course. Why not *you?*" continued Mrs. Walford. "My dear, my hair is just dripping with that rose-water! What *are* you doing? As I was saying, Llewellyn must have a wife, and though *he* probably does not give much thought to the subject, *yet*, here we are in the house, and you know your attractions, Flore. There, that will do. I think I have said enough for the present. Rosa makes the braids a little closer, but it will do. Go to bed now, and wear your rose-colored cashmere in the morning. You are looking pale, now I look at you. That insolent Darrah woman has insulted me so to-day——"

Flore escaped. She went to her own room. Yes, Mrs. Walford had said enough.

Celeste was passing through the hall as a gust of wind blew Flore's chamber-door open. The latter was standing before the long cheval-mirror, triumphing in her own beauty. Her white loose robe had slipped from her polished shoulders—the wax light was striking her ruby lips, broad lids, and clinging, tendril hair.

"My dream!" murmured Celeste, with a start.

The thought of marriage with Llewellyn was not alone Mrs. Walford's; the deliberate intention was. But Flore followed her lead, and adopted that readily. At her age, Heloise Greer had had the same voluptuous, easily-swayed temperament which her daughter now possessed.

And now no wonder that Llewellyn Greer ceased to remember that there were such things as death and sorrow in the world. All that two attractive women could do to make his life a paradise was done. And all the good cheer, the music, the gayety, circled about Flore's beautiful figure; her presence lent the most potent charm to every hour. To this end she lived. She was fired with ambition, and her mother artfully fanned the flame. She spread before her glowing pictures of her future, as it would be when she dwelt at Hawkeshome, its mistress. She pointed out changes to be made—a hothouse added (to supply flowers for evening parties), a terrace raised here, a rockery made there, until the wish to become the mistress of Hawkeshome grew with Flore into a passion. She studied her powers, her charms, as never before. Rapidly she developed from a weak, idle, beautiful girl, into a handsome woman of bold passions and bad principles.

Celeste felt the presence of evil. There was that in Mrs. Walford's hard, black eyes, in her daughter's flush of loveliness, that gave to her sensitive heart the alarm. She drew Rae into closer companionship, while a profound astonishment filled her that Llewellyn did not see as she saw.

Day by day she beheld them flatter him, blind him, win him from her pure influence and tender love. Warn him she could not; reproach him she would not. A month, six weeks, and she saw him so changed as to be utterly infatuated and in love with his lovely young cousin.

"He never loved me!" said her aching heart.

She believed that he had felt for her only pity, kindness, and that it was but fitting that one younger and more beautiful should win him from her. But a sense of void and desolation began to crush her. She strove to be patient—to be true to herself—to let no anger or bitterness stain her soul; but ever a shrill voice within her seemed calling: "Cruel! cruel!"

If she had made an effort to counteract the Walford influence! for she had more power than she knew. But she had no disposition to make such an attempt. She was humble, and yet proud, in her way.

The long, lonely evenings that came to her while the sound of piano and guitar rose up from below! The confused, miserable days, in which even the child in her care noticed that she had no heart in the lessons once so carefully given.

A crisis came at last. She was alone in the school-room, when there came a light knock at the door. It was pushed open, and Llewellyn Greer entered.

She rose up, pale, her eyes dilating with surprise.

"Celeste!"

He came and took her hand kindly; she felt that that was all. His blooming face had in it a look of concern, little of deeper feeling. She pointed to a seat, sank into another, knowing that all hope was gone.

"I wish to talk with you, Celeste. You will listen to me?"

"Certainly."

"The change, you know—you know I could not help it," he stammered.

"You could not help it—no," she repeated, quietly, holding down her breaking heart.

"You cannot care much for such a fickle fellow," he continued, with an uneasy laugh. "You must have decided that it was all a mistake."

"Yes, a mistake," she murmured, a strange, physical sickness making her, for a moment, both deaf and blind.

She took no sense of what he was saying, though he continued talking with comparative composure and ease.

But what did those mere words matter?

"I told you that I was not the one for you, at first, you remember, Llewellyn," with a faint smile.

"Well, I don't love you any less than I did then, you know. You will be happy here, as you have always been."

Did he, then, know so little of the wants of her nature as to imagine that she had ever been happy, alone, unloved?

"I will see you again, to talk with you about this Celeste. But I have an engagement now. You——"

Then came a silvery call, gay as a bird-note, through the grand old halls.

"Llewellyn! Llewellyn!"

He sprang up.

"My cousin and aunt—they are waiting for me to drive with them. You are sure you do not blame me, Celeste?"

"I do not blame you, Llewellyn;" and she gave him her hand.

He pressed her icy fingers, but not with love's warmth—oh, she knew so well the difference—and then he was gone, talking merrily with Flore Walford on the terrace below. And there was no further conversation with Celeste.

What could she do but school herself to patience? There was no need of her leaving Hawkeshome. Mrs. Walford matronized it most effectually. And the child Rae was the only living thing left her to love. So the Summer days went by, so dark for her, so bright for others.

Yet there was a shade of comfort in the tender blue of the Summer sky, the solemn voice of the pines, the refrain of the restless, ever-seeking sea, when she must needs go out among them with Rae. She felt then that the *end* had not yet come.

Yet the wedding was announced. And then the house was filled with the bustle of preparation. Mrs. Walford, in the most amiable of moods, displayed to Celeste Flore's beautiful *trousseau*. The filmy laces, the masses of soft embroidery, the sheeny silks.

When the bridal morning came she saw them put upon the young beauty the vail and orange-blossoms. The guests came—gay strangers—and in the bright morning of a September day, Flore Walford and Llewellyn Greer were married.

In the old library the wedding-presents were laid—works

of art in marble, gold, and silver; jewels, pearls, diamonds, and emeralds. Rare pictures leaned against the wall; dainty devices for the bride's use were crowded together in lavish abundance everywhere.

"But here, this is something I have not seen," exclaimed happy Llewellyn, lifting a quaint, delicately wrought vase of gold from the table.

"Nor I!" chimed in Flore. "How charming!"

"That," said Mrs. Walford, "is a gift from Gaspard Deslonde, Flore. It came but a few moments ago, with a note requesting that no one opened it but yourself. It is locked, you see—this tiny lid—and here is the key. Perhaps you had best open it now. A lovely thing! Very nice in Gaspard. I have thought—but, never mind. What does it contain, Flore? Perfume?"

For the tiny lock clicked under the girl's slim hand. She bent close, eagerly. A puff of wreathing smoke, an explosion, and the death-bolt, hidden in the vase of gold, had pierced her brain. She fell back against those around her, disfigured, dead!

Vainly the awe-stricken guests pressed to the aid of the appalled mother and panic-stricken husband. The least they could do was to hide the dead bride's distorted face from their staring eyes—to bear her rigid form to her chamber.

A cruel—a horrible revenge!

"Find him—find Gaspard Deslonde! Find him—kill him—hang him!" screamed the maddened mother.

But he was never found. He had planned his work too well for that.

In that terrible hour of his young bride's death, the bloom of youth was stricken forever from the face of Llewellyn Greer, and his hair turned white like an aged man's.

As soon as she was buried he fled from his home. He went abroad. He was absent years.

Years, during which Mrs. Heloise Walford made her third marriage, and left Hawkeshome to the undisputed sway of Mrs. Darrah—the peaceful home of Celeste and Rae.

The beautiful child was a tall young girl—the long, soft tresses of her dear sister-friend were thinned, when there came journeying back to the home of his birth a tall, grave man, with chastened brow and hair, white as with age, above bright and piercing eyes. After he left Rome, he never staid until he knelt before Celeste Grey.

"Celeste, I have come over land and sea, many, many miles, to plead like a beggar for the only pure woman's love my life has ever known. I will serve seven years for it, if needs be, but you *must* restore it to me at last."

She wound her slight arms about him, pressed her cheek to his, as she had done in the day of his old sorrow.

"That love has ever been yours, Llewellyn."

Another marriage, 'neath that stately roof—a true one. And to-day the Greers—a mighty race—are noted for love, and not for pride.

A TARTAR VILLAGE.

THE house very greatly resembles, in several respects, those inhabited by agriculturists in more civilized European countries. Dispensing with the intricacies and mysterious disposition of passages and apartments found toward Tientsin, they consisted only of a quadrangular courtyard. On the upper side was the dwelling-house, with large, open windows on each side of the doorway, through which the female portion of the family might be seen spinning cotton or renovating the household apparel.

The roofs, however, are flat, and, as in most of the eastern countries, a favorite resort in the cool of the day for work and pleasant chat and music.

Mules and ponies are busy in the courtyard threshing the wheat grown on fields separated from the grass land.

Little groups, presided over by a mother or grandmother, attended to the grinding of the millet or wheat for the dinner, and carefully brushed it under the stone roller that was made to revolve on a pivot at one end by the younger branches of the family.

The crops are all stacked, and the stacks and haycocks stood around after the fashion of our own; but they were better made, I think, for more pains appeared to have been taken to preserve them. Their conical tops had a roofing of sun-baked mud to render them completely waterproof; while, to prevent them being blown down by the severe gales that visit this exposed part of the country, thick ropes were passed through and over the stacks, to which heavy stones were hung. Great square harrows with long iron teeth, and curious sowing-machines, seemingly but little used, lay in corners, and the rude carts for farming purposes, and the red-topped, hearse-like vehicle for family excursions, were ensconced in outhouses near where the spare beasts of draught were tied, heads up, to posts before wooden or stone troughs.

A TAME PANTHER.

A PANTHER which had been tamed and kept for some time at the palace of the King of Ashantee, one morning broke the cord by which he was secured. The castle gates were immediately closed to prevent his getting away, and, after some time, Sai (the name of the panther) suffered himself to be caught, and was led quickly back.

On one occasion when let loose he caused great alarm to a servant, who was sweeping the hall with a short broom, by suddenly leaping on her back. She screamed so loudly that the governor, who heard the noise, came to her assistance, and rebuked poor Sai for mounting up so high before he was invited.

He was remarkably fond of lavender water, and once caught hold of a gentleman's scented handkerchief and tore it to pieces. Mr. Bowdich used to indulge him twice a week by pouring a little lavender-water on a sheet of paper which Sai rolled himself on and rested until the smell had evaporated.

Some years later he was brought to England by Mr. Bowdich and presented to the Duchess of York, who placed him in Exeter Change, but his life was short; he soon after died of inflammation of the lungs.

THE WISDOM OF FOOLS.

I HAVE have often heard it said, as a common proverb, that a wise man may be taught by a fool. If you are not perfectly satisfied with the replies of a wise man, take counsel of a fool; it may be that, by so doing, you will get an answer more to your mind.

At Paris, in the house of Petit-Chastelet, before the cook-shop of one of the roast-meat sellers, a certain hungry porter was eating his bread in the steam of the roast-meat, and found it, so seasoned, extremely savory. The cook took no notice. At last, when all the bread was devoured, the cook seized him by the collar, and wanted him to pay for the smell of the meat. The porter said that he had sustained no loss at all, that he had taken nothing of his, and that he owed him nothing. As for the smell in question, it had been steaming out into the street, and in this way was wasted; such a thing as selling the smell of roast-meat in the street had never been heard of in Paris. The cook replied that the smell of his meat was not meant to feed porters, and swore that if he did not pay he would take

away his truck. The porter seized his cudgel and prepared to defend himself.

The altercation became serious. The idle people of Paris ran together from all parts to witness the dispute. Thither, àpropos, came Seigni Joan, the fool, a citizen of Paris. Seeing him, the cook said to the porter:

"Shall we refer our difference to the noble Seigni Joan?"

"Agreed," replied the porter.

Then Seigni Joan, having heard the cause of their quarrel, commanded the porter to take a piece of money from his belt. The porter put a Philippus in his hand. Seigni Joan took it and put it on his left shoulder, as if to try its weight; then made it ring on the palm of his left hand, as if to hear if it was good; then placed it close to his right eye, as if to see if it was properly stamped.

While all this was done, the idle people waited in profound silence, the master in steady expectation, and the porter in despair. At last he made it ring on the counter several times. Then, holding his bauble in his hand as if it were a sceptre, and muffling his head in a hood of martin skins, each side of which resembled an ape's face, first coughing two or three times, he said, in a loud voice:

"The court decides that the porter who has eaten his bread in the fumes of the roast meat has paid the cook according to law, with the sound of his money. The said court ordains that each retire to his own house without costs."

And this sentence of the Parisian fool appeared so equitable, in fact, so admirable to the above-named doctors, that they doubted, if the matter had been brought before the Parliament of the said place, even before the Areopagites, to be decided, if it would have been settled more legally.

THE WISDOM OF FOOLS (BY RABELAIS).—SEE PAGE 731.

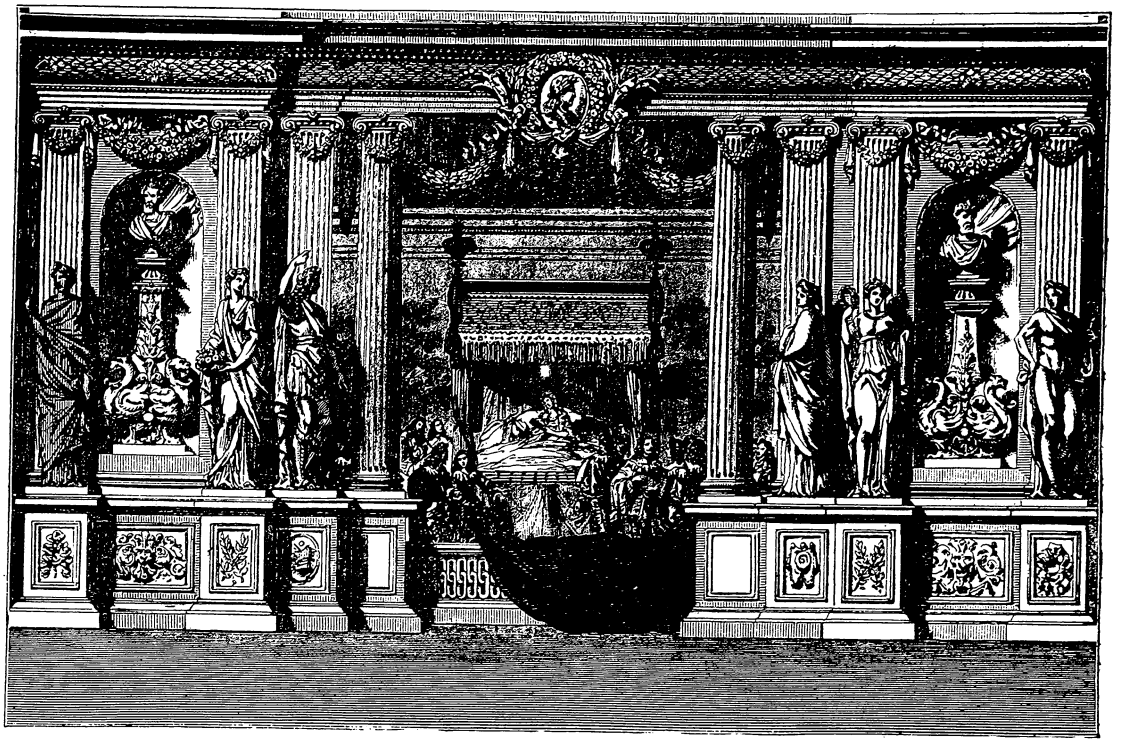
BEDS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

In all ages a bed has been a symbol of rest, and when it is remembered that the human race spend at least one-third of their existence there, it becomes a very interesting piece of furniture.

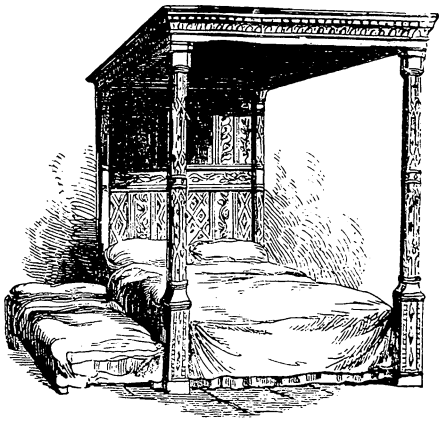
Anatomists have decided that the recumbent is the most agreeable position for the wearied frame, and the common voice of humanity has practically adopted it. The Romans in the decline of the republic, considered it as the best position for their feasts, and hence their drinking-horns were framed to suit it. Recent discoveries in Pompeii show the peculiar construction of the table and couches placed around it. They certainly present the most perfect picture of indolence, and are well calculated to inspire the genius of conversation, according to the dictum of Epicurus, who said "that activity of mind was best secured by total rest of body."

Great conquerors have cared little for this bodily rest; and Cæsar, Charles XII., Napoleon, and Wellington spent little of their time in bed. The latter occupied for the last thirty years of his life the little camp iron bedstead which he had carried with him in his campaigns. But these men are exceptions to the common race of mankind, and very few are insensible to the luxury of a comfortable bed.

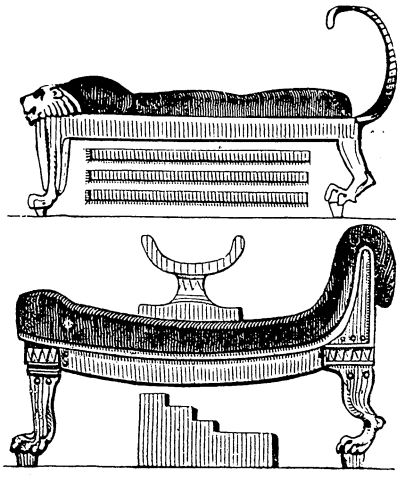
English and American taste has generally associated the bed with the deepest privacy; and the same idea is prevalent in all civilized nations, with the exception of the French, who have for the past two centuries allowed the sanctity of the bed-chamber to be invaded with impunity, and made it a throne to dispense ceremonies from.



A FRENCH RUELLE OF THE 17TH CENTURY.



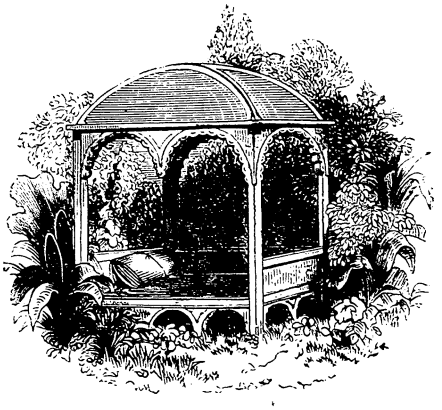
BED IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.



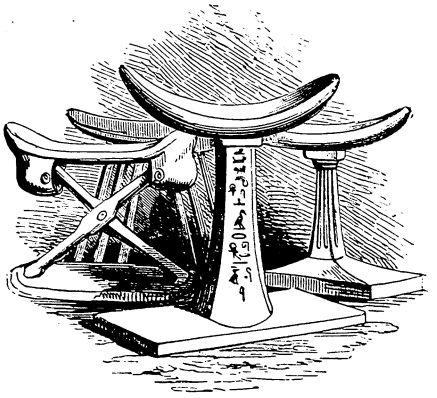
ANCIENT EGYPTIAN COUCHES.

Our first illustration represents one of those extravagances called *Ruelles*, so fashionable in the days of Louis XIV. and his successor. Then the high-born dames of France gave their grand receptions in bed, where, propped up by thick satin pillows, they entertained their visitors of both sexes. This frivolous custom, so repugnant to Anglo-Saxon civilization, was the rage in Paris for three reigns, commencing in that of Louis XIII., and dying out with that of Louis XV. The severer taste of Marie Antoinette, caused this equivocal practice to be discontinued, and she endeavored to introduce better and simpler habits into court society; but the canker of vice had invaded the ruling classes too deeply to be stayed, and the whole system culminated in the French Revolution, which swept Louis XVI. from the throne of France, and caused the death of himself and his amiable queen.

It is a singular fact in history, that the punishment generally falls upon the least guilty of the monarchs, since they are generally the most amiable and consequently the weakest. The approach of a great crisis in a nation is invariably preceded by a demoralization in the manner of the people, more especially of the women. If this is true



ORIENTAL GARDEN BED.



ORIENTAL PILLOWS.

generally of all civilized nations, it applies with tenfold force to France, where all the governing intellect is concentrated in Paris. No one city rules either America or England, but the *Grande Nation* is certainly ruled by Paris. It is only those thoroughly conversant with French History who can be aware of the fearful frivolity, verging on depravity, of the upper classes of the ancient *régime*. This moral deterioration is generally harbingered and accompanied by great financial and official corruption; the result of the great luxury, which necessarily demands extravagance to support it.

As the Romans grew luxurious they adopted the effeminate manners of Eastern nations, more especially the Egyptians.

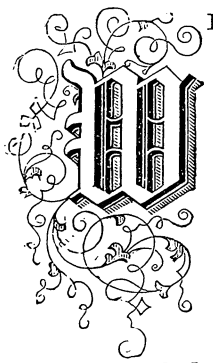
The picture we give of these couches and head-rests, which are facetiously termed pillows, will probably amuse our readers as answering very little to American ideas of comfort. It must be confessed that they seem poor substitutes for those luxurious lounges and satin cushions which tempt our fashionable dames to slumber.

Even the famous four-posters of England, such as Queen Elizabeth rested her tyrannical form upon, are clumsy adaptations, compared to those now patronized by the ladies of our own land.

The large four-posters of England frequently contained secret compartments for treasure and important documents. Not many years ago, in breaking up one of these antique bedsteads in Nottingham, England, a number of gold coins, and some correspondence of the times of Henry VII. were found concealed. The lord of the manor claimed the treasure, and a compromise was made by the finder with him. The *El Dorado* was in the bed-posts, which were very massive.

In some countries where the air is very salubrious the residences of the rich have a sort of Summer-house adjacent, which contains a bed. Here, in very oppressive weather, the master takes his repose.

BRIEF GLIMPSES OF THE DANUBE.



WITH the exception of the Volga, the Danube is the largest river in Europe. It rises in the courtyard of the palace of Donaueschingen, in Suabia; and, after traversing a course of 1,800 miles, enters by five mouths into the Black Sea. Although not so famous in song or romance as the Rhine, it is a grander der river, and presents, at intervals, stretches of scenery so varied, bold and magnificent, as to both surprise and enchant the tourist. Its importance as a great highway of trade and commerce to the land-locked territories through which it passes, becomes obvious at a glance when we take up the map. Crossing Wirtemberg, Bavaria, and Austria in an easterly direction, it holds its way until it reaches Gran, in Hungary, where it suddenly alters its course, and, describing a right angle, flows directly south as far as Vukovar, in Sclavonia, when it again resumes an easterly course, which it pursues with some irregularily, taking a northerly bend in Roumelia before it is lost in the Euxine.

This mighty volume of water flows through some of the most beautiful and fertile tracts, and reflects many of the finest vineyards in existence. The wines of Hungary stand unrivaled in the markets of the world to-day, while so fruitful are some of the islands of this great river, that they have been distinguished by the epithet "Golden."

Many of the ruins that are to be found on the banks of this lordly stream are famous, both in history and in romance; and no inconsiderable portion of the structures that have withstood the shock of ages, along its course, are most imposing in every relation.

It must not, however, be imagined that throughout its whole extent this river presents one unbroken line of beauty and of picturesque life on shore; for there are vast stretches of it that creep most sluggishly through flat and inhospitable regions where the land lies low and swampy, and where anything approaching tillage is totally out of the question. Yet the grand artery itself is all astir with traffic, carried on by means of craft, some of which, for unwieldliness and discomfort, are almost without a parallel.

Perhaps no other inland watery thoroughfare in Europe presents a more varied and interesting population. It enters Hungary at Presburg, which is a grand centre of trade, although not a place of such importance as Pesth or Buda, or as Gran, even, at the great angle just alluded to.

While descending the Danube toward Vienna, on passing the rapids below Ile Woorth, you encounter a promontory of massive granite towering above you, bleak and bare; and on its summit, close by the brink of the frowning steep, stands the magnificent Abbey of Moelk, with its huge copper, turban-shaped cupola, that glows like fire in the setting sun. The library of the Benedictines of Moelk consists of twenty thousand volumes; and the wine-cellars of the abbey were stocked so amply in 1809, that sixty thousand pints a day were served out from them to the French troops for four days. This abbey, of which we give an illustration, was built by the architect Prandauer. It contains three hundred and sixty-five windows. The view from these, whether up or down the river, is superb. A German tradition, which seems to violate the truth of history, makes the name Moelk come from "*Mea dilecta*"—the expression of Cæsar on approaching it in one of his campaigns. This, it is alleged, became the name of the place, which was subsequently corrupted into Medlik, to become, at last, Moelk.

On leaving Vienna by steamer for Presburg, the first objects of marked interest which attract the attention of the tourist, are the castle and town of Durrenstein, situated in Lower Austria, and about forty miles from the capital. This castle, of which we give an illustration also, and which, with the town, belongs to the House of Starhemberg, has been rendered famous as the prison of Richard Cœur de Lion, who, in the twelfth century, was, on his return from the Crusades, held captive here for fifteen months, by Leopold, Duke of Austria. The story is one of intense interest to the lovers of romance. The place of Richard's captivity being unknown, a faithful and favorite minstrel of his, named Blondel, determined to visit every fortress of note in Europe, and to sing beneath its walls a refrain which he well knew would be recognized by his royal master, should it happen to reach his ears. Wearied and disheartened with disappointments and wanderings, he at last arrived beneath the walls of the donjon keep in which the hapless monarch had long been brooding over his fate, when, on repeating the sounds once so familiar to Richard's ear, his heart bounded with joy the most unspeakable, on hearing them returned, in the well-known voice of the king, through the gloomy loop-holes of the prison. This led to the ransom of Richard, on the payment of 150,000 marks, which his English subjects at once forwarded to his captors; and hence the romantic interest which invests this castle and the picturesque little town with its five hundred inhabitants.

As we slowly steamed down the broad and majestic river from this point, the deck of our vessel presented a most interesting illustration of the various nationalities and costumes known to the regions watered by this grand thoroughfare and its tributaries, as well as to some far removed from its course. Magyars, Sclavacks, Wallacks, Jews, Germans,

and gypsies were scattered in groups here and there; while a few Turks and Greeks, in their picturesque attire, stood aloof from the noisy concourse, in that dreamy Oriental repose which not unfrequently bespeaks great vacuity of mind. The captain and crew were found most obliging; although the incessant interrogatories and the noisy manner of many of the passengers were, at times, most trying.

Among those on board were two Hungarian officers, in their magnificent uniform, who appeared not only gentlemen, but every inch the soldier. The deference paid to them, and the readiness with which their slightest behest was obeyed, were a sufficient index to the true nature of the government of the country. The Hungarian's love of splendid attire is not to be outdone by any other people. The luxury which the wealthy display in the liveries of their servants is truly incredible. Almost every gentleman has a huzzar, fully equipped, for his valet, and some have all their footmen in the same dress. These uniforms are, at times, covered with gold or silver lace; and it is somewhat startling to a foreigner to find himself served at table by a dashing huzzar, bewhiskered and spurred as fiercely as if he were handling a sabre instead of presenting a knife and fork.

As the passengers became better acquainted with each other, the spirit of commerce began to slowly awaken amongst them. Some of the small packages that were stowed away along the deck were gradually opened, and Jew and Gentile began, as usual, to prey upon each other. Some Sclavack peasants, in their gay blue petticoats, with a deep edge of bright red, and with snow-white handkerchiefs gracefully folded over the head and neck, produced baskets of fruit, which they dispensed for a trifling consideration on all sides. Here a knot of gypsies were singing and thrumming their guitars; and there a number of Jews were displaying small cases of jewelry, some specimens of which had a most suspicious appearance. Between decks there was a considerable quantity of manufactured goods of various kinds, and some passengers of the poorer class, who ate brown bread and drank sour wine.

As we moved along we encountered numerous water-mills, whose wheels were turned by the mere force of the current. These consisted of simply two flat boats, with the wheel between them; and wherever the position was favorable, ten or twelve such contrivances might be seen in close proximity to each other. In the Winter season they are drawn up on the shore, where they remain until the time for the resumption of their operations returns.

Before the introduction of steamboats on the Danube, the trade of Vienna and Pesth with the southern ports of Hungary, as well as with Wallachia and Turkey, was inconsiderable and laborious. Now, however, the case is different, for the amount of carriages and furniture shipped annually from the Austrian and Hungarian capitals southward is very great indeed. This fact was obvious from a description of a portion of our cargo; the return freight being generally made up of wine, oil, wool, and corn, although the latter is usually shipped in large quantities in boats adapted to the trade, and that are rowed down the river, and then dragged back again by men and horses conjointly, much after the manner of our canal boats. More recently, however, this trade is facilitated by steam-tugs; as its necessities require more rapid transit than had been previously accorded to it.

The first place of importance between Presburg and Pesth is the Fortress of Komorn. It boasts of having never been taken, and, therefore, has set up a small statue of a maiden on its walls. Below this the course of the river is agreeably marked by hills famous for their vineyards and the Nesmüller wine—one of the highest flavored and most costly in Hungary. Then comes Gran, the birthplace of St. Stephen, the patron saint of Hungary. It is the seat of the Prince-Primate, and said to be the richest see in Europe; its revenues amounting, as alleged, to half a million annually.

On leaving Gran the scene becomes delightful, the mountains on either side of the river—the hills rising precipitously from the water's edge. While passing the scattered ruins of Wissegrad, one of the passengers, who appeared a person of refinement and education, made some inquiries of the captain regarding the locality, when that urbane gentleman, who had not deserted his station on the paddle-box for hours, descended to the deck, and, pointing to the long reaches of placid and deep water through which we now began to move, informed us, pleasantly, that as all would now, for some time at least, be plain sailing, he should tell us a strange and terrible story connected with the place:

"It was," he said, "early in the fourteenth century that Pope Boniface VIII., on finding the extinction or failure of the race of Arpad, placed Carl Robert, King of Naples, on the Hungarian throne, declaring the kingdom a fief of Rome. Prostrated by war, the Hungarians yielded so far as to accept that monarch, but they paid dearly for their weakness, for, with the new king came courts and tournaments, and pomp, luxury, and looseness of morals within the walls of Wissegrad. Following the example of his relative, Carl Robert, Casimer, King of Poland, then on a visit to Wissegrad, suddenly surprised Clara Felizian, a lady of the court, and a creature of surpassing goodness, beauty and purity, and, notwithstanding her prayers and tears, violated her chastity. The queen, it was said, jealous of her charms and of the king's admiration of them, was in some measure accessory to the crime.

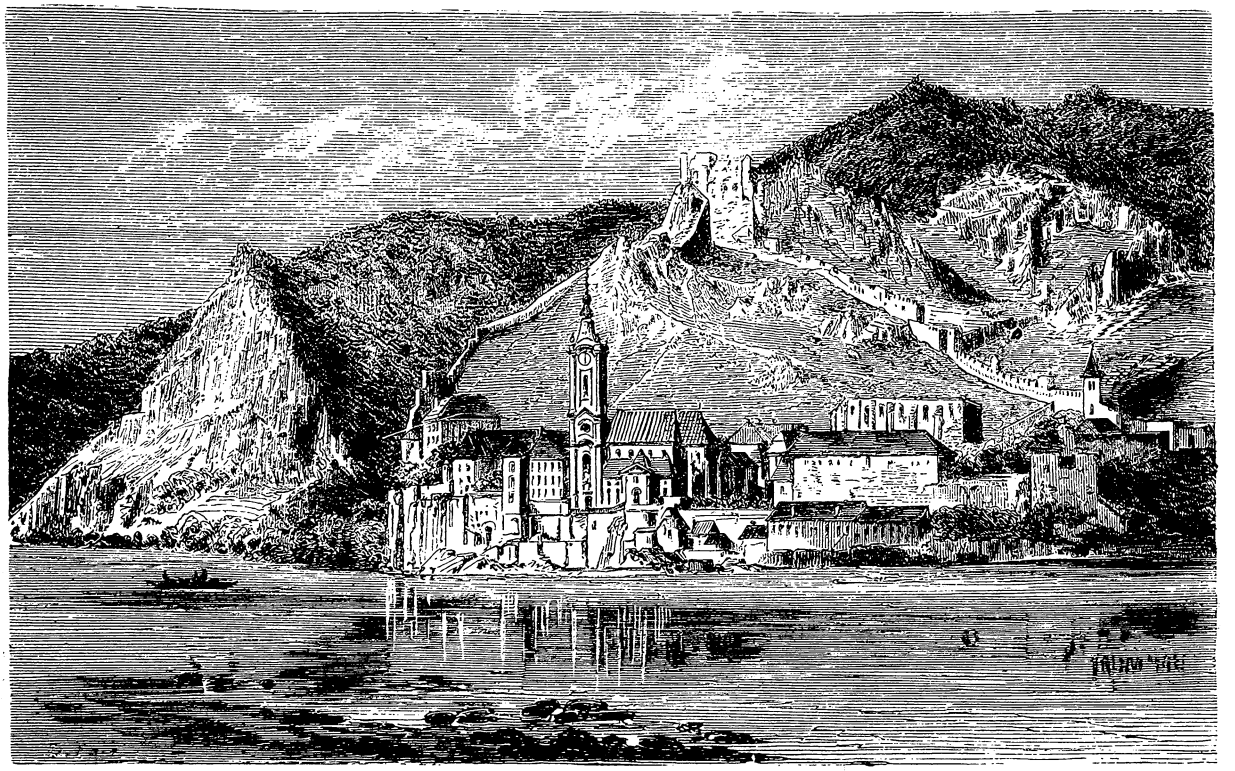
"The moment Clara could escape from the court she fled to her father, an old and faithful officer of his majesty. No sooner did the poor old man hear the fatal disclosure than, crazed with rage at the shame put on his name and family, he sped to Wissegrad, and unannounced gained admission to the castle, when, rushing, sword in hand, into an apartment where the king and queen were seated at table with their two children, he, in his mad rage, cut and slashed about him, wounding the king, and striking off four fingers of the queen's hand before the domestics were able to take his life.

"If the revenge was bloody, what can be said of the cruelties with which Carl Robert subsequently satiated his rage? The innocent cause of this tragedy was seized, and suffered the mutilation of her hands, nose, and lips, and in this condition was led through several cities, to the cry of 'So perish the enemies of the king!' Her body, and that of her young brother, were then bound to horses' tails, and, when lifeless, thrown to the dogs! Even the most distant relations of her family, who could have taken no possible part in the affair, were seized and executed, in order that the whole of the race might be extinguished."

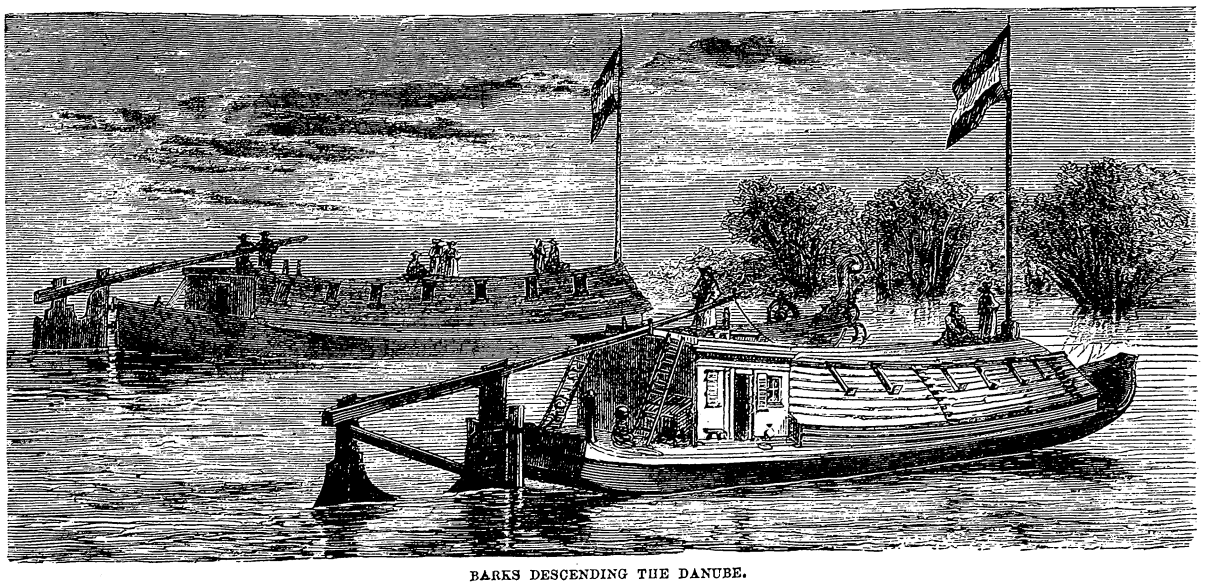
So ended the captain's story.

A remarkable feature of the Danube is the fishermen's huts one sometimes meets, erected over the water upon posts, much after the manner, one might suppose, of the villages buried beneath the Swiss lakes that have long commanded so much attention. These huts, which are quite primitive, are occasionally congregated into little hamlets, which have a very odd effect. As you approach them, a few sheds, such as are shown in our engraving, are to be met along the bank, while the river, in every direction, is alive with boats.

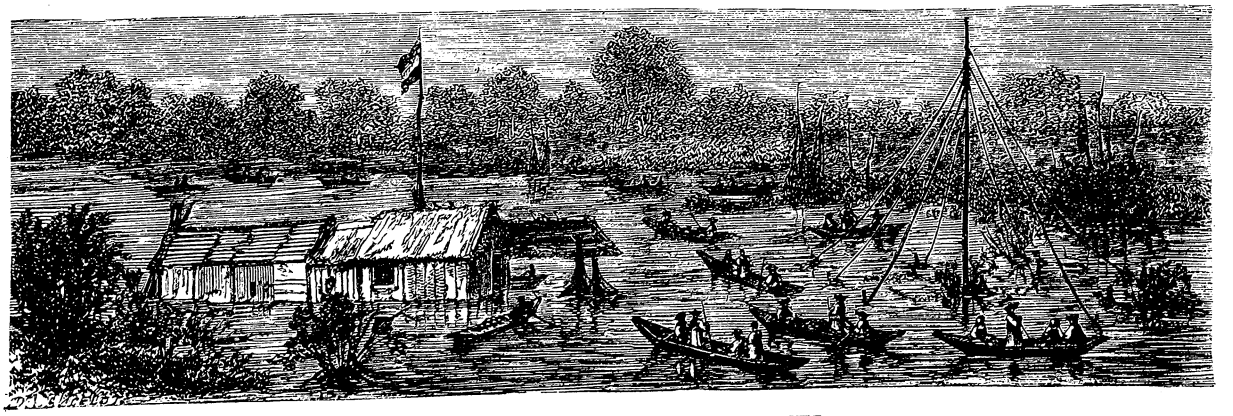
As we were passing one of these stations, which was filled with, to us, a most unintelligible jargon, we procured some splendid fish; and learned that in some parts of the river toward the south, there were found sturgeons of enormous size—some of them so large that, when placed on a cart, the tail trailed the ground. The scene was at once singular and animated. The nimble motions of the fishermen as they dragged their spoils into their boats, and the seemingly aimless manner in which their flat-bottomed vessels shot about



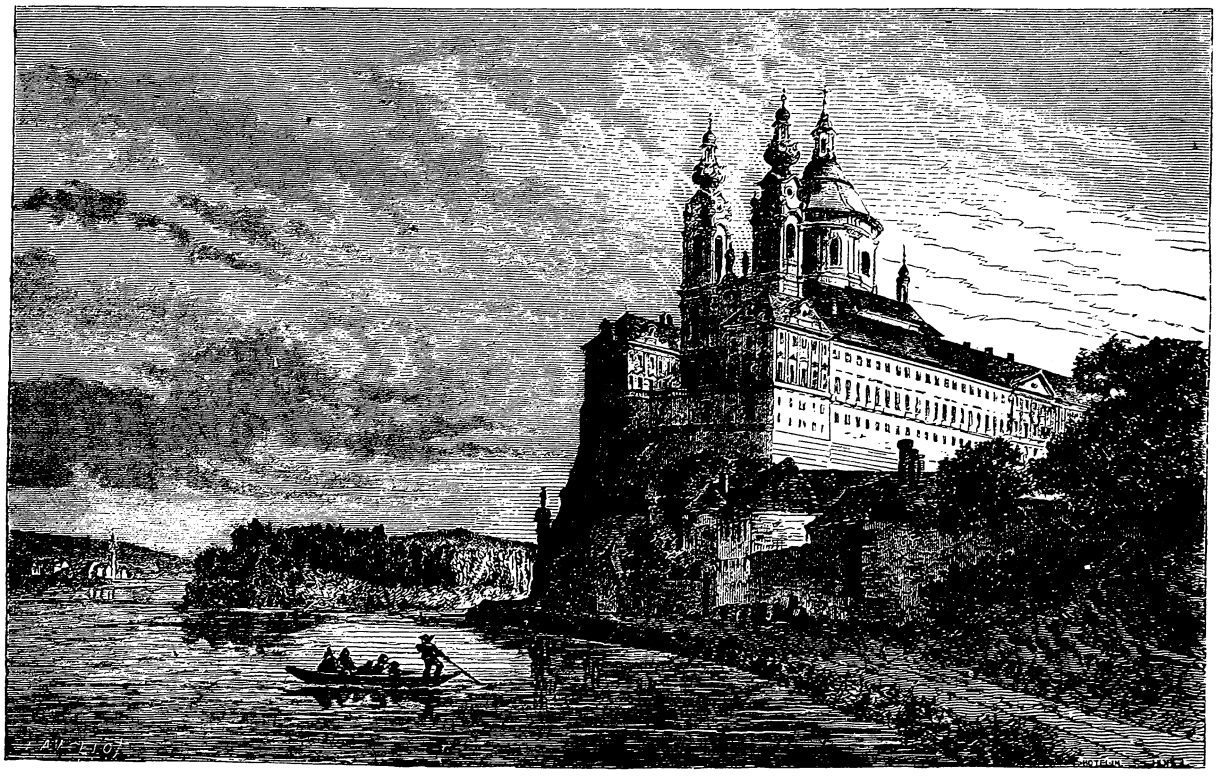
THE CASTLE OF DURRENSTEIN, ON THE DANUBE, CŒUR DE LION'S PRISON.



BARKS DESCENDING THE DANUBE.



A FISHING VILLAGE AT APATHIN, ON THE DANUBE.



THE ABBEY OF MOELK, ON THE DANUBE.

A PUSZTA HAY-BOAT DESCENDING THE DANUBE.

FISHERMEN'S HUTS ON THE LOWER DANUBE.

from place to place, among a perfect Babel of tongues, were most interesting and amusing.

It is a remarkable fact that, until quite recently, the Hungarian boatman seemed to be utterly insensible to the value of a sail. And this is the more extraordinary, as on the Servian side of the river, sails had been long in common use. The Hungarian, however, was content to observe the customs of his fathers in this relation, and to let his bark—such as will be found illustrated elsewhere—float down to market, guided by its huge helm, or propelled slowly by rowers, or by the adroit working of the long handle or lever inserted into the rudder. As previously observed, this sort of craft was long drawn by horses and by men, against the stream, with a cargo or without one. And to such an extent had use become second nature with the hands and owners of such vessels, the enormous waste of time and labor in accomplishing long journeys in this way up the river was never taken into consideration.

Some of the arms branching from the mighty stream in its course, or, rather, attempting to force their way along some other route, are absolutely of greater width than the parent source itself. Where the shores are low and the water sluggish, great stretches of land along the banks are submerged when the river rises. This accounts for the deserted appearance which characterizes some portions of its course, and the absence of human habitations at those points liable to be invaded, although at certain seasons of the year they appear quite inviting. In such localities, or rather, where they obtain, the navigation becomes difficult. The force of the current expending itself laterally, and the volume of water diffusing itself over large tracts, the deposits become dangerous, inasmuch as the stream has not sufficient force to keep its own bed clear. When, however, the whole body of the river is confined between more precipitous banks, and within narrower limits, it rolls on most majestically indeed.

A TURK AND HIS THREE WIVES, ON A DANUBE STEAMER.

Pesth and Buda are magnificent cities. They are joined by a bridge across the Danube, and may be said to form the capital of Lower Hungary. No finer specimens of architecture are to be found in Europe than are to be met with here. From this point we took a new steamer, and although a few only of our former fellow passengers joined us, we soon found our decks crowded with Turkish and Servian merchants returning to Belgrade, and with quite as heterogeneous a crowd as had marked our journey hitherto. The fare on this steamer was capital, and indeed the same might be said of the one we had just left. At some points of our route, however, where we had been constrained to spend a night on shore, we found the accommodation most wretched in every possible relation. In addition, we had not taken the precaution to provide ourselves with sufficiently heavy overclothing for the river travel; for let it be observed by all intending tourists, through this portion of the world, that the mornings and evenings in Hungary, no matter what the season of the year, are generally chilly.

Below Pesth, for some distance, the scenery is not very inviting, but the number of islands in this part of the Danube is very great. Some of them are of considerable extent; but others merely serve to break the monotony of the vast volume of water. Floating water-mills marked the approach to nearly every village that we passed. On our way we encountered several of the barges or barques already referred to, and many small canoes, as well as some of those flat-bottomed boats which, on the firing of a gun, put out from the shore to take off passengers. We saw a great number of wild ducks, also some beautiful white hawks. The pelicans, which are so common lower down, were not to be seen here. Nor was the white heron to be observed either. But, then, this is not to be wondered at more than the fact, that the beaver, which is quite common above Vienna, is rarely or never met with in Hungary.

From the Puszta, which is a vast plain in Hungary used for pasturage, come large quantities of hay, which, during the Summer months, is brought to market in what is called a hay barge. We give an illustration of this vessel with its load, as we encountered it from time to time, on the Danube. As the bow of the vessel is hidden from the person who steers, one of the party, as will be perceived, stands on the top of the load in front, and holds in an upright position a long pole, the top of which is in view of the helmsman; and this is the compass by which he steers, following its motions to the right or left, as the one in command may deem necessary to incline it for the safety or progress of the craft. During the passage those seated in the centre of the load generally beguile the time by singing. The hay is piled upon timbers extending, as will be seen, beyond the sides of the vessel, so that a large quantity can be shipped at a time; and it is, moreover, built up in such a manner that it can be readily handled and unloaded.

On our second day out from Pesth we passed the embouchure of the Drave—a fine river extending from the centre of Hungary along the north of Sclavonia and Croatia and throughout the whole of Styria, and which brings into connection many populations shut out from seaports. The scenery about here is varied by an occasional ruined castle and by slight elevations of land eagerly seized upon for vineyards. Further on we stopped for a short period at Vukovar, where there is a pretty monastery. Soon we passed a low range of hills with vistas, through which we caught beautiful glimpses of green valleys, white cottages, and graceful spires. Early next morning, after having dropped anchor through the night for fear of accident, we arrived at Peterwardein, a strong fortress. On the opposite side of the river is Neusatz, a commercial town, chiefly inhabited by Greeks. Soon afterward a long bend of the

river brought us to Karlowitz, a pretty little town at the foot of a hill covered with vines, and where a celebrated wine is made from red and white grapes, which, from its peculiar color, is called *Schiller*. This place is the seat of the chief of the Non-united Greek Church in Hungary, and contains a lyceum and a theological school of that religion.

Amongst the various modes of transit down the Danube is the passenger raft, represented in our engraving. The illustration reminds us strongly of those masses of hewed and round timber that we encounter so frequently on Lake Champlain and the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Rivers, on their way to Quebec and elsewhere. The house for the accommodation of the raftsmen on these latter waters is, of course, much smaller than the one shown here, although in every other particular the rafts appear similar. Time being no object to the class of passengers that patronize this style of conveyance on the Danube, the journey is spent most pleasantly in music, carousing, and flirtation. At the termination of the voyage the primitive structure shares the same fate as the American or Canadian counterpart—it is taken to pieces, and placed on sale in the lumber market.

Near Karlowitz we met a steamer returning from Moldova, heavily laden with goods—wool, honey, iron, tobacco, and wine! Pigs, also, form a very important item of trade between Servia and Vienna. The Servian pig may really be called a beautiful creature—strange as the adjective may sound in some ears. As we near Semlin, in our downward course, the banks become more flat, and the river, that had been but a quarter of a mile wide a short way back, begins here to extend. Semlin occupies an angle formed by the junction of the Danube and the Save. It is memorable as the Mala Villa of the first crusaders. A short period after we had quitted Semlin we fired a salute to the garrison of Belgrade, which returned it promptly. This token of respect on our part was offered rather to the Belgrade of former days than to that of the present time, which is but a shadow of a glory of the past. Its hill is still covered with walls and towers and massive gates, but the whole bear the impress of ruin and decay. As we passed a few Turks were seen lying along the banks of the river, while others were watering their horses. To complete the picture, some Servian women were standing up to their kees in the water, washing. The town, which lies a little beyond the fortress, has a most beautiful and picturesque appearance, with its domes and minarets peeping through the dark cypress foliage.

When at this point, and where for the first time since we embarked on the Danube, we met a sail, it was interesting to witness in use, at the same moment, the three systems of navigation—the Hungarian, the Turkish, and the English. On the Hungarian bank of the river upward of forty men were slowly and laboriously dragging an immense barge against a strong current; on the opposite, or Servian, side of the stream, the lattine sail bore the Turkish boat swiftly before the wind; while in the middle of the river the grand invention of the steam-engine set wind and tide at defiance, and carried a superb floating-palace proudly and irresistibly against both.

A new feature now along the Hungarian shore became an object of interest and inquiry to us. This consisted of small mud huts raised on posts, and before which sentries were pacing. These structures were placed about half a mile apart, and, as we soon learned, were the border guard-houses, to repel or give notice of invasion.

A few miles below Belgrada the Temes, another fine river, pours its waters into the Danube, and the hills on the Servian side become exceedingly pretty. Here and there are a few huts, and open patches in the woods covered with vines and Indian corn. These huts contrast strangely with the magnificence of the Turkish residences that were still almost in view, while their inmates knew bu little of the wealth and luxury which characterize some the harems, and which are enjoyed by the favorite wives the rich Osmanli, upon some of whom fabulous sums ar frequently expended in ornaments. A glance at our en graving, representing a wealthy Turk displaying a pricele necklace before his three wives, will give some idea of on phase of private life among this voluptuous people, an excite our wonder at the passiveness and apathy displaye by the ladies in the presence of such a temptation. How ever, we need not be premature, as the gift does not appea to have been yet awarded to any of them.

Three hours along these frontiers brought us to Semen dria, now shorn of its glory, but formerly the seat of Pasha. As we advanced beyond this point, the river gre wider and wider, while the banks, in the setting sun, seeme an impenetrable wilderness of morasses and forests, convey ing an idea of the Mississippi. In the morning, after havin dropped our anchor for the night, we reached Moldova, nea which we saw some vultures. The river that had been wid and open, now became walled in between rocks, creatin rapids which, at low water, are troublesome.

Convenient to this point, or close to the Barbakay Rock our voyage down the river terminated; but we incline t the belief that we had already seen a fair sample of th scenery of the latter, and the life upon its shores and it broad bosom. The Babakay Rock received its name fro the following incident:

A jealous old Turk, who had bought a beautiful youn wife, took it into his head, on some trifling pretext, that sh had not been as circumspect with regard to true believe less advanced in years as she might have been. Becomin satisfied, however, that his surmises, wrong as they mus have been, were pretty nearly correct, he enticed the youn creature to accompany him to this rock, which is precipi ous, and juts out into the middle of the stream. Here h left her to her fate, crying, as he rowed away from he "Babakay! babakay!" which, in the Turkish language means, "Repent! repent!" Whether the young lady too his advice or not, does not appear; nor is it known whethe she was ever rescued from her perilous situation by any o her friends or relatives. The chances are, however, that sh made herself heard, before she had remained perched on th cliff for any very considerable period, and that she was res cued, perhaps, by some unbelieving dog of a Christian wh had been the cause of all the trouble.

On our way back to Pesth, we were frequently amuse and edified with accounts of Hungarian ghosts and robbers We are not prepared to say to what extent the former actu ally infest the country, but there can certainly be no doub as to the existence of the latter in some of the forests border ing the highways. We are inclined to doubt the chivalry attributed to these, and from the simple fact only, that the are frequently found disguised in women's clothes. Thi seems to squeeze the true and bold romance out of thei manhood, and to dwarf them, as it did Mr. Jefferson Davi on a certain memorable occasion.

Our voyage up the river was not characterized by any in cident worth relating. Our progress being slower, however we were enabled to note many places and ruins which were glanced at but cursorily on our downward journey. On one promontory we observed the remains of a massive structur which must have been formidable in its day. It had bee built, as the legend went, by a noted robber, who had be come so powerful that he laid the whole of the surrounding country under tribute, and had so terrified all within th scope of his arms, that none ventured to dispute his sway A condition of affairs so undesirable soon reached the ear of the young emperor, who marched against him in person and laid vigorous siege to his stronghold, but who, finally

A VILLAGE MIDNIGHT.

was about abandoning the attempt to reduce it, when, one day, he perceived a cord with a piece of paper attached to it, let down from one of the narrow loopholes of the donjon keep. Seizing it hastily, and finding it written upon, he perused it with avidity. It was dropped by a lady who had for some time been held a prisoner in the castle, and who apprised him of a secret passage by which the fort could be entered without discovery, as it had been known to the robber-chief only, until accidentally discovered by her.

Acting promptly upon this information, which he felt satisfied was no ruse to betray him, the young monarch, following the directions given in the missive, repaired at night, with a chosen body of his soldiers, to the point indicated, when there, in conformity with the information received, he perceived a secret passage whose entrance was overhung with vines, and which enabled him and his men to enter the fortress silently, and without giving the slightest cause for alarm. In an instant the guards were overpowered, and the chamber of the robber approached without his having the slightest idea of what had occurred. When the emperor reached the door of the apartment, he heard loud cries for help from within; when, suddenly bursting it open, he and his followers discovered a lady of surpassing beauty in the clutch of the robber. At a single bound the outlaw was laid dead at the feet of his intended victim, and the lady freed from his perilous grasp, which refused to yield even in death. The emperor, struck with her beauty, and her fidelity in placing the castle and its vile horde in his power, became enamored of her, and, as she was of high rank, subsequently made her his queen. By his orders the fortress was demolished, and thus it had stood for generations.

This legend was related to us as the domes and spires of Pesth and Buda stole again into sight; and a couple of hours afterward we bid good-by to the Danube for a season.

RUNNYMEDE.

THERE are places of interest in England which Americans, on their European tours, naturally visit. There are some, too, that are often overlooked.

Among these last is Runnymede, the spot where John, yielding to the pressure of the clergy, headed by Langton, the primate, and the barons, signed that Magna Charta which became the bulwark of English freedom; for the clergy—sprung from the Saxon Commons, here insured the rights of the class to which they belonged—no less than the nobles sought protection against the tyranny of the monarch.

Every child in English-speaking lands knows of the Magna Charta; yet it seems to have been a sore subject for monarchy, and no monument marks the birthplace of English freedom. It is still a mead by the running waters, a narrow slip of meadow-land on the banks of the Thames, near Egham, in the northwest part of the county of Surrey, about five miles from Windsor. Here, on the 15th of June, 1215, John met the clergy and the barons, and signed a document, which, in form but a grant from the king, became of far higher import. It embraced in its terms all English freemen. It was admirably contrived, and never lost its force. Under its influence villanage disappeared in the next age, and serfs rose to be freemen, to share in their rights, and thus gradually advance in influence and power, till the great moral revolution which, in 1867, made suffrage almost universal in England.

A VILLAGE MIDNIGHT.

THE night is as dark as a deed of crime,
And the clattering windblown rain
Falls fiercely fast on the rattling slates
And hammers the window-pane,
While the storm-king whistles between the leaves
A wild and tuneless strain.

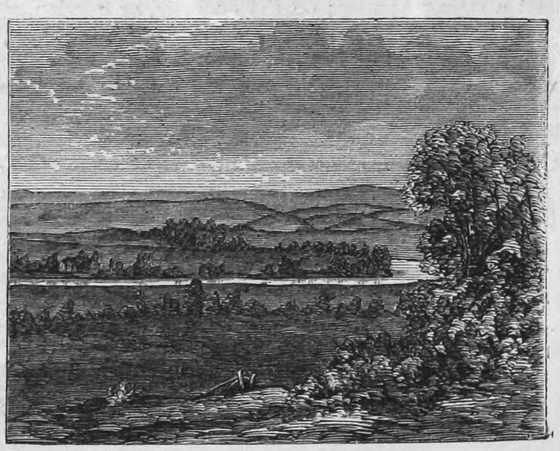
No lamp is lit in the village street,
No star in the sable sky,
For darkness swathes both earth and air
In its robes of fun'ral dye,
And the watch-dog howls by the garden bleak,
Like the banshee's boding cry.

The lightning leaps a lifelike thing
From spout to branch of the walnut tall,
The gate creaks harsh on the rusted hinge,
Response to the screechowl's call,
While the crisp, dead leaves in hustling haste
Rush down by the moss-blotched wall.

The clock strikes twelve in the stairway gloom,
(How true is the record it keeps),
Tick away, count on, I care not now,
For my rose-lipped Anna sleeps
Far down in the vale 'neath the beeches bare,
Where the foam-flecked river sweeps.

Oh! I love the voice of this midnight storm,
It falls on my frenzied ear
Like fairy lute, and willing would I
Companion its wild career;
For my soul is tossed like its ebon-hued wings,
And I'm weary of lingering here.

THE powers of memory are twofold. They consist in the actual reminiscence or recollection of past events, and in the power of retaining what we have learned in such a manner that it can be called into remembrance as occasions present themselves, or circumstances may require.



RUNNYMEDE, ENGLAND.

SOUTHERN SCENES.—GEORGIA "CRACKERS" ON THEIR WAY TO MARKET.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

The Jasper Spring, near Savannah, Georgia.

THE Jasper Spring is about two miles from Savannah, on he Augusta road. Being the only spring for miles around, nd the water being of excellent quality, passers-by always urn out of their road to refresh themselves with a drink om it. Its constant use for this purpose, and for watering he stock of the neighborhood, induced its present owner to rotect it, as shown in our illustration, with a coping of rown stone.

This spring is historically famous as the scene of the folwing adventure during the Revolution, from which its ame was derived. The hero of the exploit, Sergeant Jasr, is the same who leaped over the parapet during the ombardment of Fort Moultrie, recovered the flag which had een shot away by the English fleet, and, climbing the pole, ailed it to the staff, under a heavy fire from the enemy. fter this gallant feat, while serving in the Army of the outh, Sergeant Jasper, learning that a number of American risoners were to be brought from Ebenezer to Savannah for ial, determined to release them at all hazards. With Sereant Newton as his companion, he concealed himself at this pring, about thirty yards from the main road, and waited r the arrival of the prisoners, who finally came along, eavily ironed, and escorted by a sergeant, corporal, and ght soldiers. The whole party stopped at the spring to efresh themselves, two of the guard remaining with the risoners, the rest of the soldiers leaning their guns against he trees, when suddenly Jasper and Newton, leaping from heir hiding-places, secured the guns, shot down the two entinels, and demanded the surrender of the rest of the arty. Seeing they were outwitted, the guard surrendered, nd Jasper, taking off the irons from the prisoners, rejoined he army at Perrysburgh, carrying the late captors as capves, guarded by their rescued prisoners.

The brave Jasper was killed in the assault upon Savannah, hile planting upon the enemy's works the standard preented to his regiment by Mrs. Elliott. His last words were: Tell Mrs. Elliott I lost my life supporting the colors she resented to our regiment."

Georgia "Crackers" going to Market.

The class generally known as "poor whites," and locally esignated, in North Carolina, "tar-heels," in South Caroa, "Clay-eaters," and in Georgia, "Crackers," are a lean, allow, and sickly looking people, widely scattered through- ut the Southern States. Before the war they had solved he problem of existence in a manner highly satisfactory to hemselves. If to live without work be the necessary attriute of a gentleman, there could be no doubt of their genility; and although born to an inheritance of fever and gue, or "chills," which necessitated a division of time into shake" days and well days, they yet managed to enjoy life fter their peculiar fashion.

They had fried bacon and corn-dodgers, with raspberry, lackberry, or strawberry-leaf tea—sweetened with "long weeting" (sorghum), or that rare delicacy "short sweetening" (sand sugar)—for the morning meal; the same for inner, ditto for supper. In Winter the fare—it being then he hog-killing and curing season—was varied by sausageballs and sausages, which then took the place of the fried acon, while a piece of hog's-head cheese, or a pork-chop as considered a rare dainty.

How these gentry ever became possessed of either pig or ork, since they seldom owned an animal of any kind save a ozen or two mangy dogs, was apt to be a mystery to the asual observer. The neighboring planters, however, were n no wise at a loss to explain it. They claimed that the rackers' provisions were generally procured without the inconvenient formality of purchase, being either begged, borrowed, or stolen—most frequently the latter.

The crackers were profound believers in the divine right of "squatter sovereignty," and the large landowners generally permitted them to locate on outlying portions of their estates, usually managing to control their votes as an equivalent.

The great civil war, which spared little of the old social system of the South, was not without its effect upon the crackers. They find it far more difficult to exist without labor, though even now the men rarely engage in work of any kind, but loaf about their tumble-down shanties, smoking, chewing, and drinking by turns, or talking politics with their fellows, all day long. They pay more attention than formerly to raising marketable produce, but the cultivation of their garden patches or diminutive cotton fields generally devolves upon the women and children. When the crop is ready for market its owner condescends to superintend its transport, and drive the mule—borrowed, of course, attached to a wagon, likewise borrowed—to some neighboring town or village. After disposing of his load he spends the time until ready to return in the evening, in some convenient groggery, and frequently reaches his domicile in a highly hilarious condition.

The language of the crackers is a barbarous compound of provincialisms and negro dialect, and their voices are shrill, nasal, and disagreeable. The increasing necessity of laboring for their subsistence is exerting a marked influence in obliterating their peculiarities, and as a distinct class the crackers are gradually disappearing.

A CREW OF CRUSOES.

THE last cruise of the *Grafton* (Thos. Musgrave, master) was brought to a close at daylight on the morning of the 2d of January, 1864, and on the reefs of the Auckland Islands—"away down south," within shivering distance of the Antarctic Zone, "where the stormy winds do blow, and the bleareyed sea-lions do low, do low."

These islands are quite famous for the involuntary and solitary confinements which they have entailed on shipwrecked modern mariners. Fernando Po must hide its diminished head forever in view of their recent history. A very few years have gone by since we heard of Baxton's two years' imprisonment there with a portion of the crew of the *Weatherwise;* Captain Cross, in 1865, found traces of a former occupation, and the dead body of a starved sailor; and as for Thomas Musgrave, the sad story of his stay and sufferings on the southern portion of the island is far too entertaining to be speedily forgotten. He has told the tale himself with all the simplicity and directness, and clumsiness, too, of an uneducated sailor, to whom a daily record of the weather, of the rise and fall of the thermometer and barometer is as interesting as accounts of his own strange life, or of the traits of the sea-lion and the shockingly tame birds of an uninhabited island.

We will try to tell his story in far fewer words than he; while, as often as we can, we will use his own language.

Cast away! It is horrible to be an outcast in civilized society—homeless, to see homes everwhere; friendless, to be surrounded by the happy—but to be a castaway on an uninhabited island, without knowing whether food can be found, or whether help will ever reach you, is a fate more terrible still.

There were five of them—the captain, Raynal (the French

mate), and three common sailors. The fierce gale which drove the *Grafton* on a rock, threw her "broadsides" on the beech, which enabled the crew to land in safety, and to carry off their scant stock of provisions. The mainsail and gaff were brought on shore and made into a tent.

For a week after their escape a hurricane blew with uninterrupted fury. They managed to begin the erection of a tent, but in the meantime had to sleep every night on the wet ground.

Their neighbors, the seals, began at once to pay them friendly visits, and kindly brought fresh meat up to the very door of their tent.

"The seals, or sea-lions," writes the captain, "are very numerous here; they go roaring about the woods like wild cattle. Indeed, we expect they will come and storm the tent some night. We live chiefly on seal meat, as we have to be very frugal with our own little stock; we kill them at the door of the tent as we require them."

The castaways were greatly annoyed by the nightly visits of these aboriginal inhabitants. Fearing that they would break into the tent, the captain sent them his compliments one night and desired them to discontinue their moonlight serenades. As he did not speak their language, he molded his hint into the form of a bullet, and used the tail of a seal as a penny postman. They understood him perfectly, and afterward kept at a respectful distance from the tent.

The flesh of the young seal they found to be delicious; it was exactly like lamb. During their first month they were attacked one day by a bull seal, who swam furiously toward their boat. As he put his head over the stern, with his mouth wide open, the captain discharged a load of shot, with a bullet on the top of it, down the fierce belligerent's throat. His "head flew about in all directions," and the seal sunk like a stone.

The captain also saw a seal-fight for the first time. There were hundreds of them in sight. The shores and the water literally swarming with them. The tiger seals kept at one side of the harbor and the black seals at the other side. But, in this instance, one from each army had met and were engaged in battle when first seen. The captain says that he watched them for about half an hour, and left them still furiously fighting. They fight as ferociously as dogs, and do not make the least noise, although they tear each other almost to pieces with their large tusks. Shortly after witnessing this fight they saw a sea-lion returning from a duel. His neck and back were lacerated in a most fearful manner; large pieces of hide and flesh were torn off, perhaps a foot long and four or five inches wide. The sailors were close to him, and he did not budge. He looked at the Englishmen "with all possible coolness and unconcern." And why not? for perhaps he was the bleary-eyed Nelson of the island, and felt that he was in fact what the true Briton claims to be—a fighting sea-lion!

The castaways found several kinds of birds on the island, two of which were sweet singers; and they saw, also, the green parrot and the robin redbreast. They were so tame that any one could catch them by stretching out his hand. But no one disturbed them.

The robins were frequent visitors to the tent. They cheerily chirped round the castaways as they sat at their sad and rude meals.

Their tent—to use the captain's words—proved to be "a beastly place." The blow-flies "blowed" on their blankets and clothes, and made everything disgusting. A kind of musquito tormented them in the daytime, but luckily did not disturb them at night. They soon found that they could not live in it, and worked harder at building their house. They had saved a hammer, an ax, an adz, and a gimlet from the wreck, and these were all the tools they had. But before they finished their house they took care to plant a flagstaff, with a large canvas bag on it, at a spot where it could be seen from the sea. They tied a bottle to it which had a note inside, directing the reader where to find the crew.

The captain one day ascended a neighboring mountain to discover the lay of the land. Thick underbrush, boggy land, and soft swamps—all either impassable or impenetrable—were seen on every side; and, during the eighteen or nineteen months that Musgrave remained on the island, he never went further than a few miles, either by boat, or on foot, from the scene of the wreck. This first excursion came nigh proving fatal to him. He chased a seal into the bush for about two miles. His gun had been loaded a couple of days, and his powder had got damp. After snapping two or three caps one barrel fired. The ball entered the seal's neck and came out between his shoulders. Indifferent to such a trifle, the seal continued to run. Pricking the powder in the nipple of the other barrel, the captain tried it again. The cap snapped. He began to unload it; the butt of the gun was at his feet, when bang! off it went, the ball passing through the rim of his hat.

After more than a month's hard work the house was finished. It was twenty-four feet by sixteen, with a chimney built of stone, eight feet by five. The walls were seven feet high, and the roof fourteen feet. The corner posts and centre posts, the wall-plates and ridge-poles, were of spars from the ship. The walls—sides and ends—were made of brush timber, which, like all the wood on the island, is crooked from the force of the frequent hurricanes that sweep over it.

As the timber was not straight, it became necessary to thatch the whole house. This was no small job, but it was done quite cheerfully—because the canvas, which they first used, admitted a great deal of wind, and as there was a gale almost constantly blowing, a sheltered place was exceedingly desirable. The floor was boarded; a good door was hung, and two small squares of glass, taken from the cabin of the wreck, supplied the place of a window.

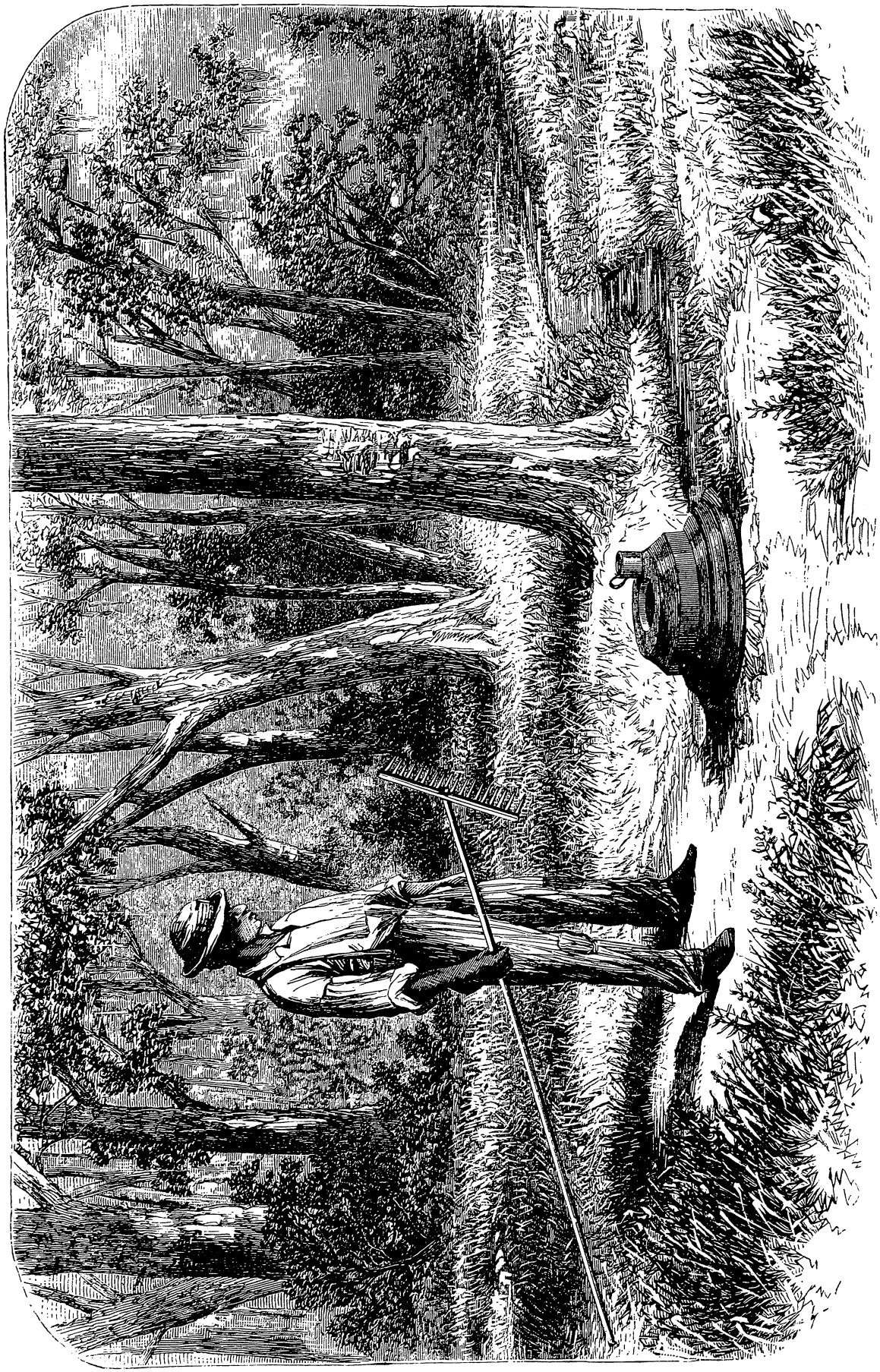
For furniture, the castaways had stretchers to sleep on, six feet from the floor; a large dining-table in the centre, seven feet by three, with benches on each side. The captain—a thorough John Bull—kept his station and his mate's position inviolable. "I sat," says he, not on the benches, but "on a keg, at the head!" And then again, "The north end of the house is occupied by Mr. Raynal and myself; the men occupy the other end!" The cook's dressing-table, a pair of bellows, and a looking-glass, completed the inventory of the furniture of the castaways' "castle."

The sturdy captain did not keep his place without being compelled to prove that he was not an accidental chief merely, but pre-eminently the "right man in the right place." Before the first month was over, although the men had always conducted themselves in an obedient and respectful manner, he found that a spirit of obstinacy and independence was creeping in among them.

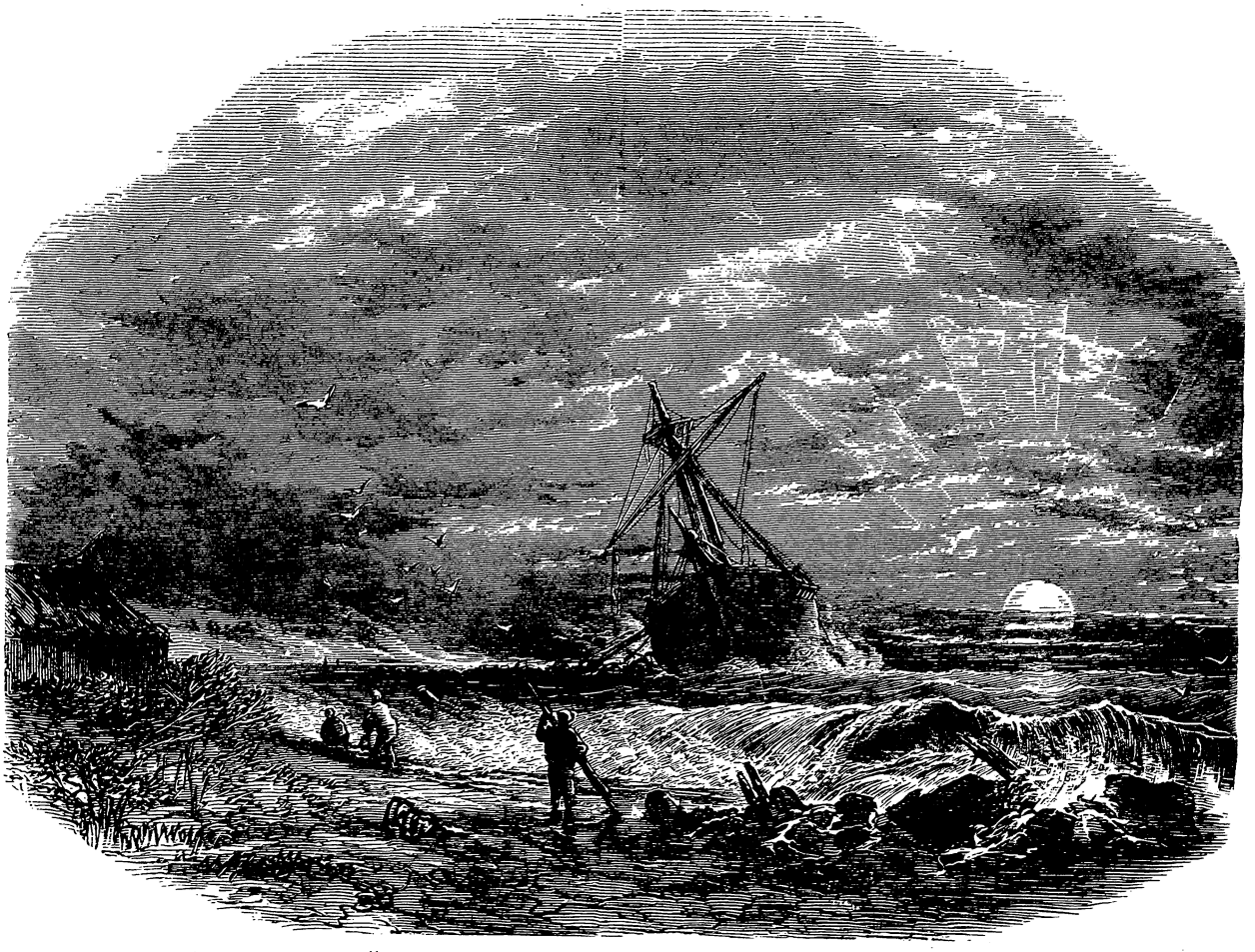
"It is true," he writes, "I no longer hold any command over them, but I share everything that has been saved from the wreck in common with them, and I have worked as hard as any of them in trying to make them comfortable, and I think gratitude ought to prompt them to still continue willing and obedient. But you might as well look for the grace of God in a highwayman's log-book as gratitude in a sailor; this is a well-known fact."

(How similar a sound this sentence rings out to the sad notes of certain jeremiads we have heard of, when their "happy bondmen" ungratefully fled from them—"Mostly," said the poor old cracked Bell of Tennessee—"mostly in the night!")

But when the captain did his full duty to his men, not as sailors only, but as human beings, he found no cause to



SOUTHERN SCENES.—THE JASPER SPRING, NEAR SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.—SEE PAGE 742.



A CREW OF CRUSOES.—"THE MAINSAIL AND GAFF WERE BROUGHT ON SHORE AND MADE INTO A TENT."

complain of them. He began to teach school in the evenings, and to read prayers and the Scriptures—expounding the text, albeit to the best of his ability. Some of his men could not read, but they had learned eagerly and fast. They were especially fond of hearing the Bible. Soon profane swearing was entirely abolished among them. "So much," adds the captain, "for moral suasion!"

The manner of hunting the seals after they ceased to walk up to the captain's office to be killed is described in a brief note of a visit to a little isle, which from its peculiar shape was named Figure-of-Eight (∞) Island.

"We landed on the island," he writes, "and found three mobs of seals asleep. There were from thirty to forty in each mob, and there were a great many very young calves amongst them. These we wanted to get without killing the old ones. I had only two men with me; so we took our clubs, and each of us took a mob, and I suppose in ten seconds we had knocked down ten calves from two to three months old, and one two-year-old seal. We had to go right in amongst them, and although they woke up, we were so quick about the job that they stared at us in confusion for a moment, and then by a simultaneous movement rushed toward the water. We could have got more, but one of the men was at this moment attacked by the only remaining one, which was a tremendous large bull—the largest tiger-seal I have seen—and he fought like a tiger. We immediately rushed to the rescue; the poor fellow was obliged to take to a tree till we came up, when all three set on to the seal. And he showed fight bravely. It was as long as ten minutes before we proved ourselves conquerors; and we would have been quite willing to get out of his way, but he would not give us a chance. We were in a thick bush, so that he had a decided advantage. However, we left him, as he was too big for us to attend to when we had so many little ones to look after. This was the greatest piece of excitement I have had for a long time."

In going home from this exhilarating hunt, the captain found a poor orphan, a young seal, not more than a month or six weeks old, who was sitting, shivering, at the end of the house. He had lost his mother. Some of the sailors wished to keep him as a pet; but as he did not eat yet, and in the absence of an adequate wet nurse, he was killed and cooked. The captain, after narrating this affecting incident, very coolly remarks:

"So, this is more fresh meat. God is certainly good in sending us plenty to eat."

The devout devourer of orphans!

Besides feeding on seals, the castaways shot a number of widgeons and shags, and gathered mussels and limpets among the rocks. They found roots which were edible, if not wholly delicious. They took turns at cooking. The Frenchman won the honors of the kitchen.

"He very frequently gave us four courses at a meal (anybody might wonder where he got anything to make four courses of; but we are like the shell-fish—we get the most at spring-tides). One (meal) would be stewed or roasted seal, fried liver, fish and mussels."

Fish they could not catch at first, as they had neither tackle nor nets; but necessity soon taught them to devise ways and means for ensuring them, and ere long they had daily and ample supplies; they also succeeded in making a sort of root-beer, which they found preferable to water—to the taste; but they were soon obliged to abandon it; for, like the prophet's scroll, it was sweet in the mouth but

bitter elsewhere. The same root was used for food, It was then fried in seal's oil.

"It eats something like saw-dust," wrote the captain, using seal's blood for ink, in an old log-book; "but we are very thankful that we have it; otherwise we should have to live entirely on seal's meat, fowl, and fish, as our little stock of provisions which we had when we were wrecked has long since been exhausted. Nothing remains of it but a few crumbs of biscuit, which are regularly placed on the table—but only to look at, or 'point at,' as Paddy would say, for no one touches it."

This not extravagantly luxurious bill of fare was continued. For August the course was equally simple:

"Breakfast—Seal stewed down to soup, fried roots, boiled seal, or roast ditto, with water. Dinner—Ditto, ditto. Supper—Ditto, ditto. This repeated twenty-one times per week. Mussels or fish are now quite a rarity; we have not been able to get either for some time. The man who killed the seal to-day had been fishing all day, and had caught one small fish. The men have stood it bravely thus far, but it grieves me to hear them wishing for things which they cannot get. I heard one just now wishing he had a bucket of potato-peelings!"

The captain confidently expected that help would reach them by the middle of October; but that month came and went, and a year rolled round, and still there were no signs of aid. Their sufferings increased. At times they feared that they would perish from hunger. Seals were plentiful at one season only. The stormy weather and the nature of the country prevented them from exploring the islands. Hope rose and fell, and their hearts grew heavy; for the flame flickered only to be quenched with disappointment. They tried to repair the wreck. Long and patiently they labored at it. But they found that there were holes in her; that some of her timbers were broken, and that the main wheel was gone from the stern to about the main rigging.

Meanwhile it was maddening to think of wife and children at home, suffering, probably, from want, while *here*, neither aid came nor starvation seemed far distant. Hear the wail that came from the captain's heart after a stay of three months only, when he little dreamed that sixteen cheerless months lay before him:

"Six long and dreary months have now passed since I left Sydney, and the idea of the sad lot which may and must have fallen on those I love so much, wrings my soul with agony and a remorse which I fear is crushing me fast to the earth. Oh, my God! how long is this to last? Oh, release me from this bondage! Night and morning, daily and in my dreams, I offer up my prayers to Thee. Oh, hear me! and release me, that I may flee to the succor of those dear innocent ones who are now suffering for my folly. . . . Set me at liberty to provide for them; I will be content even with separation; but let me not have doomed them to wretchedness and misery. Hear my prayer, O Lord, and grant my release!"

Five months later, and no ship in sight, the hope-sick captain writes:

"My eyes are positively weak and bloodshot with anxious looking. . . . It would be impossible for me to convey to anyone an idea of my present state of mind. I am anything but mad; if that would come, it would very likely afford relief in forgetfulness."

Their clothes began to give out until they were in rags. Joseph's coat, the captain declared, would hardly have been a circumstance in comparison with some of theirs. Old canvas, old gunny-bags, and anything they got hold of, were used as patches, while canvas ravelings took the place of threads, and all the sewing was done with a sail-needle.

In the course of time they learned how to make seal-skin leather, and garments of the same material.

In February, 1865, after thirteen months of captivity, the castaways determined to build a cutter of about ten tons, in which to make their way across the stormy seas to New Zealand. They stripped the wreck, taking all the iron ballast and available wood out of her. Luckily (they thought) they found a block of iron among the ballast, which served their ingenious French mate as an anvil. They found on the island an old saw-file, but the teeth were all rusted off. Not at all discouraged, the Frenchman went to work, and out of this waif, and a couple of picks and some shovel-blades which were in the wreck, he manufactured a saw, chisels, gouges, and sundry other tools. But all his efforts to make an auger were in vain; and even after the keel, stern, and stern-post of the vessel were ready, the enterprise had to be abandoned.

"It was truly deplorable," said the captain, "to view the faces of all as we stood around him when he decidedly pronounced it impossible for him to make one. They all appeared, and, I believe, no doubt felt, as if all hope were gone. It went like a shot to my heart, although I had begun to anticipate such a result, and had made up my mind for action accordingly; but when I saw that I must positively, as a last card, put my project into practice, I felt I was tempting Providence; for my tacit project, and unalterable resolution, is to attempt a passage to Stewart's Island in the boat."

For three months the invincible Englishman had pondered over this project, and, with starvation staring them in the face, his bold resolution was presently seconded by his crew. All but the cook were willing to risk the essay, and, as he did not wish to stay behind, he also gave in his adhesion to the scheme. Their boat was "old and shaky." He determined to strengthen her, to lengthen her about three feet, and to raise her about twelve inches.

They all went to work in high spirits to fit their boat for sea. On the 26th of March the captain entered in his diary this passage, for the especial benefit of the lovers of the romantic:

"The sea booms and the wind howls. These are sounds which have been almost constantly ringing in my ears for the last fifteen months; for, during the whole of the time, I venture to say that they have not been hushed more than a fortnight together. There is something horribly dismal in the boom and howl; sometimes it makes my flesh creep to hear them, although I am now so well used to it. Had the romantic admirers of this sort of thing been in my place, I would have been thankful; and they, I have no doubt, would have been quite satisfied. I could not wish my greatest enemy to be similarly situated. Well, I have said I am about to leave. Yes, this, I hope, will be the last Sunday but one that we shall spend in this part of Sarah's Bosom; and perhaps by that time we may have had the good luck to have got out of it altogether. Yes, we go in now for freedom or death!"

From daylight till-half-past nine at night they worked at the boat. One day the gimlet broke! They were in dread that this accident would again frustrate their hopes. But the skillful Frenchman mended it, and again, with new zeal, they renewed their endeavors.

Their greatest enemies were the flies. The captain had been in places where musquitoes were so troublesome that—as at Nicarie, for example—they were the causes of suicide. But nowhere were they so malignant as the sand-flies of Auckland. Whenever a gale was not blowing, they swarmed by the million, and covered every part of the skin that happened to be exposed, and even worked inside of the clothing and bit fiercely. The captain could not get a pin to cover a single spot which they had not blistered.

A terrific hurricane postponed the departure. At last they were ready for sea. Two men backed out, and preferred to

stay and risk starvation rather than the present perils of the stormy seas. They were left, and the captain, mate, and one sailor, set sail for Stewart's Island.

Twenty miles out they were overtaken by the full fury of a southwest gale. The boat proved to be leaky. The pump was kept going nearly all the time. Over the little craft the fierce seas broke incessantly. It was a wonder that she lived. But she did outride the storm and landed them at Port Adventure.

"I had not eaten an ounce of food," says the captain, "from the time of leaving until we arrived, and only drank about half a pint of water; yet I felt no fatigue until the night before we landed, when I suddenly became quite exhausted, and lay down on the deck, over which there was no water washing for the first time since we left the island. We were now close to the land. I lay for about half an hour, and then got up again, feeling that I had just sufficient strength remaining to enable me to hold out till the next day; but had we been out any longer, I feel convinced that I should never have put my foot on shore again."

This perilous passage lasted five days and nights.

His voyage was over, but his duty was not done. He had promised to rescue his two companions, and at once began to interest the citizens of Port Adventure in them. Money was raised and a vessel fitted out. But it was thought that he should return in her as a pilot and guide. The passage back was only less perilous than the passage to Stewart's Island. Again and again they were in imminent danger of being wrecked.

They finally reached the north of the island, and found traces of another crew that had been wrecked on the hidden reefs there. They searched the shores and adjacent woods, and at last found, half buried beneath the fallen roof of a rude hut, the body of a sailor, who had evidently perished from hunger. A slate lay near him. It had been written on, but one word only could be deciphered—JAMES. Some mother, doubtless, had often dreamed of him and prayed for him:

"Ma Jamie, o'er the sea."

But she may never hear more of her shipwrecked boy. He was buried by the captain and his companions.

"This melancholy incident," wrote Captain Musgrave, "would, undoubtedly, give rise to serious thoughts in any one, but how infinitely more in me, whose bones might, at the present moment, have been lying above the ground under similar circumstances, had not the hand of Providence showered such great mercies upon me, perhaps the least deserving."

But, with all the dangers and discomforts of this voyage of rescue, there was one great cause of rejoicing to the honest John Bull who organized it. He did find his companions. Let his own words tell how:

"It was very showery in the forenoon, but at noon the showers took off, and at three P. M. the wind moderated a little, and we at once got under weigh, and, under double-reefed canvas, beat up to our old house; and as we did not come in sight of it until within about a mile from it, the boys did not see us until we were close upon them. Then the one who saw us ran into the house to tell the other, and before they reached the beach Captain Cross and myself had landed, leaving the cutter under weigh, as there was too much wind and sea to anchor her. One of them, the cook, on seeing me, turned as pale as a ghost, and staggered up to a post, against which he leaned for support, for he was evidently on the point of fainting, while the other, George, seized my hand in both of his, and gave my arm a severe shaking, crying: 'Captain Musgrave, how are ye? how are ye?' apparently unable to say anything else."

The captain intimates that this couple of castaways did complete and ample justice to their first civilized dinner. They told him that they had been very much pinched for food since he had left them, and that on one occasion they were obliged to catch mice and eat them. Yet they did not agree very well, and were actually on the point of separating and living apart.

The return trip was far from a pleasure cruise. Here is one representative entry in the captain's log-book:

"SEPTEMBER 7: Hard gale and high, dangerous sea. The little vessel is being knocked about unmercifully. Heavy rain. No place to lie down. Blankets and every stitch of clothing wringing wet. Can't cook anything, even a cup of tea. Second edition of our trip in the boat. *Misery.* Four P. M.: Blowing a hurricane; sea frightful; vessel laboring and straining immensely; if not very strong she cannot stand this long; consider her in a highly dangerous condition. Just taken in mainsail and jib, and set a small boat's sail, under which she feels somewhat easier; but if one of the high seas that are coming round her in every direction falls on board, she is gone; it would knock her into ten thousand pieces. *Frightful.* Midnight, at six P. M.: The gale began to moderate, and fortunately the sea quickly followed suit. We set the mainsail, but carried away the traveler and tore the sail. Eight P. M.: The wind came from the S.W., and continues very light, but sufficient to keep her steady, while the sea is rapidly running down; hope soon to be able to make her stretch her legs again. She has weathered this storm bravely, and without sustaining any visible damage about the hull. Surprising what these little vessels will stand; but she is an amazingly good sea-boat, rides like a sea-gull, and holds her ground well. Bravo, *Flying Scud.*"

They all landed safely. Subscriptions were raised to clothe the sailors. But the sturdy, honest captain only asked that his draft on his owners might be cashed.

"And thus," writes this admirable John Bull, "with a grateful heart I end my journal; with what deep thankfulness to a gracious Providence for saving myself and my companions from a miserable fate I trust I need not here set down."

THE ENCHANTED SILO;

A TERROR AT ORAN.

A WILD TALE OF GARRISON LIFE IN ALGIERS.

T Oran, when we were just opening the way of subjugation, our military authorities, for lack of a better prison, had to make use of the *silos* of the Casbah, in which the Bey had confined his captives.

The famous "leads," or *Piombi*, of Venice; the dungeons of the Bastile; the *oubliettes* of the Tour de Nesle, were not more horrible than these *silos*. We found them in a hideous condition.

Let the reader picture to himself deep holes, or wells, dug in the ground, each destined to receive a human occupant, guilty or innocent. The latter question made no difference, for, in the "good old times," the hand of power often fell heavily upon those who had committed no other crime than to have been displeasing to the despotic ruler.

The poor wretch consigned to these living tombs was, to all practical intents and purposes, buried alive! He found himself thigh-deep in a filthy sewer, the ground beneath his feet being covered with every species of uncleanliness, kept half liquid by continual damp, and exhaling odors so fetid,

that even those who approached the mouth of these holes from above shrank back with loathing.

Prisoners in these torturing receptacles had no other way of sleeping than on foot, leaning against the wall, and in a few days their lower extremities would be covered with malignant sores, and devoured by the vile insects that swarmed in the mire around them.

A scanty ration of the coarsest food was flung down to them from above the hole, and if they were not quick enough to catch it up as it fell, so much the worse for them; they had to eat it covered with the filth of the ditch, or starve.

Moreover, they saw the sun but one hour in the day, and that hour was a long period of excruciating torment. The midday rays of that tropical climate, beating perpendicularly down upon them, heated the pits to a white heat, and made them veritable ovens. Then, a crust which broke up afterward, would form upon the sewer, or, to use a plain comparison, the top layer would congeal like the surface of a marsh when it freezes, and then the victim had his limbs fastened in a sort of natural stocks.

These *silos* still exist, but, fortunately, are no longer used.

However, we were compelled at first to turn them to account; but we did our best to cleanse them and render them endurable. We succeeded, at last, in partly drying them. The orifices at the top were covered, and chloride of lime was scattered through them. They were kept clear, too, by daily lowering a basket to the prisoners, who were required to deposit in it the refuse that otherwise would have encumbered them. In short, while waiting for the completion of another jail, we made the best of these old dungeons.

In the Bey's time, the guardianship of these prisons had been entrusted to an aged Turk, to whom, when we came, we gave some petty employment on the police. For this he was very grateful, and became one of our most devoted allies. From time to time he would come to the *silos* and interpret for us between our sentinels on duty and the prisoners.

He had advised us not to put any one into a certain pit that he pointed out, because, as he declared, it was enchanted, affirming, too, that every prisoner that he had confined there had disappeared.

The sergeant in our service who filled the office of jailer was a Breton, and found no difficulty in believing all the stories of *djenouns* that the Turk chose to tell. These *djenouns* of the Mussulman are the gnomes and fairies of the Breton peasantry, and play much the same part.

One day, however, all the other *silos* were full, and the order came to put a prisoner in the one that was reported to be haunted by the phantoms that had set so many free. Obedience was imperative, for the commandant of those days stood no nonsense.

The prisoner was lowered into the pit, and he was observed to smile with satisfaction, so deeply were the Arabs impressed with the belief that the *silo* in question was really enchanted by fairies, who allowed every prisoner confined in it to escape.

The sergeant took all the usual precautions; he urged the sentinels to renewed vigilance, and then anxiously waited for the morrow, but not without making his extra night rounds, so as to be sure that the sentinels were on the alert.

Early on the next morning he visited the *silo*. The prisoner was gone!

The sergeant could do nothing but make his report accordingly.

The commandant of the place flatly attributed this mysterious disappearance to a lack of watchfulness, and made a very generous distribution of punishment, sparing neither jailer nor sentinel, and, confident that greater care would be taken this time, ordered that another Arab should be put into the same *silo*.

The prisoner was a murderer caught in the act, and the old Turk bewailed the case, because so vile a malefactor was, as he believed, to be set loose. But the commandant ordered that a sentinel should remain, night and day, at the edge of the *silo*.

He was satisfied that with such precautions as these, the new prisoner would not get off as his predecessor had done. Nevertheless, the Arab, full of hope, had not attempted to conceal his delight in changing his prison.

Eight days passed without anything remarkable occurring, and the commandant triumphed; but the old Turk stoutly maintained that the harvest would not pass without the escape taking place.

He proved to be right, after all, for, during the ninth night, the assassin disappeared.

Great was the sensation in the Casbah! The jailer and the Breton sergeant were delighted to see their views of the case fully justified; but the commandant was exasperated, and determined to try again.

Convinced that the sentinel on duty had fallen asleep at his post, or had been bribed, he selected twelve trusty men, and confided the care of the *silo* to them, with strict orders to keep guard, two at a time, over a third prisoner, who was quite joyous at the idea of being consigned to a prison from which escape was so absolutely certain.

Eight, ten, fifteen, twenty days elapsed. The commandant came every morning, rubbing his hands and jeering at the folks in the Casbah, who had let themselves be humbugged, he said, by old wives' tales.

But on the twenty-eighth day (we kept the date carefully) the prisoner had vanished, without leaving a sign of his former presence.

It was out of the question to suspect the old soldiers who had guarded him, for they were the soul of honor, vigilance, and fidelity.

The *silo* must, indeed, be enchanted!

The commandant resolved to get to the bottom of the mystery, and with that determination went down into the bottom of the pit himself, torch in hand. All that he discovered, on the most careful inspection, was a small hole situated about twelve feet above the bottom of the pit. It was twice the size of one's fist, but could not possibly afford passage for the body of a man. A drummer-boy, called down to make the experiment, could not get even his head into the orifice. Moreover, the sides of the wall did not present the slightest inequality by which a man might hoist himself as high as the hole.

Nevertheless, the orifice was stopped, and then the commandant, who was an obstinate fellow, called for volunteers, to stay by turns all night with the next prisoner. He succeeded in finding among the troops of the garrison a dozen of men adapted to the required service, and this time the commandant felt sure, beyond all peradventure, of putting an end to the trickery of the *silo*.

Every evening a picked Zouave was lowered down to take his place beside the prisoner, and the latter was handcuffed, so that he should not be able to practice any surprise. If ever escape seemed impossible, it surely did under these circumstances.

The commandant slept like the seven sleepers of Ephesus, for he would have wagered his whole year's pay against a private's spending money that now, indeed, the *silo* would hold its prisoner.

Whole weeks rolled by, and the extra guard was about to be given up, when one night the most desperate cries for help were heard from the depths of the *silo*.

The Zouaves on duty hurried to the rescue, and, on reaching the edge of the pit, discovered that a furious struggle was going on between the sentinel below, the prisoner, and some third but unknown adversary. The contest was

THE ENCHANTED SILO.—"THE BRAVE SOLDIER, WITHOUT LOSING HIS PRESENCE OF MIND, HAD SIMPLY DRAWN HIS SHORT SWORD, AND SLASHED ABOUT HIM STURDILY, SHOUTING THE WHILE FOR HELP."—SEE PAGE 747.

accompanied with screams of terror on the part of the Arab, furious imprecations from the French soldier, and certain piercing hisses and murmurs which no one could exactly define or comprehend.

As a first measure, a lantern was lowered at the end of a cord to light up the scene, but in a twinkling it was broken, and nothing could be discovered.

Immediate search was made for another, but by the time that it arrived the combat was over, and not a sound could be heard in the pit.

The officer of the guard then carefully descended with a light, and beheld a horrible spectacle.

The Arab prisoner, and the Zouave who had remained with him, were found inanimate on the bottom of the pit, and half crushed beneath the weight of two fragments of a huge serpent.

The officer signalled instantly to be hauled up to the surface, and, overcome by the horror of the scene, fainted as he reached the air, exclaiming, with an accent of intense terror and loathing:

"The anaconda! the anaconda!"

The soldiers of the guard thought that there must be some illusion, and went down in their turn. They only too quickly realized the truth. Fortunately, however, the fearful reptile was dead; but their comrade was disabled, and the poor Arab, frightened out of his wits, lay there in a deathlike swoon.

The constrictor and its victims were hauled up to the surface, and there it was found that the serpent measured over fifteen feet in length.

The whole mystery of the enchanted *silo* was now quite explicable. The serpent had hitherto surprised the prisoners and suffocated them in their sleep; then crushing them and reducing them to a pulp in his terrible folds, he had kneaded them and lengthened them out, as is the wont of these gigantic reptiles, and, after swallowing his prey, had retired.

His last visit had been at a long interval, because, the former orifice being stopped up, he had been obliged to make another.

The Zouave who had been in the pit, related, as soon as he had recovered consciousness, that his attention had at first been attracted by the noise of clods of earth falling into the *silo*, and almost instantly the serpent had made its appearance.

The brave soldier, without losing his presence of mind, had simply drawn his short sword, and slashed about him sturdily, shouting the while for help.

At last he had succeeded in separating his formidable adversary in two pieces, but the latter writhed in horrible convulsions, and their blows had bruised and wounded him.

The Arab lay ill for a week with a raging brain-fever, and he is still subject to fits of half-insanity. This adventure secured him his pardon, and to this day he is nicknamed, in the picturesque language of his tribe, the Snake Man.

The Zouave was made a corporal, and was subsequently decorated.

Since then the *silo* has been called the *Trouau-Bou*, or Boa Constrictor Hole, and the new recruit who mounts guard for the first time in the Casbah, is invariably regaled with this cheerful narrative.

Of course the raw stranger feels his flesh creep as he thinks of the frightful fate of the poor wretches who perished in "the enchanted *silo*," where they had felt assured of a happy deliverance.

THOSE men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance and an irregular life, do as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang, poison, or kill themselves.

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

"DIDN'T you never hear," said aunt Patty, passing Stephen the cream, "that if you'd go down to the church, and sit in the porch on the stroke of twelve, you'd see the ghosts of all that are to be married and buried within the year, yourself included, maybe?"

"Never!" cried Stephen, solemnly.

"Certainly—to be sure!" said I, running to the almanac, "for it's St. John's Eve."

"But tempting Providence that way is an unrighteous thing," added aunt Patty, severely. "Old Tom Lothrop's gal Sal, saw herself, and died within the month; and Hannah Ames that was, she fared wuss yet, for a man appeared to her that came afterward all the way from New Brunswick, and she married him off-hand, and he beat and banged her, and would have smashed every bone in her body if the neighbors hadn't interfered."

Stephen looked askant at me with his big gray eyes.

"I hope that will prove a warning to you, Nan," he said, soberly.

"Nan!" echoed aunt Patty. "I'd like to see her making such a fool of herself—tramping to churches at midnight seeking the ghost of a man to marry!"

"Especially when there are those in the flesh that need not be sought," continued Stephen, with an audacious look.

"I don't know," I said, mockingly; "I like uncanny things. I think I'll run down to the church at the proper hour, and tempt the fate of Sal and Hannah."

There was a prayer-meeting at our house that night. Aunt Patty donned her plum-colored silk directly after tea, and lighted the lamps in the big sitting-room. Neighbors dropped in—men from the quarry, brethren and sisters; and by the window, very spruce and fine, in snowy duck and linen, was lawyer Gowan, his black eyes constantly seeking my face.

I sat on a stool in the doorway, curled up in a heap, staring out through the lilacs and syringas to avoid Gowan's look. The evening was far spent, and a tall elder was praying. His sonorous voice filled the room like a trumpet. Suddenly twisting through and through its mighty volume, a strain of music, fanning forth from some point near at hand, floated rapturously into the room.

I started and listened. It was the air of a wild old love-song—the gay, marvelous flutter of a fiddle, played by some hand that knew the bow and catgut well. Fast and furious this mad, glorious, but altogether irreverent, music came pouring into our meeting. Gowan smiled under his long mustaches. The elder stumbled in his prayer and frowned. I saw aunt Patty glaring angrily at me through her spectacles; but swifter and merrier flew that enchanted bow outside. I rose from my seat and slipped over the threshold-stone.

"Stephen!" I called.

No answer. I ran across the yard, brushing the perfume from the drowsy lilacs, reached the gate, and saw, seated composedly upon it, a figure scraping away for dear life on an old fiddle. A full moon was rising in the east. Its light shot through the apple trees, and fell upon him—on the comely head, crowned with crisp hair, on the comely face, colored rich as wine.

"Stephen!" I called again.

The bow flew from his hand, and fell somewhere in the

long, dry grass at my feet. He swung himself off the gate.

"Didn't you hear the elder praying?" I said, solemnly.

"No," he answered.

"Well, you have disturbed the meeting—come in at once;" and I searched the bush grass, found the bow, and brought it to him. My hand met his, and he took it from me."

"Come in!" I repeated. He did not stir; he was trembling from from head to foot under that careless touch.

"*Will* you come, Stephen?"

"There is no place on the earth or under it, where, if you called me, I would not follow you," and then we both saw Gowan craning his neck out of the window to look for us.

"Has he told you," queried Stephen, pressing my arm fiercely, "that you are altogether lovely in this white gown to-night? Has he promised you purple and fine linen in the future, and stalled ox to dine upon?"

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods," said I.

"Nor those he is seeking to make his?"

I led the way and he followed, docile enough, and sat down on a bench by the door, swart and tall in the moonlight. Presently the sisters and brethren came pouring out, and departed in a stream down the road. The last to appear was Gowan. He joined me in the lilacs.

"I hope you have been properly edified," I remarked.

"How?—by watching you and Stephen out here in the dew?"

"No irreverence. Aunt Patty has a late tea after these meetings—will you not stay?"

It must have been solely to torment Stephen that I said this—Stephen, who rose up from the bench at once, and walked off through the gate.

"Surely I will," Gowan answered, promptly, "and thanks."

I escorted him back to the sitting-room, where aunt Patty was already rattling the cups and saucers.

"Not that I ever indulge in such unreasonable repasts myself," I there added; "I have more mercy on my digestion;" and I left him standing in the midst of the preparation, and made off through the garden and out into the lonely high road.

It was St. John's Eve, as I said in the beginning. The hour now lacked but little to midnight. I walked off straight through the moonlight toward the English church of St. John, the nearest of any to our big old house. The winds were laid—the wayside thickets bloomed in Summer glory. I could smell the roses in the graveyard even before I caught sight of the familiar square tower. Under some gaunt butternut-trees I scurried on, and came to the porch. Rank vines darkened it, but all along its front the moonlight fell and pricked their dewy tangles, like white spirit fingers. My blood was a little chilly as I approached the porch, so strangely still was the night, so white and tall stood the old tombstones just over the low wall! I sat down on the steps, in the broad moonlight, with an inward qualm. Should I come to this door some day before the year was out, in what Stephen called purple and fine linen, with lawyer Gowan to attend me? Or would it be with Stephen himself, very quietly, and nobody by but father and aunt Patty? Death I did not think about, for I was young and strong. With such inward quaking as was natural to the time and place, I sat and waited to see what I should see.

Solemn and ghostly enough the silence grew. Only the ivy clapped its green hands softly overhead. I dared not stir or turn. A great, slow terror began to creep over me. Then, slowly, mournfully, somewhere near at hand, I heard a clock striking midnight.

The last stroke died away. I looked up. For a moment I saw nothing. Then, out of the wan moonshine before me, suddenly started up a figure—a tall, smart figure, with a strange, unearthly pallor on his face, the utter whiteness and coldness of death—a figure that stood misty and motionless, and looked at me with large, desolate eyes. For one horrible moment I sat paralyzed, staring at the white awfulness of that face, and then I started to my feet with a wild scream.

"Stephen! Stephen!"

"Nan!" a living, human voice answered, and I looked again, and that ghastly front had vanished, and it was Stephen, ruddy and stalwart, with his cheek colored like an Autumn leaf, and his great gray eyes on fire. He caught me suddenly, as I shivered away.

"For the love of Heaven!" I gasped, "tell me what made you look like that just now?"

"Like what?" he laughed.

"So cold and white—so like a dead man!"

I shuddered, bursting into wild sobbing.

"The moonlight, most likely," he answered, in a wild, glad voice, "Why, Nan! why, Nan!" and I was caught, and folded down into his breast. "Did I frighten you so much? You do love me, then—you do, in spite of all your trifling!" and kisses rained fast and furious on my bowed head. "*Don't* you love me, Nan?"

"I do! I do! Ah, Stephen, what a face that was! *Could* it have been the moonlight? I do love you; I have always loved you." And I think my own lips for a moment returned the warm, red pressure of his.

"And you hate Gowan?" queried Stephen.

"Desperately."

Rapturous silence.

"Did you come seeking your fate here to-night, Nan?"

"Yes—and you?"

"And I! We've both found it, in good truth; have not we?"

"It seems so."

"But, to complete the matter, we are bound to marry before the year is out."

"That subject can wait," said I, rising. "If I do not go home at once, aunt Patty will have drowned Gowan in tea, and locked the paternal door against me."

Home we went, through the moonlight, together. Aunt Patty, with her false front awry, and a bib pinned over the plum-colored silk, regarded me crossly.

"Gowan went off in a pet," said she; "he didn't know the tea-pot from a cider-cask after you left. Where have you been gadding at this hour of night?"

"Out to the church, to meet the wraith of my future husband," I answered, gayly.

"Did you see him?" she sniffed.

"That I did!" I answered, and danced off up the stair.

At breakfast, the next morning, she took up the subject again.

"I always thought Nan would make a good match," she said, over her coffee-grounds, "because she was born with a caul. Then, too, it's written plain on her face."

"Is it?" queried Stephen, leaning forward to look at me closer. "On what feature?"

"My long nose," said I, "which goes scenting it from afar."

"She ought to marry rich, Heaven knows!" went on aunt Patty, quite unheeding. "There's not another girl in town that has the ruffles and clear-starching, and fal-fals, she does. Hope *you'll* never get such a wife, Stephen."

"Too late!" laughed Stephen, "I have spoken for one exactly after her pattern."

It was decreed that on this morning I should be tempted of a devil. He came in the person of Gowan, who reined at the gate a stylish bay-horse, and flung over me an armful of blush roses, as I stood leaning on the sharp pickets, staring off toward the quarry.

"I am going over to Middleboro," he said, "and an empty seat at one's elbow is unspeakably lonesome. Can I prevail upon you to fill this one beside me?"

"Mercy! how thankful I am!" cried aunt Patty, hopping up from her weeding in a garden-bed near by. "I've been aching all the week for a new sprigged muslin gown from Middleboro, and I'd sooner Nan would choose it than anybody."

I made a tolerable resistance; people often do that when they have settled in their own minds to finally yield. Then I ran away, and, worst of all, donned my loveliest dress, let down my yellow hair on my shoulders, and armed myself *cap-à-pie* for conquest, as the inherent vanity of my woman's soul prompted.

Gowan gave me a look that turned me burning red, as he helped me into the buggy. We whirled past the quarry. I shrank behind him, and would not look toward it.

"There's a man yonder," he said, carelessly, "staring, as if we were the Gordon's head. Does he think I am abducting you?"

I understood, but would not turn. The moment we left behind us the great derricks, my spirits began to fail. The seat of the light buggy seemed unreasonably small, and brought us into a close contact that to me was vastly uncomfortable. The high wind, too, tossed my hair across his shoulders, and tangled it in the buttons of his coat. He detached it with passion-bright eyes.

"I wish it were your heart instead of your hair," he said, with an alarming fervor underlying the lightness of his tone.

By the time we reached Middleboro I was miserable. In revenge for the part she had played in the matter, I bought aunt Patty the most hideous sprigged muslin the sun ever shone upon.

"Now pray take me home," I said to Gowan, crossly. "I am ill."

The moment we were alone again in that narrow-seated buggy, on the quiet country roads, the sentimental look I dreaded began to appear on his face. He attempted to take my hand. I drew it quickly and smartly away.

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.—"I KNELT DOWN, AND LIFTED HIS DABBLED HEAD ON MY KNEE."

"Nan, dear Nan," he then tried to begin.

"Stop!" I cried, mildly, starting up. "If you speak a word more I will leap out!"

He drew me quietly down. I would not look in his face, but I heard him breathing hard.

"I understand," he said, "some one has spoken before me."

"Yes," I answered, flatly. There was silence.

"A mere child like you," he said, at last, in his usual cool, pleasant voice, "has much to learn, and many mistakes to make, and to set right again. I can wait."

"You will find it somewhat trying to your patience," was my quick, angry answer.

He smiled, but said nothing. He put me down at the gate, and I ran in, tore off my finery, spread the cloth for dinner, and went down to the old well in the garden for a bucket of water. I was leaning over the mossy curb, with the sweep in my hands, when, in the glassy mirror below, I saw a face reflected, and there at my shoulders stood Stephen.

"It is strange I can never be angry with you," he said, taking the bucket from my hands, "even when you deserve it."

"How good you are!" I answered, nettled by his tone.

"Why did you go riding with Gowan this morning?" he demanded, "to make me miserable?"

"I suppose it must have been that," said I, recklessly. The dark rich-colored face looked full in mine.

"Did you promise yourself to me last night, Nan, or did I dream it, or do you want to forget in silver daylight all that was done under the glamour of the moon?" He snatched my hands and pressed them against his heart, and I felt it beating great, mad, wild strokes. "You cannot! You shall not!" he cried. "I love you, and I will never release you, Nan—never!"

We had a frolic that night in the great red barn, emptied of the last year's harvest. Lanterns swung on high, and the floor below was swept clean for the dance. Betwixt the great doors a seat of honor had been placed for Stephen and his fiddle.

"I couldn't induce you to share my throne, I suppose?" said he.

"Not to-night," I answered. "I prefer to dance."

"With Gowan?"

"With any nice person who asks me."

"Not Gowan, Nan—promise me."

"Wait till he appears—do!"

"There he is in the door yonder, looking around for you."

I flung a backward glance over my shoulder, and saw Gowan leaning against the entrance fanning himself with his straw hat, and pensively regarding the crowd of young people assembled under the lanterns.

"Well?" said Stephen, waiting for the promise he had asked; but I stood stubbornly silent. He dropped my hand as if it had been a coal; strode over to his seat of honor, and taking up his fiddle began to play.

I was standing alone, looking out on the moonlit night, when Gowan came pushing his way toward me.

"Has no one asked you to dance?" he said, lightly, "or have you quarreled with Stephen?"

"No—to both questions," I answered.

"You look as forlorn as Mariana in the Moated Grange. May I beg you to honor me once?"

I looked over at Stephen, but he was playing his merriest, and seemed to see nothing.

"At least it is better than moping here," was my very uncivil answer; and I took Gowan's arm and fell into place with him.

We swung through the changes, and went down the middle together under Stephen's eyes, and I grew reckless at last, as one is apt to do in wrong-doing, and danced again and again, and was glad with the gladdest.

"He is jealous as a Turk," said Gowan, shrugging his shoulders. "You will be in disgrace for this." And sure enough Stephen cast one furious glance at me, and strode off in the very midst of the frolic, fiddle and all, and I saw him no more that night.

I slept late the following morning, and his seat at the table was vacant when I entered the kitchen.

"Whatever ails you?" cried aunt Patty. "You are as blue as skim-milk. If you'll go down to the south pasture for the berries, I'll have a strawberry pudding for dinner. Stephen is uncommon fond of it."

I was glad of the task. I threw aunt Patty's red breakfast-shawl over my shoulders, tied on my hat and started. Under the bars I went, and through the barberry bushes, seeing before me the tips of the great derricks at the quarry rising beyond the hill. I stumbled upon a spot where the ground was red and odorous, and, falling on my knees in the Summer grass, began plucking out, with all haste, the rich ripeness it hid. Presently the shadow of a human figure stretched across me, long and dark, in the sun. I looked up, and saw Gowan.

"Heavens!" thought I; "will the court ever adjourn to another place, and take this man away with it? Is he omnipresent?" I think my ill-humor was visible in my face.

"You are angry with me," he said, at once.

"True," I answered, starting up. "Why do you follow me about like this? Why are you forever at my elbow?"

"Is my presence, then, so hateful to you?" he asked, coloring.

"Yes, it is!" I blazed. "Now, pray, be satisfied, and leave me alone."

"Patience," he answered, coolly. "I do not mean to intrude, but pray tell me if the animal coming yonder is not a rather unusual feature in the landscape? He seems to be regarding us attentively."

I turned, and saw father's big red bull advancing briskly through the barberry bushes, tossing his sharp, short horns as he came. I snatched up my pail of strawberries.

"If you stay here a moment longer he will gore you to death!" I cried, and ran for the nearest wall. Gowan followed. The bull tore after us, bellowing, through the low undergrowth. The only weapon at hand was Gowan's light walking-stick, and the fence was twenty rods away, across an open space.

"Run," I urged, "or he will surely kill you!"

"The deuce he will!" muttered Gowan; and I heard a fall, and looked, and saw him measuring his length in the scrambling blackberry vines, with the foaming, snorting brute close on his entangled heels.

THE WHITE CAT.—"THE FIRST WORDS SHE UTTERED WERE, 'I SMELL THE VOICE OF A MAN.'"—SEE PAGE 755.

I saw this, and turned and ran back toward him.

"Help! help!" I cried, wildly.

At the call, a man in shirt-sleeves vaulted over the fence, and ran up to us. It was Stephen.

"Go back, Nan!" he cried, and snatched from my shoulders the red breakfast-shawl, which had been at the bottom of all the mischief, and flaunted it in the face of the bull. A wrathful roar, and off they went across the field together, Stephen leading, with the obnoxious garment, the brute tearing after. Gowan gathered himself up from the snarl of blackberry-vines, and we scrambled over the fence together, and stood and watched Stephen fling the shawl, at last, over the bull's short horns, and, leaving him pawing and trampling it, turn back toward us across the field.

"What a plight you are in, to be sure!" said I, maliciously, looking at the lawyer's immaculate garments, rumpled and blotched by his fall.

"It might have been worse," he answered good-naturedly.

"True—but for Stephen."

He reddened, searching my face closely.

"Good Heavens! you love him!" he cried, with the air of a person convicted for the first time of an unpleasant truth.

"With my whole heart!" I answered.

Before I was aware, he seized my two hands, resting on the fence, raised them to his lips, then flung them from him, and Stephen, advancing toward us across the open space, saw him, and stopped short in his tracks. He stood—he looked from Gowan's red face to my pale one, for one portentious moment, then turned on his heel, without a word, and strode off toward the quarry. We had no strawberry pudding for dinner; but, instead, aunt Patty compounded one of marvelous odor and appearance, full of chopped raisins and sweet spices. Twelve o'clock struck, and I went down to the gate to wait for Stephen. I looked across the fields—strained my eyes to catch the first glimpse of his tall figure coming over the hill. I wanted him to see me there, and know, even from afar, that I was penitent and anxious for peace. Long and dark stretched the shadow of rock and tree across the hill, but I saw no Stephen.

"Where can he be?" cried aunt Patty, from the kitchen; "the meat's growing cold, and the potatoes are like bullets."

Suddenly a strange figure appeared, running across the field, breathless, bare-headed. It sent a shivering thrill of dread through me from soul to crown. As it drew nearer, I dashed open the gate, and sprang quickly into the road to meet it.

"Stephen!" I almost shrieked.

"Something's happened down in the quarry," it gasped, in answer.

I thrust it aside, and fled under the bars, across the field, up the brow of the hill, and down on the other side, till I reached the derricks.

"Stop, for God's sake!" I heard some one crying after me, but the words whistled through my ears like an idle wind. Men were running past, breathlessly. I followed, and came to him, lying in the midst, with a coat spread across his shattered body. I pushed them all aside, and knelt down and lifted the dabbled head on my knee.

"Stephen!" I shrieked, "oh, come back, for I love you!"

What did he care for my love then? The pangs I had given him, and the little measure of joy—were they not as one to him at that moment?

"Come back! come back!" I prayed; but he answered nothing. The sun shone overhead, the world went on around us, and he lay there, mute and dead. Dead!—his strong, young life torn from him in the last thundering blast that had rent the hill. Dead!—and I knew it, and yet lived on.

Do you ask if I married Gowan? Yes, but that was years after.

THE WHITE CAT.

A FAIRY STORY.

A KING had three sons, all remarkably handsome in their persons, and in their tempers generous and noble. Some wicked courtiers made the king believe that the princes were contriving a plot to deprive him of his sceptre and his authority.

The king had no inclination to resign his power, and therefore he sent for them to his cabinet, and said:

"My dear children, my great age prevents me from attending so closely as I have hitherto done to State affairs. I therefore desire to place my crown on the head of one of you; but, in return for such a present, you should procure me some amusement in my retirement, for I shall leave the capital forever. I cannot help thinking that a little dog, that should be handsome, faithful, and engaging, would be the very thing to make me happy; so that, without bestowing a preference on either of you, I declare that he who brings me the most perfect little dog shall be my successor."

The princes were much surprised at the fancy of their father, yet they accepted the proposition with pleasure; and accordingly, after taking leave of the king, they set off on their travels. Each took a different road; but we intend to relate the adventures of only the youngest, who, wandering he knew not whither, found himself in a forest; night suddenly came on, he lost his path, and could not find his way out. When he had groped about for a long time, he perceived a light, and accordingly pursued his way toward it, and in a short time found himself at the gates of the most magnificent palace ever beheld.

The prince observed a deer's foot fastened to a chain of diamonds. He pulled the chain, and heard a bell, the sound of which was so sweet that he concluded it must be made either of silver of gold. In a few moments the door was opened, but he perceived nothing but twelve hands in the air, each holding a torch.

The prince was so astonished that he durst not move a step; when he felt himself pushed gently on by some other hands from behind him. He walked on in great perplexity; and, to be secure from danger, he put his hand on his sword. He entered a vestibule inlaid with porphyry and lapis-stone, when the most melodious voice he had ever heard chanted the following words:

"Welcome, prince! no danger fear,
Mirth and love attend you here."

The prince now advanced with confidence, wondering what these words could mean.

When he had passed through sixty apartments, all equally splendid, he was stopped by the hands, and a large easy-chair advanced of itself toward the chimney; the fire immediately lighted of itself; and the hands, which he observed were extremely white and delicate, took off his wet clothes, and supplied their place with the finest linen imaginable, and then added a commodious wrapping-gown, embroidered with the brightest gold, and all over enriched with pearls.

The hands next brought him an elegant dressing-table, held before him a beautiful basin, filled with perfumes, for him to wash his face and hands, and afterward took off the wrapping-gown, and dressed him in a suit of clothes of still greater splendor.

When his dress was complete, they conducted him to a table spread for a repast, and everything upon it was of the purest gold, adorned with jewels.

As he was reflecting on the wonderful things he had seen in this palace, his attention was suddenly caught by a small figure, not a foot in height, which just then entered the room, and advanced toward him. It had on a long black vail, and was supported by two cats dressed in mourning, and with swords by their sides. They were followed by a numerous retinue of cats. The little figure now approached, and, throwing aside her vail, he beheld a most beautiful white cat. Addressing herself to the prince, she said:

"Young prince, you are welcome; your presence affords me the greatest pleasure."

"Madame," replied the prince, "I would fain thank you for your generosity, nor can I help observing that you must be a most extraordinary creature, to possess, with your present form, the gift of speech, and the magnificent palace I have just seen."

"All this is very true," answered the beautiful cat; "but, prince, I am not fond of talking, and least of all do I like compliments; let us, therefore, sit down to supper."

When night was far advanced, the white cat wished him a good-night, and he was conducted by the hands to his bed-chamber.

The prince was undressed and put into bed by the hands, without speaking a word; they then left him to repose. He, however, slept but little, and in the morning was awakened by a confused noise. He looked into the courtyard, and perceived more than five hundred cats, all busily employed in preparing for the field, for this was a day of festival.

Presently the white cat came to his apartment, and having politely inquired after his health, and how he had passed the night, she invited him to partake of their amusement.

When the hunting was over, the whole retinue returned to the palace; when the white cat sat down to supper with the prince, who partook with her of the most delicious liquors, which, being often repeated, made him forget that he was to procure a little dog for the old king. He thought no longer of anything but of pleasing the sweet little creature who received him so courteously, and, accordingly, every day was spent in new amusements.

The prince had almost forgotten his country and his relations.

"Alas!" said he to the white cat, "how will it afflict me to leave one whom I love so much? Either make yourself a lady, or make me a cat."

At length the twelvemonth was nearly expired. The prince began to afflict himself, when the cat told him not to be sorrowful, since she would not only provide him with a little dog, but also with a wooden horse, which should convey him safely in less than twelve hours.

"Look here," said she, showing him an acorn; "this contains what you desire."

The prince put the acorn to his ear, and heard the barking of a little dog. Transported with joy, he thanked the cat a thousand time, and the next day, bidding her tenderly adieu, he set out on his return.

The prince arrived first at the place of rendezvous, and was soon joined by his brothers.

The next day they went together to the palace. The dogs of the two elder princes were lying on cushions, and so curiously wrapped round with embroidered quilts that scarcely would one venture to touch them.

The king examined the two little dogs of the elder princes, and declared he thought them so equally beautiful that he knew not to which, with justice, he could give the preference. They accordingly began to dispute, when the young prince, taking the acorn from his pocket, soon ended their contention; for a little dog appeared which could with ease go through the smallest ring, and was, besides, a miracle of beauty.

The king was not more inclined than the year before to part with his crown, so he told his sons that he was extremely obliged to them for the pains they had taken, and that since they had succeeded so well, he could but wish they would make a second attempt; he therefore begged they would take another year for procuring him a piece of cambric, so fine as to be drawn through the eye of a small needle.

The three princes thought this very hard; yet they set out in obedience to the king's command. The two eldest took different roads, and the youngest remounted his wooden horse, and in a short time arrived at the palace of his beloved white cat, who received him with the greatest joy; after which the prince gave the white cat an account of the admiration which had been bestowed on the beautiful little dog, and informed her of his father's further injunction.

"Make yourself perfectly easy, dear prince," said she; "I have in my palace some cats that are particularly expert in making such cambric as the king requires; so you have nothing to do but to give me the pleasure of your company while it is making, and I will take care to procure you all the amusement possible."

The twelvemonth in this manner again passed insensibly away, but the cat took care to remind the prince of his duty in proper time.

She then presented him with a nut.

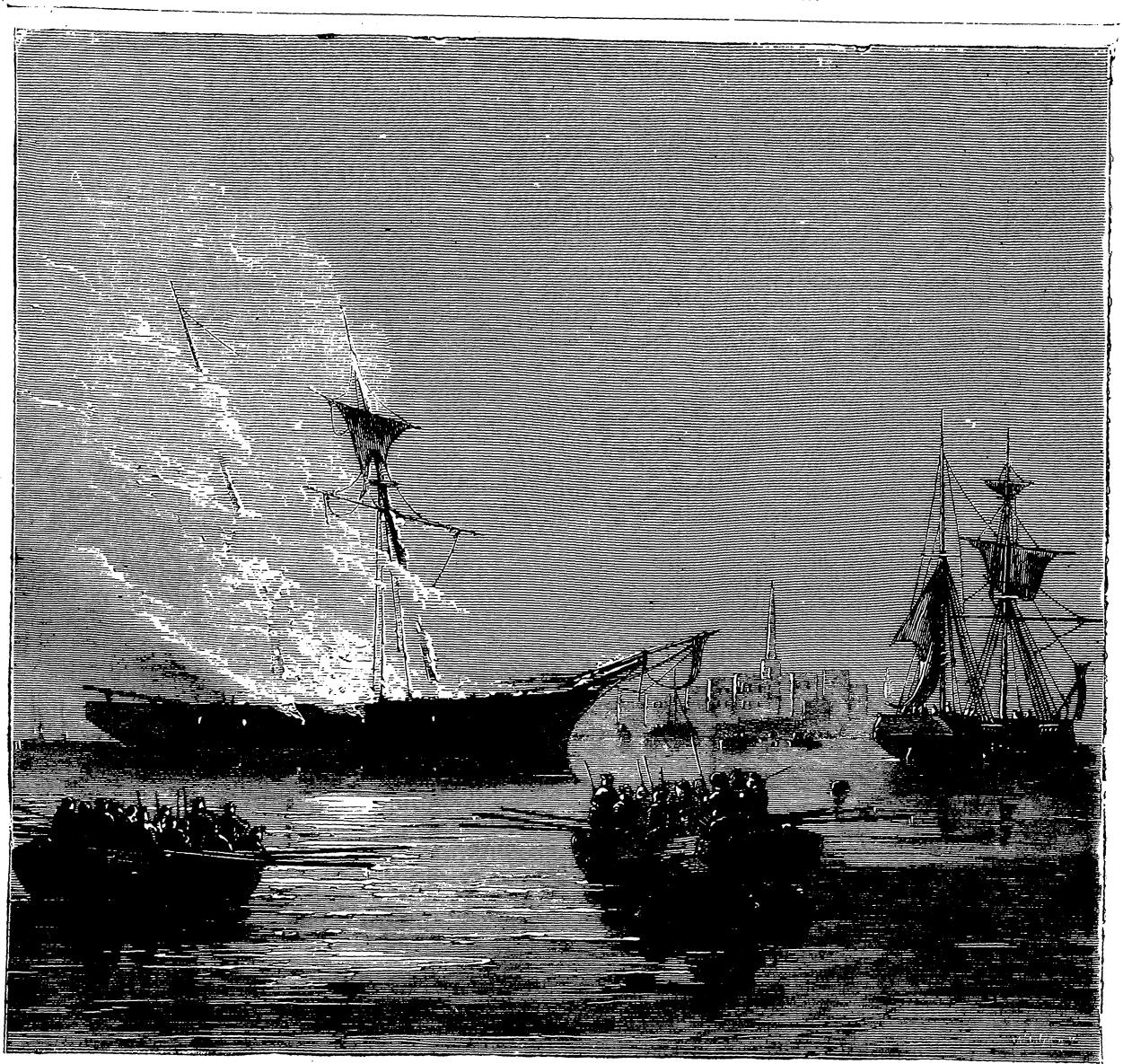
"You will find in it," said she, "the piece of cambric I promised you; do not break the shell till you are in the presence of the king, your father."

The prince hastened to his father's palace, where his brothers had arrived just before him. The princes hastened to lay at the feet of his majesty the curious present he had required them to procure. The eldest unwrapped a piece of cambric that was indeed extremely fine, so that his friends had no doubt of its passing through the eye of the needle, which was now delivered to the king, having been locked up in the custody of his majesty's treasurer all the time. But when the king attempted to draw it through the eye of the needle it would not pass. Then came the second prince, who was as sure of obtaining the crown as his brother had done, but, alas! with no better success; for though, to all appearance, his piece of cambric was exquisitely fine, yet it could not be drawn through the eye of the needle. It was now the youngest prince's turn, who accordingly advanced, and, opening the magnificent little box, inlaid with jewels, he took out a walnut, and cracked the shell, imagining he should perceive his piece of cambric; but what was his astonishment to see nothing but a filbert! He did not, however, lose his hope; he cracked the filbert, and it presented him with a cherry-stone. The prince, however, cracked the cherry-stone, which was filled with a kernel; he divided it, and found in the middle a grain of wheat, and in that a grain of millet-seed, and, opening the grain of millet-seed, to the astonishment of all present, he drew from it a piece of cambric four hundred yards in length, and fine enough to be drawn, with perfect ease, through the eye of the needle.

When the king found he had no pretext left for refusing the crown to the youngest son, he sighed deeply, and it was plain to be seen that he was sorry for the prince's success.

"My sons," said he, "you must undertake another expedition; and whichever, by the end of the year, shall bring me the most beautiful lady, shall marry her and obtain my crown."

The two eldest princes took care enough not to murmur, for they had now another chance of success; and the youngest was too dutiful to complain of the great injustice he had suffered. So they again took leave of the king, and of each other, and set out without delay; and in less than twelve hours our young prince again arrived at the palace of



THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS MAJESTY'S SCHOONER "GASPEE," NEAR PROVIDENCE, IN 1772.—SEE PAGE 758.

his dear white cat, who received him as before. He gave her an account of all that had passed, and the new request of the king, his father.

"Never mind it, my prince," said she; "I engage to provide you with what you want; and, in the meantime, let us be as merry as we can, for it is only when I have the pleasure of your company that I am the least inclined to entertainments or rejoicings of any kind."

Accordingly, everything went on as before till the end of another year.

At length, only one day remained of the year; when the white cat thus addressed him:

"To-morrow, my prince, you must present yourself at the palace of your father, and give him a proof of your obedience. It depends only on yourself to conduct thither the most beautiful princess ever yet beheld; for the time is come when the enchantment by which I am bound may be ended. You must cut off my head and tail," continued she, "and throw them into the fire."

"I!" answered the prince, hastily; "I cut off your head and tail! You surely mean to try my affection, which, believe me, beautiful cat, is truly yours."

"You mistake me, generous prince," said she; "I do not doubt your regard, but if you wish to see me in any other form than that of a cat, you must consent to do as I desire, when you will have done me a service I shall never be able sufficiently to repay you."

The prince's eyes filled with tears as she spoke, yet he considered himself obliged to undertake the dreadful task; and the cat continuing to press him with the greatest eagerness, with a trembling hand he drew his sword, cut off her head and tail, and threw them into the fire. No sooner was this done, than the most beautiful lady his eyes had ever seen stood before him, who thus addressed the astonished prince:

"Do not imagine, dear prince, that I have been always a cat, or that I am of obscure birth. My father was the monarch of six kingdoms; he tenderly loved my mother, leaving her always at liberty to follow her own inclinations. Having offended a powerful fairy, she was compelled to promise to give her child, shortly to be born, to the fairies.

"Nothing could exceed my father's affliction, when he heard that his only child, when born, was to be given to the fairies; he bore it, however, as well as he could, for fear of adding to my mother's grief.

"The fairies placed me in a tower of their palace, magnificently furnished, but to which there was no door; so that whoever approached me was obliged to come by the windows, which were a prodigious height from the ground.

"My only companions in the tower were a parrot and a little dog, and both were endowed with the gift of speech.

"One of the windows of my tower overlooked a long avenue shaded with trees, so that I had never seen in it a human creature. One day, however, as I was talking at this window with my parrot, I perceived a young gentleman, who was listening to our conversation.

"The next morning, as soon as it was light, I again placed myself at the window, and had the pleasure of seeing that the gentleman had returned to the same place. He next begged my permission to come every day at the same hour to speak with me, desiring me, if I consented, to throw down something by way of token. I accordingly threw down a ring, at the same time making a sign for him to withdraw hastily, as I heard the approach of the Fairy Violent, on her dragon, who brought me my breakfast.

"The first words she uttered, after getting in at the window, were, 'I smell the voice of a man!'

"You may imagine my terror. Finding no one, she appeared satisfied, and said no more. At length she left me, leaving me a new distaff, and recommending me to employ myself more in spinning; 'For,' said she, 'you have done scarcely anything these two days.'

"Just at this time, the fairies took it into their heads to think of choosing me a husband from their own race, and accordingly appointed a day for his paying me a visit, desiring me to look as engagingly as I could.

"When I was alone with my parrot, she began to tell me how much she should pity me if the fairies obliged me to marry Migonnet, the prince they had thought of; 'For,' said she, 'he is a dwarf not two feet high; he has a hunch upon his back; his head is larger than his whole body; his nose is so long that twenty birds may roost upon it; he has the feet of an eagle, and walks on stilts.'

"I was ready to die with horror, when I thought of this creature as my husband; and from that moment I resolved to find some means of escaping from my tower with the engaging prince I had seen.

"I now sent my parrot to the prince to beg he would come to the usual place, as I wished to speak with him. He did not fail; and, finding a ladder, mounted it, and precipitately entered my tower. I was at first somewhat alarmed, but the charms of his conversation had restored me to perfect tranquility; when all at once the window opened, and the Fairy Violent, seated on the dragon's back, rushed into the tower, followed by the hideous Migonnet in a chariot of fire, and a troop of guards, each upon the back of an ostrich.

"My beloved prince thought of nothing but how to defend me from their fury. But their numbers overpowered him, and the Fairy Violent had the barbarity to command the dragon to devour my prince before my eyes. The fairy then touched me with a wand, and I instantly became a white cat. She then informed me of my birth, and the death of both my parents, and pronounced upon me what she imagined would be the greatest of maledictions—that I should not be restored to my natural figure, till a young prince, the perfect resemblance of him I had lost, should cut off my head and tail. You, my prince, are that perfect resemblance; and, accordingly, you have ended the enchantment."

The prince and princess set out, side by side, and reached the palace just as the two brothers had arrived with two beautiful princesses. The king, hearing that each of his sons had succeeded in finding what he had required, again

THE OLD DOCTOR'S WATERMELONS.—"NOW, CALL ALL THE BOYS TOGETHER AROUND ME, AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL SOMETHING YOU'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR."—SEE PAGE 759.

began to think of some new expedient to delay the time of resigning his crown; but the princess who accompanied the youngest stepped majestically forward, and thus addressed him:

"What pity that your majesty, who is so capable of governing, should think of resigning the crown! I am fortunate enough to have six kingdoms in my possession; permit me to bestow one on each of the elder princes, and to enjoy the remaining four in the society of the youngest. And may it please your majesty to keep your own kingdom, and to make no decision concerning the beauty of the three princesses, who, without such a proof of your majesty's preference, will no doubt live happily together!"

The air resounded with the applauses of the assembly; the prince and princess embraced the king, and next their brothers and sisters; the three weddings immediately took place, and the kingdoms were divided as the princess had proposed, in each of which nothing for a long time prevailed but rejoicings.

THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS MAJESTY'S SCHOONER "GASPEE," NEAR PROVIDENCE, IN 1772.

One of the most daring events that preceded the American Revolution—one that should have taught the English Government that Americans were not to be ruled as mere slaves—was the destruction of the English schooner *Gaspee*, off Namguit, or, as it is now called, Gaspee Point, on Narragansett Bay. This vessel, commanded by Lieutenant Duddington, had been sent to the bay by Admiral Montague and the Commissioners of Customs, at Boston, to prevent a trade carried on from Rhode Island, in disregard of English authority.

Duddington, an ignorant bully, made himself doubly obnoxious by compelling all vessels to take down their colors in his presence, firing into them in case of neglect. He insolently refused to show Governor Wanton, of Rhode Island, his commission or orders. All was accordingly ripe for any opportunity to give him and his masters a lesson in good manners and common sense.

On the 9th of June, 1772, while chasing Captain Lindsey's packet *Hannah*, the regular boat then plying between New York and Providence, the *Gaspee* ran aground on the point to which it has left its name, Lindsey having run in close for the very purpose of getting Duddington into mischief.

As soon as Lindsey announced in Providence that the *Gaspee* was ashore, and could not be got off before flood-tide, it was resolved that Rhode Island should be delivered of her presence.

John Brown, a leading merchant, had eight longboats prepared, and at dusk a man passed along Main Street, beating a drum, announcing the facts, and inviting those willing to aid in her destruction to meet at James Sabine's house. The boats, manned by sixty-four well-armed men, left Providence between ten and eleven o'clock, and a little after one, were hailed by the sentinel on the deck of the *Gaspee*. As no answer was given, the sentry alarmed his commander, and Duddington appeared in his shirt, on the starboard gunwale, and, ordering the boats off, fired a pistol at them; but, with the flash of his weapon, came a flash from one of the boats, and Duddington fell to the deck, wounded in the groin, and was carried below.

The boats now boarded the *Gaspee* with little opposition, the crew retreating below. The captors dressed Duddington's wound, and ordered the crew to leave the vessel, taking their commander, and all their and his clothing and effects.

As soon as they had gone, the *Gaspee* was set on fire, and, burning steadily through the night, blew up at dawn.

Governor Wanton, the next day, offered a reward for the discovery of the perpetrators of the villainy. Admiral Montague did all he could to find the parties engaged. The British Government sent out a special commission, but, though a reward of $5,000 was offered for the leader, and half that for any other concerned, not a man, woman, or child could be found in Rhode Island who knew anything about it.

"Now, for to find these people out,
King George has offered, very stout,
One thousand pounds to find out one
That wounded William Duddington;
One thousand more, he says, he'll spare
For those who say the sheriffs were;
One thousand more there doth remain,
For to find out the leader's name;
Likewise, five hundred pounds per man
For any one of all the clan.
But let him try his utmost skill,
I'm apt to think he never will
Find out any of those hearts of gold,
Though he should offer fifty-fold."

The principal actors, whose names were thus well concealed, were John Brown, Captain Abraham Whipple, John B. Hopkins, Benjamin Dunn, Dr. John Mawney, Benjamin Page, Joseph Bucklin, Turpin Smith, Ephraim Bower, and Joseph Tillinghast.

THE OLD DOCTOR'S WATERMELONS; OR, THE CRIPPLE'S DREAM.

WONDERFUL watermelons were those of the village Æsculapius of my youth. Wonderful affairs that always turned out just right—utterly regardless of the season—and the earliest by fully a week or more of any one's else in the town. What marvelous melons they were, to be sure! What mealy fruit! Invariably turning out on "coring," either a delicious mouth-watery pomegranate red in the centre, or the creamiest of (ice) creamy whites.

I can see them now "in my mind's eye," sunning themselves lazily in their huge "patch"; their great round-bellied green surfaces turning up here and there glossily in myriad confusion from out the straggling foliage of their own great awkward big leaves! And believe me, that melon-patch in August—the doctor's "own special," though one must own *all* were carefully watched—received more special attention at the hands of the youngsters of our village than all the rest of the doctor's real estate put together. But—truth again compels the admission—*only in watermelon time.*

And yet, that same melon-patch, attractive as it was, once brought the whole village, and in one night, to grief. It happened in this wise:

One season, whilst those of the rest of the village, as usual, were but turning, and those of the old waggish doctor, equally as usual, were many days ahead of time (and, in fact, a dozen or more already *plugged* for family use), it chanced that the exasperated eyes of some half a dozen of the rowdiest of the village academy roughs, passing the doctor's garden daily, to and fro on their way to school, came to the mutual conclusion that patience had ceased to be one of the necessary cultivatable virtues for modern use. At all events, not worth the daily candle of further perseverance.

The result may be surmised. An insurrection juvenile

was speedily proposed and organized. The doctor's melon-patch, the scene of action, in a moment (theoretically), in the minds of many, became a doomed and desolate waste—a place, indeed, where melons had been, but where, alas! until the next melon season, the place that had known them should know them no more.

Chief of this conspiracy—in fact, the very head and front of the offenders—was one Will Holt by name, a bright boy of eleven. Now, among the doctor's patients was one Jimmy Holt, younger brother to Will, a wasted little fellow of nine years old, or thereabouts, who, some fifteen months before, had fallen from an apple-tree, thereby injuring his spine in some sad manner, so that he had been forced to lie, for that long period, upon his back, a little cripple, and almost daily patient of the doctor's ever since. Poor Jimmy was just at this time, with redoubled languor and weariness, recovering from a slow nervous fever. On this special day, he had called his mother to him, and had informed her that he wanted, "Oh, so much! a single piece of watermelon."

He had been dreaming about it, he said—dreaming all night that he was playing in the doctor's melon-patch—he and Will—and that he was all well and strong again as ever, and that they had looked up and saw the doctor looking out the window at them; and then he had come out into the garden to see them, and had said, ever so kindly, not a bit cross, mother, 'Why, boys, is this you—come to get some watermelons? Well, pitch in, and help yourselves'; and, as he said it, he'd ripped out his great jackknife, and cut right into the rind of, oh, such a jolly fat fellow, mother! with such a *swish!* And then he had put both halves, all dripping over with red, luscious juice, right into his (Jimmy's) lap, and had said, 'There, boys, now fall to and help yourselves; and come here every year, and get just as many as ever you like!'

"And, oh, mother!" wound up the little fellow, rapturously, "it was so nice and real, and the sweet juice tasted so nice and cool, dripping right into my hot mouth, that you don't know, mother!"

And as with the last words the sick boy finished his graphic recollection of his extraordinary dream, tinctured, perhaps, a little (and not unnaturally) with the enthusiasm of his waking thoughts, he looked up into his mother's face, longingly.

"And, oh, mother, do you know, I've been thinking if—you remember the doctor promised me once to take me to ride in his buggy, behind Gray Bill, the first time I am able to get out. Well, do you know, I'll ask him if he won't let the ride go," suggested the child, heroically, "and give me one of his *tiniest, tiniest* watermelons instead. Oh, mother! don't you think he would! It does seem as if one single watermelon would make me well again. I'm *so* hungry—but only for watermelon!" added the poor little sufferer, longingly, with a child's ingenuousness.

"I don't know, my child, I'm sure," added his mother, soothingly; "but at any rate lie down and try to sleep now, and we'll see and get you a watermelon somewhere else in the village, if you want it so much. At all events, we'll try," she added, hesitatingly, for she remembered with a pang, even in her great wish, that the doctor had the reputation of being not over-fond of parting with his watermelons; and, fearing refusal, she set about inquiry for the fruit elsewhere.

She was doomed to disappointment, however, as none were to be found in the village more than half ripe, the doctor's solitary patch being, as before stated, many days ahead of contemporary neighbors' time.

Jimmy was fearfully disappointed. His dream had been so real, and his poor little sick, feverish palate, vapidly fed for about a week past by Will's graphic daily description of the swelling splendor, absolutely craved the luscious juice of the fruit with an almost insane longing.

Will, coming in from school at noon, to see Jimmy, found the little man crying (he couldn't help it, though he had tried his best not to) over a delicious saucer of early green apple-sauce and cream, which his mother, in the sorrow of her heart, had kindly prepared for him, in the hope of partially allaying his bitter disappointment. Will heard the whole story out, and determined, on hearing, to set things right at once, which he did, after his own fashion.

On his way to school in the afternoon, he took his way—a long one round—by that of Doctor Greene's house, and on the road hither his mutterings might have been translated thus:

"Humph! Well, old fellow, now's your chance; just one more, and one only. I'll *ask* you right at once for the plaguy thing, like a man, and then—*if you don't let Jimmy have one, I'll join all the boys together this very evening, and we'll rob you of every blessed one on the place?*"

So threatening, our puny little Cæsar, with a face set in stormy determination, put a period to his cogitations by a sudden and savage pull at the doctor's door-bell. Waiting for its answering, he turned round upon the door-step, and cast one longing glance—a glance which, to tell the truth, *had longing enough in it for Jimmy*, too—at the envied melon-patch. Yes, there they were, blinking and shining in the afternoon sun; some light, some dark-green; some round, some long and bulbous; some striped, some plain; some large, some small; but all, as Will knew by experience, local (for he had been an inhabitant of that village from his earliest cradlehood, and had left the surreptitious imprint of his marauding numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 calfskin boots, for as many succeeding years of his life, every melon season, in that identical patch—in fact, ever since the literal worsted sock of earliest childhood had been exchanged for the first morocco "tie" of advancing boyhood), *with just the same delicious odor of contents;* which, when the boy began to speculate upon, with the keenness of an appetite whetted by a whole year's scarceness, and the stomach of a boy at that, he grew partly frantic with melon-fever, hardly caught, either, from poor Jimmy.

Fortunately, however, for his good behavior, at this crisis the door opened, and the portly figure of the old doctor stood before him.

In a moment more Will rushed in.

"Oh, sir! Oh, Doctor Greene!" he commenced, incoherently, "Jimmy, sir——"

"Eh! What? Jimmy worse again?" said the old gentleman, sharply, firing out his words with revolver readiness and pith, as he recognized in his little visitor an elder brother of his little lame patient.

"No, sir—no," said the boy, hesitatingly, "not unless, Doctor Greene, he's gone and made himself worse, as mother says, from the worry he's got into from his dream about you, sir."

"His dream about me, eh? What!" echoed the amazed old gentleman, "Jimmy been dreaming about me? Well, come in and tell me all about it;" and with the word the eccentric old doctor pulled his plucky little neighbor into the hall, and then in a moment was in possession of the whole story.

Yes, the whole story. It was soon told—intended midnight foray and all of the coming night not forgotten; and the boy owned himself to have been the this year's originator of the scheme—for he was too noble of nature not to confess all, and make a genuine clean breast of his errors when the opportunity was once afforded him.

At its conclusion, and after innumerable haws, and hems, and savage chuckling, added to sharp, caustic inquiry on the part of the old doctor, Will was allowed to depart, but not until he had been invited by the kind old gentleman to partake of a most superb big watermelon, ordered up by his

eccentric host, not from the sunny garden, but from the cool cellar. This huge delight the old doctor opened with the identical *swish* of Jimmy's dream, and having done so, he invited his little friend to fall to and help himself, insisting upon his doing so liberally that, before long, even he, Will, was fain to cry, "Hold! enough!" to his pressing host.

Will ate, I say, to such a pass, but the reader may be sure not at Jimmy's expense, or, in fact, until the kind old doctor had promised such a watermelon feast to his little, fevered brother, tossing upon his longing bed at home, as the little parched palate had literally not even dreamed of.

On reaching school, which, by-the-way, he was barely in time for, he found himself obliged to wait until recess before he could unburden his bosom of its weight of watermelon remorse.

"Halloa! Here's Will Holt at last. He'll go in for it, sure!" said one of his companions, as Will came slowly out into the schoolhouse yard.

"Go in for what?" was his reply, a slight conscious blush reddening his cheek with the words.

"*Go in for what?*" his companions retorted, questioningly. "Why, for robbing old Mr. Greene's watermelon-patch, to be sure. Who proposed it first, I'd like to know? It's a gay old moonlight night, and——"

"Stop!" said our little hero, suddenly, throwing himself on the grass as he spoke. "Fred Wilson, you just hold on a minute right where you are. Now, call all the boys together around me, and I'll tell you all something you'll be glad to hear."

There was something strangely though unconsciously commanding in Will's tone. In one instant the whole school, big and little, had flocked around him. Then Will sprang to his feet, and told them the whole story, adding how sorry he was that he had been obliged to eat the whole melon alone (which, to do him justice, he really had been ashamed to do), and winding up with a fervent entreaty that they would rob anybody else's they pleased, but let the old doctor's watermelons alone. In any case, he, for one, would have nothing to do with it.

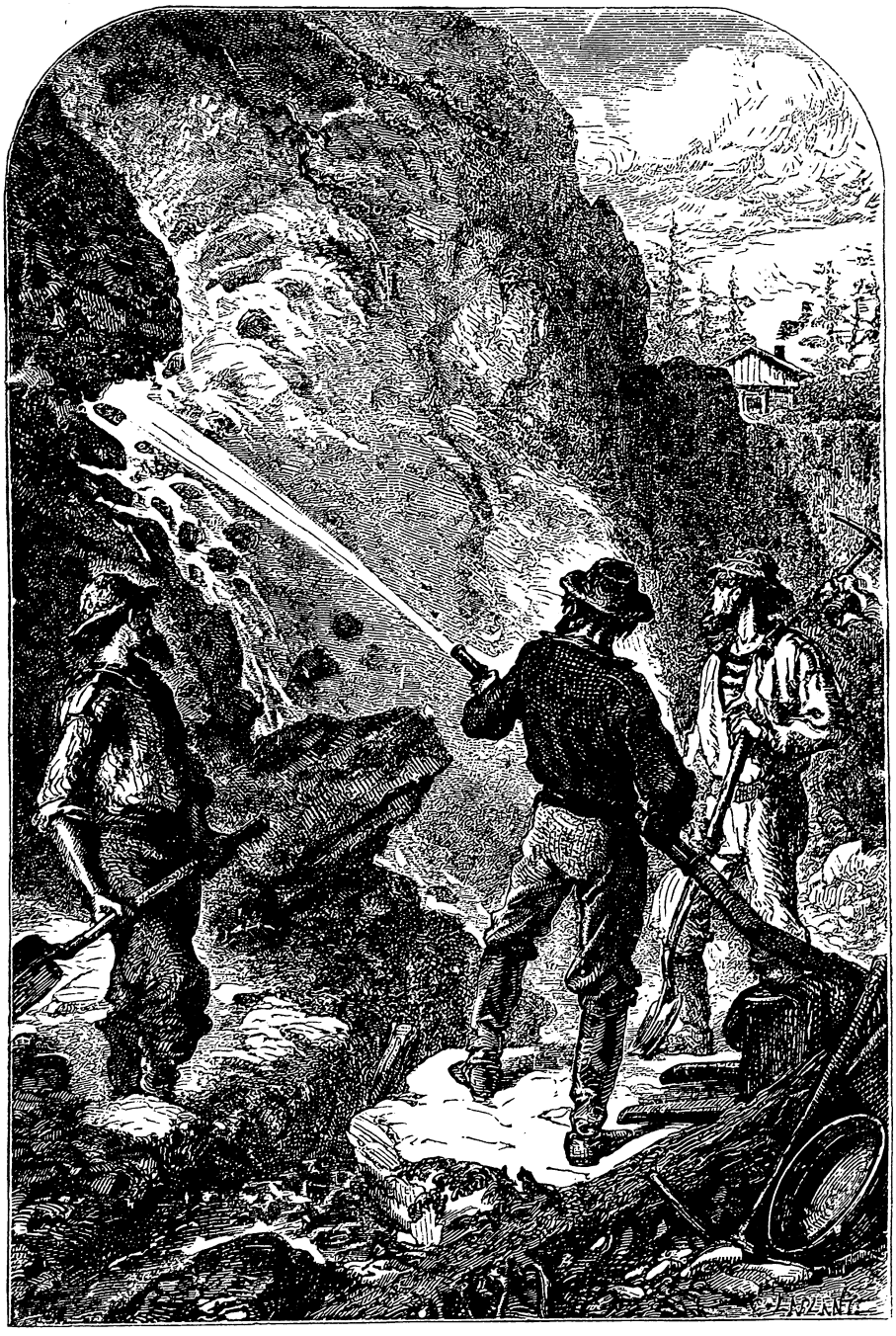


FIG. 1.—HYDRAULIC METHOD INVENTED IN CALIFORNIA FOR WORKING AURIFEROUS ALLUVIUM.

"Well said, my little man!" ejaculated an unseen listener to the boy's colloquy, and, with the words, the whip-lash fell gently upon Gray Bill's flank, as old Doctor Greene whipped him up on the road just the other side of the fence dividing it from the school-house yard.

A creaking of the old lumbering buggy, in the midst of a sound as of chuckling laughter, and in a moment more naught remained of the old doctor's momentary road delay but the whirl of dust raised by old Bill's fast retreating footsteps.

The school-bell, earlier than usual, at this instant called the indignant boys to class. In sadness of spirit, the instant it was over, Will Holt turned his dispirited footsteps toward home. He passed many knots of whispering schoolmates by the way; but they only scowled at him as he passed, and the instant afterward his ears and cheeks burned with the insulting epithets hurled after him.

Will stood it manfully, determining, come what must, it would never do to "blab." He felt fully repaid for it when, on reaching Jimmy's room, he was met by the sight of a plateful of the longed-for crimson fruit, right in Jimmy's

lap, and the dear little fellow in the midst of its enjoyment. And, strange to say, from that day Jimmy grew momentarily better, and in a few weeks further, save for a slight lameness, was almost entirely well.

In less than six months he was as sound as now, and he always insisted that it was only "a watermelon-fever, after all, which ailed him," and as soon as that was assuaged he, of course, at once recovered.

But to recur to the boys and their plans. That night the old doctor's watermelon patch was robbed of every blessed melon on it. Strange to say, a few hours after the whole village was astir with cholera-morbus.

To all appearance, the entire population had eaten its fill of the doctor's watermelons — previously inoculated, however, with *tartar-emetic!*

At all events, on that single night, between sundown and sunrise, the doctor's patients counted up to forty-seven.

After that, in all succeeding years — as will readily be believed — the doctor's melons (let them appear ever so early) went scot-free of all village depredations, for two facts the village, "now purged and clean," if not yet "clothed in its right mind," had learned to its sorrow, viz.: that, in all cases, "it had to pay the piper"; and that it did not pay to set the old doctor dancing to its fiddling, especially in watermelon season.

The young scamps, whose plans and plots ended so disastrously, are now scattered far and wide, sober judges, reverend divines, profound scientists, and thoughtful engineers, but at the remembrance of the doctor's watermelons the most serious will relax.

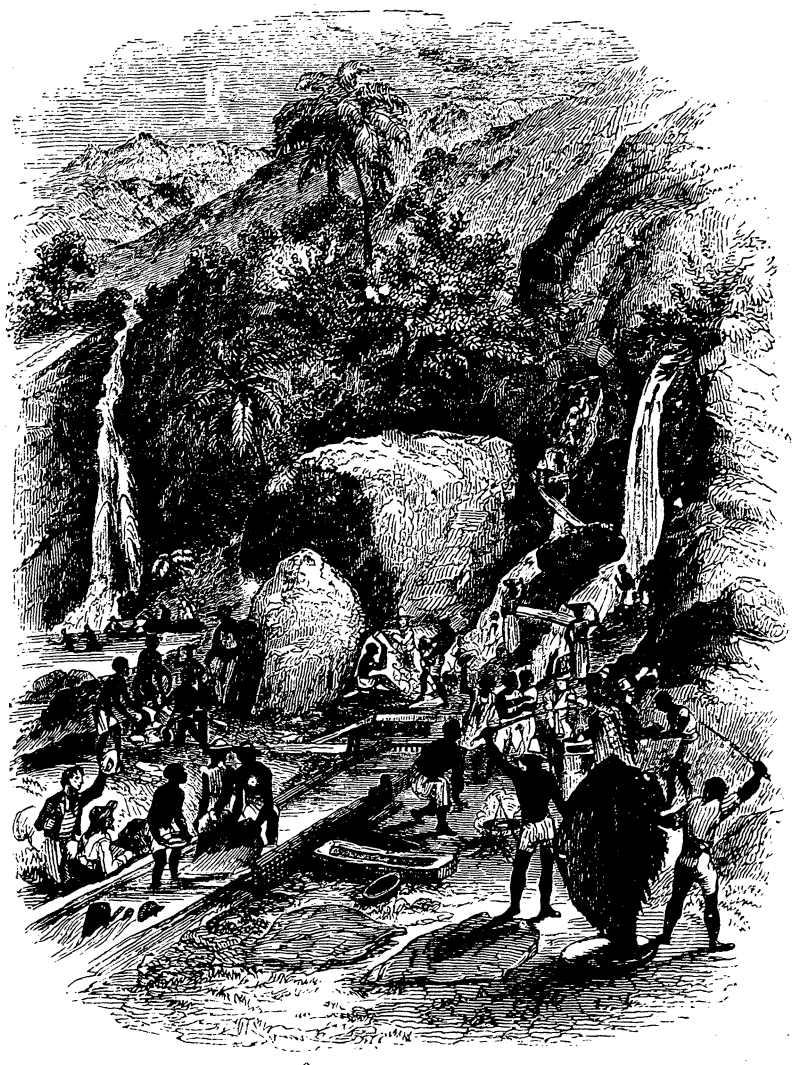


FIG. 2.—GOLD-WASHING IN BRAZIL.

THE PAST AND PRESENT PRODUCTION OF GOLD.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

Gold has been known since the world was peopled by man, and from time immemorial has been made the object of study by alchymists and chemists, and has been sought for in all possible and impossible situations. Moses speaks of it as occurring in a river flowing out of Eden, and Job says that wisdom cannot be bought with it, not even with the gold of Ophir, and Solomon collected vast quantities for the building of the Temple, and David required, to complete his work, 100,000 hundredweight. It is thus evident that the most ancient races were acquainted with gold, and regarded it as their most precious metal. But the Ophir of the Bible, and the Eldorado of the later Spanish writers, are localities about which endless speculations have been made, without arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. Where they were situated cannot be ascertained, and whenever a new discovery of gold is made, as was the case in Siberia, South America, California, and Australia, Ophir and Eldorado are moved to those places in the order of discovery; and thus the famous gold placers of ancient times are forced to travel around the world in search of a final resting-place. The great antiquity of the metal is conclusively shown by all of these discussions, and its use is traced in the history of the most ancient races. The manner in which gold occurs on the face of the earth is now very generally understood, in consequence of the extraordinary discoveries of deposits and mines of the metal which have been made in the United States. It is not confined to rocks of any one geological period. The gold of Colorado occurs in veins, with metallic sulphides traversing crystalline rocks of eozoic age, while the deposits of North Carolina are found in palaeozoic strata, similar to the Ural Mountains and the Alps. In Nova Scotia the ore is met with in slates and sandstones, which appear to belong to the Cambrian or Laurentian formations, the same age being also attributed to the auriferous strata of Australia and Wales; and, according to Professor Whitney, the gold-bearing quartz of California is found in strata of the Cretaceous period.

By the wearing away and disintegration of the rocks which contain the auriferous veins, the gold, owing to its great specific gravity, falls to the lowest level, or gets lodged in fissures, where it is covered by an accumulation of gravel or sand in alluvial deposits, or it constitutes the gold-sand of veins. Gravel-beds containing gold are found among the mountains, in situations remote from any forces that could now cause their accumulation; but the appearance of the gravel indicates what must have been the origin of the bed. The metal is found distributed through the gravel or sand, in rounded or flattened scales and nuggets. Some of the nuggets are of large size, and weigh 1,500 to 2,000 ounces,

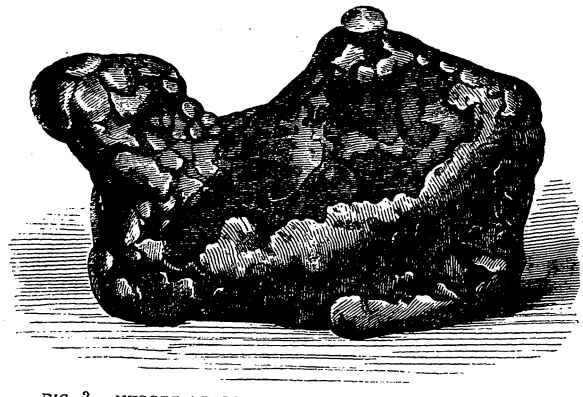


FIG. 3.—NUGGET OF GOLD FROM GILBERT RIVER, CANADA.

and are valued at $30,000 to $40,000. Fig. 3 shows the appearance of a large mass found on the Gilbert River, in Canada. One of the largest ever discovered was found in Australia, and weighed 233 lbs. Valued at more than $50,000.

In Brazil, the waters of mountain streams are diverted from their natural channels and conducted through sluice-ways, thus affording a means of washing the gravel and separating the gold. The fine gold is caught in strainers made of woolen cloth, or other material (see fig. 2), or is arrested on cleets which are nailed across the sluices. This is a very ancient way of separating the lighter gravel from the gold-dust, and was pursued in the early mining of California. The working of gravel-beds containing gold, in regions where there is no water, involves the expense of constructing aqueducts, or flumes, sometimes many miles in extent, by which water is introduced under heavy pressure, and can be delivered against a bed of gravel with such force as to move large masses of rock, and wash away a mountain of gravel in a marvelously short time. This way of obtaining gold is called the hydraulic method, and it has been very successfully followed in California (see fig. 1), where sections of country many miles in extent have been thoroughly cleared out of gold that had been carried into pockets and beds by ancient floods, or rivers that must have swept over the country in early geological ages. The hydraulic system was the only one available for such deposits, and its invention in California has been the source of great wealth to the country.

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, writing from California, says that the ancient river-bed from which so much gold has been taken is in many places covered with earth to the depth of two or three hundred feet. To dig down to it and mine it by ordinary processes would be too expensive, and to meet this case hydraulic mining was invented. Water brought from 100 or 150 miles away, and from a considerable height, is led from the reservoirs through eight, ten, or twelve inch iron pipes, and, through what a New York fireman would call a nozzle five or six inches in diameter, is thus forced against the side of a hill one or two or three hundred feet high. The stream, when it leaves the pipe, has such a force that it would cut a man in two if it should hit him. Two or three, and sometimes even six, such streams play against the bottom of a hill, and earth and stones, often of great size, are washed away, until at last a great slice of the hill itself gives way and tumbles down.

Not all the earth contains gold. Often there is a superincumbent layer of fifty or more feet which is worthless before they reach the immense gravel deposit which marks the course of the ancient river; and from this gravel, water-worn and showing all the marks of having formed once the bed of a rushing torrent, the gold is taken. Under great pressure this gravel—which contains rocks of large size, and is not gravel, in one sense of the word, at all—has been cemented together so that even the powerful streams of water directed against it make but a feeble impression; and to hasten and cheapen the operation, a blast of from 2,500 to 3,000 kegs of powder is inserted in a hill-side and exploded, in such a way as to shatter and loosen a vast bulk of earth and stones, before the water is brought to play against it.

The gold is saved in long sluice boxes, through which the earth and water are run, and in the bottom of which it is caught by quicksilver; and so far the whole operation is simple and cheap. But in order to run off this enormous mass of earth and gravel a rapid fall must be got into some deep valley or river; and to get this has been the most costly and tedious part of a hydraulic mining enterprise. At Smithville, the bed which contains the gold lies above the present Yuba River, but a considerable hill, perhaps 250 feet high, lies between the two, and through this hill each company must drive a tunnel before it can get an outfall for its washings. One such tunnel, driven for the most part through solid and very hard rock, has been completed. It cost $250,000 and two years' labor and was over 3,000 feet long; and until it was completed no gold could be taken out of the claim.

Under conditions where the hydraulic process is no longer available, some simple expedient such as a pan or rocker can be employed. According to Simonia, the Chinese have invented a cradle or rocker in the shape of an oblong box, somewhat like a child's cradle, and open in front, to which an oscillating or rocking motion is given. (Fig. 4.) A hopper or riddle is placed at the upper end; an inclined framework, made with a bottom of sheet-iron punched with holes, and covered with a canvas apron or woolen blanket beneath the riddle. The sands, gravel, and earth to be washed are thrown into the hopper, and the machine, the bottom of which is perforated with holes half an inch in diameter, is rocked with one hand while water is poured out of a dipper over the dirt with the other. The fine and light substances, the sands, the specks and spangles of gold, and the small lumps or nuggets are carried by the water through the openings of the hopper and descend to the inclined blanket, and thence on to the bottom of the cradle, from which the mud, water, and sand run off at the lower end of the rocker, which is left open. In this process the heaviest bodies travel the least distances, and nearly all the gold is found at the head of the blanket under the hopper—and behind two bars (ripple-bars) which are nailed across the bottom of the cradle to prevent its escape.

It can hardly be said that this method of separating gold from sand affords anything new. It is described in a work on metals written by Sir John Pettus, and printed in 1686. The author of this quaint old book says that "some of the gold washers (see fig. 5) use upon their hearths the strong Timôde black and russet woolen cloths, over which they do drive their works, because the woolen cloth is rough and hairy, so that the small and round grains of gold will remain and not run forth. Others use linseywoolsey (half linen and half woolen), upon which the gold doth stick better and such cloth do last longer, because of the linen that is among the woolen, which doth strengthen it, therefore it is better for this work." On a small scale, a spoon or pan can be employed for the separation or testing of gold sand, and if the sand is found to be rich in the metal, larger works can be set up. The custom of separating pure gold from dross by means of a pan has given rise to the colloquial expression applied to a man, "he pans out well," meaning that he is well off, or is always prompt in paying his debts. It is sometimes difficult for an inexperienced person to tell the difference between yellow mica or iron pyrites and gold—for such persons a simple expedient is desirable.

To detect iron pyrites, or fools' gold, as it is often called,

it is only necessary to pulverize the mineral and throw it upon a red-hot shovel (see fig. 6). Gold is incapable of producing any odor or fumes when treated in this way, but the pyrites will give off sulphur fumes. Another simple method is suggested by Pepper, in his "Play-book of the Metals," and is represented by fig. 7. The apparatus required is a common saucepan, a few phials, a bit of tin-foil, a few nails, aquafortis, muriatic acid, and sulphuric acid. To make the test, three specimens of rock, one of which is known to contain gold, are powdered, and a portion of each specimen is placed in a phial. Aqua regia, composed of two measures of muriatic acid and one measure of nitric acid, is put into each of the phials. Some tin and hydrochloric acid are placed in a fourth phial, and some nails and sulphuric acid are put in a fifth. The five phials are then arranged in a saucepan and half covered with cold water. The water is gradually heated, so as not to crack the phials. In about half an hour the saucepan may be removed from the fire, and the contents of each of the three phials containing mineral poured into tumblers half full of pure rain water. To each tumbler add a portion of the solution of tin-foil. If gold is present in any one of them, a purplish precipitate, darkening the whole fluid, is perceptible. This color is called "the purple of Cassius," and is used for imparting a rich, ruby color to glass. It affords a very delicate test for the presence of gold. The history of the discovery of gold in California has often been told, but it is one of those narratives which gains in interest upon each recital. The literature of the subject is so extensive that it is difficult to make a proper selection of incidents to present to our readers. We find in the work of a foreign writer, L. Simonin, the most succinct account of the first discovery, and from this and other sources we have obtained our material.

It was on the 19th day of January, 1848, that James W. Marshall, while engaged in digging a race for a sawmill, at Coloma, about thirty-five miles eastward from Sutter's Fort, stepped upon the sandy river-bed, and found some pieces of yellow metal which he took to the cabin of a fellow workman, by the name of Weimer, to have it tested. Mrs. Weimer boiled it in lye; they picked it, tried all sorts of experiments with it, but its brightness increased, and it would not tarnish. Marshall felt confident that he had made a discovery of great importance, but the other men at the mill thought he was very wild in his ideas, and they continued their labor in building the mill, and in sowing wheat and planting vegetables. Marshall's collection of specimens continued to accumulate, and his associates began to think that there might be something in his gold-mine after all. Finally, in February, Mr. Bennet, one of the men employed at the mill, went to San Francisco to ascertain what was the value of the metal. He there encountered Isaac Humphrey, who had washed for gold in Georgia, and this experienced miner instantly recognized the true character of the metal. He returned with Bennet to Coloma, and at once made a rocker and went to work washing gold industriously, and every day yielded to him an ounce or two of metal. The men at the mill imitated his example, and made rockers for themselves, and all were soon busy in search of the yellow metal, to the neglect of every other occupation. The first printed notice of the discovery was given in a newspaper published in San Francisco, on the 15th of March, 1848. The news spread like fires on the prairies, towns and farms were deserted, or left to the care of women and children, while everybody started for the diggings, on foot or in any conveyance that could be extemporized for the purpose. The news spread to the East, and during the six months between the 1st of July, 1849, and the 1st of January, 1850, it is estimated that 90,000 persons arrived in California, by sea or across the plains, and that one-fifth of them perished by disease during the six months following their arrival, such were the hardships they had to endure and the privations to which they were subjected. The average annual increase in the population of California for the five succeeding years was 50,000. It is now one of the most prosperous States in the Union. The town of Coloma was the first place sought by the early adventurers. All the ravines and hillsides in its neighborhood proved amazingly rich, an immense population at first centred there, and a flourishing town sprang up like magic. From morning to night, for more than ten years thereafter, its streets, or, rather, its one street, was thronged with an excited crowd. It was the County-seat of El Dorado, and the centre of extensive business transactions.

The main street was well built up, containing many fire-proof buildings, while the hillsides were sprinkled with cottages, surrounded by neat gardens, orchards, and vineyards.

This state of things is now greatly changed. But few of the original inhabitants are left, and, in fact, there are few people of any sort in town. Probably three-fourths of the buildings are unoccupied and deserted, the mines are nearly all abandoned, and the town is as nearly extinct as it was before it was created by the gold excitement. Two large granite boulders mark the site of Sutter's Mill. A sentimental traveler who visited this spot a few years since, gave utterance to some moral reflections, with which we propose to close the historical branch of the subject:

"I have not the time to follow out at length the reflections that possessed me, but as I pitched a pebble into the stream, which must have fallen near the spot where Marshall picked up his glittering specimen, I thought of the effect which his discovery had had upon the world's history; of the great tide of humanity that had surged here immediately

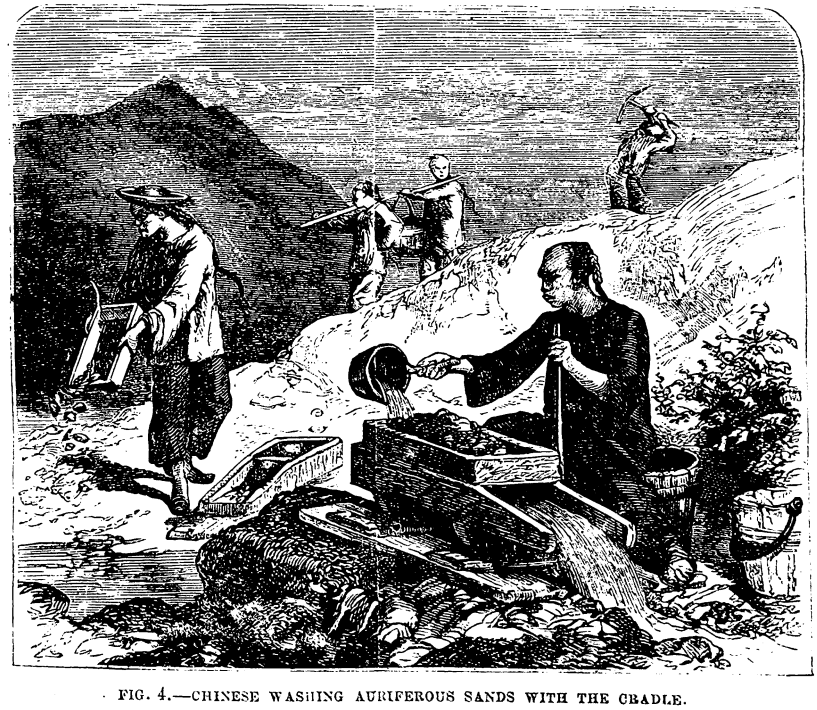


FIG. 4.—CHINESE WASHING AURIFEROUS SANDS WITH THE CRADLE.

FIG. 5.—ANCIENT GOLD WASHERS (PETTUS).

1. The man that worketh with the Rattar (or shaking sieve). 2. The middle floor, whereon that which goeth through the Rattar doth fall. 3. The lower floor, whereon that which cometh from the middle floor doth fall. 4. The *plain receiver*, called the hearth, of that which falls from both. 5. The person that stands on a board, and out of a wheelbarrow throws the matter or oar into the tunnel which guides it into the Rattar. 6. The channel in which water doth run into the Rattar.

after, the vast enterprises which it called into being, how the world was drawn hither by its magnetic influences, the Isthmus of Darien was spanned by a railroad, 'every tie of which was a dead negro'; of the thousands of steamships that had, time and again, made their entries and their exits through the Golden Gate; the cities that have been built; the wealth of treasure that has flowed into the channels of trade; and that grandest achievement of all, the Pacific Railroad. I thought of the beautiful, palace-like buildings of the metropolis; of the magnificent capitol at Sacramento, with its elegant legislative chambers, resplendent with the embellishments of modern decorative art, and then I looked up to the hillside and saw the present home of Marshall—a picture of abject poverty, of toil, deprivation, and want. It is a little hut on the hill everlooking the town, its tin roof having apparently been made from the lining of a dry-goods box, and appears not much larger than a good-sized dog-kennel. A few grapevines are planted around the place and over the top of the hill, and this little spot, to which he has but a possessory, or squatter's title, is all the worldly possessions of Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California. Every day he toils from the time the sun appears in the east until his setting rays kiss the top of his humble cot, delving out a bare subsistence, yet always inspired with the hope of lucky strikes and a competence for his old age. And thus he has been toiling for over twenty years, while nations have arisen and fallen—while others have amassed wealth from his discovery, and the eyes of the world have been turned toward the land he first brought into notice."

Having given some account of the discovery of gold, it remains to say something of the various methods by which it is extracted. We have already spoken of the use of blankets, grooved riffles, cradles, rockers, and pans for the recovery of the metal from sand and gravel. None of them would be applicable when the gold is embedded in rock or is mixed with other ores. It is necessary, in the first place, to reduce the ore to powder by stamps; it is then amalgamated. To work large quantities of poor ore, what is called open amalgamation is employed. The pulverized ore is conveyed by a current of water through rockers charged with mercury—as there is much loss of metal by this process, it is only applied where a large quantity of powder is to be passed through the apparatus. By close amalgamation sufficient water is added to the ore to form a pulp, which is then agitated in an amalgamating apparatus with mercury, and the tailings are washed off by means of a current of water, leaving the amalgam containing the gold. Barrels revolving on horizontal shafts are found to be a convenient form of apparatus.

Dry amalgamation and the use of mercurial vapors are modifications of old methods which have been patented and tried with more or less success on various kinds of ores. The extraction of gold by the chlorination process is based on the property of chlorine to combine with the metal and form a chemical compound which is soluble in water, and thus separates the gold from the silver, which latter can afterward be dissolved in concentrated brine and be recovered. When the auriferous ores are sulphides, the first step is to oxidize them, and then treat them in a reverberatory furnace in such a way that they become concentrated and converted into a matt. If the matt contains no copper, it can be easily reduced after another washing by smelting it with metallic lead or litharge, by which process a regulus of lead is obtained, in which the gold of the ore is collected. From this regulus the lead is driven off by capellation, leaving the gold and silver in a fine metallic state. After the gold is reduced it is cast into bars and submitted to an assay to determine its fineness, and its value as bullion is then stamped upon it.

THE CHEMISTRY OF GOLD.

Pure gold has a rich yellow color, high metallic lustre, and a specific gravity of 19.5 in its most compact form. We are so little in the habit of seeing fine gold that our tastes have been corrupted to prefer the lighter shades of color imparted by an alloy with silver. The malleability of gold has been strikingly illustrated by comparing the leaves into into which it can be hammered with sheets of paper—280,000 leaves of gold placed upon each other would occupy the thickness of an inch, whereas the same number of sheets of ordinary letter-paper would extend 250 feet high. It is, therefore, considered to be the most malleable of all metals. After a leaf has been made as thin as mechanical means will accomplish it, the film may be still further reduced by floating it upon a dilute solution of cyanide of potassium. Light reflected from gold is yellow, transmitted light is green, and

FIG. 6.—TESTING FOR PYRITES BY THE RED-HOT SHOVEL.

the color of the powder is brown. The great ductility of gold is also a matter of remark on the part of all writers on the subject. It is said that a twenty-dollar gold piece can be drawn into a wire sufficiently long to encircle the globe. In hardness, gold is between silver and lead; it is softer than silver and harder than lead. The melting point is usually given at about 2000 deg. Fah., and when in a fused state the molten metal has a bluish green color, and it then expands considerably; but on cooling, the metal shrinks so much as to be unavailable for castings. It is said to contract more than any other metal on cooling. It requires the highest heat of the oxyhydrogen flame to convert it into vapor, the color of which is purple. Gold is nearly as good a conductor of electricity as copper; both metals are excelled in this property by silver. The affinity of gold for oxygen is so slight that it suffers no change by exposure to air and moisture at any temperature. Selenic acid is the only simple acid that acts upon the metal; some mixture that liberates chlorine being necessary to its solution. The best solvent is *aqua regia*, composed of one part of nitric acid and four parts of hydrochloric acid. The metal can be attacked by hydrochloric acid alone, provided that a stream of ozone be passed into the vessel by which chlorine is liberated, which dissolves the gold.

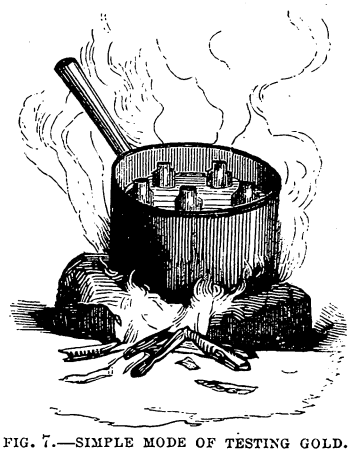


FIG. 7.—SIMPLE MODE OF TESTING GOLD.

The alkalies fortunately do not attack gold, and a crucible of this metal can therefore be employed for the fusion of minerals with potash or soda in the course of quantitative analysis.

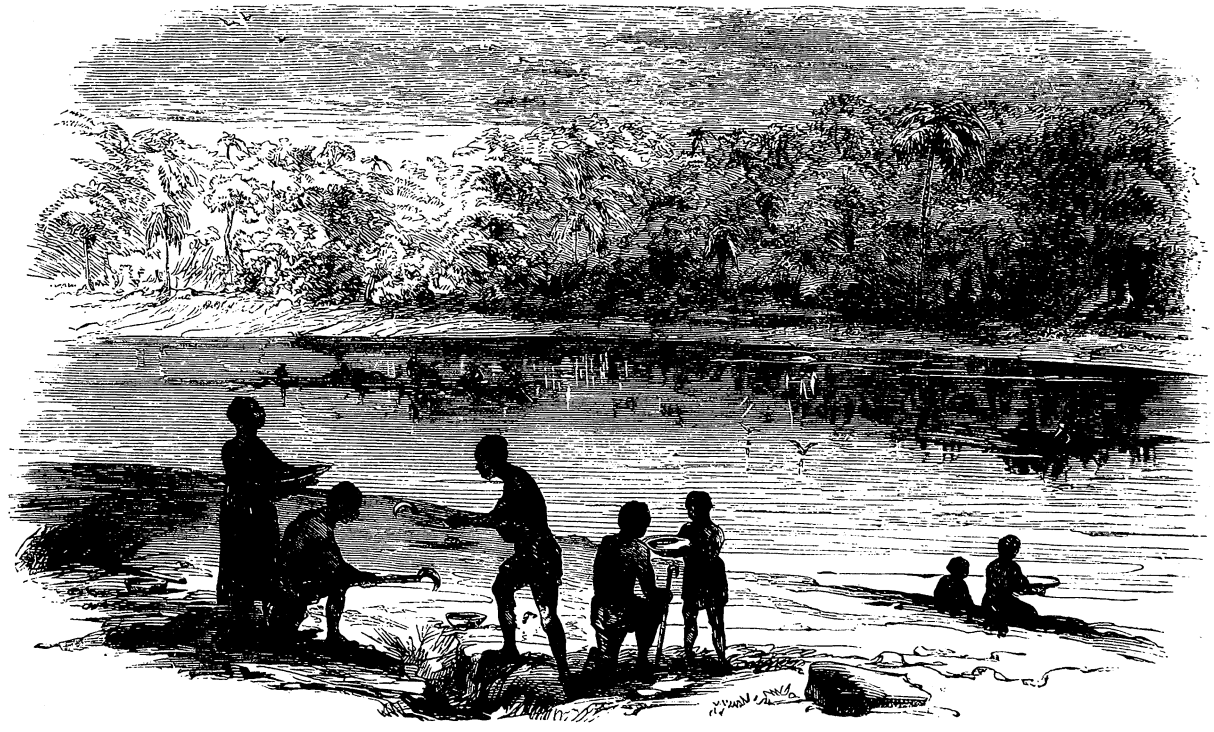
The crystalline form of gold is the octahedron or cube, or modifications of the regular system. It can be obtained crystalized in scales by electrolysis. The metal is capable of receiving a high lustre by polishing, but is inferior in brilliancy to steel, silver, or mercury. The solubility of gold in zinc is made use of for the separation of the precious metal from its ore, and the metal can be purified by passing a stream of chlorine through the melted gold, and thus washing out the foreign metals as chlorides.

The compounds of gold with other elements have been pretty thoroughly investigated, and some interesting results have been obtained. It was for a long time supposed that oxygen would not unite with it, but later researches have shown the error of this assertion. We now have a number of interesting oxygen salts, some of which are of value in the arts.

The hyposulphite of gold and soda is used for gilding the daguerreotype plate, and for fixing the positive proof obtained in photographic printing.

It crystallizes in groups of colorless needles, having a sweetish taste, which are very soluble in water, but insoluble in alcohol. It may be prepared in a state of purity by mixing concentrated solutions of one part of chloride of gold and three parts of hyposulphite of soda. It is purified by solution in water and reprecipitation with alcohol. It may be mixed with diluted sulphuric or hydrochloric acid without the evolution of sulphurous acid. And what is still more remarkable, metallic gold is not thrown down from solutions of this salt by sulphate of iron, chloride of tin, or oxalic acid. The hyposulphite of soda and gold has proved to be one of the most valuable salts that has come to the assistance of photographers, and if it were used more freely and the prints were more thoroughly washed after fixing and toning, they would be much less likely to fade than they are at the present time.

There is probably a silicate of gold, at least the ruby glass obtained by fusing pulverized glass, containing lead and borax, with chloride of gold would appear to be such a compound. When freshly prepared, the glass is colorless, and it first assumes a red color on heating to gentle redness. The violet-brown powder which gives the very beautiful red color to porcelain, is obtained by mixing weak solutions of



GOLD-WASHING ON THE ANDAGUEDA.

chloride of gold with protochloride of tin containing some perchloride, and appears to be essentially a double stannous and stannate of gold, Berzelius called it a hydrated double stannate of gold and tin. This compound has long been known under the name of the *purple of Cassius*, and its true constitution is the subject of much discussion among chemists.

The per-oxide of gold, sometimes called auric acid, is a brown powder, which is decomposed into metallic gold and oxygen at 473 deg. Fah., and is insoluble in water, but readily dissolved in caustic potash.

It has such an attraction for ammonia that it decomposes the neutral salts of that alkili, such as the sulphate, and sets the acid at liberty. Auric acid when covered with ammonia is transformed into an olive-green powder, which explodes powerfully by percussion, friction, or heat. By precipitating a chloride of gold solution with ammonia a yellowish-brown precipitate is formed possessing similar properties. The protosulphide of gold is not known with certainty, but the protosulphide of sodium and gold has been prepared in the form of colorless monoclinic columns. If gold be heated in contact with sulphur it no longer amalgamates with facility and this may account for the difficulty in the working of the auriferous pyrites. Whether the native ores of gold occurring in Colorada are chemical compounds with sulphur is a much mooted question, and there are some geologists of experience who hold to the existence of native sulphide of gold. A ter-sulphide, sometimes called a bi-sulphide, of gold can be made when a current of sulphuretted hydrogen is transmitted through a cold solution of ter-chloride of gold. It is a black powder, easily decomposed by heat, and hence cannot be made by fusing sulphur and gold together. The telluride of gold is not known by itself, but the double telluride of gold and silver occurs as graphic telluriums, and we have foliated telluriums containing gold, lead, and sulphur. The phosphide of gold can be made by gently heating gold in the vapor of phosphorous, but it is easily decomposed at a higher temperature.

The ter-chloride of gold is the dark red crystaline deliquescent mass, which dissolves with an intense yellow color, and is produced by evaporating to dryness a solution of gold in *aqua regia*.

The ter-chloride of gold combines with other metallic chlorides to form double salts, which, as they have long been known, need not occupy much space in this connection. The potassium, sodium, calcium, and magnesium salts are the most familiar.

The metal is precipitated from solutions of gold salts by phosphorus, by a majority of the metals, by oxalic acid, especially with the aid of light, by a solution of chloride of antimony in hydrochloric acid, and by proto salts of iron. The gold solutions color the skin a dark purple. For the deposition of gold on glass the reducing fluid is made of glucose, alcohol and aldehyde.

EARLY CALIFORNIA GOLD DIGGER.

PRODUCTION OF GOLD.

The following estimate of the gold product of the United States since 1847, is given in "Appleton's American Cyclopedia":

Years.	California.	Other States & Ter's.	Total.
1848	$10,000,000	.....	$10,000,000
1849	40,000,000	.....	40,000,000
1850	50,000,000	.....	50,000,000
1851	55,000,000	.....	55,000,000
1852	60,000,000	.....	60,000,000
1853	65,000,000	.....	65,000,000
1854	60,000,000	.....	60,000,000
1855	55,000,000	.....	55,000,000
1856	55,000,000	.....	55,000,000
1857	55,000,000	.....	55,000,000
1858	50,000,000	.....	55,000,000
1859	50,000,000	.....	50,000,000
1860	45,000,000	$1,000,000	46,000,000
1861	40,000,000	3,000,000	43,000,000
1862	34,700,000	4,500 000	39,200,000
1863	30,000,000	10,000,000	40,000,000
1864	26,600,000	19,500,000	46,100,000
1865	28,500,000	24,725,000	53,225,000
1866	25,500,000	28,000,000	53,500,000
1867	25,000,000	26,725,000	51,720,000
1868	22 000,000	26,000,000	48,000,000
1869	22,500,000	27,000,000	49,500,000
1870	25,000,000	25,000,000	50,000,000
1871	20,000,000	23,500,000	43,500,000
1872	19,000,000	17,000,000	36,000,000
1873	17,000,000	19,000,000	36,000,000
Total	$985,800,000	$254,950,000	$1,240,750,000

The entire product of the world in 1873 is estimated at $100,000,000; and the total amount of gold existing in various forms at the present time appears to be $4,000,000,000. It will thus appear that the United States has contributed one-quarter of the entire gold bullion product of the world during the last twenty-five years. Notwithstanding the enormous yield of gold, it must still continue to be the best standard of value and the safest medium of exchange. The consumption of gold in the arts, which has greatly increased in recent years, now approximates to $25,000,000 per annum. This consumption is likely to balance any extraordinary supply, and to increase in proportion to the yield, and thus the fear of a depreciation in value ought to be removed.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

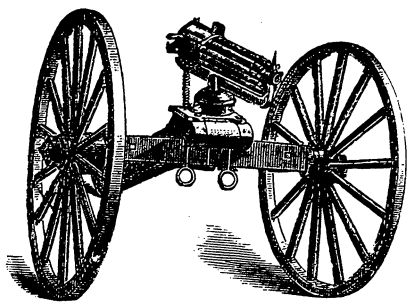
PHOTOGRAPHING BY ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.—M.M. Rich and Bardy have been experimenting with artificial light in search of some method for taking photographs of places entirely deprived of sunlight, such as caves, grottoes, churches, catacombs, and for taking pictures at night. They find that the best effect is produced by a lump of burning sulphur fed with oxygen gas—the chief difficulty being the suffocating fumes of sulphurous acid, which must be conducted away by some flue or absorbed in some liquid through which they are drawn by an aspirator. As the sulphur can be burned in a glass-case without material loss of light, it makes it easy to convey away or absorb the suffocating fumes. Efforts are making to invent a lamp adapted to night service.

RECENT experiments have demonstrated, says the "Popular Science Monthly," that when an animal with tuberculated lungs (consumption) is yoked to a healthy animal and the two are housed and fed together, the latter before long exhibits symptoms of tuberculosis. Krebs asserts that tubercle virus is present in the milk of

cows, even when slightly affected, and he has produced tubercle in animals by giving them milk from those which were diseased; he accidentally induced the disease in a dog by feeding it with the milk of a tuberculous cow. These facts point to a fruitful source of this disease, as it is not improbable that many dairy cows, especially in cities, are tuberculous.

THE HERMIT CRAB.—Alexander Agassiz has been studying the habits of the hermit crab. He raised from very young stages a number of specimens, till they reached the size when they need the protection of a shell for their further development. A number of shells, some of them empty, others with the animal living, were then placed in a glass dish with the young crabs. Scarcely had the shells reached the bottom before the crabs made a rush for them, turned them round and round, carefully examining them, invariably at the mouth, and soon a couple of the crabs decided to venture in, which they did with remarkable alacrity, and after stretching backward and forward, they settled down into their new homes with immense satisfaction. The crabs who were so unfortunate as to obtain for their share living shells, remained riding round upon the mouth of their future dwelling, and on the death of the mollusk, commenced at once to tear out the animal, and, having eaten it, proceeded to take its place within the shell. All these acts seem to require considerable intelligence, and to show remarkable forethought.

THE GATLING GUN.—The Gatling gun was invented by Dr. Richard J. Gatling, formerly of Indianapolis, Indiana, but now of Hartford, Connecticut. He first conceived the idea of a machine-gun in 1861, and is justly entitled to the distinction of being the originator of the first practical military weapon of that kind. It consists of a number of breech-loading barrels grouped around and revolving about a common axis, with which they lie parallel. These barrels are loaded and fired while revolving, the empty cartridge shells being ejected in continuous succession. During the Franco-German war guns of this pattern proved most destructive in the hands of the French and they are now likely to be introduced into the armies of all countries.



SMALL-SIZED GATLING GUN WITH NEW-STYLE FRAME.

SAMARSKITE IN AMERICA.—At a meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Philadelphia, Mr. Joseph Willcox called attention to a specimen of Samarskite presented by him, which was found at a locality discovered by him among the mountains in Mitchell County, N. C. This rare mineral has hitherto only been found in the Ural Mountains, in Asia. The North Carolina locality yields specimens weighing more than 20 pounds. They are associated with decomposed feldspar. Samarskite is a mineral particularly interesting to Americans, as it contains the rare metal, columbium, which was named in honor of the country where it was first found. Columbium yields compounds analogous to tin. It has hitherto been observed in such small quantities that its properties have not been very thoroughly studied. Now that a mine of it has been discovered in North Carolina, some use may eventually be detected for it.

THE development of the bird is thus summed up by Mr. A. S. Packard, Jr., in the "American Naturalist":—1 Partial segmentation of the yolk. 2. The embryo develops much as in the bony fishes until the embryonal membranes appear. 3. Formation of an amnion. 4. After the alimentary canal is sketched out, the allantois buds out from it. 5. The avian features appear from the sixth to the tenth day. 6. The embryo leaves the egg in the form of the adult, and like the reptile, is at once active, feeding itself.

MR. THOMAS ROUTLEDGE, of Sunderland, England, who in 1860 was the only paper-manufacturer using esparto, the supply of which is now decreasing, has called the attention of paper-manufacturers to the probable advantages that would be derived from the employment of bamboo as a cheap and useful paper-making material.

DR. HAYES has submitted to the American Academy of Sciences a paper in which he traces the wide distribution of compounds containing phosphorus and vanadium through a great number of sedimentary rocks. Herr Hilger has lately determined the presence of lithium in a great number of sedimentary rocks.

MR. R. PUMPELLY has described some pseudomorphs of chlorite after garnet, which occur abundantly in a bed of chloritic schist, overlying magnetite, in the Huronian Series, at Spurr Mountain Iron-mine, Lake Superior.

THE second Appendix to Professor Dana's valuable "System of Mineralogy," prepared by his son, Mr. E. S. Dana, has just been published, and brings the work up to January, 1875.

MR. W. SPOTTISWOODE, F. R. S., has been elected a corresponding member of the French Academy of Science, in the Geometrical Section.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

WHAT is that which is enough for one, but frequently too much for two? The wedding-ring.

WHAT language does an Arabian child speak before it cuts its teeth? Gum-Arabic, unquestionably.

WHY is a minister near the end of his sermon like a ragged urchin?—Because he's to'ard (tor'd) his close (clothes).

A STATISTICIAN has prepared an article showing the proportion of ammunition lost on battle-fields. It is entitled "Lead Astray."

WHY is a church-bell more affable than a church-organ? Because one will go when it is *tolled*, but the other will be "blowed" first.

THE married ladies of a Western city have formed a "Come-home-husband Club." It is about four feet long, and has brush on one end of it.

A RETIRED schoolmaster excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit, he never feels quite himself unless he's handling the rod.

MANY a man who would roll up his eyes in terror at the idea of stealing a nickel will swoop down on a silk umbrella worth $10, and march off with his lips moving peacefully as if in prayer.

IT is said that in certain countries the king may assume the crown at fourteen years of age, but cannot marry till he is eighteen. It has probably been ascertained that a wife is more difficult to rule than a kingdom.

WHICH is the nicest tree we know?—You!
Which is the ugliest tree?—The plane-tree.
Which is the most sociable tree?—The tea-tree.
What trees keep order best?—The birch and the elder.

A NUMBER of visitors went to a Wisconsin cemetery to see a dog that was said to be watching faithfully over the grave of his dead master. When they got there he was seen chasing a brindle cat up an alley two blocks away.

"DO THEY ring two bells for school?" asked a gentleman of his ten-year-old daughter, who attends "a select institution for young ladies."
"No, pa," she replied, "they ring one bell twice."

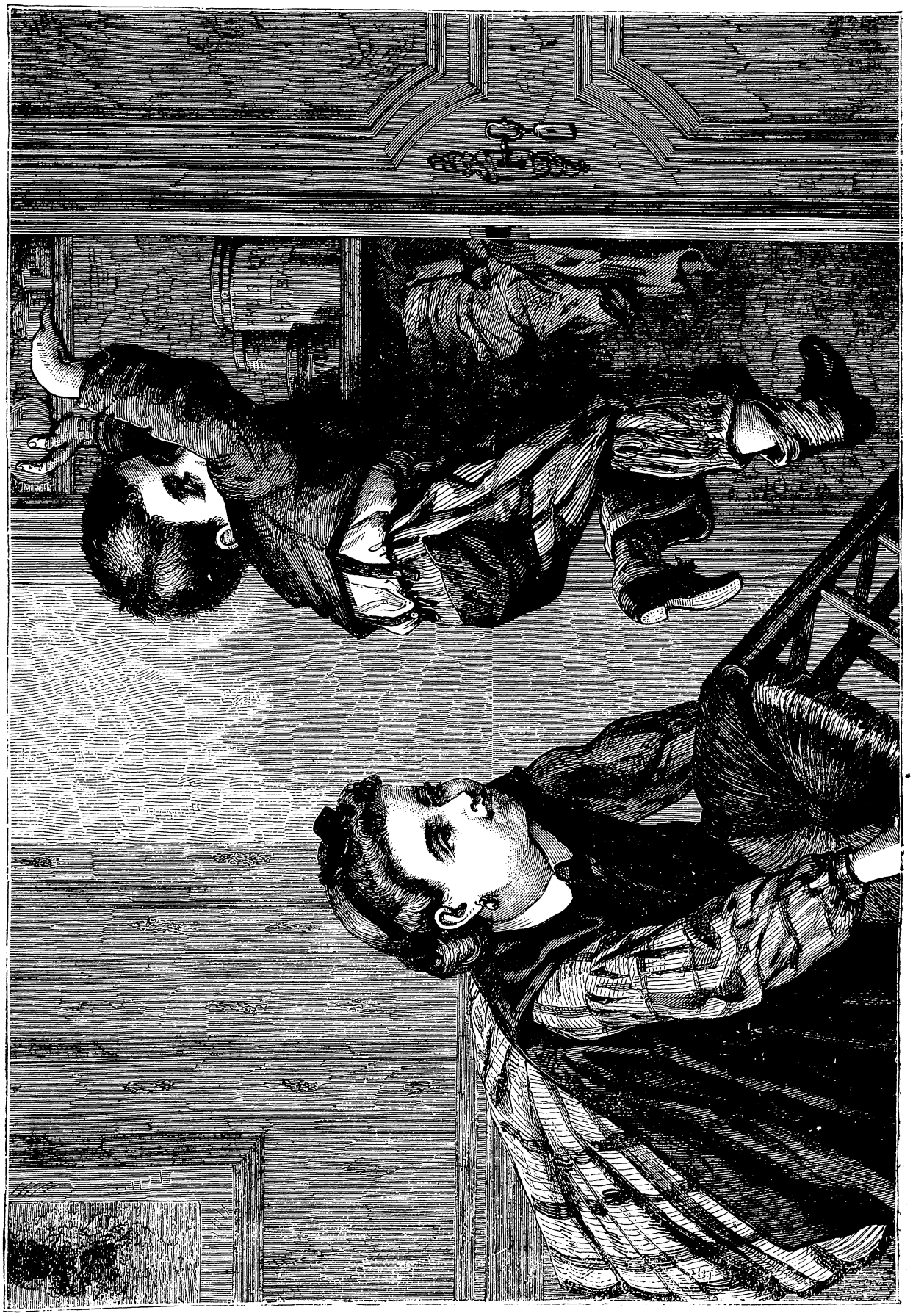
THEY tell the story that the little daughter of the democratic candidate for a local office in Saratoga County, N. Y., was told to run and tell her aunt that "Mr. Young has got the nomination," and the little one cried out: "O, mamma, do they ever die of it?"

A MAN wants to sell a farm in which "meandering streams and rivulets permeate luxuriant pasture, singing as they flow, while majestic oaks and stately maples attract the eye of the beholder, and cultivated orchards give promise of fruit second only to that of the Hesperides."

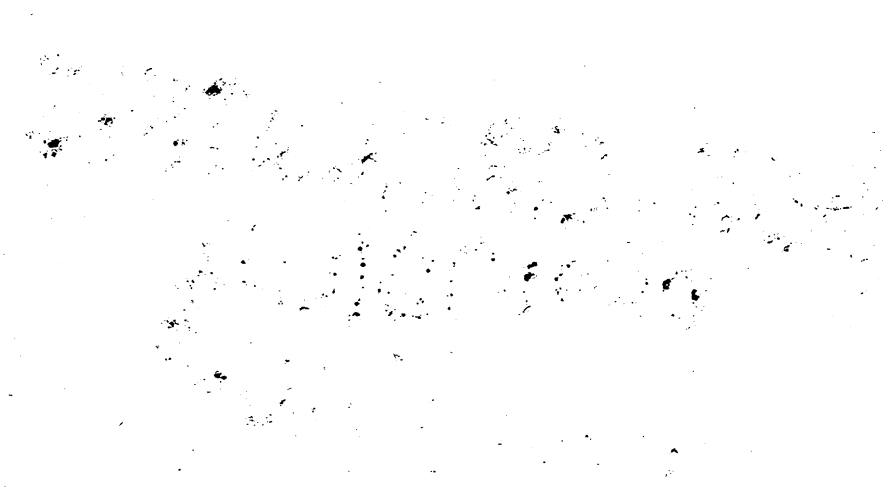
THREE TRUTHS.—"My wife tells the truth three times a day," remarked a jocose old fellow, at the same time casting a very mischievous glance at her. "Before rising in the morning she says, 'Oh dear, I must get up, but I don't want to.' After breakfast she adds, 'Well, I suppose I must get to work, but I don't want to,' and she goes to bed saying, 'There, I have been passing all day, and haven't done anything.'"

A LAWYER retained in a case of assault and battery, was cross-examining a witness in relation to the force of the blow.
"What kind of a blow was given?" asked the lawyer.
"A blow of the common kind."
"Describe the blow."
"I am not good at description."
"Show me what kind of a blow it was."
"I cannot"
"You must."
"I won't"
The lawyer appealed to the Court. The Court told the witness that if the counsel insisted upon his showing what kind of a blow it was, he must do so.
"Do you insist upon it?" asked the witness.
"I do"
"Well, then, since you compel me to show you, it was this kind of a blow!" at the same time suiting the action to the word, knocking over the astonished disciple of Coke and Littleton.

NOT IN THE FAMILY.—An old farmer brought home two jugs the other day, one labelled "boiled oil" and the other "turpentine." They were placed in the barn, and pretty soon it was noticed that the old man had business there at regular intervals. His oldest son slyly followed him and saw him taking a deep draught from one of the jugs. The old man heard a step outside, and before going out he arranged those jugs according to his artistic taste.
He was hardly gone when the son skipped in and took a drink from the jug out of which he supposed his father drank. The next moment he was spluttering, coughing and gasping, and the old man entered and asked:
"Turpentine doesn't agree with you, does it?"
"But I saw you drinking it," exclaimed the injured and indignant son.
"That is true," said the old man, while a beautiful smile played over his face, "but it doesn't necessarily follow that the rest of the family must relish turpentine because I do!"



THE TRANSGRESSORS.—A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.



Replaced with Commercial Microform

1996

NON-CIRCULATING PERIODICAL COLLECTION

Replaced with Commercial Microform

1998